EVERY SATURDAY:

A

JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING,

SELECTED FROM

FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. II.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1866.

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VOL. II.] SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1866. [No. 27.

TOURING EXTRAORDINARY.

THERE is one way of going abroad, it seems, after all, without any of the inconveniences which rob foreign travel of half its charms: a way by which all anxiety about luggage, all uncertainty about means of conveyance, all troubles in crossing frontiers, are entirely done away with, and that without the expense and encumbrance of a courier. You have only to paddle your own canoe. We do not say that Paterfamilias can accomplish this, because he would require a whole flotilla for the purpose; but the bachelors of England can lean back at their ease while the banks of every river in Europe, from the Seine to the Volga, glide by them, if they please. Mr. Macgregor * "dropped" in this way, only last autumn, down the Thames, Sambre, Meuse, Rhine, Main, Danube, Reuss, Aar, Ill, Moselle, Meurthe (a river we never heard of), Marne, Seine, not to mention six canals in Belgium and France. Besides this, he had the most charming sailing-trips on Lakes Titisee, Constance, Unter See, Zürich, Zug, and Lucerne, in addition to a couple of expeditions in the open sea. His route led him also over mountains and through forests, though he did not paddle there, but had his canoe carried in a cart, drawn generally by a horse, but sometimes by a cow.

Our author gives the following exact description of his novel conveyance: "The *Rob Roy* is built of oak, and covered fore and aft with cedar. She is made just short enough to go into the German railway wagons; that is to say, fifteen feet in length, twenty-eight inches broad, nine inches deep, weighs eighty pounds, and draws three inches of water, with an inch of keel. A paddle seven feet long, with a blade at each end, and a lug-sail and jib, are the means of propulsion; and a pretty blue silk Union-Jack is the only ornament. The elliptic hole in which I sit is fifty-four inches long, and twenty broad, and has a mackintosh cover fastened round the combing and to a button on my breast; while between my knees is my baggage for three months, in a black bag one foot square, and five inches deep." In this confined space, Mr. Macgregor found himself more at liberty than probably any voyager has done before, and achieved a thousand miles without fatigue and without *ennui*. Everything is painted so freshly and in such glowing colors, that the very perusal of his adventures acts like a tonic upon the reader. His canoe and himself are so inseparably mixed up, too, that one gets to regard the *Rob Roy* as something endowed with vitality, if not with the personal affection entertained for it by its owner. We are interested in knowing where it lodges for the night, and in the precautions taken for its virgin security.

Only once throughout its travels was the graceful, tender creature provided for in a boat-house, and, curiously enough, it was there only that it received any damage,—probably from jealous Craft. It was generally locked up in the haylofts of the various hotels, but sometimes, as at Namur, "it was housed for the night in the landlord's private parlor, gracefully resting upon two chairs"; sometimes, as at Huy on the Meuse, "in the coach-house, while the sails were hung to dry on the harness-pegs"; and not unfrequently in a garden, particularly if it chanced to be furnished with a summer-house. As a general rule, "the captain, purser, ship's cook, and cabin-boy of the *Rob Roy*" locked his precious charge up, where it was practicable, with his own hands, and put the key in his pocket; but sometimes, as at Tuttlingen, a good-natured hostler was permitted to exhibit it (let us hope gratuitously) to an enthusiastic populace, who were admitted one by one to its hayloft, and far into the night might have been seen mounting the ladder with lanterns, women as well as men, to examine what they were pleased to call "the schiff." For not only was a canoe like the *Rob Roy*, of course, a great curiosity everywhere, but it penetrated where no description of boat had ever been seen before. Our author's plan was to take it on wheels to the very fountain-head of the river he designed to traverse, and on which he embarked at a point scores and scores of miles above where it grew navigable to vessels however small. People stared a good deal, for instance, to see him toiling with his canoe up the Rothenhaus Pass, during a thunder-storm, in his cart, drawn by the horse or the cow. "What! a boat, and up here among the mountains? Where can it be going? Whose is it?" Nor were they satisfied with what the driver could tell them (who could not, for his own part, in the least understand the matter), nor even with the cheerful countenance of Mr. Macgregor himself, "nodding and laughing at them through the bars of the cart, and lifting up my head among the wet straw." The excuse they made for him, however, was that he was an Englishman, a fact which, it seems, would have accounted for much more; for at Aix-la-Chapelle, a gentleman, who took his expression *canot* for *canon*, seemed to feel no particular surprise that he should be travelling about with a six-pounder, fifteen feet long, or that he carried it with him for *plaisir*, not to sell.

It is gratifying to learn that only upon two occasions throughout this protracted tour did our author

* A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe. By J. MACGREGOR. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

[illegible] the most [illegible]. At Lauingen a [illegible] wanted to damage the Rob Roy [illegible] when [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Mr. Macgregor and canoe met everywhere with [illegible] welcome. His start in the morning from some little out-of-the-way town [illegible] for instance, — [illegible] at a point where there was but [illegible] of water in the middle of the stream, — was [illegible] of an ovation. The boys would [illegible] and generously [illegible] of them to be allowed to attend [illegible] away with their [illegible] before the gentleman [illegible] the grown-up people flocked to the point of departure and occupied the little bridge and its approaches. "Once," said [illegible] I was endeavoring to answer all the usual questions as to the canoe, a man respectfully asked me to delay the start five minutes, as his aged father, who was bedridden, wished exceedingly just to see the canoe. In all such cases it is a pleasure to give pleasure, and to sympathize with the wondering delight of the boys, remembering how as a boy a boat delighted me; and then, again, these worthy, mother-like, wholesome-faced dames, how could one object to their prying gaze, mingled as it was with friendly smile and genuine interest?" Of course, a kindly soul like our author would be well treated by all who had any knowledge of him; but it is pleasant to mark how naturally good-natured the folks were among whom he chanced to find himself: for example, he is sailing on the Rhine, and scudding faster with wind and current than he ever did in his life, when suddenly he becomes aware of a youth running after the boat, yelling and shrieking, and waving his coat in the air. "We therefore" (he always speaks of himself and canoe as "We") "drew nearer to him, and luffed up, hailing him with 'What's the matter?'* and he could only pant out, 'Wasserfall, wasserfall, fünf minuten!'" The breeze had brought Mr. Macgregor within a hundred yards of the falls of Laufenburg, where, but for this timely warning, he might have perished as poor Lord Montague did in the same spot, the last of his line, and, strangely enough, on the very same day that his family mansion, Cowdray, in Sussex, was burned to the ground. When the long day's travel of the captain of the *Rob Roy* was ended, he was never at a loss for willing hands to bear his precious boat to a place of safety. "The formula for this was something in the following style: I first got the boat on shore, and a crowd of course soon collected, while I arranged its interior, and sponged out the splashed water, and fastened the cover down. Then, tightening my belt for a walk, I looked around with a kind smile, and selecting a likely man, would address him in English, deliberately as follows, suiting each action to the word, for I have always found that sign-language is much more natural when you speak your own tongue all the time you are acting: 'Well, now, I think as you have looked on enough and have seen all you want, it's about time to go to a hotel, a *gasthaus*. Here! you, — yes, *you!* — just take that end of the boat up, so, — gently, "*langsam! langsam!*" — all right, yes, under your arm, like this, — now, march off to the best hotel possible.' Then the procession naturally formed itself. The most numerous [illegible] boys, of course, took precedence, because of services or manifest willing to be employed; and meanwhile they gratuitously danced about and round the [illegible] like Indians around victims. Women [illegible] came near, and waited modestly till the throng had passed. The seniors of the place kept to the outer fringes of the movement, where dignity of gait might comport with close observation."

Mr. Macgregor can conceive nothing more delightful than this mode of progression, and really, as we read his account of matters, we are almost persuaded to agree with him. "In a canoe it must be remembered it is not necessary to keep your eyes in the boat; you are alone, the anatomy of another gentleman is not perpetually presented to your view; and you travel face forward, and not as in all other kinds of rowboats. At first the river" (our author is speaking of the Danube) "is a few feet broad, but it soon enlarges, and the streams of a great plain quickly bring its volume to that of the Thames at Kingston. The quiet dark Danube winds about then in slow serpentine smoothness for hours in a level meadow, with waving sedge on the banks, and silken, sleepy weeds in the water. Here the long-necked, long-winged, long-legged heron, that seems to have forgotten to get a body, flocks by scores with ducks of the various wild breeds, while pretty painted butterflies and fierce-looking dragon-flies float, as it were, on the summer sunbeams, and simmer in the air. The haymakers are at work; and half their work is hammering the soft edges of their very miserable scythes, which they then dip in the water. Now they have a chat; and as I whiz by round a corner, there is a row of open mouths and wondering eyes, but an immediate return to courtesy with a touch of the hat, and "Guten tag" when presence of mind is restored. Then they call to their mates, and laugh with rustic satisfaction, — a laugh that is real and true, not cynical, but the recognition of a strange incongruity, that of a reasonable being pent up in a boat, and hundreds of miles from home, yet whistling most cheerfully all the time. Soon the hills on either side have houses and old castles and then wood, and lastly rock; and with these, mingling the bold, the wild, and the sylvan, there begins a grand panorama of river-beauties to be unrolled for days and days." He finds the Danube very swift at first, having three hundred feet of fall in each of his five days' journey; and this is charming, for, "in going down a rapid reach, there is the same sensation about the diaphragm as when one goes smoothly on a lofty rope-swing." The enjoyment is in this case varied by a good deal of exertion. Winding here and turning there, with each minute a fresh view, and of new things, he has always to be on the [illegible] or the boat will go bump on a bank, crash on a rock, or plunge into a tree full of spiders. Five or six times a day, too, he hears the well-known rushing [illegible] of a milldam. "On coming to it, I usually went straight along the top edge of the weir, looking over for a good place to descend by, and surveying the innumerable little streams below to see my best course afterwards. By this time the miller and his family and his men, and all the neighbors, would run down to see the new sight; but I always lifted out my little black knapsack, and put my paddle on shore, and then stepped out, and pulled my boat over or round the obstruction, sometimes through a hayfield or two, or by a lane, or along a wall, and then launched her

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* Our author very wisely always addressed unknown aliens in the English tongue.

again in deep water." Dams less than four feet high, the *Rob Roy* "shoots"; and in places where there are breakers, the captain sits outside on the stern of his bark with both legs in the water, fending her off from big stones, and carefully steering with his paddle. Otherwise, he sits quite dry, leaning against his backboard, and lolling at ease where the current is excessive, and it would be dangerous to add impetus to its natural speed. Then only imagine the delicious intervals of rest "under a high rock, or in a cool water-cave, or beneath a wooden bridge, or within the longer shadow of a pine-clad cliff. Often I tried to rest those midday hours (for one cannot always work) on shore, in a house, or on a grassy bank; but it was never so pleasant as at full length in the canoe, under a thick-grown oak-tree, with a book to read dreamily, and a mild cigar at six for a penny, grown in the fields I passed, and made up at yesterday's inn."

When a favorable breeze sprang up, our hero would set his sails, and dash down the lonely river at intoxicating speed, so fast, that the haymaker on the bank who caught sight of the supernatural vision had no time to draw the attention of his comrades, and is discredited by them as to his phantom vessel up to this day. But when falls were too high to "shoot," or a wide barrier made landing advisable, "I used to walk straight into the hayfields, pushing the boat point foremost through a hedge, or dragging her steadily over the wet newly-mown grass, in literal imitation of the American craft which could go "wherever there was a heavy dew." On such occasions, the amazement of the untaught clowns, beholding suddenly such an apparition, was beyond all description. Some even ran away, very often children cried outright, and when I looked gravely on the ground as I marched and dragged the boat, and then suddenly stopped in their midst with a hearty laugh and an address in English, the whole proceeding may have appeared to them at least as strange as it did to me." Sometimes the gallant captain would play good-natured practical jokes with the haymakers, and where the thick bushes skirted the river, would glide close in to the bank, and suddenly strike up, in a very loud voice, "Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves"; whereupon, long before he got to "slaves," all the field-laborers stood like statues, as astonished as Ferdinand with Ariel's music: they looked right and left, before and behind them, but into the river, up which no craft had ever been known to come, they did not look. The only objection to this mode of travel in such places was, that the villages were generally built away from the river, and the purser of the *Rob Roy* had sometimes a little difficulty in getting provisions for the ship's company. When he asked some gazing agriculturist where the nearest houses were, it was twenty to one that he pointed inland; and the purser of course could not venture to leave his ship: so the end of most discussions "was that he said, 'Ya vol,' which means in Yankee tongue, 'That's so'; in Scottish, 'Hoot, aye'; in Irish, 'Troth, an' it is'; and in French, 'C'est vrai'; but then none of this helps one a bit." But our author does contrive to get at his dinner at last, often at some humble inn, where the waiter smokes his cheap cigar as he waits, and where the *bett* has to be undermined and dismantled of its Teutonic furniture in the shape of wedge-shaped bolsters and enormous pillows before horizontal refreshment can be obtained. Even then, the partitions of the wooden room (where the washing-basin is oval) are so thin that the gallant captain hears every noise till midnight: now the long-drawn snore of the landlord, then the tittle-tattle of the servants not asleep yet,—a pussy's plaintive mew, and the scraping of a mouse; the cows breathing in soft slumber, and the sharp rattle of a horse's chain.

Then the utter silence of cool and peaceful night reigns undisturbed until about four o'clock, "when the first sound is some matutinal cock, who crows first because he is proud of being first awake. After he has asserted his priority thus once or twice, another deeper-toned rooster replies, and presently a dozen cocks are all in full song, and in different keys. In half an hour, you hear a man's voice; next, some feminine voluble remarks; then a latch is moved and clicks, the dog gives a morning bark, and a horse stamps his foot in the stable because the flies have aroused to breakfast on his tender skin. At length a pig grunts; his gastric juice is fairly awake, the day is begun. And so the stream of life, thawed from its sleep, flows gently on again, and at length the full tide of village business is soon in agitation, with men's faces and women's quite as full of import as if the little place were the capital of the world." There is genuine poetry, it will be seen, in the composition of our captain, nautical though he be; he brings an eye for all he sees; he tells us of the stately herons and the burnished wild-fowl that haunt his liquid highway; he paints the kingfisher, often the sole fellow-creature that his eye encounters, perched on a twig within two inches of the water, and shaded from the summer sun by a single brier-leaf, so still and steady on his watch for fish, that a less close observer might easily miss his back of azure and his breast of red. Nay, once, on the Moselle, when gazing down in the clear stream at some trout, our captain's keen eye marked a large stone, the upper part of a fine column at least ten feet from the surface. The capital showed it to be Ionic, and near it was another broken pediment of huge dimensions, and a little farther on a pedestal of white marble; to account for the presence of which in such a place, no story could he glean.

It was on the Moselle that our agreeable voyager met with that one specimen of the fair sex upon whom his address and manner failed to produce their favorable impression. He had left his boat, urged by the pangs of hunger, at a place where some laborers were at work on a milldam, and knocking at a cottage-door, saluted its aged occupant with the remark: "Madame, I am hungry, and you are precisely the lady who can make me an omelette."

"Sir, I have nothing to give you."

"Why," said I, "look at these hens; I am sure they have laid six eggs this morning, they seem so proud."

"She evidently thought I was a tramp demanding alms, and when told to look at the boat which had come from England, she said she was too old and too blind to see. However, we managed to make an omelette together, and she stood by (with an eye, perhaps, to her only fork) and chatted pleasantly, asking, 'What have you got to sell?' I told her I had come there only for pleasure. 'What sort of pleasure, Monsieur, can you possibly hope to find in *this* place?' But I was far too gallant to say bluntly that her particular mansion was not the ultimate object of the tour. After receiving a franc for the rough breakfast, she kept up a battery of blessings till the *Rob Roy* started, and she ended by shrieking out to a navvy looking on, 'I tell you every Englishman is rich!'"

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best to restrain his passion at the insulting tones of the old man.

"'What for, sir? why, for insulting me: it was you who fastened up my door, you who dared to ride with my daughter.'

"'The first of those charges you are not in a position to prove, sir,' said Mr. Bond, quietly; 'and the second, I fancy, would hardly be deemed a reasonable cause for expulsion by the university authorities, who must ratify your sentence.' There was truth in this, and the Master knew it. 'But,' continued Mr. Bond, 'I humbly beg your pardon. I have acted most wrongly; I should have spoken to you before. Your daughter loves me: may I make her my wife? and indeed, sir, you shall never repent having committed such a jewel into my keeping. For God's sake, sir, forgive us. You were a young man once, indeed, indeed—'

"'Quiet, young man!' shouted the Master, who had set his mind on Miss Dorothy marrying a distant cousin, a nobleman who was then undergraduate at Trinity, and had shown her considerable attention. 'Quiet. I care not for the honor you would bestow on me; leave me, sir, and never let me hear of either of you two speaking to each other again, or it will be the worse for both of you.'

"Mr. Bond left him in a towering passion. 'You have no right to separate us, nor shall you, by heaven, sir! I am in a position to support a wife, and your child is of age. Good by for the present, sir.'

"'Send Miss Dorothy here,' said the Master, as the butler returned from showing Mr. Bond out. The young lady came, blushing and crying.

"'O dear father, forgive us both; he loves me so much, and he is so good and noble; we did not intend to keep it secret from you any longer; do, dear, good father,—it will break his heart and mine too.'

"'Child,' said the old man savagely, 'get up at once, and no more folly. You shall never speak to Mr. Bond again. Promise me never to see him again.'

"'O father, I dare not promise you that. God knows I would do anything else to please you, but it would be death to me and to him also. O, have pity! he loves me.'

"'Loves you, fool!' said the Master, 'don't flatter yourself; a man so devoid of principle as he is has told many a girl the same story; he has been making a fool of you for lack of better amusement. I despise the man. Get up!' Here he laid his hands roughly on her shoulders. 'Go, little fool.' She rose to leave the room, pale as a statue, without saying another word. 'Stop,' he cried, as she reached the door. 'Child, swear never to speak to that bad young man again.'

"'Never, father!' cried the girl, her eyes flashing with passion. 'You have no cause to speak evil of Mr. Bond. He is good and noble, and I love him. I will not promise you this.' Without waiting for an answer, she sailed out of the room.

"But her self-possession did not last long; she ran up stairs, and threw herself on her bed (in this very room, sir), where, when her maid came to find her, she was still crying as if her heart would break.

"'O miss,' said Nancy, as she came in, 'what is the matter? you a-crying your eyes out, and the Master furious. And, O! I'm ashamed to tell you what he has told me to do, it is cruel like; you are not to leave the house all the week till Tuesday, when you are to go to your aunt in Wales.'

"'So I am a prisoner, am I? and you are to be my jailer. My father is kind and considerate. Get me some tea.'

"Then Miss Dorothy got up, set her things straight, and determined not to show her sorrow to her maid; but Nancy told my mother it was no good, the poor child went on terrible about her father and Mr. Bond, and never got a wink of sleep all the night.

"Next morning she thought she would try once more to overcome her father's resolution, but he was incensed at her display of temper the evening before, and refused to see her.

"Miss Dorothy was allowed to go into the little patch of garden where the stables used to stand. Next morning when she went out to get a breath of air, and to look at her horse, as was her custom, she found the groom who had been dismissed packing up his things to leave.

"'O, I am sorry you are going to leave, Williams, and I am glad I have met you to say good by. Here 's a little present for you.'

"Williams touched his hat as he took the sovereign. 'Bless your pretty face, miss, don't care about me. Mr. Bond 's taken me on to look after his hunters, and miss,' (here he lowered his voice to a whisper, though there was none within hearing,) 'my new master bade me give you this 'ere, and I am not to go till I has an answer, "No," says he, "not if your old master blows your brains out."'

"Dorothy took it trembling up into her room; it was only a few lines beseeching her for the love of heaven to let him see her once more. She had once told him, he wrote, that she had discovered a way from her father's house to the college library; as she was forbidden to leave the house, would she meet him there, it was their only chance.

"She took a pen, and wrote a line promising to be there the moment the bells ceased to ring for evening service. As the bells ceased ringing, Miss Dorothy left her room, and went to the study, the key was in its old position, and she took it. As she passed by the window, she saw her father crossing the court-yard in his surplice. It was some time before the passage door would open, at last the latch lifted, and, hardly daring to breathe, she walked to the library door. Not daring to open it at first, she knelt down and listened, the place was as still as death. In a few seconds' time she heard the door open and a heavy footstep on the floor, then a voice humming a familiar air.

"Without waiting longer she timidly turned the key and entered the room. What passed between the two I never heard, but the interview was interrupted by the sound of some one on the stairs. Miss Dorothy started.

"'We shall be detected, George,' she said. Still he held her.

"'Promise, love,' he said, 'or I shall die.'

"'Yes, I promise; God forgive me,' answered she. Then she closed the library door, and ran back to her room. Nancy was there arranging a dress, and started as her young mistress entered, she looked so lovely, with her cheeks still flushing with the kiss her lover had imprinted on them, and the excitement of the meeting.

"As the clock struck nine, Miss Dorothy stole down stairs, the hall door was open, and she was soon out of the college gates. There was no gas in the courts and streets in those days, and the porters who saw her hurry across the court, took her for one of the bed-makers. Wrapping her cloak round

her, for it was a cold November night, she hurried along the street, nor did she stop till she reached the end of Parker's Piece, where a fly with two horses was waiting.

"Williams the groom was there, but no one else.

"'He should have been here before, miss; clocks are striking quarter past. Get in, miss, you will catch your death of cold.'

"'No, thank you, Williams, I shall see him sooner if I stop here. O dear! I wish I had not come. It is too late to go back?'

"'Go back! why, bless you, miss, he will be here in a minute. Look there, ain't that him? No, he was to have come alone.'

"'O yes, alone,' said she, shivering and beginning to cry. 'How wicked I am.'

"Quiet, miss, for heaven's sake. Get into the fly; it's the proctors, I can see their bands, you will be suspected.'

"She sprang in, and Williams lowered the shutters. The proctors were there in a minute; they had seen a woman's dress, and were suspicious.

"'Who have you there?' one asked, as he came up.

"'A lady, sir, if you have no objection.'

"'Any one else?' asked the other, 'no member of the university too, I hope; my man, it is a suspicious place, please to open the door.'

"The door was opened, and they looked in. Miss Dorothy sat back, and pulled the veil over her face. The moon was shining brightly, and in the proctor she recognized Mr. Hanly, the senior fellow of Corpus, who had once paid her great attentions, and who might have won her heart if she had not met Mr. Bond.

"'I beg your pardon, madam,' he said, raising his hat, but not recognizing her. 'You must forgive the liberty I have taken, but we are forced to be very careful.' Then he closed the door, and walked off.

"'What's the next move, miss? I fear som'uts up,' said Williams, looking in as the clock struck eleven. 'No doubt he's gated, and can't get out. When did you see him last?'

"'About six o'clock,' said the poor young lady, sobbing. 'O Williams, he can't have deceived me!'

"'Bless ye, no, miss, he ain't one of that sort. Why, miss, I knows for certain he'd die for you: still, it's precious queer. Says he to me at three this afternoon, "Let the fly be ready." Says I, "Yes, sir; but shall I see you before night?" "Yes," says he, "I'm just agoing to say a few words to your dear young missus, and then I shall see you." But he never came, so I follers former orders, and comes up here. But, dear heart, cheer up, them great gates is shut, and the porters won't let him out. But what had we better do now, miss?"

"'O, take me back, take me back!' she cried. 'O, I wish I had never come. I will ask my father to forgive me; he spoke unjustly and cruelly of George, still I am very wicked. O, drive me back!'

"'If I were you, miss,' said Williams, 'I should not go back to college; there's no cause, as I sees, that the Master should know anything about it. He thinks you safe abed, next morning you slips in with bed-makers, and no harm comes of it.'

"'O Williams, but then where can I sleep to-night?'

"This question puzzled him, and he scratched his head in silence. At last he said, 'Well, miss, s'pose you sleeps in this 'ere vehicle; I'll keep watch on the box; eh, miss?'

"O no, Williams, you know you would die of cold. I must go back; perhaps he will forgive me.'

"Williams went to fasten some piece of harness preparatory to starting; in a minute he returned, and lowering the window, looked in again.

"'Bless you, miss, what a fool I was not to think of it afore: why, miss, you see if you goes back it must be through the porter's lodge, as the other entrance shuts early. A deal of gents may be in the court. You will not like to go by yourself; s'pose you come to my sister's, eh?'

"'O no, Williams; I should die if I met any one in the court. Thank you for thinking of Mrs. Giffard; she was my nurse, and I know would have pity on me.'

"Well, sir, you know my grandmother's name was Giffard, and she was sister to Williams, he being my mother's uncle. Mother said she was then only ten years old, but remembered the night Miss Dorothy came to our house.

"She and her father and mother slept in the same room. They had been in bed about two hours when they were awoke by a knocking at the door. My grandfather sprung up, and looked out of the window.

"'Why, bless me, wife,' he said, 'if there ain't that brother of yours. What on earth is up now? Coming in a minute, lad,' he said, as George again thundered at the door, 'you'll wake the whole street.'

"Grandfather threw his wife's shawl over his shoulders, and ran down stairs. In less than a minute he was back again. 'For Heaven's sake, old lady, get up; here's a pretty go, poor beautiful young creature, and perished with cold.' Then he turned round to my mother, who was sitting up wondering in bed, and told her to go to sleep. This my mother pretended to do, but was far too excited and curious to do more than close her eyes. Her father and mother were soon both down stairs, and the sound of a tinder-box being struck, and a fire lit, soon reached her ears. In another hour's time her father returned alone to bed, and in the next room she heard her mother trying to pacify some one who was sobbing loud enough for her to hear through the partition. After a time all was quiet again, and she did not wake till her father rose; he was one of the buttery-men at Trinity.

"Then she got out of bed and listened, there was more crying in the next room; she went to the bedroom door, and looked out, and saw a tall young lady, very beautiful and pale as snow, pass hurriedly along the passage, followed by my grandmother.

"Mother says she never saw a lily of the valley without thinking of Miss Dorothy, as she looked then, so frail and trembling, with her white face bent down.

"The Master had discovered his daughter's flight, and was beside himself with passion. Grandmother knew this the night before, and was not so much surprised that Miss Dorothy had come to her house at that late hour as she would otherwise have been. She was Mr. Bond's bed-maker, and going to his rooms about chapel-time, she had noticed his portmanteau locked and lying on his bed, but had seen nothing of him. He had not slept in college, and no one knew anything about his whereabouts. There was nothing else talked of in college but the disappearance of Mr. Bond. That Miss A. had in-

tended to run away with him, thanks to the discreetness of my grandfather and the Master's servants, was never generally known: at last, like all other wonders, it ceased to interest any one. All knew Mr. Bond was a mad young gentleman, and cared for no one: what more likely than he should have betaken himself to his home in the north for a week's change, and had not cared to consult the college authorities on the subject? Still to Miss Dorothy, my grandmother, and others, there seemed some mystery which they could not fathom.

"Nancy, the lady's maid, who slept in a little room out of her mistress's, had sat up till past three, waiting for her return. Twice, in the middle of the night she started up, hearing something like a cry of distress coming seemingly from the college library. At first she thought it only a dream, for she was anxious and nervous about her mistress, but the next time she felt that it was more than a dream, and woke one of the maids, who sat up the rest of the night, sir, by this very same fire here, sir; but there was no more sound, so Nancy believed it to be a dream, till what was discovered afterwards proved it to be no fancy. Well, sir, I need not tell you that the Master was furious about Miss Dorothy; at first he threatened to turn her out into the streets, but his pride prevented him doing this, as all the university would have known his disgrace, so he wrote off to his sister in Wales, begging her at once to come and take her back with her, and in the mean time strictly forbade her to leave the house. At the time of which I am speaking, the Master's house ran along the west side of the old college library, and there were two small oak-panelled rooms at the end of the east corridor, which were separated from the rest of the house. In these rooms Miss Dorothy was confined; they were well suited for the purpose, for there was but one means of escape, and that was actually through the Master's study, which had a door opening on to the farther end of the passage.

"Poor child! she was miserable indeed, and Nancy, her maid, hardly liked to leave her alone for a minute, she was so low and nervous. One evening, Nancy had to go out into the town, and Miss Dorothy was left alone.

"It was getting dusk, and the solitude of the dark old room frightened her. It seems that the library was connected with her bedroom by means of a small door opening in the panel. This door was not visible from the library, as it was covered by another thicker door, which was covered with books, and was not distinguishable from the rest of the walls. Miss Dorothy had noticed the door in her room, a door which had not been used for years, and of the existence of which I believe the Master himself was not aware. As she wandered about the room, feeling too nervous to sit still, her eyes fell upon an old-fashioned key lying in the corner of an oak cupboard. Taking it in her hand, she determined to try the door on the opposite wall that she had watched the morning before.

"Grandmother happened to be that evening in the housekeeper's room, when suddenly she heard a piercing cry,—a cry, she says, she can never forget, so full of horror was it.

"She started to her feet, and just at that minute Nancy dashed into the room. 'O, did you hear it?' she cried. 'Come with me, come with me.' All three started off, pale as death, and met the Master, who had heard the scream, hurrying, in the same direction. They opened the door, Mrs. Brown the housekeeper bearing a light. On the floor, pale and rigid as marble, lay Miss Dorothy, the door in the panel open, and just in front of her, and across her feet, lay Mr. Bond, his hands stretched out and clenched, rigid and cold as a statue, as if to embrace her, his once handsome eyes staring lustreless out of their sockets, and the marks of corruption already on his beautiful face.

"Miss Dorothy was taken back to her old room here, but only survived her shock two days.

"An inquest was held on the body of Mr. Bond, and the verdict returned was accidental death. It seems that the poor young gentleman, knowing that as an undergraduate he had no right in the library, after Miss Dorothy had left him, seeing one of the bookshelves swing back, had retired behind it. It was the librarian who was entering, the shelves of the door were empty, and he filled them with the large volumes that lay on the table, and then left the room.

"When the room was empty Mr. Bond no doubt tried to leave his hiding-place, but the door closed with a hasp, and the heavy books that had been placed on the shelves rendered all his attempts to force it open vain, and, what is more, excluded the air, for the doctors all agreed that the cause of death was suffocation. The door the young lady opened corresponded with the door in the bookcase, and when the double doors were closed there was just room for a man to stand up between them. The body, which was in a standing position, fell down at the wretched lady's feet as she opened the door in the panel.

"And this, sir, is the story as my grandmother used to tell it, and many were those among the servants who rejoiced when the old library was pulled down; unearthly noises and screams, it was said, were often heard there, and indeed, sir, there were several who declared that they had seen Miss Dorothy herself more than once in her shroud, kneeling and lifting up a skeleton hand before the door which had made a living tomb for her love."

As Betsy finished her story I looked round my room, and a shiver ran through me; nor could I sleep one wink, thinking of the sweet young lady who died in the very room where I was lying, and never shall I forget that Christmas eve and Betsy's tale.

WITH OPIUM TO HONG-KONG.

In the Indian cold season — that is, from the 1st of December to the 1st of March — the voyage from Calcutta to Hong-Kong is delightful as far as Singapore. Looking down one calm cool morning over the ship's side into the streaks and eddies of the transparent sea, I was startled during the voyage thither by the sudden appearance of a dead Chinaman's face, as the body floated with the ebb tide slowly turning along the vessel's counter. It was the face of a man in the prime of life and the best of health. An old salt who had had much experience amongst Chinamen, and who was standing by my side, observed thoughtfully: "He's been a winning at the dice, ye see, and when they got him to the water-side, they fetched him handsome over the afterpart of his skull with a thick stick, and took his money, and hove him in, and that makes no marks, ye see." And in this way many a gambler meets with his end, without detection of the murderers, against whom their countrymen will not, when they can, give evidence. The police force at Pinang

would be no match for the Chinese in any very serious affray, but the magistrate can easily and promptly procure the aid of any number of Malays from Wellesley province, and these people would eagerly obey an order to kill every Celestial in the country.

It is scarcely possible to conceive anything more beautiful than this entrance to Singapore harbor. The ship glides in between islets and little hills clothed in verdant forest, fringed by a clean pebbly or white sandy beach. The water is perfectly calm, or moved gently by long lazy undulations, and so transparent, that the fishes, some of gorgeous hues and fantastic shapes, which infest such localities, are plainly to be seen gliding about far below in the shadow of the hull. Cheerful-looking villas and prettily painted houses are scattered along the summits of these islands, and increase in number as the ship advances into a basin connected with the outer harbor, in which are the mooring wharves and coal-sheds of the opium China steamers and of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessels. Hardly is the ship fast when she is assailed by a fleet of canoes, manned by Malay men and boys. The boys come to dive for sixpences or eight-ana pieces which the passengers throw over for them, and the men bring pineapples, shells, paraquets and other birds, and animals, such as tiger-cats, civet-cats, monkeys, &c., for sale. The shell boats are really beautiful, being filled to the uttermost nook and corner with the most lively specimens, arranged in perfect order, so that the boat looks as if it were a floating cabinet. The diving-boys are of all ages, from seven to seventeen. Some paddle themselves singly in tiny canoes little larger than a butcher's tray; others go three or four together in larger skiffs; but all are equally eager, crowding under the gangways and keeping up an incessant gabble in broken English to attract attention. "Massa, massa, massa! now, massa! I dive very good, massa! You throw sixpence, I dive very quick,—good dive, massa!" When a sixpence is pitched overboard, the whole mob of them throw themselves out of their canoes headlong in, and their sprawling limbs may be discerned far down as they strike towards the bottom, till a lucky fellow clutches the prize, when they all return to the surface puffing and blowing, and scramble into their respective canoes, where they are soon ready for another dive. This feat of catching the sixpence is by no means so difficult as a stranger might imagine. In the first place, the sixpence, or any similar flat thin object, when thrown into the water, descends by gyrations, as a parachute would fall through the air, and therefore settles so slowly to the bottom, that a moderately expert swimmer can meet and grasp it.

In the mean time, the wharf begins to fill with a heterogeneous crowd of Malays, Coringamen, Chinese, Surutties, Eurasians, and Europeans, and little palanquin carriages drive up for hire. These are most useful vehicles, exceedingly light, but strong, holding two, and, at a pinch, four people, and drawn by one of the indomitable little Burmah ponies up the heaviest and toughest road. They are driven by half-naked Madras men, who perch on a small seat placed on the front of the carriage, and, never understanding a syllable that is said to them, goad, poke, and worry the pony on till brought up by the shouts of the passengers. The carriages are all numbered, and their owners and drivers subject to strict rules. A schedule of fares is hung up inside.

After landing from the ship, and elbowing his way among vendors of paradise birds' skins, China and Indian fans, Bombay workboxes, &c., the traveller is taken by the indefatigable diving-boys, who strive to earn a sixpence on land as well as in the water, to one of the palanquin carriages or "gárees" aforesaid, and driven off to the town, which is nearly two miles from the wharf. The road, which is good, leads at first through a mangrove swamp, above which, however, it is well raised. A little farther on it rises, where pretty cottages and suburban villas, with neat hedges and gardens, and a large Chinese burial-ground, indicate close approach to the town. Singapore is substantially built, laid out in regular streets, and consists almost wholly of Chinamen's shops. There is a good iron suspension-bridge over an inlet or creek in the town, a pretty though small square, planted with flowering shrubs and shady trees, and some handsome brick and stuccoed houses bordering the strand, or drive, along the beach of the outer harbor, which, with its dark blue waves, is seen outside the town, crowded with vessels of every size, class, and nation.

This strand road is bordered inland by a strip of lawn, planted, with flowering shrubs, forming a pleasant promenade and playground for children. The lawn is again skirted by a road bounding a series of gardens and enclosures, in which are contained a line of detached and handsome houses, including a good church. These buildings, embowered in trees, sweep round along the curve of the harbor, and are ended by Government House, an imposing edifice in beautiful grounds, crowning the end of the high land, which in gentle undulations encircles the landward side of the town. The homes of the merchants, government officers, and private individuals, are scattered all round the suburbs, in fine airy situations. The grounds and gardens are exceedingly tasteful, and kept in admirable order; and the roads, shaded by neat hedges of the China or dwarf bamboo, and trees of elegant and varied foliage, are kept carefully in the best repair. A large body of life convicts, some three thousand in number, enables the municipality to preserve the communications throughout the station in thorough order. About a mile and a half's drive along this pleasant suburb brings the visitor to the public gardens, which though new are already beautiful, and only need the ripening of time to make them still more so. To any one who has been long resident in India, the exquisite neatness of the lawns and paths is a new and welcome sight, and, although there are very few flowers in the Singapore gardens which are not cultivated in Bengal, here they are larger and more brilliant, so that the Singapore gardens are more beautiful than those of Calcutta. Amongst the houses facing the outer harbor, which command a full view of it, and all day enjoy the refreshing breeze of the sea, is a very comfortable Family Hotel, kept by an enterprising Frenchman. The "compound" of the hotel contains a detached building for bachelors on one side, and another for the table d'hôte in the opposite quarter. This hotel appears to fill well. The passenger-traffic between Europe and the southeastern archipelago is rapidly increasing, and English, French, Dutch, and Portuguese from and to Batavia, Borneo, Manilla, and Sumatra, have to wait at Singapore for the smaller steamers to convey them to their destinations, or for the large Peninsular and Oriental and Imperial Messagerie ships from Hong-Kong, as the case may be. Besides these, numerous young clerks and assistants in counting-houses take up their permanent abode in the hotel, and help to

increase the crowd at the table d'hôte, which is capable of accommodating about sixty. The fare is good, and served in a style half French and half English. About twenty Chinese lads, clean and well-dressed, fly about, serving the dinner with great briskness, while the master of the hotel stands at a side table with a couple of assistants, carving for his customers. Fish (in great variety and excellence), poultry, and pork, are the chief meats; beef being scarce and poor, and mutton, as in Penang, and throughout Burmah, procured from Calcutta at an extravagant price. European vegetables do not thrive, nor are there any fine fruits, with the exception of pineapple and the deliciously refreshing mangosteen. But the steamers — whether the opium vessels from Calcutta, or the Peninsular and Oriental ships from Galle — afford but scanty leisure for a survey of Singapore. In twenty-four or thirty hours the traveller has to proceed on his voyage to Hong-Kong.

The first indication of the coast of China is usually the sight of numerous fishing-junks, in pairs, towing between them large trawl-nets, and beating steadily up to windward. The ease and safety with which these odd-looking vessels ride over the tumultuous seas is beautiful to see, and the intrepid fellows who manage them come fearlessly out two hundred miles from land. They are pirates, and, whenever they have opportunity, attack and plunder the small junks and lorchas of the coasting trade. The first land seen, as we near Hong-Kong, is the southernmost of a series of barren rocky islets, on which the heavy rollers break with a loud roar. The sea-bird breeds upon these rocks, and amongst them may be seen, but rarely, the only species of albatross which ventures north of the equator, — *Diomedea brachyura* of Temminck. Increasing in size northwards, the rocks attain the size of rugged lofty islands, and encircling Hong-Kong — itself an island — on the south and west, enclose a tolerably smooth and land-locked harbor.

Hong-Kong is, in its way, as beautiful a port as Singapore. The town is built of white granite laid out in regular streets, which rise in terraces one above another. It spreads over a considerable portion of the southern face of the island, and, standing in bold relief against a background of rugged mountain, is carried down to the water's edge, the strand being faced by a fine stone wall or quay for its whole length. The harbor is generally full of shipping, — merchant vessels of all nations, and French, English, American, and Russian men-of-war. Between these glide all day long boats of all patterns, junks, and sampans. Those belonging to the counting-houses and offices in the strand are secured at night by being hoisted up to regular davits built into the quay wall, — an admirable plan, which I have not seen followed in any other port. Chinese boatmen, and boatwomen with their fat ruddy babies slung to their backs, have been so often described, that I will say no more about them here, except to express an opinion that the Chinese mode of handling their boats does not appear to have been duly appreciated. There is no craft in the world safer and handier than a Chinese sampan, which has no more grace in its outlines than a butcher's tray. The boatman, who stands and rows facing forwards, can twist and turn it in ways not to be attempted by our boats, thus worming his way safely through crowds of other boats, all like itself, too broad to be upset, too pliant and tough to be injured in a squeeze. The Chinaman also makes more use than we do of sculling. Lighters, and other heavy barges, reaching up to seventy or eighty tons burden, are invariably furnished with a huge steering or sculling oar, which is worked by six or seven men, and drives the vessel much more powerfully than an equal number of men working with sweeps. We have also some lessons to learn from this people in sailing, and, until we condescend to stiffen our canvas with battens, cannot expect our vessels to lie in the wind's eye as does a Chinese junk.

A pull of five or ten minutes brings the traveller to the stone quay, and, as he mounts one of the numerous flagged stairs along its face, he finds himself surrounded by eager coolies or porters, and chairmen, with their light, pretty sedans, ready to take him up the hill. If the new arriver have friends in Hong-Kong, or has been provided with an introductory letter to some one of its hospitable residents, he is landed in a handsome private boat, sent for his accommodation, and under the care of comprador or steward of the household, placed in a chair or sedan, and carried off to his host's house. These sedans are most useful things. They are nearly as commodious as an Indian palanquin, and far more comfortable, as the rider sits in a large easy-chair, instead of being borne along like a bedridden patient. To enter the sedan the passenger has simply to pass in through the front shafts, which are uplifted for the purpose, the sedan remaining on the ground. When he is fairly seated, the bearers (a man at each end) squat down under the cross-bar near the ends of the shafts, and rising up, chair and all, stride along at a rapid pace up hill and down dale, their sandalled feet making a loud slapping noise on the road. They do not go at the half-running pace of the palkee-bearers in India, but with a sturdy step and a stiff knee. Two men are enough for a sedan; but if there be a long journey to make, or the fare be of such proportions as led Mr. Banting to his useful researches, two additional men are added to temporary yokes lashed across the shafts. Thus reinforced, they will run all day. These chairs are sometimes prettily painted and glazed, with awning roofs. They are to be had in numbers for hire in all the principal streets and thoroughfares, and the stranger is greeted in such places, as he passes on, by a chorus of "Chá!" (chair) "chá!" from the bearers seated about their unemployed vehicles.

The main street in Hong-Kong, running parallel to the strand, is handsome and regular, with excellent shops, English and Chinese. The banks, counting-houses, a handsome club-house, and a church, are in this street. The consular and steam agencies, warehouses, ship-chandlers' stores, and such like offices and buildings, some of considerable size, occupy the strand. A little way up the hillside, and parallel to the main street, are smaller streets, containing hotels, lodging-houses, and some private residences, with their court-yards and enclosures, chiefly European, but with some Parsee, Coringa, and Chinese dwellings. These streets are connected at right angles by smaller ones, steeply ascending the hillside, and thickly crowded with shops, chiefly Chinese. Still higher up are the stately villas and semi-detached houses of the English residents, the governor's house, a handsome building, with the public gardens, the residence of the general, the barracks, and the cathedral. These all communicate by excellent roads, bounded by neatly-finished stone walls, and interspersed with gardens, flowering shrubs, and shady trees. From the level of this quarter extends a magnificent view of the harbor and the opposite

island of Kowloon, and the traveller can, if he pleases, ascend the rugged barren heights above him to the flagstaff peak, nearly two thousand feet above the sea; but the mountain is cheerless and lonely.

The suburbs of "Victoria," as Hong-Kong is called (or should be called, although nobody in my hearing ever called it so), are not extensive, but are thickly crowded with Chinese houses, inhabited by fishermen, boat-builders, umbrella and sedan-chair makers, masons, and coolies, a lawless set, and with whom the police of Hong-Kong find plenty to do. Indeed, to this day it is reckoned unsafe to go along the skirts of the town after sunset, unless well armed or with a party. Chinamen are both adroit and audacious highwaymen, but they have great dread of firearms, especially of a revolver, and the sight of a pistol insures safety to the traveller. The quarrymen, who are employed in great numbers on the hillside skirting the roads, and many of whom pass the night in temporary hovels where they work, are all thieves. And as our police force is composed of Hindoos, for whom physically Chinamen have great contempt, and as the punishments sanctioned by our laws are altogether insufficient to check crime amongst this people, it is not matter of surprise that Hong-Kong should be a nest of thieves, while the neighboring city of Canton is a pattern of good order and security. Indeed, it is a known fact that all the worst characters in the latter place, finding their own government too hot for them, repair to Hong-Kong, as a genial region for misdeed. It was only a short time since that they robbed a bank in the town with singular skill and audacity, entering the treasure-room through a drain and subterraneous passage dug by themselves at right angles to it, under the foundation-wall of the building.

At the west end of the town the level land of the beach penetrates the hill, forming an oval-shaped flat space of meadow-land, which has been turned into a very excellent race-course, and on the eastern side of this, at the foot of the hill, is the Christian cemetery. The roots of the hills are here covered with forest trees, and a pretty little stream or "burn" runs along the bottom of this "Happy valley," as this west-end suburb is termed by the English residents. The races take place here once a year, and are exceedingly good, for there are two great millionnaires who spare no expense in importing first-rate horses.

Hong-Kong is a good deal colder than Calcutta, but the seasons are as to time much the same as in India. The rains are short in duration, but very violent, drenching the streets with mountain torrents which the numerous and deep drains cannot always contain. The summer is unpleasantly hot only in June and July, and the cold weather, during which fires are absolutely necessary, lingers on till near the middle of April, with gloomy, misty skies, and chill driving rain coming in gusts from the hills above.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE DUKE OF PARMA.

One day I had the honor to dine at the table of King Jerome (Bonaparte) at Quarto, near Florence. Some of the most eminent people of Tuscany were at the table: Prince Corsini, Don Nexi Corsini, his brother, and old Fossombroni; the latter is the same person Napoleon found Minister in Tuscany, and who so astonished him by the grandeur of his ideas. Napoleon said, as he left him, "He is a giant in a closet."

Prince Corsini was the grand-nephew of Pope Corsini, — Lorenzo XII. He was an old man of seventy, very fond of dress, and painted his face just as our lorettes do. He was to be met every night in the streets of Florence, after the receptions and assemblies of the evening were ended, dressed in white duck or some light-colored cloth, a small blue coat with gilt buttons, a ribbon around his neck, and an enormous nosegay in his waistcoat. When he met any acquaintance, he drew down his straw hat towards the passer, as if he desired to conceal his face; but he hoped, if the latter met him the next day, he would be guilty of the amiable indiscretion of saying, "Where were you going past one o'clock, last night, with a nosegay in your waistcoat, Prince? Ah! I recognized you!"

The Prince would deny that he was the man, he would shake his head, and play the comedy of the discreet man. It was a curious study.

He was, notwithstanding all this, a man of talents. His brother was Minister of the Grand Duke, and Prince Corsini, as well as the Grand Duke, held the intellectual powers of his brother in the greatest contempt. Whenever the Grand Duke complained to him of the way in which political affairs were managed, the Prince would reply, "It is not astonishing, Highness, when you keep such a jackass as my brother, Don Neri, for your Minister."

So I was dining, as I have said, at King Jerome's table, with all these great dignitaries of the Tuscan Court, when Don Neri — who honored me with particular attention, which was all the more courteous on his part, as he held in his hands the Ministries of the Interior and of War — asked me, from the other end of the table, "Are you going to the Lucca Baths this year, M. Dumas?"

"Yes, I think so, your Excellency."

"If you do, you had better take care of yourself."

"Why so?"

"Because there is on the road between Lucca and the baths the boldest highwayman we have seen in Tuscany this many a year."

"Bah! what is his name?"

"Norcino."

"An admirable brigand's name."

"Would you believe, that rascal carries his impudence so far as to go to mass every Sunday in his village church?"

"Every Sunday?"

"He does n't miss one."

"Why don't you capture him, then?"

"'T is impossible! The fellow is always armed."

This reply, in the mouth of a Minister of War, rather corroborated the opinion Prince Corsini expressed about his brother.

A short time afterwards we heard that the terrible Norcino was captured by the Duke of Lucca's carabineers. These carabineers formed a singular army at that epoch in Italy. It was composed solely of Corsicans, who had killed a man at home, and who had instantly leaped into the great wake made by vessels plying from Bastia to Leghorn, to come to Lucca and enter the Duke's service.

I was well acquainted with the Duke of Lucca. He reigned under the title of Charles II., and was a man of great talents. His subjects would have been the happiest people on earth, if the taxes they paid could have proved sufficient for the expenses of the Duke. Unfortunately, he was a Bourbon of the Spanish race, and sustained the honor of his family

by spending twice his revenue. One day I was still in bed, when the servant announced, not His Highness, Duke Charles II., but the Duke of Lucca. I put on slippered pantaloons and a dressing-gown, and I ran to my drawing-room. I began to offer excuses.

He stopped me short, saying, "I have come to ask you to do me a favor. You have a right to receive me as you please."

I expressed to the Duke the delight it gave me, to think I had it in my power to serve him.

"You are going to leave for France to-morrow?"

"Yes, your Highness."

"Then be so good as to take this portrait, and have it lithographed."

He gave me a water-color drawing, which represented the features of an old scholar, who was teaching him Sanscrit.

The Duke of Lucca was a man of fickle imagination, who often pursued for a fortnight studies which required whole years of persevering labor. Sanscrit was one of those studies. I brought the portrait of the Duke's Sanscrit-Master to France with me. I carried it to the only man who could make me a lithograph of the drawing, without losing its character, — Amaury Duval. This was, I believe, in 1841. Amaury Duval was then at the commencement of his career, and even then he had the reputation of being one of M. Ingres's best pupils. I said to him, "What will you charge me, my dear friend, to make a lithograph of this portrait?"

"If it is for you, nothing. If it is for anybody else, $20."

I drew $40 out of my pocket, saying, "My dear fellow, it is for the Duke of Lucca, and he is able to pay twice as much as a plain citizen."

Amaury Duval made a magnificent lithograph. I carried it to the Duke. He was delighted with it, and exclaimed it was altogether too cheap. He, nevertheless, did not offer to repay me.

A month afterwards, I received a visit, not from the Duke of Lucca, but from his Minister of Foreign Affairs. He said to me, "M. Dumas, his Highness has charged me with the agreeable commission of announcing to you, he has made you a Grand Cross of the order of St. Louis of Lucca. He sends you the cross and the letters-patent. As for the $40, due as fees, he begs you will not think of them."

The Duke of Lucca had not dared to take out of his purse and pay me back in my hand the $40, and he contrived this most princely way of paying the debt he owed me. It was impossible to be at the same time more gracious and more delicate.

I went in turn to thank the Duke of Lucca. He was in bed. When I sent in my name, he ordered me to be introduced in his chamber. There were two volumes on the stand, by his bedside. He quickly concealed one, but allowed the other volume to remain on the table. After a few moments' conversation he said, "Do you know my son?"

"I have not that honor."

He rang a bell, and when a servant appeared, he said to him, "Send Charles here."

While the servant obeyed this order, the Duke directed my attention to the book which lay on his stand. It was my novel, Pauline. He said, "You see I am one of yours."

I bowed.

The young Prince entered. He was a handsome lad of twelve or thirteen. His father told him to kiss me. He did so.

"Robert," said the Duke, speaking to him, "can't you bear witness to M. Dumas I read nothing but his works."

"O yes, his works, — and Paul de Kock's works, father."

"You saucy rogue!" exclaimed the Duke, laughing, and drawing from under his pillow the volume he had concealed. It was Paul de Kock's "Sister Anne."

I was greatly astonished when I heard that this handsome, sprightly lad proved a tyrant when he became the Duke of Parma. Chance has enabled me to give details about his assassination which very few people have it in their power to give.

The little Duchy of Lucca was a real emerald set in the gold of Italy.

A singular peculiarity of its inhabitants is, that in general the same man does not speak five or six languages, but five or six men together speak each a different language. Half the inhabitants of Lucca are figure-mongers. Those poor creatures we meet in the streets carrying on their heads (which are protected by a pad) a board filled with all the Pagans and Christians who have ever lived are for the most part natives of Lucca.

I said to one of them, "I never see you sell any of your plaster figures; how do you manage to get your living?"

"O, sir, there are the accidents!"

"The accidents! what do you mean?"

"People break a great many of our plaster figures."

Of a truth this is the real profit of these people. People in a hurry jostle the poor figure-monger. Two or three statuettes lose their balance in consequence of the shock and come tumbling to the ground. They are shivered to atoms. The pedler begins to cry. A crowd collects. He is pitied, and murmurs are raised against the author of the mischief. He is in a hurry. He knows the value of time. He throws four or five pieces of silver to the poor pedler and passes on. This is the way they make their living.

These figure-mongers go all over the world, — to France, England, Germany, Holland, Hungary, America, Oceanica, and even to China. They return stammering in broken accents the languages of all the countries they have visited. Hence it is that more languages are spoken in the Duchy of Lucca than in any other one place.

If one wishes to exasperate an inhabitant of this duchy, one has but to tell him, that, when Christopher Columbus landed for the first time in America, a native of Lucca was the first person he saw, and he came up to Columbus asking him if he did not want to buy statuettes of Ferdinand and Isabella.

About a quarter of the population of Lucca go to Corsica during harvest-tide. The Corsicans themselves are too lordly to reap. These laborers live on four cents a day, and return after harvest with thirty dollars in their pockets.

Meanwhile, the rest remain at home, and so carefully cultivate their singularly fertile soil, that they are able to raise three crops a year on it.

In going to visit the country house which my friend is repairing two miles from the Lucca Baths, I met a man employed by the day. He told us he had not for the last ten years spent more than four sous a day. He ate nothing but bread, and drank only water. Another man heard him boast of his frugality, and shrugged his shoulders. I questioned the latter. He spent six cents a day, and he had anchovies for dinner, and drank a glass of wine at each meal.

We went to-day to visit a village called Braga. It is situated on the summit of one of the spurs of the Apennines.

Braga was situated in the plain until 1300. When Castruccio Castrocciani — that petty tyrant to whom Machiavelli did the honor of writing his history — re-entered Lucca, and was made leader of the Ghibellines, he waged war on all the Guelph cities. Braga was then obliged to retreat before the conqueror (it was a Guelph city); it climbed the mountain, and fortified itself on the summit. The church alone remained at the foot of the mountain, and indicates to travellers where old Braga stood.

We were on the theatre of Norcino's exploits. The conversation turned upon him. One of the persons present was the son of a miller, to whom Norcino had once done a great service. After two bad harvests, this miller got behindhand in business. His landlord grew impatient for his rent, and at last distrained. The rent due was $240. Bills were posted, advertising the sale of all the miller's property. The prayers of the miller, his wife and children, had all been in vain. The landlord was inexorable. He ordered the sale to be made without postponement. The following day was appointed for the sale. The evening before the sale, a stranger presented himself at the mill, gave the miller $240, and bade him pay his landlord.

The miller exclaimed, "But how can I ever repay you this money?"

The stranger replied, "Never mind that. I will repay myself. Take care to send a messenger to your landlord, to ask him to come and receive the money in person, and give you a receipt for it."

The landlord came, received the money, and gave a receipt in full to the miller. A hundred yards from the mill, Norcino lay in wait for him on his return, and, as he had said, he repaid himself. It is by actions like these that the Italian banditti secure inviolable retreats for themselves, when they are hunted.

The miller's son told us another anecdote of Norcino, which proved the famous bandit did not disdain to mix comedy and tragedy, like modern dramatists. The first time he was made prisoner, Norcino was carried to the Pescia jail. He succeeded in escaping from this prison by cutting a hole in the wall. As soon as the hole was cut, it became very important that he should be able to hide it from all eyes for a whole day. He asked the turnkey to give him a sheet of paper, a pen and an inkstand. The turnkey granted his request. He drew a vessel, about to sail, on the large sheet of paper, wrote under it, *Domani parte*, — "It leaves to-morrow," and pasted it over his hole. In good truth the vessel went the next day, and Norcino with it!

I have spoken of the frugality of the people of Lucca. We had additional evidence of it at Braga. Signor Talinucci told us that more than half the population lived on chestnuts, gathered from the chestnut-trees with which all the mountains are covered. As soon as the chestnuts are gathered, they are dried and ground to flour. Each one secures his stock of bread for the year by picking up chestnuts. Everybody makes his own bread. It is made by mixing chestnut-flour and water, making it into cakes, which are cooked on stones heated in the fire. We ate some of these cakes; they are agreeable to the palate, but must be terribly heavy to the stomach.

As I returned from Braga to the Baths of Lucca, I saw hanging on the flanks of the mountain, from which the medicinal waters flow, the little castle of Lucca, where I went to thank Duke Charles Louis, and where he presented his son Charles III. to me. After the death of Napoleon's widow, Marie Louise, Charles Louis, Duke of Lucca, became Duke of Parma, in conformity with the stipulations of the Treaty of Vienna. At the end of two years, either from fatigue or political calculations, he abdicated in favor of his son, Charles III., the same sprightly boy who had denounced to me his father's sympathy for Paul de Kock's literature.

Charles III. (who married the daughter of the Duchess of Berri, and sister of the Count de Chambord) inherited not only his father's sympathy for Paul de Kock's literature, but, moreover, for Paul de Kock's heroines. He was the fondest man of grisettes that ever lived, and the place where he died showed he sometimes sought still less difficult amours.

This dissolute life, which held nothing as sacred, had raised up a great many enemies to the young Duke Charles III. of Parma.

One of these enemies was both a political enemy and the brother of a sister injured by the Duke. This was too much!

Armed with a sharp dagger, which is on my table as I write these lines, the murderer followed the Duke.

The Duke entered a house adjoining a café. The murderer hid in the staircase, and lay there awaiting the Duke's departure. When the Duke came down stairs, the murderer told the Duke who he was, that the victim might know beyond doubt whose hand gave him the fatal blow. He then killed him with one stroke of the dagger, which was so well aimed that the Duke did not give a single cry, not one sigh, as he fell a corpse.

The murderer then concealed his dagger (which he wished to preserve as a relic), entered the café, ordered a half-cup of coffee, took up a newspaper and began to read.

Ten minutes afterwards screams were heard in the neighboring house. Somebody had discovered the Duke's body. The murderer waited in the café; he foresaw what was going to take place, and wished to free himself at once from the suspicions of the police. The café was surrounded and everybody in it was arrested and examined. He was arrested and examined with the others. Nobody suspected the man who so quietly sipped his half-cup of coffee, and read his newspaper so attentively, as being the murderer. He was released.

A few days afterwards he went to the staircase where the murder was committed to get his dagger. He found it. He then went to London, and from London to the United States. He gave his dagger in London to a friend who did him an act of kindness; and who in dying bequeathed it to one of my friends.

One evening I was sitting in my carriage taking an ice at Imoda gate. A man of sixty years of age got on the steps of my carriage. I looked at him with astonishment.

He said, "Don't you recognize me?"

"No, sir, and I try in vain to recall your face to memory."

I am ——, I was the Duke of Lucca.

Then he threw himself in my arms saying, "You know they have assassinated my poor Charles?"

But of his lost duchy he did not say one word.

HANNAH MORE.

In the year 1763, a lecturer on Rhetoric visited the city of Bristol during a professional tour. He was accompanied by a youth, his son, — that youth

[illegible]

[illegible]

Although she lived to be so very aged, she had ever "a peculiarly delicate constitution," "rarely experienced immunity from actual disease," having, as she states in one of her letters, "suffered under more than twenty mortal disorders." She might have been pardoned if her life had been passed in listless ease and profitless inaction; but her active industry was absolutely wonderful; her literary labor was done in retirement, apart from the trouble and turmoil of the busy world, — retirement that was but the "bracing of herself" for work, — such work as was true pleasure. . . . .

The sisters kept their school in Bristol for thirty-two years; but Hannah, though nominally one of them, had other vocations, not the least of which was the society she loved, and in which she was received with honor, homage, and affection. After residing some years at Cowslip Green, she built (in 1800) her cottage at Barley Wood, near the village of Wrington, eight miles from Bristol. The site was happily chosen, commanding extensive views, in a healthy locality overlooking a luxuriant vale; many cottages and hamlets within ken. During the thirty years of her occupancy, the place attained high rank in rural beauty; walks, terraces, lawns, and flower-beds soon were graces of the domain. She lived to see the saplings she had planted become trees in which the thrush and blackbird built, and where the nightingale sang. In the grounds was an urn, on a pedestal, inscribed "In grateful memory of long and faithful friendship" to Beilby Porteus, Bishop of London. There was another to John Locke, and there were others that I have forgotten. These mementos were skilfully placed under the shadows of umbrageous trees, and beside them were openings through which were obtained charming views of adjacent scenery.

Time, however, at length, did its work with her: as with all. Though Barley Wood was her own, it was also the home of her sisters. In 1802 they went to reside with her, — and remained there till death divided them; one having previously "gone hence." Mary was the first to go, dying in 1813; in 1817 Sarah followed, and in 1819 Martha left earth. Hannah writes, "I must finish my journey alone!" As Bowles wrote of her, there she

> "Waits meekly at the gate of Paradise,
> Smiling at Time."

Her last work was on a congenial theme, — "The Spirit of Prayer." With that book her literary labors closed. She was then fourscore years old; thenceforward she put aside the pen; but her doors were opened to friends and strangers who desired to accord her homage and honor, or to offer her tributes of affection.

When she was left "alone" — the last of all her family — at Barley Wood, she had eight servants, some of whom had long lived with her and her sisters, and, naturally, had her confidence. That confidence they betrayed, not only wasting her substance, but degrading her peaceful and hallowed home by orgies that brought shame to the rural neighborhood. The venerable lady was necessarily informed of these "goings on" in her household, and, very reluctantly, removed to Clifton to be near loving and watchful friends. It was a mournful day, that on which she quitted the cottage endeared to her by time and association. "I am driven like Eve out of Paradise, but not by angels," she murmured, as she left the threshold.

She removed to 4 Windsor Terrace, Clifton, and there, on the 7th September, 1833, she died, — if we are to call that Death which was simply a removal to a far better and more beautiful home than any she had had on earth, — "where angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

> "There is no death! what seems so is transition.
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the Life Elysian
> Whose portal we call Death!"

She left a large fortune behind her. There were few friends who needed; and she had no relatives; her wealth, therefore, went to augment the funds of public charities, — principally those of Bristol, and there are thousands who to-day enjoy the blessings thus bequeathed to them.

In Wrington churchyard repose the mortal remains of the five sisters. A large stone slab, enclosed by an iron railing, covers the grave, and contains their names, the dates of their births, and of their deaths.

Her friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted her portrait (it would be interesting to know where it now is). "It represents her small and slender figure gracefully attired; the arms and hands delicately fine, the eyes large, dark, and lustrous; the eyebrows well marked and softly arched; the countenance beaming with benevolence and intelligence." * The portrait represented her in her prime, and was painted by Pickersgill somewhere about the year 1822, when she had reached her eightieth year. She sat, however, to other artists, — among them Opie, whose portrait is that of a plain woman of middle age, the features illuminated by the deep and sparkling black eyes that had lost none of their brilliancy when I knew her.

A STREET IN MELBOURNE.

It is noon, — the noon of an Australian summer day. It is not blowing a hot wind, which is fortunate, as we would not much relish our task with the heat at 144° in the sun, and under such circumstances it would be an exploration of Collins Street under difficulties, owing to the thick clouds of dust which envelop it. It is simply one of those warm Italian days frequently enjoyed here, no clouds to be seen in the deep blue above, and the sun's warm rays tempered by the gentle breeze blowing from the south. We have landed just outside the terminus of the Victoria Railway in Spencer Street, and can look along the entire undulating length of the Street of Collins. That little round hill behind us is Batman's Hill, where John Batman comfortably sat himself down, with a considerable feeling of satisfaction at being monarch of all he surveyed. Away down to the right are the wharfs, from which a forest of masts is protruding, where you see the busy clerks checking the merchandise disgorged by the lighters, and the "Yo heave ho!" of the sailors is faintly borne by the breeze to your ears.

Collins Street can borrow no charm from antiquity. Here are none of the old-world associations, which people every corner of a city's streets with the ghosts of the past. It is a creation of yesterday, and its antecedents are only those of some six-and-twenty years, beyond which time the memory even of the oldest inhabitant cannot carry him. Thirty years ago Collins Street was part of the "forest primeval"; where banks, stores, shops, &c. now stand-

* I quote this description from a book, — "The Literary Women of England," by Jane Williams.

of some of those mining companies, and many a poor colonist, seduced by their golden promises, has been reduced from affluence to beggary. Mr. Montagu Tigg says, in a burst of confidence, "We companies are all birds of prey"; and his statement will be indorsed by many a too confiding Victorian. Here, as we sit, we glean a good deal of intelligence regarding politics, imports, exports, and the state of the markets. But as we have finished our lunch we will again resume our wanderings.

We are now in the busiest portion of the streets, where, from nine o'clock in the morning until six at night, its pavement is flooded by a stream of humanity on various purpose bent. This is the fashionable promenade, the Regent Street of Melbourne.

Look at the row of carriages in front of that fashionable draper's! Mark the politeness with which the bland proprietor approaches their fair occupants! Look how the charms of the ladies themselves are set off by all the resources of art! Dressed in the height of fashion, with Claudine and turban hats, their pretty faces shining out from a mass of hair dressed *à l'Impératrice*, or their little heads running over with curls, as Mr. Tennyson has it, with the most fashionable of mantles, drapery the most flowing, and the prettiest of high-heeled boots; they burst upon you in an environment of charms, calculated to pick your heart clean to the bone. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," according to Keats; and that most surprising of nature's handiwork, that concentration of all loveliness, a pretty girl, will stir the heart of the most veritable old fogy, even though "the heyday of the blood is past."

Here comes a party of the genus Swell, — those superb creatures with magnificent whiskers and exquisitely curled moustaches, which Mr. Leech has immortalized. They are dressed in vests of an alarming pattern, trousers of the ultra-pegtop character, and coats which have been shaped by the most artistic of tailors, Stanley and Nicholls. The air, as you pass them by, wafts an odor of frangipanni or patchouli to your olfactories. But this is quickly dissipated by the vile odor of tobacco which comes from these two diggers, whose dress is somewhat different from those gentlemen we have passed. These are true specimens of the Australian gold-digger, — rough, bearded like pards, their usual costume a blue Guernsey shirt and mole-skin trousers, and their conversation highly flavored with oaths of a very sanguinary character.

But we must go on, past the jeweller's shop, glittering and sparkling with gold and gems, past yon bookseller's, where political notabilities daily congregate, and past that confectioner's, from which is stealing a succulent odor from a variety of eatables.

Elizabeth Street, which we are now crossing, was, in the remote antiquity of some thirty years ago, the bed of a stream. Even now, on a wet day, it assumes its primitive character, and is metamorphosed into a brawling torrent. On these occasions the drivers of every description of vehicle reap a plentiful harvest of sixpences by taking pedestrians across the water. Woe to the unlucky wight who resolves to keep his money and brave the angry waters by contriving to run across! ten to one he is knocked off his feet and carried away down by the current for several yards.

More pretty faces, more silks and satins, more fascinating hats and feathers. Look how busy Wilkie, the fashionable music-seller, is! See the fair dames, who are conning the last new song in the last new opera, which Lucy Escott warbled for us last night! On we stroll past music-shops, fashionable milliners, past Mullens's, "the Australian Mudie's," — *vide* advertisements; and now we arrive at the corner of Swanston Street, which bounds the business portion of the street. Here, in the centre of the thoroughfare, stood, some twelve months ago, a fountain of vague design, which had always something wrong in its internal organization. The young lions, who were supposed to be capable of throwing a graceful jet of water in the usual orthodox manner, were of an erratic turn of mind, and would every now and then send a powerful stream of yan yean into the tobacconist's at the corner, or would startle the customers in the grocer's shop with a shower-bath. After indulging in these eccentricities for some time, the fountain was at last removed to Carlton Gardens, and there condemned to plash through the dull, wet, muddy winter, and hot and dusty summer for the rest of its days.

And now in crossing this street, we have entered into quite a different region. The bustle and business are left behind us, and the eastern portion of this street is sacred to churches, boarding-house keepers, the maze of medicine, and the Melbourne Club. Patiently plodding up this gentle inclination, on our way eastward, we pass the Melbourne Mechanics' Institution, where the tired clerk and artisan come to read the newspapers, or to get the last new novel. Opposite is the office of the leading Victorian journal, the *Argus*, a newspaper which occupies the same position here as the *Times* in England. Its thunder is heard throughout the colonies. It has a large staff of editors, sub-editors, reporters and correspondents, and enjoys the reputation of paying them well. The office has a rather deserted look at present. Save one or two stragglers who are reading the copy of the paper which is generously pasted outside for the perusal of the indigent public, there is very little sign of activity.

The compositors are away, the editors enjoying themselves, without bestowing even a passing thought upon ministerialist or anti-ministerialist; the cutting article which is to make Mr. Heales writhe, Mr. Fraser to move that the publisher be called before the bar of the House, and Mr. Don to exclaim against "the drunken blackguards connected with the press," has not yet assumed shape or form in the minds of the gentlemen at the head of the literary department. The runners are selling their remaining copies of this morning's paper at a liberal discount, and the clerk in the advertising department seems as if he were about to expire with *ennui*. Next door to the *Argus* office resides our joker, *Punch*, — a worthy son of that rare old fellow in Fleet Street. Every Thursday morning he presents his rubicund countenance at our breakfast-table. He is witty and sarcastic; his flashes of merriment at times can keep the table in a roar, and on other occasions, when offending statesmen are his theme, he can write with a very caustic pen, and he glides with equal grace from grave to gay, from lively to severe.

And now we have passed nearly all the noticeable places in the street. We are now in the midst of the houses of doctors, professors of every description, — music, dancing, clairvoyance, and mesmerism; and the great brass plates on their doors stare you quite out of countenance. Select boarding-houses are very rife here also. "Single gentlemen can be accommodated with board and lodging, and enjoy all the elegances and comforts of refined life, at 2,019 Collins Street East." — *Vide Argus*.

the wedding-guest. Not another word passed for several minutes; Jake seemed in a revery, and, for myself, I was wondering whether the old man was mad, for I could not doubt his being thoroughly in earnest. That voice and look could not have been assumed by the best actor that ever wore buskin. After a pause, during which I lighted my pipe and sat down on the anchor-stock, I said: "Come, Jake, tell me all about it; when did it happen, and where."

"I never tell it now, sir," said he; "I can't bear to be laughed at, and told that it was all delirium and fever. For two years past, I have n't even heard the name of the sea-serpent; though day and night I think of him, and shall while I live."

"But, Jake," said I, "you need not fear that I shall laugh at anything told in earnest; and of all things in the world, I should like a yarn about the sea-serpent."

"Don't call it a yarn, sir," said Jake; "'t is too true and too horrible to be called a yarn."

"Fok'sle there," hailed the mate from the waist of the ship.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered my companion.

"Strike eight bells."

As the eight measured strokes were given, and the sweet, sharp sound filled the air followed by the boatswain's hoarse voice, I felt that all chance of hearing Jake's story for that night was over, and strolled back to the poop, had my nightly glass of grog, and turned in, determined to find an early opportunity of learning the old sailor's secret.

Early next morning, I came on deck, and found a strange and menacing change of weather had taken place. The wind had died away, and the ship pitched uneasily in a heavy, confused swell. A heavy bank of clouds was rising in the south-west, illuminated every few moments by vivid flashes of lightning. The barometer had been gradually falling, and the men were engaged taking in the light sails. Fitful puffs of wind sang through the rigging, and the sails alternately thrashed back on the masts, and then tugged forward, straining to their tackle like chained fiends. The main-course was how reefed, and the topsail brailed up sharp, looking like a row of great bladders as it blew out from the yard. I glanced to windward, and saw the rapidly-advancing bank of cloud was edged with white, where the coming blast ploughed up the sea in its course.

"Send another hand to the wheel, Mr. Blow," shouted the captain.

The words had scarcely left his lips when the gale struck us, and the ship heeled over till the water rushed in at the ports, and everything loose on the decks flew into the lee-scuppers. The halliards of the upper topsail-yards were let go, but, while the yards were coming down, the foresail tore adrift, spilt into long streamers, which fluttered out, flapping and cracking like gigantic stockwhips, till they were borne off by the gale. The ship righted and gained way at the same moment, and we flew through the water with the wind on our quarter.

For eleven days and nights the weather never moderated, and we ran before the gale at a terrific rate of speed, crossing the North Pacific in as short a time as it had ever been done by a sailing vessel. There was but little chance of hearing Jake's yarn during this time, but I kept the matter in my mind, and, when at last the gale ceased, and we were no longer rushing through the creaming foam pursued by great, green mountains with threatening crests, but calmly gliding towards the golden land, I got the old sailor to unburden his mind to me, and shall now try to give an accurate version of his story, though I cannot follow his exact words.

"'T is eight years, sir," said he, "since I shipped aboard the brig *Mermaid*, bound from Liverpool to the west coast of Africa on a palm-oil voyage. She was a poor craft, and we had a bad set on board of her. The skipper spent most of the time he was sober in tormenting the cabin-boy, but, after the poor lad was lost overboard — most of us thought he jumped over to escape his tyrant — the captain was seldom off his sofa, where he lay swigging rum and swearing at the steward. The mate had to navigate the brig, and he was such a stupid, thick-headed fellow, that it was little wonder we ran off our course, and made the African coast a little below Cape Blanco, and far to the northward of where we ought to have been. Our water had fallen very short, and the mate coasted along for some miles till we found a small bay, and, after considerable search, discovered a stream from which we could fill our casks. He brought the brig to an anchor about a mile from the coast, — the breeze was very light, and sea almost calm.

"The next day we were busy getting water, but we made slow work of it, as the small stream was nearly dry. The mate did n't much like stopping where we were, so close to the shore, but he had no choice, for it fell dead calm, and kept so for a whole week. It was on the evening of the third day after anchoring that the captain came on deck and sat down on the break of the poop, smoking his pipe. He was almost sober, and had a quieter way with him than usual, but suddenly he dropped his pipe, and gave two or three wild shrieks, like a frightened woman. The mate ran to him, and asked what was the matter.

"Look there, look there!" he said, pointing to the water, about a boat's-length from the brig.

"I looked at the place, and saw a queer swirl on the surface, and the stain of blood, just as if a whale had been lanced and sounded.

"There was a big shark there," says the skipper, his eyes staring, and trembling all over, — "there was a big shark there, lying quiet on the surface, and suddenly a great pair of jaws opened and seemed to swallow him as you might swallow a shrimp."

"Only another shark falling foul of him, captain," says the mate; "I've often seen them bite each other."

"The skipper called out for rum, and lay down on the deck, shaking as if he had the ague. The mate looked at me, shook his head, and said, "Gone mad at last," and I certainly thought that liquor had turned the captain's brain. We soon learned what good reason he had for his terror.

"It was not more than an hour afterwards that *he* rose alongside, and with his head as high as our mainyard, looked down on the deck, opening and shutting that horrible mouth the skipper had first seen."

"What rose alongside, Jake?" said I.

"The Sea-serpent," said Jake, in the solemn, earnest tones he had used when speaking to me first on the subject.

I had the conviction that the man was in earnest. "Well," said I, "tell me all about it; and first, what length and thickness might he have been?"

"Judging by the length of our brig, sir, I think he must have been good two hundred feet, and he looked more like a monstrous conger-eel than any-

Will and the Way.' That came to an end in the autumn of 1853, and was immediately succeeded by the most successful of this author's works, — 'Woman and her Master.' We must say here, that we do not speak of all these works from our own knowledge; we are acquainted with them only in parts. But our partial acquaintance with them enables us to accept the general verdict that 'Woman and her Master,' although the most successful of Mr. Smith's works, is inferior in merit to his earlier tale, 'Minnigrey.' It was so successful, however, that it raised the circulation of the *London Journal* to the greatest number it has ever reached, — namely, 500,000.

"The same writer's next story, 'Temptation,' was by no means so successful. The proprietors of the periodical wished to curtail it; the author was offended, and transferred his services to the *Illustrated Family Paper* published by Cassell. Mr. Smith has been most successful in dealing with the past. 'Minnigrey,' for example, is a story of the Peninsular War, and abounds in strong incidents relating to press-gangs and kidnapping. We are introduced in it to an immense variety of characters, — statesmen, generals, empresses, gypsies, money-lenders, sextons, lawyers, Jews, Gentiles, and so forth. The characters are not of the individual sort, but rather represent general types; and, as a whole, the stories of this author are more remarkable for stirring incident than for personal portraiture. The plots are involved, and turn on the right of succession to landed property and on the fortunes of some heir who has been lost.

"After Mr. J. F. Smith left the *London Journal* there was an interregnum. An American writer, Mrs. Southworth, wrote in it; the author of 'Cæsar Borgia' then tried his hand; and after him Mr. Percy St. John. None of these being very successful, it was thought that an experiment might be tried with a novelist who had made a greater name than any who had yet written in the pages of the *London Journal*, — Mr. Charles Reade. Mr. Reade produced 'White Lies' in it; but — no blame to him — his was not the sort of writing that had any chance with the readers of the *London Journal*. The proprietor, in despair of finding any one who could succeed like Mr. J. F. Smith, sold the periodical to Mr. Herbert Ingram. Then a new idea was started. It was thought that perhaps the greatest of all novelists, Sir Walter Scott, might have a chance of success. Accordingly, 'Kenilworth,' 'Ivanhoe,' and 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' were, in series, reprinted in the pages of the journal. But they failed to excite the enthusiasm of its readers, and it was found that the circulation had gradually fallen to about 250,000. A number of writers have since then been tried, — as the Mrs. Southworth and the Mr. St. John we have already mentioned, Mr. Gordon Smythies, Mr. Henry Byron, Mr. Watt Phillips, and Miss Braddon. These have attained different degrees of success; but none of them has been found comparable to Mr. Pierce Egan, who is now the pride and glory of the *London Journal*.

FOREIGN NOTES.

During the month of April there were sixty-five attempts at suicide at Vienna, thirty-six of which ended fatally. Forty-seven of them were committed by men, fifteen by women, and three by children from nine to fourteen years of age. Twenty-two persons hanged themselves, fifteen drowned themselves, eleven took poison, five cut their throats, two shot themselves, and seven died of self-inflicted stabs.

At the sale of the late Gordon Cumming's collection in London, the whole of the skins and the grand panorama were purchased for Mr. Barnum, of New York, whose agents, Messrs. Wells and Nimmo, also secured for him most of the more valuable miscellaneous lots.

The coffin which contains the remains of Gustavus III., assassinated at the masked ball by Count Ankerström, requiring repairs, it was recently opened in the presence of the King and Queen of Sweden, when the face was found to be in excellent preservation, though the body had fallen into a state of decomposition.

There are in the whole of Europe, 1,480 theatres. Of these there are 337 in France, 168 in Spain, 159 in England, 152 in Austria, 115 in Germany, 76 in Prussia, 44 in Russia, 34 in Belgium, 23 in Holland, 20 in Switzerland, 10 in Sweden, 8 in Norway, 16 in Portugal, 10 in Denmark, 4 in Greece, 4 in Turkey, 3 in Roumania, and 1 in Servia. In Italy there is one theatre for every 75,000 of the inhabitants.

The worst sonnet in the English language is contributed by Sydney Dobell to the *London Athenæum* of June the 9th. This remarkable production is entitled "Perhaps." Perhaps the author thought he had something to say. It is evident that he did n't say it.

Ten heads and twenty hearts! so that this me,
Having more room and verge, and striking less
The cage that galls us into consciousness,
Might drown the rings and ripples of to be
In the smooth deep of being: plenary
Round hours: great days, as if two days should press
Together, and their wine-pressed night accresce
The next night to so dead a parody
Of death as cures such living: of these ordain
My years; of those large years grant me not seven,
Nor seventy, no, nor only seventy sevens!
And then, perhaps, I might stand well in even
This rain of things; down-rain, up-rain, side-rain;
This rain from earth and ocean, air and heaven,
And from the Heaven within the Heaven of Heavens.

Conscription in Prussia is not a very popular arrangement. A communication from Gleiwitz (Prussia) relates the following incident: "The men of the landwehr were on the point of starting; the train was ready, but the wives of the soldiers opposed its departure, throwing themselves in their despair on the rails in front of the locomotive. Recourse to violence could not be employed. What was to be done? The station-master proposed to the women to accompany their husbands, but in separate carriages. The poor creatures consented; but when the train started, the carriages with the women did not move. The station-master had had them detached. He took care to get away before the discovery was made."

Sir John Bowring proposes to publish a translation of poems selected from the works of the great Hungarian popular bard, Alexander Petöfi. Among the Magyar people it would be difficult to find an individual to whom they are not familiar as "household words," and they have been versified in most of the languages of Europe. Burns had never so strong a hold on the Scotch peasantry, nor Beranger on the French people, as Petöfi established and still maintains among every class of his fellow-countrymen. There is some difficulty in choosing from the

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SPEECH MADE VISIBLE.

THERE is a gentleman now in London who has found out how to represent human speech in written characters with so much accuracy that it will stand the following test: let any sound of which the human organs of speech are capable be pronounced in his hearing, and he will engage to write it on paper so that one who knows the characters shall be able to imitate the sound correctly, at sight; though he has never heard it before, and has no other means of guessing what it was like. The characters by which it is described are only thirty-four in number, are used like ordinary type, and are said to be easily learned, — much more easily than A, B, C, &c. There is nothing to prevent the invention from being immediately published and made available for all mankind, except the difficulty of reserving to the inventor some reasonable interest in the fruits of it. And it is suggested that, if the publication were undertaken by the government, that difficulty would be easily removed, — and many other advantages at the same time secured.

Is this fact generally known? If it is, why is it so little talked about? If not, why not? Pains have been taken to make it known by evidence at once the fairest and the most striking that could be devised. And, though the *Times*, I believe, has given no help, the press generally has done its part well. In the summer of 1864, Mr. Alexander Melville Bell, having satisfied himself by private experiment that his set of symbolic characters was at length complete, and that he could prove the fact by the most satisfactory of all demonstrations, — namely, by making it do all that he said it could do, — invited the attention of the government to it, in a paper setting forth the nature of the invention, and offering to submit it to the most searching tests that could be proposed: which paper was extensively circulated among the members of the cabinet, the diplomatic body, the learned societies, and men of letters.

In the mean time he invited all the linguists he could find in Edinburgh, where his professional business then detained him, professors, travellers, or natives of foreign countries, to put it to the test. And the test he proposed was this. Having taught his sons the meaning and use of the symbols, he offered to write down in their absence any word which might be dictated to him, and then call them in and ask them to read the word. The experiments which were made in this way during July, 1864, included the most peculiar words that could be selected from nineteen different languages, besides many arbitrary sounds, and were in all cases read to the satisfaction of those who proposed them.

Having satisfied the linguists and professors that he could really perform what he promised, he next addressed himself to the purveyors of public intelligence. Demonstrations of the same kind were exhibited before the editors of the Edinburgh newspapers; and by them the results, which were always successful, were duly reported and favorably commented upon.

In August Mr. Bell came up to London, where he gave a similar course of demonstrations, and found opportunities of trying his symbols upon the words of twenty languages, besides those upon which their powers had been tried before. And any one who will look through the files of our newspapers for September, 1864, will find numerous reports, both in the daily and weekly press, acknowledging the success of the experiments and recognizing the value of the invention. But the most important testimony was obtained from Mr. Alexander J. Ellis in the beginning of that month. Mr. Ellis, known as the author of the most complete work on the philosophy of Phonetics that has been produced in England, and himself the inventor of the most complete universal alphabet that had as yet been proposed, — familiar, therefore, with every variety of phonetic difficulty, and with an ear practised in perceiving the nicest distinctions of spoken sounds, — was invited by Mr. Bell to examine and test the new system at a private audience. He went prepared with all the difficulties he could think of, was allowed to propose them in his way, and with a view to his own satisfaction; and on the 3d of September, 1864, reported the result in a letter to the *Reader*, which Mr. Bell has reprinted at full length, and of which I shall quote, in its own words, as much as is material to the point with which I am now dealing.

"Mr. Bell did not show me his alphabet, but stated that it consisted of only thirty-four distinct and separate characters, each of which would be printed by a separate type, placed side by side in the usual way, without any insertions over or under, as in Arabic or Hebrew.....

"The mode of procedure was as follows: Mr. Bell sent his two sons, who were to read his writing, out of the room, — it is interesting to know that the eldest, who read all the words in this case, had only had five weeks' instruction in the use of the alphabet, — and I dictated slowly and distinctly the sounds which I wished to be written. These consisted of a few words in Latin, pronounced first as at Eton, then as in Italy, and then according to some theoretical notions of how the Latins might have uttered them. Then came some English provincialisms, and affected pronunciations, the words 'how odd' being given in several distinct ways. Sud-

"The sound symbol for *p*," he tells us, "in the new alphabet, says to the learner, 'Shut your lips'; he does so, and the result is the effect of the letter *p*. The symbol for *b* says to the learner, 'Shut your lips as before, and make a murmur of voice'; and the symbol for *m* says, 'Shut your lips in the same way, and sound the voice through the nose.'"

It seems, therefore, that each symbol is not only a sign of the sound required to be made, but a direction how to make it. And if the several forms are so contrived as to bear a true analogy to the several positions of the vocal organs by which the sounds are produced, — if the characters do (as in another place Mr. Bell says they do) "*depict*, by suggestive analogy of form, the *organic attitudes* which produce or modify the respective sounds, and so inform the reader how to place his organs to pronounce the sounds," — it is conceivable enough that the directions may be easily remembered and followed. We see that the notes in music, being so arranged on the stave as to represent to the eye the rising or falling of the voice, are much more easily learned than they could be if they were indicated by the letters of the alphabet which have been used to denote them; and when Mr. Bell calls his system "visible speech," he means, no doubt, that it enables the reader to *see* the relation of one sound to another, just as the musician *sees* the relation of one note to another. He is not merely told of it: he sees it as in a picture. The relation between *p*, *b*, and *m* was probably chosen for illustration because the direction for *p* was the simplest and shortest. But though it would require more words to describe the action by which the sound of *t* or *k* is made, it is obvious that it is quite as capable of description, and that precisely the same relation subsists between *t*, *d*, and *n*, and again between *k*, *g* (hard), and *ng*, as between *p*, *b*, and *m*. It is less wonderful, therefore, than it may seem at first sight, that the number of symbols which he requires should be so very few; for here we have five characters doing the work, and more than the work, of nine; and inasmuch as the same symbol which turns *p* into *b*, *t* into *d*, and *k* into *g*, will serve also to turn *f* into *v*, *s* into *z*, and *x* into *gs*, we thereby save three more.

While, therefore, it is established by proof as conclusive as any can be which rests upon human testimony, that Mr. Bell's system of notation is *capable* of conveying to one who has learned it a true idea of all varieties of spoken sound, there is no reason to apprehend any insuperable or formidable difficulty in the teaching and management of it. There is reason, however, to apprehend much difficulty from *mis*-teaching and *mis*-management, if it be allowed in the beginning to get into bad hands. And, therefore, it appears to me to be a matter of more than national importance that time should not be lost, and that the measures for bringing it into use should be taken *now*, while the services of Mr. Bell himself are available for the purpose. It is from him that the meaning, use, and management of the symbols can be best learned. Each of the sounds which are represented, and the manner in which it is made, ought in the first instance to be explained by himself with the help of his own voice, ear, and observation; for the art of preserving what we really hear is not a common one, and a few false directions might confuse and vitiate the whole scheme. But why should there be any delay in taking the first step? It need not interrupt for an hour any of the immediate businesses of the time. Neither Reform Bills nor Estimates need advance a step the slower for it. All that is wanted to begin with is, that some three, or two, or one properly qualified person should be commissioned by the government to examine and report upon the nature of the invention, the uses to which it may be turned, the means of working it, and the expense. If in the hands of the government it can be made to do half what Mr. Bell can make it do, it cannot but be worth as much as it is likely to cost. The printing and circulating of a few short, explanatory books, the cutting of the types, the instructing of a number of instructors sufficient to teach the use of it correctly, and the compensation to Mr. Bell for giving up his copyright, — these will be the chief expenses. To keep it longer in the waiting-room is nothing less than to throw away a great chance for the advancement of human civilization, by an immense improvement in the construction of its principal, its universal, its indispensable instrument, — the representation of sounds by letters. For it must be remembered that the alphabet being founded upon the physical conditions of speech, which are the same everywhere and always, if it be the best for one language is the best for all; and will, by the mere force of convenience, bring itself into universal use.

What else may follow, or how soon, it is unnecessary to define or predict. Let us, at least, secure this, and let us secure it as soon as possible. Since it is the very problem which, only twelve years ago, the assembled philologists of Europe, under the presidency of Chevalier Bunsen, were occupied in discussing and endeavoring to solve, it can hardly be supposed that there will be any difficulty in finding men both competent and willing to undertake the examination of the solution now offered. And Mr. Bell's very modest request, "that a preliminary investigation may be made into the details of the system, with a view to its adoption, *if it shall be found to fulfil the requisite conditions of completeness, accuracy, and simplicity*," will surely find somebody to support it. It is not at all strange that a thing which so many learned men have been so long searching for in vain should be found by one who probably does not make any pretensions to learning. He found it because he happened to take the way to the place where it was, while the learned men were misled by their learning to seek for it where it was not. Words, which are infinite in number and variety, are all made of sounds, of which the number is both small and definite, and cannot be increased at pleasure. The philologists were seeking among the words. Mr. Bell went at once to the sounds. The wonder is that he was the first who thought of looking for it there, not that he succeeded in finding it. Being found, however; being announced as in all points complete, and ready to prove its completeness at any time, in any place; being known to have so proved it, upon the testimony of a great variety of witnesses; having had public attention called to it nearly two years ago by conspicuous notices in the newspapers, both of Edinburgh and London; having, during the last year, had its claims to attention set forth at large, with all the evidence, in a concise and convenient pamphlet which any one may buy for a shilling; — and, above all, being still a secret, known only to two or three people; that it should not have excited more popular curiosity is very strange, and a new thing under the English sun. Had Mr. Bell produced a tithe of the evidence to prove that he knew who wrote "Ecce Homo," or where the Nile really comes from, he would have been besieged with inquiries. Is there no one who

was asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer what answer had been given to Mr. Bell's proposal, and so looks as if it is inconvenient to neglect than to despise it.

THE UNDECIDED GENTLEMAN'S STORY.

I AM about to throw myself on the mercy of the public, by laying before them a short sketch of my past life. I did not mean to do so, and even now I am uncertain, as to the wisdom, of trying to create a sympathy among the mass. I have been some years making up my mind, or rather deciding or undeciding it; but now that I have decided, I think I shall let the whole be gone.

I am no philanthropist: I do not expect my story to change the course of human nature, by altering its express peculiarities. I don't assume to be an exception; but I lay humble claims to merit as a warning, and as such I reveal the rock on which I have split.

From the time I could first remember, and follow the lighted candle with admiring baby eyes, I have never been able to make up my mind definitely about any one single event, and the tortures I have suffered in consequence no pen could possibly describe. From whom I may have inherited this peculiarity I don't know, certainly not from my parents, for my father had a strong will, with an unbending firmness of purpose and decision of character which displayed themselves even in the merest trifles; and my mother was not wanting in decision, for, soon after her marriage, she, like a true woman, lost all identity in her lord and master, showing by that act that she had at least made up her mind to something definite if inevitable, and she yielded honorably on all occasions.

I was one of a large family, and unfortunately the eldest. My brothers were all high-spirited, determined boys, who took every occasion to strengthen the power given them by any way that seemed most likely to succeed, so that the vacillations of my mind made me an easy prey to every description of tyranny. In large families, or indeed large communities of any kind, a certain strength of character will always make itself felt, and the individual possessing it be respected, whilst the reverse will be despised or ridiculed, as the case may be. I think during the earlier portion of my life I suffered most from the former. How my brothers chaffed me! Nearly everything they said was prefaced by, "If you have not changed your mind, Con," or "Had you not better consider before you speak, or toss, so as to be quite sure?" Yes, then it was I never did feel quite sure about anything, and I recollect well the tortures I suffered in consequence.

To go quite back to my earliest remembrance of the first dawn of my peculiar weakness, I find myself in the nursery of our large, old-fashioned country house in Warwickshire. We were all of us in a considerable state of excitement, consequent on the visit of an old uncle, a bachelor, who was reported to have more lacs of rupees than other people had shillings. Of course we expected to benefit by such a visitor, nor were we disappointed. On the afternoon in question a message came to the nursery that our presence was desired in the dining-room, and that we were to be dressed in our best for the occasion. How well I remember the little dark-blue cloth surtout, fastened in round the waist by a belt and silver buckle, which I and my next brothers, Robert and Edmund, wore, and the blue sashes of my twin sisters, down to the embroidered frock and red shoes of baby. Of course, as the eldest, I went first; and, of course, on reaching the dining-room door, I could not make up my mind to go in; so I lingered for a while; but lynch-law was administered from behind by Robert, and my entrance was more abrupt than graceful; but, as I was then only a little boy, it was overlooked.

My uncle kissed us all round; commented on our appearance, and likewise on our resemblance to various (to us unknown) members of our family, and finally brought out before our admiring eyes a large parcel, which he undid, cutting the string with a little gold-mounted penknife.

"Now, Coningsby," said he, as he displayed a number of tempting things, "you are the eldest, so you must take your choice: Robert the next; and so on."

The difficulties presented themselves to my mind at once. I hesitated, — wavered. There were two articles that almost equally took my fancy. One was a sword, the other a gun. Whichever I did not take, Robert would. Of that I felt sure: and to make up my mind which I would decide upon perplexed me sorely. At one moment I fancied that Robert's eye would rest lovingly on the gun, which had imitation silver mountings, and would fire anything, short of powder and shot, and I felt quite decided to take it: the next moment, and he had unsheathed the sword, and I felt that it was impossible to relinquish such a treasure.

My uncle waited long and patiently, but at last he suggested that I should make up my mind. I laid my hand on the gun: I half drew it towards me; then I put it back, and did the same by the sword, and then I went back to the gun again.

"You have made your choice," said my uncle, quickly, "and now 't is Robert's turn."

Robert seized the sword, and buckled it round his waist. I would have given worlds then had it been mine, and the gun his. I think amidst my thanks my uncle detected this, for he said, "You took which you liked best, did you not, my boy?"

I hung my head; and Robert, who was as generous as he was vindictive, took off the sword, and handing it to me, offered instantly to change. The moment he had done so, the gun rose in my estimation. I was obliged to seem contented; I had changed my mind again, but it was too late. I remember I could not sleep that night: and at last I decided on telling Robert, and seeing if I could not effect another barter, but Robert was inexorable, and called me names I don't wish to repeat, stating that he had given me a second chance, and that if he did give me back the gun, I should only cry for the sword back again next day. I felt crestfallen, but not convinced; it has taken years to bring me to a sad knowledge of the sad truth that I am to be turned by every straw.

The remainder of my boyhood was marked by other incidents very similar to the one I have narrated. I was sent to school. I never knew whether I preferred marbles or peg-top, hockey or cricket; and a pastrycook's shop bewildered me more than anything. With sixpence to spend, and a hundred dainty things before me, I became simply an object of pity. I would timidly lay my hand upon a tart, and then my eyes would wander to something else, and I would look at that, and then return and look again at the tart, finally selecting a dainty, and eating it, yet repent of my choice all the while.

At college it was just the same, — in fact, it was

worse, for I was more my own master. I could never decide whether I should take to the oar, or read for honors: whom I should select for friends, and which of them I should invite to my wine-parties; where I should spend my vacations, what tailor I should employ, and a thousand other trifles that make up the sum of life. However, no matter how much I weighed the matter, whatever I did, I always wished I had done the opposite; and in this state of mind I went home, and decided on a profession, — I say decided, but I don't mean it. My father called me into his study one morning, and thus addressed me: —

"If I had not been blessed with ten children, Con, I might have made an elder son of you; but I don't see now how I can. You must do as your brothers have done, and go into some profession. I have given you a college education, and now I give you a week to consider what you would prefer, and I shall make it my duty to help you carry out your wishes, whether for the Church, army, or the bar, as far as lies within my power."

I thanked him, and retired to reflect. I reflected for all that week, but I came to no decision. One day I had almost determined on the Church, the next day on the bar; then some chance remark would unsettle my mind again. I would have given the world to feel a strong, unbiassed inclination in some defined direction; but those inclinations seemed reserved for my brothers. Robert was a sailor, and enthusiastic about his profession; whilst Edmund would hear of nothing but becoming a merchant. Even baby, the moment he abandoned his red shoes, asserted his intention of keeping a public-house, and driving his own coach.

Luckily, when we are not strong enough to settle for ourselves, some one generally is to be found who will do it for us, and my future destiny was taken out of my hands *vi et armis*. One of my college friends had just entered the army, and during my deliberation we chanced to meet. I asked him to come into Warwickshire for a few days to talk over my prospects, and give me the benefit of his advice. I had no actual intention of taking it, but the result turned out otherwise.

Rupert Leigh was a young man of strong will and enthusiastic temperament, and was gifted with the greatest of all powers, persuasive eloquence. He laid before me, as we sat idly smoking in my particular den, the most glowing pictures of soldier life.

"Of course," said he, "you could not do anything else but go into the army, and, if possible, into my regiment. Every other profession is quite unfit for you, and you are unfit for any other profession."

I partly yielded, or rather I felt almost tempted; and, before he left, I had under his advice intimated my views to my father, and so I became a victim. I say a victim, for no sooner did I wake to find myself really gazetted into the 104th, which was Rupert Leigh's regiment, than I bitterly repented my choice. It had all been done in a hurry, and now it was too late. My uniform was ordered; I was besieged with circulars from outfitters, and the day when I was to join my regiment had been signified by an order from the Horse Guards.

My father gave me his blessing, a tolerably handsome order on Cox & Co., and some good advice. My mother cried over me, and my sisters packed my boxes: my youngest brother, Fred, gave me his retriever-pup, and little Constance knitted me a pair of mufflettes, with her own fat fingers; and so, amid such family consolation, I left home and went into the world.

The regiment was quartered at Chester, and we were not for foreign service till the next year. Rupert Leigh received me very cordially, and introduced me to his friends. Things seemed to have taken a rather fortunate turn, but for one circumstance: I never felt quite sure that I had not made a mistake. Every young clergyman I met opened my mind to new doubts as to whether theology had not been my express vocation; every man of business as to the question of speculation on the Bourse or Stock Exchange. There certainly arose one good out of the profession I had embraced, as far as affected my natural character. There were certain things that were not left to my own judgment, — things which I was compelled to do; and the machine-like evolutions of a soldier's body acted favorably on my mind; it was only things that *were* left that tormented me. I often wonder why I was not born a woman, with the inestimable privilege of being allowed to change my mind every hour of the day!

I don't think my peculiarity was discovered in the regiment for some time, but it came out by degrees. At races, if I backed a favorite horse, and had apparently every chance of winning, the least straw would turn me in another direction, and I would set about hedging, and so lose all my chances, making and unmaking my book twenty times. If we got up a ball, and each officer had the privilege of inviting a certain number of guests, I would debate so long, and change my mind so often, that the day would arrive, and it was too late for me to ask any one.

I affected dandyism, but I never could decide on my model, consequently the changes in my costume were marvellous, and my tailor's bill was alarming. When it became my turn to cater for the mess, I believe I nearly drove the cook frantic by my orders and counter-orders. Even in such trifles as writing notes, I never could decide upon what to say, and I would often tear up a dozen in succession before settling upon the one which I would send. I had no sooner bought a horse and dog-cart, which I had immensely coveted, and for which I had outbid a number of applicants, than I would have given worlds to have been able to change it for a mail phaeton. I gave away my dog, and could scarcely refrain from asking to have it back the very next day. Indeed, in everything, except, as I have said, the inevitable duties attendant on my profession, my life was almost a burden.

At last an event happened which might have become the turning-point of my existence, — I fell in love. The only reason I can give for doing so is, that love is an involuntary act. Would that marriage had been so also! But that being left to my own decision, I naturally marred my destiny. Not far from Chester I had often noticed a fine old-fashioned country house, called "The Cedars," well situated in a wooded park, little thinking how great an influence its inmates would have upon myself. But so it was: my father wrote to tell me that the Walsinghams were old friends of his early days; that he had accidentally heard of their living near Chester, and desired me to call upon them.

I often wonder why I went; I took several weeks making up my mind to do so. Perhaps, if I had never gone, I should never have known Isabel Walsingham; and then —

Alas! Isabel Walsingham is one of the most unhappy memories of my past life. I saw her the first day I went to "The Cedars"; she came in at the open drawing-room window with some flowers in her hand, wearing a softly falling muslin dress and

[illegible] I did not [illegible]

[illegible] I said. [illegible] mistaken, [illegible]

[illegible] I gave it through my [illegible] whispered some [illegible] [illegible] trembling [illegible] [illegible] without another word we entered the [illegible] [illegible] When we stopped [illegible] [illegible] was standing [illegible]

[illegible] was [illegible] dance [illegible] Miss Walsingham."

[illegible] said [illegible] once more [illegible] dreams of [illegible] from the orchestra [illegible] [illegible] still lingered in [illegible] we found ourselves standing on [illegible] the drawing-room [illegible] What a glorious night [illegible] Nature so intensely still [illegible] like incense, stealing [illegible]

[illegible] Miss Walsingham," said I, as we [illegible]

[illegible] but I like the feeling [illegible] coming out into the quiet night after [illegible] the excitement of lights and dancing. Listen [illegible] [illegible] looking in the direction of the [illegible] then look out here."

[illegible] of the scenery, and then my eyes rested [illegible] Surely nothing in Nature or Art [illegible] more bewitching than she did [illegible] her floating white dress, that, in the uncertain light, [illegible] summer clouds with heart-[illegible] her brown hair. She held [illegible] flowers in her hand, and as she [illegible] impulse made me ask her [illegible] I said, of the even[illegible] She smiled [illegible] partly held them toward[illegible]

We paused, and slowly retraced our steps. I was [illegible] whether I should propose, but at last it [illegible] decided for me that I should not; for Isabel's [illegible] was claimed for a dance the moment we came [illegible] view of the open windows; not that I had [illegible] positively decided even that Miss Walsingham was [illegible] necessary to my happiness, but I was thinking it [illegible] As she sweet just me half an hour afterwards, making some gay repartee to a remark [illegible] Rupert Leigh's low light laugh jarred disagreeably [illegible] I determined to broach the subject to him on our way home. I did so. I felt very unlocked [illegible] how to begin, but the difficulty [illegible]

We [illegible] signs, and in the fair dawn of a [illegible] happy but the gay scene [illegible] Rupert Leigh offered me what he was [illegible] congratulations, which [illegible] shoulders that [illegible] my hands, and [illegible] his hat, legs [illegible] the purchase [illegible]

[illegible] was anxious Rupert [illegible] was understood [illegible] but now [illegible] was the case, my [illegible]

mind gave one of its uncomfortable rebounds, though I still pursued the subject, and asked his opinion. He warmed upon it, and spoke in a way that certainly was gratifying. I told him that I had made an arrangement to lunch at "The Cedars" on the following day, and wished him to accompany me. He hesitated as to the propriety of his doing so unasked, but I pressed the point, assuring him that he ought to call, and that as my particular friend his doing it with me was only natural. So it ended that we went.

After luncheon, I left him to wander about the grounds with Isabel, in order that he might become better acquainted with her, while I talked to Sir John; and he certainly seemed to improve the occasion, for we did not get away until nearly five o'clock. Going home, he renewed the congratulations which he had offered on the morning of the ball; but the possibility of his thinking I was *decided* on marrying made me uneasy.

Was I decided? Night after night I lay awake, and weighed the pros and cons. I tossed "heads, I do; tails, I don't." I tried if my marriage came out in patience, sitting over the cards alone in my own room. I continued to visit at "The Cedars," but managing it as quietly as I could. I was no longer the same. In Isabel's society I was absent and constrained, fearing I might do or say anything that might commit me.

While in this state of mind the affair got wind in the regiment, and one night at mess I was overwhelmed with congratulations. The instinct of self-preservation made me deny that I had the slightest intentions in a matrimonial direction, and I reiterated my denial again and again.

When mess was over, and we were standing in the anteroom, Rupert Leigh came over to where I was standing, and, putting his arm within mine, asked me to come up and have a cigar with him in his own room, and, anxious to escape, I acceded. When we had settled ourselves comfortably, — a thing it was quite possible to do in Rupert Leigh's room, where things were fitted up with the elegance of a lady's boudoir, — selecting two arm-chairs of the most luxurious description, and lighting our cigars, he returned to the subject of my probable engagement to Isabel Walsingham. I don't know what possessed me, but the feeling that Isabel was being forced upon me made me deny to him having any intention of marrying, as I had done to the others.

His manner was so serious that I became quite alarmed. Had I gone too far? My mind was in a complete chaos. Why were not marriages arranged by the families, on the French system? What agonies of doubt I should have been saved! I don't know, or rather I did not then know, what possessed Rupert Leigh, but he got up quite abruptly, shook my hand, called me "a jolly old fellow," and proposed brandy and water. Alas! I know, now that it is too late, what it all meant. As it was then, I enjoyed the evening immensely. Two or three other men came in, and I forgot, in the fumes of alcohol, the troubles of my mind, which seemed just then to have acquired a stability quite unaccountable. I railed at matrimony generally, sang comic songs, and recited "Betty Hunt."

I don't remember going to bed, but I found myself there in the morning, and all my force of character seemed to have been left behind me. However, I determined to give up for a time going to "The Cedars," and to let it be felt in the regiment that no joking on the subject was to be allowed; and I succeeded with the assistance of Rupert Leigh, who promised to give a hint to that effect. I know now that his generosity extended further, and that he went constantly in my place to see Isabel Walsingham.

The first disagreeable impression, that I was about to lay myself open to the chance of being obliged to do something definite about Miss Walsingham, was wearing away, and in its place a restless desire to see her was just beginning to take possession of my mind, when, one evening, in the private room of an Irish lieutenant, a toast was proposed. Rupert Leigh was not present; he had gone out to dinner, where, I did not then know. However, glasses were filled, and three cheers given for Rupert Leigh, and his — lady love! A sick feeling stole over me. His lady love! Who was she? I asked. Who? Isabel Walsingham? A thousand demons seemed to shriek her name, and a mist floated before my eyes. I retained only sufficient consciousness to rush from the room. Now that Isabel was lost I knew I wanted her, — that I must have her. I was mad with rage. What a traitor I had cherished as a friend! I only waited for his return to pour down my vengeance upon him. Hours passed, during which I paced up and down my barrack room; at last I heard his horse's tread, then his footstep on the stair, and then his door shut.

I followed instantly. I did not even knock, and I found him standing with a photograph in his hand, which he was admiring by the uncertain light of a candle. At the very first glance I knew whose portrait it was, and it gave an impetus to my wrath, convinced, as I was, that Rupert Leigh was a man whom any woman might love. I had never considered him so much personally before as I did in the few moments during which I held his door-handle in my trembling hand. His deep gray eyes were bent on the picture, a soft smile played on his lips, whilst I — but I could contain myself no longer; he had looked up, and our eyes met.

"Is this true," I said, "that you are engaged to Isabel Walsingham?"

"Quite true," he replied, and as he spoke he drew himself up as if he were proud to say it. The action more than words maddened me.

"And you say this to me?" I exclaimed, — "me, when you knew Isabel Walsingham was all but my affianced wife!"

"I knew that she was *not*," he replied. "I had it from your own lips."

I burst into a torrent of invective, and he waited till I had done.

"I will not quarrel with you," he said; "we have been friends too long. First listen to me. Just consider. I would not take your word at mess, for I thought you might then have said what you did in the heat of the moment; but you repeated that you never meant to ask Isabel Walsingham to be your wife here in this very room to me, as your friend, and when we were alone. I liked Isabel Walsingham even then, and in my heart I thanked you for your decision. It was not till after that I thought to win her for myself; after that I did, and now — "

"She shall never be yours if I can prevent it!" I exclaimed; and again I launched into a volley of bitter reproaches. In my rage I rushed at him, but he was stronger than I, and held me back.

"This is folly," he said, — "folly which it is too

acquaintance, the *Teredo navalis*. He was urged by some of the promoters of the former scheme to develop some practicable plan on the basis of his patent. He did so; but various circumstances delayed until 1823 the practical announcement of his plan. A general meeting was held at the London Tavern; a company was formed; a capital of nearly two hundred thousand pounds was raised; and an act of Parliament was obtained in 1824. Forty borings were made at different parts of the river's width; and the borers arrived at a strong blue clay, which was pronounced favorable. Brunel was engaged as engineer, at a salary of a thousand pounds a year; and ten thousand pounds was to be given for his patent, contingent on certain conditions. In 1825 he began to work in earnest. Never, perhaps, was engineer more tried by the difficulties of an undertaking. Water and obstinacy were his two chief troubles, — water that burst into his excavations as fast as he made them; and obstinacy on the part of some of the directors of the company, who often thwarted the plans which he wished to adopt. He began at the Rotherhithe side of the river, sinking a brick shaft fifty feet in diameter by more than forty deep. This enormous shaft was built on the ground, and sunk by digging away the ground beneath it. While this was being done, Messrs. Maudslay were constructing the teredo shield, a wonderful piece of mechanism, which enabled a large number of men to work at once, digging away the ground in front of a number of cells or recesses, and travelling onward as the work proceeded. This shield has been the admiration of all engineers, who regard it as perhaps the most fertile creation of Brunel's fertile brain. "Beneath the great iron ribs of the shield," it has been said, "a kind of mechanical soul seems to have been created. It had its shoes and its legs, and used them, too, with good effect. It raised and depressed its head at pleasure; it presented invincible buttresses in its front to whatever danger might there threaten; and, when the danger was passed, it again opened its breast for the further advances of the indefatigable host."

In the beginning of 1826, the horizontal workings commenced, and then also commenced the real difficulties. The story of the Thames Tunnel is a story of irruptions and inundations. Sometimes there was so little ground or soil left between the top of the tunnel and the bed of the river, and the stuff was so soft and loose, that stones, brick-bats, bones, coals, and pieces of glass and earthen-ware fell through into the workings. A diving-bell was once lowered from a barge above; the diver thrust an iron pipe right down into the tunnel; and Mr. Benjamin Hawes made a curious present from the nether world to the world above, by thrusting up a number of gold pins through the pipe to the diving-bell, as a memento of the singular operations. From time to time there were found in the shield a piece of brass, an old shoe-buckle, and a shovel, which had sunk through the soft soil from the river-bed. No one but a civil engineer can appreciate the anxieties which Brunel had to bear during the progress of the works. The lives of such men exhibit a perpetual struggle against difficulties. The water of the Thames made an irruption into the tunnel in 1827, a second in 1828, a third and a fourth in 1837, and a fifth in in 1838; these were *great* irruptions, apart from the less important, but more numerous influxes of water. Let us take the first as an example of the whole.

The younger Brunel (Isambard Kingdom, who was destined to fame as the engineer of the broad-gauge railways and the mighty *Great Eastern*, in later years) was one of the assistant-engineers under his father in 1827; and Mr. Beamish was another. On the 18th of May, at two o'clock in the morning, Beamish relieved young Brunel in superintending the workmen and workings, a duty which they took alternately. At five o'clock, the tide rose, and the earth in the workings was evidently in a very disturbed state. The men, throughout the day, exhibited much reluctance to go to work. On that same evening the troubles began. Water from the river found its way through the soil, rushed into some of the cells of the shield, and literally washed the men out of them. The water in the finished part of the tunnel was rising fast; Beamish and the men had to struggle amongst floating casks and boards, and to wade back to the shaft as best they could. It was a critical moment. Scarcely had the shaft been reached, when the entire tunnel became filled with raging water,— that tunnel which, on the selfsame afternoon, had been visited by Lady Raffles and a distinguished party. Even at the shaft, the danger was not over; for the water rose almost faster than the men could scramble up the ladder. At ten o'clock, the elder Brunel, the Tunnel King, heard of the calamity. He hastened to the spot, and spent the night in planning how to meet the difficulties. He descended in a diving-bell on the following morning at a particular spot in the river; and there found a gap in the soft muddy bed, through which the water had entered into the unfinished workings of the tunnel. How to fill up the gap? Brunel obtained a large number of old saltpetre-bags, filled them with clay, and dropped them from barges into the gap; hazel-rods being so thrust through the bags as to enable them to cling or interlace.

For five days, this throwing in of bags continued; and then a raft of timber, laden with a hundred and fifty tons of clay, was sunk over the spot. It was not, however, until thousands of cubic feet had been thrown in, and many hair-breadth escapes encountered, that the gap could be stopped, the water pumped out of the tunnel, and the works resumed. Brunel and Beamish both became ill in consequence of the intense mental and bodily labor and excitement during this anxious period. This conquest over the waters was celebrated by a dinner in the finished portion of the tunnel, the grandees partaking of good cheer in one arch, and the workmen in another.

Over and over again, however, did troubles from inundations occur. Brunel had to grieve over the loss of the lives of many trusty men; to invent remedies for every disaster; and to encounter the dissatisfaction of directors and shareholders, who complained that he had exhausted all the resources of the company. On one occasion, the younger Brunel himself had a narrow escape. "On the 12th of January, 1828," says Mr. Beamish (*Life of Brunel*), "a strange, confused sound of voices seemed to issue from the shaft; and immediately the watchman rushed in exclaiming, 'The water is in,— the tunnel is full!' They had felt as though it would burst. I rushed to the workmen's staircase; it was blocked up by the men. With a crowbar, I knocked in the side of the visitors' staircase; but I had not taken many steps down when I received Isambard Brunel in my arms. The great rush of water had thrown him to the surface, and he was providentially preserved from the fate which

[illegible] overwhelmed his companions." Six [illegible] were drowned on this occasion.

One of the remarkable features connected with the history of this great work was the excited state into which the minds of the workmen were brought. The dangers were so many and so varied, that the men were always on the lookout for them, and were prone to believe in them and dream of them even when they did not occur. Watchers were set in the tunnel all night, to report on any appearance of the incoming of water. On one of these occasions, the hero of the klayer was heard to vociferate: "Wedges, mates, wedges! the whole of the faces coming in, coming altogether!" On hastening to him, it was found that he was fast asleep on a bed of clean straw, the exclamation had escaped him in a dream. On another occasion, a panic seized the men; and the engineers were set hastily searching for a disaster which had not occurred. Mr. Beamish recorded in his note-book the exact account of the affair given to him by Miles, one of the overseers. "I seed them Hirishers a come a-tumbling through one o' them much hardness like mad bulls, a-it the devil kicked 'em. 'Scuse me, I got Murther! murther! Run for your lives!' My, we got a-singing, sir; all the world like giddy goos and me were down in that 'ere diving-bell. Yes, I thought a the water was close upon me. Run lego or perish body, says I! when I see Pascoe a-good o' 'em there miners along as if the devil was a-driving for him. Not the first, my lad, says I; and away with me, and never stopped till I got landed fair on the ground. Then I began bellowing like mad for the rascals to get rope and throw 'em down, making sure the water was coming up the shaft. Well, sir, we was a-swinging about the ropes, but the devil a one would lay hold. So I looked down, and what should I see? Why, nothing at all, sir, all a-here!"

So costly and disheartening, however, were the real disasters, that there was a doubt for some years whether the tunnel would ever be finished. By the close of 1828, all the capital was gone, and the "money market" declined to come to the rescue. A deputation to the government failed in obtaining any supply, and the shield was bricked up, denoting a total stoppage of the works. In 1830, Messrs Pritchard and Hood brought forward a plan for finishing the tunnel on a cheaper plan: it was submitted to Mr Peter Barlow, Mr. Walker, and Mr. Tierney Clerk, for examination: but they could make nothing satisfactory of it, and therefore it was abandoned. Four years more passed away, and then, in 1834, government agreed to advance two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, wherewith to finish a work of which all Englishmen felt proud, despite its misfortunes. The works recommenced in 1835; but even then, eight long years crept away before the double tunnel was finished from the Rotherhithe shaft at one end to the Wapping shaft at the other. It was not till 1843, just twenty years after Brunel had perfected and made known his scheme, that the Thames Tunnel was finally opened to the public, after making a very deep inroad indeed into half a million of money.

Concerning the technicalities of this notable work we need not say much. The excavation is really a vast one, considering that a large and busy river flows so immediately over it. The actual area of earth scooped away was no less than thirty-eight feet broad by twenty-two high; this, with massive brickwork all round, and still more massive brickwork up the middle, divided the tunnel into two parallel passages, somewhat horse-shoe shape, each about fifteen feet high, and wide enough for a carriage-way and a foot-way. Arched openings at every few feet lead from the one passage to the other. The whole length of each passage, from the Wapping shaft to that of Rotherhithe, is about twelve hundred feet. The tunnel is not quite level; it is a little lower at the middle than at the two ends, the gradient being quite easy enough for any kind of vehicle.

This, then, is the submarine or rather sub-fluvial tunnel which is now about to be made really useful. It can hardly be said that the Thames Tunnel has been of any great use hitherto: for the descending roadways, necessary for the accommodation of horses and vehicles, have never been constructed; and the penny-passengers across that part of the river have never been more in number than a few ferry-boats could easily accommodate. The people, poor folks, who try to earn a living in this queer place, have but hard fare of it. There is a smell of the earth, earthy, and a smell of gas, and sometimes a dampness on the walls. The penny buns, somehow, don't eat like other penny buns; the purses and trinkets look damp; the photographs are rather weird-like; the cosmoramas are flabby, the camera dingy, the music dolorous. How can it be otherwise? It is doubtful whether even the philosophy of Mark Tapley would make one jolly in such a place. There they sit, those patient traders, each under a gas-lighted arch, hoping that their takings in a day will yield a profit sufficient to pay the rent and keep themselves. A hard life.

The tunnel is now (or soon) to be a railway. On many occasions, during the last ten or fifteen years, the company have looked out for a customer in this direction; but never until the present time has the proper combination of circumstances presented itself. The Chatham and Dover Company cross the Thames into the city at one spot, and the Southeastern will shortly cross it at another (Cannon Street); this has set the other companies on the *qui vive*: and the Thames Tunnel is pronounced to be a very convenient central bit for a railway ramifying out at both ends. The scheme is the *East London Railway*: an act has been obtained; the capital has been supplied with wonderful readiness; the tunnel is, or will soon be, paid for at a stipulated price; and well-known contractors have engaged upon the operations with an energy which shows that they mean to do the matter well. . . . .

Pity 't is that neither of the Brunels is left to us! It would be a glory to the old man, and a satisfaction to his son, to know that the tunnel which they made for one kind of traffic is, after so many vicissitudes, deemed suitable for another of a superior kind. Non-professional people quake a little: but those who ought to know best say that the Thames Tunnel is as sound as a rock, in all essential particulars, and quite fitted to bear the rumbling and vibration of railway trains.

THE LAST LOVE-EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A PHILOSOPHER.

THE Independence of the United States of America had been conclusively acknowledged and ratified by the Treaty of Peace of September 3, 1783; and, under the able direction of Benjamin Franklin, ambassador from the new Republic to the Court of Versailles, the diplomatic and commercial relations

of the United States with France, had been successfully established by Treaty, in consonance with the views and wishes of Congress.

Philadelphia ardently desired the return of her famed fellow-citizen who had displayed so much prudence and skill in effecting the great objects of his mission. He, no less anxious to return to America, never wholly free from the fear that his declining health might detain him in France, perhaps to close his life there, and, withal, that his most ardent prayer was to be spared to end his days in his native land among his fellow-citizens, and surrounded by his grandchildren, — he yet seemed to seek a pleasurable excuse for the delay of his departure, under the influence of a sentiment which had less concern in the settlement of such collateral details as yet remained for adjustment, than the American philosopher had, perhaps, deemed possible, or cared even to acknowledge to himself at that period of his life.

During the latter part of his embassy to the French Court, he had taken up his residence at Passy, near Auteuil, in the environs of Paris.

In the latter charming village dwelt the widow of Helvetius. The relict of Helvetius was a most amiable and gifted woman. She reckoned among her friends the most distinguished men of letters of the period, by whom she was never otherwise designated than as "The good lady of Auteuil."

Although she had passed that term of female life which has been so arbitrarily assigned as the climacteric to the fascinating powers of the fair sex, the widow of Helvetius was another exception to that questionable rule; and still most fascinating, both by the grace of her manners and the attractions of her person. The gentleness of her disposition, the charming versatility of her intellect, together with the prudent deportment which had distinguished her throughout a life of considerable trial, and had placed her beyond the reach of all reproach, invested her, as it were, with an aureole of feminine grace and purity, to which all who came within the atmosphere of her intercourse paid homage of admiration and respect.

Strange as it may at first appear, when the then respective ages of the "good lady of Auteuil" and of Benjamin Franklin are considered, the American philosopher found the charm of her society too irresistible not to make a permanent alliance with her a serious subject of his thoughts; and in so much, at length, that he believed it desirable for his happiness.

On her part, the amiable widow had not the most remote presentiment of such a design; and always received Franklin as a friend who entertained no other sentiments towards her than those he had expressed, and as one in whose near society she would have esteemed herself happy to live.

Between Passy and Auteuil, a frequent intercourse of visits had for some time been established. Once in every week Madame Helvetius dined at Franklin's house, in company with the Abbé de Laroche, the physician Cabanis, who resided under her roof, and Morellet, another esteemed friend, but less frequent guest. Franklin, on the other hand, dined much more frequently at the house of the charming widow, where he often passed the whole evening, but had never yet paid her a morning visit.

The intercourse with Franklin was most cordial on all sides. The simplicity of his manners, his noble sense of right and duty, which revealed itself in the most trivial things; his affability, the purity of his soul, his cheerfulness, and his delightful power of narration, were inexhaustible themes for admiration to Morellet.

Such in society was the man who had contributed so much to the elevation of his country to a free and independent state, and whom mankind has to thank for one of the most important discoveries of his time.

One morning, contrary to his usual custom, Franklin left his apartment at a very early hour, and summoned the young man who officiated as his valet and general servant, by his usual appellative of "Dick! Dick! I am going to Auteuil, get thee ready to come with me."

Dick, a born American, had served with some distinction in the War of Independence under Washington. On the reduction of the army, he left his immediate service about the person of that general to take service with Benjamin Franklin, to whom he became greatly attached. Richard, or Dick, as he was familiarly called by Franklin, was no servant of the common order. Trusty, and devoted from impulse and from principle, he was as good a Christian from faith as he was American by birth and feeling. He accompanied his master everywhere, and when not making the necessary preparations for Franklin's philosophical experiments, or engaged in other immediate duties, he was a diligent reader of his Bible. Like most young men of a genial tone of feeling, when conscious of the genuine rectitude of their principles, he was somewhat of an enthusiast, and never more so than when the opportunity presented itself to speak of the land of his birth, or when the merits of his master were the subject of discourse.

In his spare moments he was fond of enlightening the minds of the other servants on the effects of electricity, or of explaining to the simple peasants of Auteuil the great advantages of the lightning-conductor, invented by his master, Benjamin Franklin.

No sooner was Richard called, than he made his appearance, and almost in less time than it took his master to communicate his intention, the gold-headed cane, hat, and gloves of the philosopher were handed to him, and, without further delay, master and man were upon their way to Auteuil.

Under the already glowing rays of a mid-June morning sun, that had begun somewhat to embrown the meadows, and lit up copse, cornfield, and vineyard with a dazzling flood of summer light, the travellers found the heat even at that hour oppressive, and quitting the high road, the paved *chaussée* of which reflected oppressively both the light and heat, pursued their way by side paths now become familiar to them, where they were screened at frequent and agreeable intervals by the friendly shade of trees. The philosopher walking slowly in front, evinced by nothing in his manner how much he was in reality concerned to reach the end of his journey with more expedition, while his servant following behind could scarcely suppress a feeling of impatience at the slowness of his master's pace.

Franklin found Madame Helvetius in her *salle de réception*, which looked out upon the beautiful garden of her house, from which close, and up to the very sill of the window, near which she had been seated, the thick foliage of a lime-tree spread its cool and refreshing verdure.

"So early a visitor, my worthy Dr. Franklin!" said the charming hostess, as she rose to receive him. "I hope it may be no unpleasant intelligence

that you have to impart to me, and which has set you astir at so unusual an hour?"

"Not in the least, Madame Helvetius," replied Franklin. "I am come thus early to relate to you a circumstance that occurred to me last night."

"Ah! then, my dear friend, how charming it is of you. You are come to relate to me some pleasant little story?"

"Well, you shall judge for yourself, dear Madame. You will perhaps recollect our conversation of last evening, and how I endeavored by the most cogent arguments to make you sensible that you ought no longer to lead thus a single life, but should marry again?"

"O heavens! my dear friend, why revert to such a subject! Let us rather speak on some other."

"Is it then possible, Madame Helvetius, that you have not perceived the regret I feel in regard to the strange persistence with which you still persevere in your truth towards your deceased husband, which is not only without any reasonable ground of excuse, but perfectly futile?"

"At another time we will talk of that, — at another time, dear friend!" interposed Madame Helvetius, with a simultaneous motion of her hand towards Franklin's white head, as though she would have smoothed down his gray locks.

"Well," resumed Franklin, "after our conversation of last night, I returned home, went to bed, and dreamed — that I was dead. Shortly I found myself in that paradise where the souls of the departed enjoy imperishable happiness and repose. The gate-keeper of that Eden asked me whether I was desirous to see any of the spirits of the blessed; and I made reply that I much desired to be led where the philosophers were wont to meet. 'There are two,' replied the guardian, 'who much frequent a spot close by. They are most intimate neighbors, and take much pleasure in each other's society.' 'Who are they?' said I. 'Socrates and Helvetius,' was the guardian's reply. 'I have an equal esteem for both of them; but lead me first to Helvetius, for though I speak French, I am not a master of the Greek language.' Helvetius received me in the most friendly manner. He questioned me eagerly upon the present state of religious matters in France, and on the political subjects which most engaged the attention of Europe. But I, who had imagined he would have been more anxious to be informed upon matters that concerned him more nearly, and surprised that he made no inquiries about you, interrupted him at length in his interrogatories, and exclaimed, 'But, good heaven! have you no desire to know how fares your old faithful friend and partner in life, Madame Helvetius? — she who still loves you with such affectionate constancy! Scarcely an hour since I was in her house at Auteuil, and had the most convincing evidence of the unfeigned interest and devotion with which she regards you, and cherishes your memory.'

"'Ah!' said he, 'you speak of my former matrimonial felicity. We must learn to forget those things here, if we would be happy. For many years I thought of nothing else, she was constantly before my mind, and even here I felt desolate. But at length I have found a consolation for the loss of her society. I have married another charming woman, and it would have been impossible to find one who resembled more my first wife, than her on whom my choice has fallen. She is not so handsome, it is true, as was my former spouse; but she is gifted with as much feeling and intellect; and loves me tenderly. She has, indeed, no thought but to please me, and to render me happy. Stay awhile with me, and you shall soon behold her.'

"Upon this I resumed: 'I perceive very clearly that your first wife is infinitely more true and constant than you are. Since your death, she has had several very advantageous offers of marriage, but she refused them all. I will candidly confess to you, that — I loved her myself with the most intense affection; but she remained cold and insensible to all my entreaties, all my arguments; in fact, she refused my hand from love for you!'

"'I am exceedingly sorry to hear that she was so unreasonable, and pity her inconsiderate wilfulness; for she was indeed a most excellent, and truly lovable woman.'

"At these words, Madame Helvetius made her appearance; and in her I recognized — imagine, only, who I saw before me? No other person than Madame Franklin! my old faithful American friend and wife! On the instant I laid claim to her as belonging to me — but, in a cold and somewhat repulsive tone, she said: 'For forty years and four months, nearly half a century, I was your wife. Rest satisfied with that. I have here formed another alliance, which will endure forever.' Deeply chagrined to be rejected in so cold a manner by my departed wife, I immediately resolved to quit such ungrateful spirits. I longed to return to our planet, and behold once more the sun and *you!* Say, shall we not avenge ourselves for such inconstancy?'"

But the charming widow of Auteuil was by no means disposed to avenge in such a manner the faithlessness of the spirits which the American philosopher's brain had so vividly impressed upon him in his dream. Her determination to remain single had long been an unalterable resolve. Had such not been the case, it may be readily believed she would have hesitated before she rejected an offer that conferred with it so much honor, and which, had she accepted, would have bestowed upon her a name equally celebrated in two quarters of the globe.

As they sat opposite to each other at the open window, it was not without a certain degree of emotion that she gazed on the earnest, truthful countenance of him who spoke to her so frankly, and, with a cheerful hopefulness of soul at once so tender, so affectionate! She appreciated at their full value the high esteem, and the sincere friendship, of which he had given her proof so incontestible in the solicitation for her hand. Neither in his manner, nor his words had Benjamin Franklin made himself ridiculous. There was nothing of the love-sick dotard in his demeanor. Before her sat a sage, who spoke deeply impressed with the conviction that, in all the circumstances, and in every stage of life, no partner was so desirable and indispensable as a wife who was fitted to embellish our existence, to give twofold increase to our happiness, to alleviate the cares and sweeten the bitter anxieties which are our inevitable fate, however highly or lowly cast; and, if destined to survive her husband, to make his death-bed one of peaceful resignation.

On the previous evening, in discourse with Madame Helvetius, Franklin had, indeed, purposely adverted to, and eventually dwelt with much earnestness upon, the propriety of her entering again the marriage state; but in doing so, whether from timidity or forethought, he had expressed his opinion in a general point of view only, without in the least permitting his own personal sentiments towards her to betray themselves. Nor in truth, during that

conversation, whether from less vanity than most of her sex, or a less share of that innate perspicuity in matters of the heart, which most women possess, she had not in the remotest degree detected the deep interest he felt in the counsel he advised with such tranquil yet earnest eloquence.

But now the amiable widow's eyes became suffused with tears; she leaned her arm on the window-cushion, and buried her face in her hand.

"Come, then," exclaimed Franklin, after a short silence, — "come, then, charming lady of Auteuil, let us both avenge ourselves."

"Wist! listen! my dear friend, listen!" said Madame Helvetius in a low tone, and in an attitude of attention. "Do not speak, for I hear voices in discourse close to us."

Both gently rose from their seats, and putting aside as gently the foliage of the lime-tree branch that obstructed somewhat their hearing and view of what was passing in the garden beneath, they beheld there, seated on a stone bench immediately under the window, Franklin's valet, Dick, in close discourse with Annette, the daughter of Madame Helvetius's gardener, a young maiden of seventeen, and a by no means unattractive specimen of those dark-eyed daughters of France, frequently to be met with among the peasant girls of the environs of Paris, whose rustic beauty is not a little enhanced by the charm of a costume at once simple and picturesque.

Between the leaves of the lime-tree both Franklin and Madame Helvetius remarked that the heads of the two young people were so closely inclined to each other, that the fair hair of the American almost touched the black braided tresses of the maiden of Auteuil.

"Let me go, Monsieur Richard!" said the damsel, the light-olive complexion of her sunny cheeks suffused the while with a richer blush of red. "If Madame knew that you were following me so, she would be sure to discharge me from her service. Let me go, I beseech you. O, I must go! There, don't you hear? I think my father called me to water his peas. Yes, and besides, I have not yet made the cheese for Madame, nor yet skimmed the last night's milk."

Nevertheless, Annette rose not from the bench on which she was seated. But that might be accounted for by the circumstance that Richard, though without the least effort to detain her, had put his arm around her slender waist, doubtless to prevent her escaping.

On witnessing so much undue familiarity on the part of his servant, Franklin evinced great uneasiness, and from a sentiment of virtuous indignation his cheek became crimson red. He was about to speak in anger to the thoughtless young couple, when Madame Helvetius, putting her small white hand over his mouth, compelled him to silence, and to listen further.

"You will not understand me, Annette," was Richard's reply to the maiden. "What I say to you, I would as openly say in the presence of Madame Helvetius and Monsieur Franklin. Go call your father, if you will, and I will speak before him."

The young girl inclined her pretty head in silence, and as though her inmost heart responded in sympathy to the frank avowal of the young man's sentiments towards her, the slight motion made by the neat little foot that mechanically rubbed up the gravel path on which it rested, brought her somewhat yet closer to Richard. No further reply from her was needed.

"Well, then," continued the young man, "we will be married. I will open my mind to Monsieur Franklin. He will speak to Madame Helvetius, and then both will arrange matters with your father."

"Are you really in earnest, Richard? You wish to marry me?"

"In all truth and earnest I mean it, dear Annette. We will go to America, and you will see that it is the finest country in the whole world. Monsieur Franklin will give us some land, which I will cultivate. We shall be free there, and live content and happy. O my dear Annette! if you but knew my magnificent native land! how gloriously the sun rises above our forests, you would long, as ardently as I do, to be there; and the sooner the better, for I am sure you will learn to love it as I do. Compared to the grandeur of our rivers, your Seine and Rhone are mere insignificant brooklets; and in any one of our lakes you might sink all Paris, and not a vestige of it would be seen. Say but the word, Annette, and before Monsieur Franklin leaves the house all may be settled."

"How?" said the maiden; her dark, soft eyes expanding with an expression of astonishment, and her whole countenance breathing, as it were, the doubt and curiosity which Richard's description of his native land had awakened in her simple mind; above all, at hearing of lakes at which all Paris would disappear, without leaving a trace of it. "Are there, then, such grand and beautiful things in your country?"

"Yes, Annette, indeed; and God knows that I speak the truth."

"And is there then also, there, a duck-pond, like here at Auteuil?"

"What! the duck-pond of Auteuil? That little pool of water you pass by at the entrance to the village, — that mere ditch planted round with sickly trees, and full of nothing else but frogs and toads?"

"Yes, yes," resumed the village lass, withdrawing herself gently from Richard's circling arm. "A duck-pond like here in Auteuil?"

"But, Annette! how can you then think of that duck-pond? You surely do not love me; and there is some young man in the village whom you like better than me."

"No, Richard. But the duck-pond of Auteuil is more to my taste than your great lakes in which you seem to have a fancy to put all Paris; and then your rivers, as compared to which the Seine, my loved, beautiful Seine, the river of my native land, is but an insignificant brooklet! Richard, I will be your wife; but you must remain in Auteuil!"

"What, Annette? You would have me leave Monsieur Franklin? Have me abandon forever my native land? That would be as though you would have me desert from the flag of my country! You would surely never require such a sacrifice from me, Annette? Reflect only a little that my country has need of all her citizens, however humble their station. That England, which could not crush us out, may again become our enemy. Good heaven! what would Monsieur Franklin say to such a thing, were I to tell him I would not return with him to America? Annette! I love you; I would willingly lay down my life for you, if my country had no call for it. Annette! my beloved Annette! there is yet something greater, something higher than love, than

happiness; and that is the duty which we owe to the land that gave us birth. But you, — you are not so situated. What can withhold you? France has no need of you, a humble maiden. You can leave your native land, and your absence would never be remarked; you, whose name is perhaps not known beyond Auteuil, and who never can render any service to your country."

"You are in error, Richard!" replied the maiden, rising from the seat, and assuming a graceful dignity of attitude that struck Richard with astonishment, as with the spontaneous impulse of all her genial nature, she exclaimed, "I, too, love my country, — our beautiful France! And I will that my children, should it please God that I have any, shall love it too, as I do! Have you never heard in your America of that maiden of France, the humble village-girl of Domremy, who delivered our land, too, from the yoke of those proud English, against whom you have fought? Duty, you say, calls you back to America. My happiness binds me to France. You love your lakes, your rivers, your forests; I love the duck-pond of Auteuil, on whose banks I was born. As a child, I sported by that pond-side; and those sickly trees, of which you spoke with such contempt, were witnesses to the pleasures of my youth. Adieu, Monsieur Richard! Fare ye well! I must go water my father's peas, make the cheese for Madame Helvetius, and skim last night's milk."

With the native grace of her countrywomen, she curtsied slightly and slowly to her dumb-stricken and bewildered American lover; then, turning from the spot in visible emotion, and eyes suffused with irrepressible tears, she hastened to the kitchen-garden, where her father had been engaged all the morning with his watering-pot."

"My dear friend," said Madame Helvetius to Franklin, "*you* are a more valuable citizen than Richard; at least *you* are more useful to and needed by your country than he. Will you, can you resolve to give up your America entirely? Will you end your days in France near the duck-pond of Auteuil, far away from your great rivers, your immense lakes, your sun that rises so gloriously over your virgin forests? *I*, for my part, — I think like Annette. I prefer the little insignificant duck-pond of Auteuil to that new world that you have contributed so much to enfranchise. Your narrative of the dream is as charming as it was ingenious," she added, "but, my dear friend, what say you to the little narrative we have just heard together?"

Franklin spoke not. After a short pause, in which he seemed to be collecting himself, he raised the hand of the woman he loved to his lips, kissed it with respectful tenderness, and immediately sought the apartment of the physician Cabanis, who was to prescribe for him the regimen he was to follow during the long voyage across the Atlantic, in alleviation of the suffering he always experienced on the passage.

A few days afterwards he embarked with Richard at Havre for America.

Annette left neither the duck-pond of Auteuil nor France. But, after the lapse of twelve months, she married one of her neighbors, who, in 1789, joined the army, and was accompanied by her on the march to the frontiers. Under the Empire, Annette played a brilliant *rôle*; and her husband fell gloriously on the field of honor in 1812.

As far as relates to Madame Helvetius, "the good lady of Auteuil" proved herself constant both to her predilection for that quiet village and her resolution to remain a widow. Her house was still the favorite resort of the most distinguished men of the day. Benjamin Franklin had for successors Turgot, Garat, Destüt-Tracy, and Bernardin de Saint Pierre. When Bonaparte, then First Consul, was walking one day with her in her garden, she said to him, "General, you do not know how happy one can live on a small patch of this globe of scarcely three acres!" Those were truthful words from the lips of a woman who had rejected the hand of Benjamin Franklin, and preferred to live and die in a modest retirement, in which, sustained throughout by the noble impulses of a kindly heart and gifted intellect, the love of her country was, next to that of God, the constant aspiration of her gentle soul.

HATS AND BONNETS.

It has sometimes happened that genius, by a phrase only meant for poetry, makes a prophecy, and in this way gunpowder, the steam-engine, and the mariner's compass are said to have been anticipated. Time works the miracle, and causes the event to correspond with the guess. Even now there is a certain hyperbole becoming a fact. Did the lady who first called her bonnet "a duck" ever imagine that a season would approach when milliners would go as near a duck as possible when composing a head-gear? Far be it from us to question any device the taste of the sex offers for our admiration. We can only stand by and wonder. In these bonnets are revealed to us the strange mystery of the female notion of attire. Here they have full swing. In dress the fall has necessitated a few restraints which, however irksome, must be borne, but touching bonnets nothing is imposed. And so their variety is infinite, and their name legion. We turn back to the portraits of our great-grandmothers, or to their fashion-books, and find that a "coal-scuttle" was the rage. Historians and essayists who will describe for you the private views of Cornelius a Lapide, or Julius Cæsar, might find it difficult to account for the matrimonial success of those great-grandmothers; for, reading by our light, can we comprehend a man falling in love with a woman whose appearance was ridiculously suggestive of Wallsend? Of course our age has improved in this respect, and when *Le Follet* for June, 1866, is disinterred by a curious twentieth-century writer, he will find therein a legacy of designs worthy of us.

We would not be taken in with "coal-scuttles." We like flowers growing naturally from the human hair, or a small platter of straw laid on the summit of the head. An inverted soup-plate is considered a graceful coiffure, and a lace-rimmed oyster-shell is worn as a sweet thing. We have, to quote *Le Follet*, the "Trouville," the "Biarritz," the "Clarisse," and the "Mandarin." You wear a "green butterfly with silver wings" on your Mandarin. It is necessary this butterfly should be green. The "Clarisse" has a scarf of gauze round the crown, fastened under a large rosette of gauze trimmed with feathers from the throat of the peacock. See how particular we are as to details, almost as much so as the German dramatist who noted in his play, "Here is to be heard the sound of a *red* coat brushing." Anglers are not more precise in their hackles than ladies in the ornaments of the bonnet. A few weeks since, Mr. Tupper warned us of a robin-famine, in consequence of the redbreast being sacrificed at the shrine of fashion. Last year, sea-gulls were in dan-

ger of extermination, to judge by the run upon their wings. No lady's hat was perfect without a wing, and we believe it was this poor fowl that furnished the decoration. Can it be that the custom is just a relic of the savage state, and owes its origin to an idea connected with that which induces the dandies of the Feejee islands to wear trinkets of sharks' teeth and the tibias of departed relatives, while the ladies of the same district cover their heads with feathers, after first steeping them in grease? We dress our feathers: they have them *au naturel*. But have they anything resembling the "Tarte" or the "Fanchon?" The "Tarte" is a real love, not bigger than a saucer, and constructed identically of the same shape as that useful article. "La Tarte" is much sought after. It serves no vulgar purpose, though, such as protecting the head. Wreaths of tiny blossoms garnish "La Tarte," and long floating strings depend from it. The hair must be carefully got up to set off "La Tarte." A recent traveller mentions a tribe in which the chiefs twisted their hair into helmets, and, if we advance as we are, there is nothing to prevent our ladies twisting the hair into bonnets. The chignon is a step in that direction, the first Darwinian development. This fashion would have the merit of economy, hair being more lasting than straw or tulle.

At present the bonnet is not a bonnet. Four years ago it commenced to diminish, — the sides disappeared first, then the front; last year, the back went, and now the top is about to depart. We suspect the "Mandarin" is the last we shall see of it; and what a change from the straw tunnel in which a lady's face once resided, to the paltry thatch from under which it now smiles at us! One was a substantial house, the other is a mere cottage *ornée*. There is a singular circumstance to be remarked here. How general the quantity of hair is, how perfect the plaiting, and how universally the ladies are able to meet the exigencies of a custom which would appear to be more or less dependent on natural advantages. They seem never short of hair, to use a common phrase. They can even have it what color they wish, and Mr. Tupper's robins were unfortunate in possessing waistcoats which matched the prevailing hue. The bonnets play but a secondary part after all. The "Mandarin" only presides over a chignon. A kind of poultice, or bandelette of lace, as we should write, just protects this sacred bump. Unfeeling persons suspect the bump to be stuffed with cotton. At the root of it we have seen fruit sprouting. It is the substitute for the poll of the bonnet, and is Grecian. The ladies are assured that the chignon is of classic origin, and taking this notion into their heads they cannot have enough of it. How can we charge them with frivolity or caprice in dress, when they go for a fashion to the immortal statues of old Athens? Certainly the statues had their heads neatly dressed, and considering that the sculptor seldom embarrassed the rest of the figure with any superfluous draping, it is to be assumed he did his best with the hair. If this classic principle is carried out, we may find it open to a few objections. Say that the bonnets vanish, that the Mandarin and his family are discarded, what next, and next? The coal-scuttle, we understand, was in vogue when blushing was known, but that art or infirmity being now obsolete or being rendered a permanent attraction, we dispense with the coal-scuttle.

To do things altogether as they did in Greece would scarcely suit. We confess we do not witness the complete extinction of the bonnet without a misgiving and a regret. "La Tarte" does not console us, and the "Mandarin" is an inefficient substitute. It will take some time before we are reconciled to "Le Caprice." Not that we are heretical enough to question the propriety of even a "Mandarin." In those matters, as we said before, the ladies should have absolute authority and control. Only we should warn them not to be surprised at the remarks which the innovations give occasion to. In the commencement of this season the sex took to what, for want of a better name, we shall term zebra dresses. We beheld our wives and daughters covered with stripes, and streaked even as the wild asses of the desert. Now we have grown accustomed to their streakiness. So we may yet be charmed with the "Lamballe" or with the "Trouville," "having the borders raised at the side edged with velvet, worked with beads or straw, and trimmed with feathers." The black box which is worn on the head wherever the English language is spoken, shows how stupid gentlemen are at inventing a hat. The Conservative protection which keeps up the hideous gear indicates how we should encourage a spirit of ingenuity amongst ladies, who might otherwise relapse into the dismal sameness from which we suffer. But we respectfully, with deference, and merely as outsiders, would proffer a word for the bonnet proper. Is our climate as dry and warm as that of Paris? Are we as successful in dressing up to the "Lamballe," in harmonizing cloak, mantle, shawl, or whatever it may be, to the pitch of the hair, as the French? These be grave considerations. Shall it be bonnet or "Clarisse"? It strikes our uninstructed minds as a misnomer to call a bason of crape a bonnet, and yet it is a bonnet according to *Le Follet*, and belongs to the genus "Fanchon."

The hats are to the bonnets as a crocodile to an alligator, or as the proverbial negro named after the Roman emperor to the other negro. We have mentioned them indiscriminately. Both are gauzy and floral. Fashion, however, should not imitate Heliogabalus, and require peacocks, red-breasts, and kingfishers to grace her dainty dishes. Who suffers for the flowers we need not detail; the manufacture of artificial flowers is not a pleasant subject, but a lady will have them all the same. One consequence of the mode is, that bonnets have to be renewed almost as often as gloves. That fact, however, suggests a reflection so obviously mean and unworthy that we shall not dwell on it; we should not complain of what gives us an opportunity of repeating the chiefest privilege of a British father. Paying for a bonnet should be a pleasure, and we have no doubt it is; we trust, though, that the "Mandarin," the "Lamballe," and "La Tarte" are only temporary, and that a bonnet will not become so diminutive as to puzzle a very Owen of millinery, who might be asked to construct one from a future "Fanchon."

PERSONALITIES OF PARIS.

A FRIEND, who is familiar with the press of Europe from St. Petersburg to Gibraltar, observed to me a few days ago that we should never reach the piquancy of French light literature, because English literary men — being Englishmen — are too reserved. We do not turn every boudoir we enter into material for copy. We take no account of Earl Russell's private habits; he might array him-

self in all the colors of the gay macaw to-morrow, and the phlegmatic *chroniqueur* of Albion would not give the fact to the world. We afford the world no account of our great men in their dressing-gowns: prudishly believing that our nose, how sagacious soever it may be, has not the smallest right to sniff under the covers of a public man's dinner-table in order to convey the rich vapors to the curious public. Our brother shall be in rags, and we will help him, God knows; but we decline to put his patches under the public eye for our own private gain. We turn no penny on his pain; nor do we put glass doors in his house, when he has a house, and make money by the show. It may be, as my friend says, that we hereby lose piquancy, and that we are prudish; but then we are eccentric, phlegmatic islanders, and shall remain phlegmatic, in this sense, I trust, to the end of the chapter. We shall not copy the vivacity of M. Paul Féval, who turned his friend's poverty into paying "lines" a little while ago. People have been very severe with M. Féval on this account; but he only imitates the example of his literary neighbors. He lays his friend on the dissecting-table, and the crowd gathers round to learn from the professor where the subject was weak and where strong. Who has not dissected his friend with a lancet-edged pen before now? It is the literary custom of the country.

Dr. Véron is a literary surgeon, who has his churchyard full of friends. How many learned knives have flourished over Balzac, Lamartine, the two Dumas, Gautier, Emile de Giradin, and a host of others? Once attract the notice of the Parisian public, and you must submit to the publication of an inventory of your furniture. The public eye watches your slumbers, and counts the number of your children. The beauty of your wife is criticised as freely as the merit of your printed page. Dr. Véron has just published his new memoirs of a "Bourgeois de Paris." Well, just as he treats others is he treated. His critic, Adrien Marx, speaks somewhat to this effect: "When you are passing some morning along the Rue de Rivoli, while the sunlight gilds the summit of the Tuileries chestnuts, glance up at the balcony at the corner of the Rue Castiglione. You will see a bright old man, with a merry face and a mocking lip. From time to time a smile creases his lips, and a light flashes in the dark eye. He is thinking of his wealth and his fame. He is reflecting that chance only turned him from medical practice. He might have been merely a poor practitioner among the poor. Dr. Véron took possession of the apartment which he now occupies in 1847. Let us take an inventory of it. On his *marqueterie* desk shone two snuff-boxes. 'This one,' said the amiable doctor, 'was given by the Emperor to Adam, the composer, who died like Aristides. His widow, anxious to build a mausoleum worthy of his fame, let me have the box for the sum which she wished to expend on this pious work.'"

Here follows a somewhat warm description of the story connected with another treasure that lay upon the doctor's desk; and then the *bourgeois* drew attention to his counterpane, on which was embroidered the Fête of the Emperor of China by Celestial fingers. From Chinese embroidery the reader's attention is drawn to a portrait of Fanny Elssler. It was agreed by the critic and the author that people could not paint as well as the painter of the portrait, nor dance like the subject of the portrait, in these days.

In Dr. Véron's study a person dressed like a lady's companion was writing at a desk covered with green cloth. The doctor whispered to his friend, "That is my secretary; she is a very learned woman, who writes to my dictation, for I never write myself. She was starving and wearing herself out at ill-paid embroidery; she proposed to come and help me, and we are content with each other. Now this is my life: I rise at seven, I fly to my balcony and draw in, with all the strength of my lungs, the oxygenized air of the Tuileries; I read the eighteen papers to which I am the faithful subscriber, and then I dictate my Memoirs. I breakfast very frugally, and return to work until two o'clock, the hour which my carriage waits to convey me to the *Bois*. I trudge, as well as my poor legs will allow me, along the *Allée des Acacias*, and then I return hither to dine. I find waiting for me, especially on Mondays, my intimates, Auber, Albéric Second, Roqueplan, and my blind companion, — a daily visitor. I generally go to the theatre in the evening, — above all, to the opera, the composer of 'La Muette' bears me company, and delights me with his brilliant sallies! I was saying to him yesterday, 'Do you know, my dear Auber, that old age is very tiresome? He answered, 'My good fellow, find out some new way of growing old.' There is a man for you who carries his eighty years bravely!"

This talk brought the author and the literary gentleman who was taking notes to the dining-room. The doctor asked his visitor whether he had noticed the lack of pictures in his rooms, and proceeded to explain. "I got rid of them lately," he said, "and why? The sale of the splendid furniture of Dr. Véron is announced. Crowds of amateurs and dealers precipitate themselves into my home, and peer at my frames. 'Is it possible to have such daubs about one?' cries the amateur. 'I never thought a love of spinach could be carried to the folly of plastering it upon one's walls,' says the dealer. Now these are funeral orations which I would rather avoid. So I have not even a bit of still life in my dining-room." But the absence of pictures is, in the estimation of M. Marx, compensated by plentiful and splendid plate. The critic's eye lingered lovingly upon a gold and silver service which the doctor bought, in 1848, for three thousand crowns, of Froment Meurice. But we need not linger to count the knives and forks in Dr. Véron's dining-room, since he is himself preparing the history of this dining-room, and will publish it in one volume. He will himself sing his mahogany-tree, — be the historian of his own hospitality. He will recount the deeds and *mots* of three sets of great men who have regaled themselves with the *ragoûts* of Sophie, his faithful *cordon bleu*. Sophie, M. Véron's cook, the good people of Paris are informed, wears a Norman cap, and has a Rabelaisian look. Tufts of hair adorn her upper lip and chin. She complimented M. Marx on his literary style. "Sophie," the doctor observed, "would be a treasure, if she did n't throw so much passion into her political discussions." "Monsieur," answered Sophie, "one must learn to spice discussions as well as *ragoûts*." M. Véron concluded by asking M. Marx to his Monday dinners; and this gentleman informs his readers that he intends to enter a punctual appearance. So Paris is likely to know how many times Auber helps himself to green peas, and how Albéric Second mixes water with his wine. Decidedly our literature lacks this piquancy.

KALMUK FAIRY TALES.

Two things have been established of late with regard to European folklore, — its paramount importance from a scientific point of view, and its, for the most part, Indian origin. It was chiefly Benfey who, in his Pantchatantra, has clearly pointed out the two channels by which the bulk of our fairy tales found their way from East to West. The votaries of Islam — to whom also we chiefly owe the preservation of classical lore — introduced them into the South, while the Europe of the North has to thank Buddhistic tribes for many a delightful nursery hour. It was the Mongols principally who, together with fire and sword, had brought them from their homesteads, and during the long sway they held over part of our civilized world, chiefly over Russia and Poland, perpetuated them by transmitting them to the indigenous races. Yet, while the ever-varying phases of European culture in the course of time so changed the face of these exotic fancies, that only "comparative" investigation is now able to recognize their original kernels and prototypes, the tales told in the Mongol steppes have up to this day faithfully retained their primitive forms. They are, in fact, mostly versions of the Sanscrit originals which the Mongols had obtained simultaneously with Buddhism.

Thanks to the restless exertions of Dr. Jülg, we have now one of these Mongol, or rather Kalmuk, collections before us, both in the original and in a translation. It is the first Kalmuk work ever printed in Europe, — Russia, of course, excepted, — and it would have been the *Editio Princeps* also of that most curious work, the "Siddhi-Kür" — MSS. of which are to be obtained only with the greatest difficulty — had not a Russian scholar, Golstunski, stolen a march upon our German editor. While the latter, after having, as early as 1861, produced the first portion of the text, for five long years struggled with the difficulties of type and money for his Kalmuk imprint, and was only enabled to complete his work through a munificent donation on the part of the Vienna Academy, his Russian rival simply lithographed the text and finished it two years ago.

The Siddhi-Kür has, as we hinted before, been recently identified with an existing Sanscrit collection, called Vetalapankavinkati, or Collection of Five-and-twenty Tales, of which, however, but six have hitherto been published. In the Mongol version, thirteen of these tales only are commonly found, all of which were, as early as 1804, rendered into German by Bergmann. This translation, though faulty enough, first drew attention to the original itself, and led to several important scientific results. Dr. Jülg has now, by the light of recent investigations, and with the aid of his own thorough command over this out-of-the-way Turanian idiom (one of the three Mongol dialects) retranslated the whole, and added an introduction, a dictionary, and a grammatical analysis.

The framework which connects these tales is curious and weird enough. The whole, the proem tells us, is an allegory of the life of Nagarguna, the Exalted, written down "with the intention that he who has fully imbibed its contents in his heart shall, by teaching, hearing, and telling it attain to the highest perfection." We cannot pretend to have fathomed its hidden meaning, but we have not perhaps brought the requisite exalted veneration to bear upon our task.

Once, so the story goes, there lived in the Central Empire of India seven brothers, all of whom were sorcerers. Not far from them there lived also two brothers, sons of a Chan, the oldest of whom was most anxious to learn their mighty art. For seven long years they pretended to teach it to him, but they never gave him the real key. One day the younger brother came on a visit, and while looking through a keyhole he discovered the whole secret and communicated it to his brother. The latter immediately rewarded him by changing him into a horse, and gave him, though unwittingly, into the power of the sorcerers. Anxious to annihilate a being cognizant of their secret craft, they resolved to kill it, but the horse, possessing the faculty of metamorphosing itself *ad libitum*, changed into a fish. Whereupon the sorcerers changed into seven mews and chased it. It then became a dove, and its persecutors became hawks, and followed it over mountain and river. When almost within reach of their cruel fangs, it espied on a resplendent mountain in the land of Bede, in the South, the cave called "the rest-giver," and there glided into the bosom of the great master, Nagarguna, who there dwelt in divine repose. To him the dove revealed its real nature, and by his aid killed its seven enemies, who meanwhile had transformed themselves into seven men clad in cotton. To show his gratitude, the son of the Chan offered to do any task the master would impose upon him. The latter replied: "If this really is the case, listen to me. In the cool grove of the vast burial-ground there lives Siddhi-Kür (the Dead gifted with supernatural powers). From the midst of his body upwards he is of pure gold, downwards he is of emerald; on his head, which is of mother-of-pearl, he wears a band. Him you may fetch in expiation of the seven men you have slain. If you were to bring him, I could make gold; nay, I could make the men of Vambudvipa live a thousand years, and attain to the highest perfection."

The disciple having declared his readiness to undertake the task, received the following further instructions: "A mile from here you will find, near a mountain-torrent which rushes out of a dark, wooded, fearful cavern, a vast number of large corpses. When you reach them, they will all arise and rush at you. You then shout, 'All ye large corpses, hala, hala, svaha!' and strew these magic barleycorns among them. Further on, near a river, you will find a vast number of small corpses. Shout to them, 'All ye small corpses, hulu, hulu, svaha,' and offer them a similar sacrifice of corns. Further again there are corpses like unto children. Them, too, you conciliate by shouts and offerings. Out of their midst Siddhi-Kür himself will rise and climb up a mango-tree. Threaten to cut down the tree with this axe, called the 'white moon,' and he will descend. You then put him in this bag, in which there is room for a hundred men, and fasten it with this cord made of a hundred wires. Take this butter-cake, which will never come to an end, however long you may eat of it, put your burden on your back, and make the best of your way back to me. But remember, *not a single word must escape your lips*, whatever you may hear on your road."

It all came to pass as the great master had told him. The large dead and the small dead and the children's corpses threatened the young Chan, but he overcame them, and finally succeeded in putting the mighty Siddhi-Kür himself into his bag. He then walked with his burden on his back many many

days, eating his butter-cake, and indulging in no conversation. At last the burden began to speak, and proposed that one of them should tell a story, and if his carrier would not, then he would. The Chan, who had only been forbidden to talk, but not to listen, nodded by way of assent, and the being in the bag began his most wonderful tales, of which we shall only reveal thus much, that at the end of each the youth is so overcome either by pity, or envy, or indignation, or a general feeling of satisfaction, that he imprudently emits some words expressive of these sentiments. Whereupon the Siddhi-Kür uniformly replies, "His fortune forfeiting, the young Chan has allowed his mouth to utter words." And exclaiming, "Not to remain in the world is good," he flies away.

The thirteenth story comes to this unlucky end close by the very goal, the wise master's cave. He, however, in recognition of the thirteen, albeit unsuccessful, attempts, makes the Chan the richest of all the kings on earth.

We do not intend by this notice of the most out-of-the-way, though in itself highly creditable philological performance, to entice our readers into a violent study of Kalmuk, however desirable such enthusiasm may appear to Dr. Jülg. But we wish to impress them again with the fact that there is a closer connection even between those far-away people on the Koko-Nur, the Irtish, the Volga, in Dzungaria, and Chinese Tartary, and ourselves than we would fain believe; and that, though neither religion nor arts and sciences may ever succeed in uniting all human races into one community, fairy-lore has from beginning to end drawn its magic circle around all humanity alike, all the world over.

A SUNDAY A CENTURY AGO.

An old brown leather-covered book, the leaves yellow, the writing scarcely legible, from time and decay: evidently an old, neglected MS. To the fire or to my private shelf? Which?

These were my reflections as I looked over the papers of my late uncle, the rector of a Somersetshire village.

I liked the look of the book and decided for the shelf; and I had my reward, for I found in the crabbed characters a simple story, evidently written towards the close of the writer's life. This story I now transcribe into a more modern style.

"He'll be fit for nothing," said my father; "an awkward booby who holds his awl and cuts his food with his left hand."

So said my father, and so, alas! I felt. I *was* awkward. I was fifteen; thick-set, strong, but terribly clumsy. I could not make a collar, nor sew a pair of blinkers, nor stuff a saddle, nor do anything that I ought to be able to do. My fingers seemed to have no mechanical feeling in them. I was awkward, and I knew it, and all knew it.

I was good-tempered; could write fairly, and read anything; but I was awkward with my limbs; they seemed to have wills of their own; and yet I could dance as easily and lightly as any of my neighbors' sons.

"I don't know what he's fit for," said my father to the rector of the parish. "I've set him to carpentering, and he cut his finger nearly off with an axe; then he went to the smith, and burnt his hands till he was laid up for a month. It's all of no use; he spoils me more good leather in a week than his earnings pay for in a month. Why cannot he, like other Christians, use his hands as the good God meant him to? There! Look at him now, cutting that back strap for the squire with his left hand."

I heard him; the knife slipped, and the long strip of leather was divided in a moment and utterly spoiled.

"There now! look at that. A piece out of the very middle of the skin, and his finger gashed into the bargain."

The rector endeavored to soothe my father's anger, while I bandaged my finger.

"You'd better let him come up for that vase, Mr. Walters; I should like a case to fit it, for it's very fragile, as all that old Italian glass is; and line it with the softest leather, please."

And so I went with the rector to bring back the vase, taking two chamois leathers to bring it in.

We reached the house, and I waited in the passage while he went to fetch it. He came back with a large vase, tenderly wrapped in the leathers. Alas! At that moment there came from the room, against the door of which I was standing, the sound of a voice singing. A voice that thrilled me through, —a voice I hear now as I write these lines,—so clear, so sweet, so pure, it was as if an angel had revealed itself to me.

I trembled, and forgot the precious burden in my hands; it dropped to the ground and was shattered to pieces.

How shall I describe the rector's rage? I fear he said something for which he would have blushed in his calmer moments, and she came out.

She who had the angel-voice — his niece — came out, and I saw her. I forgot the disaster, and stood speechlessly gazing at her face.

"You awkward scoundrel! look at your work. Thirty pounds! Fifty pounds! An invaluable treasure gone irreparably in a moment. Why don't you speak? Why did you drop it?"

"Drop it," I said, waking up. "Drop what?" And then it flashed upon me again, and I stammered out, "She sang!"

"And if she did sing, was there any occasion to drop my beautiful vase, you doubly stupid blockhead? There, go out of the house, do, before you do any further mischief, and tell your father to horsewhip you for a stupid dolt."

I said nothing, did nothing, but only looked at her face, and went shambling away, a changed and altered being. There was a world where horse-collars and horse-shoes, tenons and mortises, right-hands or left, entered not. That world I had seen; I had breathed its air and heard its voices.

My father heard of my misfortune, and laid the strap across my shoulders without hesitation, for in my young days boys were boys till eighteen or nineteen years old. I bore it patiently, uncomplainingly.

"What is he fit for?" every one would ask, and no one could answer, not even myself.

I wandered about the rectory in the summer evenings and heard her sing; I tried hard to get the old gardener to let me help him carry the watering-pots, and when I succeeded, felt, as I entered the rector's garden, that I was entering a paradise. O happy months, when, after the horrible labors of the weary day, I used to follow the old gardener, and hear her sing. My old withered heart beats fuller and freer when the memory comes back to me now.

Alas! alas! my awkwardness again banished me.

She met me one evening in the garden, as I was coming along the path with my cans full of water, and spoke to me, and said, —

"You're the boy that broke the vase, aren't you?"

I did not, could not reply; my strength forsook me. I dropped my cans on the ground, where they upset and flooded away in a moment some seeds on which the rector set most especial store.

"How awkward, to be sure!" she exclaimed. "And how angry uncle will be."

I turned and fled, and from that time the rectory gate was closed against me.

I led a miserably unhappy life for the next three years; I had only one consolation during the whole of that weary time. I saw her at church and heard her sing there. I could hear nothing else when she sang, clear and distinct, above the confused, nasal sounds that came from the voices of others, — hers alone pure, sweet, and good. It was a blessed time. I would not miss a Sunday's service in church for all that might offer. Three good miles every Sunday there and back did I heavily plod to hear her, and feel well rewarded. I shared her joys and heaviness. I knew when she was happy, when oppressed; as a mother knows the tones of her child's voice, to the minutest shade of difference, so I could tell when her heart was light and when sad.

One Sunday she sang as I had never yet heard her, not loudly, but so tenderly, so lovingly; I knew the change had come, — she loved; it thrilled in her voice; and at the evening service he was there. I saw him. A soldier, I knew by his bearing, with cruel, hard, gray eyes; and she sang, I knew it. I detected a tremble and gratitude in the notes. I felt she was to suffer, as I had suffered; not that I sang. I had no voice. A harsh, guttural sound was all I could give utterance to. I could whistle like a bird, and often and often have I lain for hours in the shade of a tree and joined the concerts of the woods.

One day I was whistling, as was my wont, as I went through the street, when I was tapped on the shoulder by an old man, the cobbler of the next parish. I knew him from his coming to my father for leather occasionally.

"Sam, where did you learn that?"

"Learn what?"

"That tune."

"At church."

"You've a good ear, Sam."

"I've nothing else good, but I can whistle anything."

"Can you whistle me the Morning Hymn?"

I did so.

"Good; very good. Know anything of music, Sam?"

"Nothing."

"Like to?"

"I'd give all I have in the world to be able to play anything. My soul's full of music. I can't sing a note, but I could play anything if I were taught."

"So you shall, Sam, my boy. Come home with me. Carry these skins, and you shall begin at once."

I went home with him, and found that he was one of the players in the choir of his parish, his instrument being the violoncello. I took my first lesson, and from that time commenced a new life. Evening after evening, and sometimes during the day, I wandered over to his little shop, and while he sat, stitch, stitch, at the boots and shoes, I played over and over again all the music I could get from the church.

"You've a beautiful fingering, Sam, my boy, beautiful, and though it does look a little awkward to see you bowing away with your left, it makes no difference to you. You ought to be a fine player, Sam."

I was enthusiastic, but I was poor. I wanted an instrument of my own, but I had no money, and I earned none, — I could earn none. My parents thought, and perhaps rightly, that if they found me food and clothing, I was well provided for, and so for some twelve months I used the old cobbler's instrument, improving daily. It was strange that the limbs and fingers so rigid and stiff for every other impulse should, under the influence of sound, move with such precision, ease, and exactness.

"Sam, my boy," said the cobbler, one day, "you shall have an instrument, and your father shall buy it for you, or the whole parish shall cry shame upon him."

"But he don't know a word of this," I said.

"Never mind, Sam, my boy, he shall be glad to know of it"; and he told me his plans.

At certain times it was customary for the choirs of neighboring churches to help each other, and it was arranged that the choir of our parish should play and sing on the next Sunday morning at his parish church, and that he and his choir should come over to our parish for the evening service.

"And you, Sam," said he, "shall take my place in your own church; and, please God, you do as well there as you've done here, it will be the proudest day I shall know, Sam, my boy, and your father and mother will say so, too."

How I practised, morning, noon, and night, for the great day; how the old man darkly hinted at a prodigy that was to be forthcoming at the festival; and then the day itself, with its events, — all is as vivid before me as if it were but yesterday.

The evening came; and there, in the dimly-lit gallery, I sat waiting, with my master beside me.

"Sam, my boy," said my master, "it's a great risk; it's getting very full. There's the squire and my lady just come in. Keep your eyes on your book and feel what you're playing, and think you're in the little shop; I've brought a bit of leather to help you," and he put a piece of that black leather that has a peculiar acid scent in front of me. The scent of it revived me; the memory of the many hours I had spent there came back to me at once, and I felt as calm as if I were indeed there.

She came at last, and service began. O that night! Shall I ever forget its pleasures? — the wondering looks of the friends and neighbors who came and found in me, the despised, awkward, left-handed saddler's apprentice, the prodigy of which they had heard rumors. O it was glorious! The first few strokes of my bow gave me confidence, and I did well, and knew it, through the hymn, through the chants, and on to the anthem before the sermon. That was to be the gem of the evening; it was Handel's then new anthem, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

It began — harsh, inharmonious, out of tune — I know not why or how; but as it progressed, a spell seemed upon all but her and myself; one by one the instruments ceased and were silent; one by one the voices died away and were lost, and she and I alone, bound together and driven on by an irresistible impulse, went through the anthem; one soul, one spirit

seemed to animate both. The whole congregation listened breathless as to an angel; and she, self-absorbed, and like one in a trance, sang, filling me with a delicious sense of peace and exultation, the like of which I have never known since.

It came to an end at last, and with the last triumphant note I fell forward on the desk in a swoon.

When I recovered I found myself at home in my own room, with the rector, the doctor, and my parents there, and heard the doctor say, —

"I told you he would, my dear madam; I knew he would."

"Thank God!" murmured my mother. "My dear boy, how we have feared for you."

What a difference! I was courted and made much of. "Genius!" and "Very clever!" and "Delightful talent!" such were the expressions I now heard, instead of "stupid!" "awkward!" and "unfit for anything!"

My father bought a fine instrument; and I was the hero of the village for months.

It was some days after that Sunday that I ventured to ask about the rector's niece.

"My dear boy," said my mother; "the like was never heard. We saw you there and wondered what you were doing; but as soon as we saw you with the bow, we knew you must be the person there 'd been so much talk about; and then, when the anthem came, and we all left off singing and they all left off playing, and only you and Miss Cecilia kept on, we were all in tears. I saw even the rector crying; and, poor girl, she seemed as if in a dream, and so did you; it was dreadful for me to see you with your eyes fixed on her, watching her so eagerly. And then to look at her, staring up at the stained glass window as if she could see through it, miles and miles away into the sky. O, I'm sure, the like never was; and then, when you fell down, I screamed, and your father ran up and carried you down and brought you home in Farmer Slade's four-wheeler."

After this I had an invitation to go up to the rectory, and there in the long winter evenings we used to sit; and while I played, she sang. O those happy times! when she loved me, but only as a dear friend; and I loved her as I never had loved before or could love again. I do not know the kind of love I had for her. I was but a little older than she was, but I felt as a father might feel to his daughter: a sweet tenderness and love that made me pitiful towards her. I knew she loved a man unworthy of her, and I think, at times, she felt this herself, and knew I felt it.

I was perfectly free of the rector's house at last, and we used to find in our music a means of converse that our tongues could never have known. Ah me, — those days! Gone! Alas! they are gone.

She left us at last, and in a few years her motherless child came back in her place, and as again I sit in the old rectory parlor, years and years after my first visit, with her daughter beside me singing, — but, alas! not with her mother's voice, — all the old memories flood back upon me, and I feel a grateful, calm joy in the openly-shown respect and affection of the daughter of her whom I loved so silently, so tenderly, and so long.

I sit in the old seat in the church now and play: and, once in the year, the old anthem: but the voice is gone that filled the old church as with a glory that day. I feel, as the sounds swell out, and the strings vibrate under my withered fingers, I am but waiting to be near her under the old yew-tree outside, and it may be, nearer to her still in the longed-for future.

APHASIA.

Dickens relates of some lady in "Dombey and Son," if we remember rightly, that she used to recall the great Mohammedan formula in the very lucid form, "There 's no what 's his name but Thingumy, and what you may call him is his prophet," and that she was perfectly successful in conveying by this rather rough verbal machinery her meaning to her friends. Well, the tendency which more or less exists, we suppose, in most declining and over-fagged memories to make out their accounts *in blank*, as it were, and trust to the power of association in the minds of others to fill up the blanks correctly, is sometimes carried to an extent, and comes on with a suddenness, that have obliged physicians to give it a special name of its own; and it is now called by Dr. Gairdner, in a very able paper read before the Philosophical Society of Glasgow, *Aphasia*, and regarded as a disease which, though originating in the nerves, does not necessarily or usually involve the slightest difficulty in articulating, being usually accompanied by the most complete power over the organs of speech, though by an utter incapacity to choose words appropriate to the thought in the mind of the speaker.

In its most striking form, *aphasia* is a sudden and complete loss of recognition for words and their meaning, while in milder forms the patient can still describe by a periphrasis the object which he wishes to mention, but has to wander round it and indicate it by stray shots, as it were, instead of naming it outright. One case of this kind of a very remarkable nature once came under the present writer's notice. The patient in this case often indicated very graphically what he really meant, though he could not name it. He spoke, for instance, of the moon as "that public light", of Heaven, — in a metaphor taken from the habits of a lodger, — as "the front apartment"; of the Deity himself as that principal member; of acquaintances and friends, — in metaphors taken from the classificatory sciences, — as new or old "specimens." Sometimes he would miss his way further, and substitute an entirely wrong word, as "cigars" for "cards," but usually words which he unconsciously selected to express his meaning had a curiously close and even humorous relation to that meaning, though he was himself quite unaware that there was anything eccentric in his terminology.

Dr. Gairdner illustrates by many curious cases the same incapacity in all degrees, ranging from that of patients to whom every word in their own language had suddenly become as those of an unknown language, to that of patients who had simply great additional difficulty in selecting their language, and a disposition to distribute names incorrectly amongst the persons and objects to whom they belonged, — without, however, in any way confusing those persons and objects in themselves, though sorely puzzled as to their labels. The disease of *aphasia* indeed reminds us closely of Plato's humorous illustration of the nature of the false notions in the *Theætetus*, where he likens a man who gets hold of wrong conceptions about things to a man with a large dovecot containing different kinds of doves, wild and tame, and who, when he means to catch a wood-pigeon, may happen to set all the wood-pigeons flying away from him, and to lay his hand upon a cropper-pigeon in-

stead. The only difference is, that Plato means to illustrate the getting hold of a falsehood instead of a truth; while *aphasia* means rather the getting hold of a false *word*, or of no word at all, instead of the right word, — the object itself being clear to the mind all the while. Thus Dr. Gairdner tried to tell an aphasic patient that his brother John had been ill. The words "brother John" carried no meaning at all, but the slightest sign of objective indication of the person named carried at once the fullest meaning to his mind.

There are two very curious and characteristic facts connected with this *aphasia;* the one is, that the words which seem to come most rapidly and easily to the lips of an aphasic patient are words rather exclamatory and interjectional than words of proper meaning. Words of impatience, or of anger, for instance, seem to flow easily from lips which cannot express any connected sentence at all; and so also words of surprise and pleasure, — and this not because they are *recollected* words, but because they need no recollection, being properly signs of emotion, and nearer in their character to tears, smiles, and gestures than to words of coherent meaning. Dr. Gairdner quotes another medical authority on the subject of the power of *swearing* which these aphasic patients retain. Dr. Jackson explains it by saying that "swearing is, strictly speaking, nor a part of language. It belongs to the same general category as loudness of tone and violence of gesticulation." And the same may be said, of course, of all habitual forms of eager ejaculation, whether angry or pleased. These expressions are not consciously reproduced; they are thrown off unconsciously almost involuntarily, like frowns and smiles.

On the other hand, the words which vanish first, and most successfully evade recapture are proper names, which are the most arbitrary, the least likely to "rise to the lips," the most like voluntarily affixed labels, of all sorts of words. The contrast is seen clearly enough by comparing the intellectual approaches to the boyish exclamation (say) "Gemini gosh!" or "Criky!" with those to the same expressions if used as a proper name or as a slang adjective. In the former case there is as little consideration or thought interposed between the surprise which elicits the exclamation and the exclamation, as there is in a dog's mind between a noise at the gate and its own bark. In the latter case — cases of proper names — you must get at the name through the idea of the persons to whom it belongs. Any man who notices his own thoughts about his friends will observe that he seldom *thinks* of them by name, unless he also wishes to speak to them or of them. That is a distinct and superadded mental act, which obliges him to go on further than the idea and name the name if he can. This is especially true of proper names, and to some extent true even of common names. You often think of a horse, or a wood, or a mountain, if you have no occasion to express your thoughts, in a sort of vague picture, and without names occurring to the mind at all.

But still more do you think of individual friends without their proper names, which really add nothing, though common names often do, to the contents of your thoughts; and hence, we take it, the additional effort which it so often requires to run down, as it were, a proper name, beyond what it takes to catch even the exact common name of which you may be in search. We take it that the special characteristic of *aphasia* is the exaggeration of that same species of nervousness which so often causes men to blunder, especially where they are specially anxious to recollect. Every one knows that if you have lost a line of poetry, and can come at it with a run, without fixing your attention on the *thought* and the context, you have infinitely more chance of recovering it than if you fix your mind on it from a distance and advance with conscious deliberation, getting more helpless as you approach the dangerous place.

It is almost like the physical difficulty of a leap which one cannot take standing, but which one can make it almost impossible for one's self *not* to take by coming with great velocity to the spot. Even then, if one *thinks* too much of the chance of failure, one will start aside at the very last moment, — not owing to the deficiency of physical power, but to the paralyzing effects of too much consciousness. That is, we take it, a small case of what the physicians call *aphasia* in regard to speech. They tell us that aphasic patients when recovering can *begin* all sorts of sentences, but pull short up as they approach either the predicate, or any word which requires, as it were, a little side excursion of conscious effort in search of it.

In short, they fail at the parts of the sentence where there is most need for attention and volition, — not because they lose the ideas, since they have the idea even vividly before them, but because they have lost confidence in their own power to pronounce the talisman which will recall it to other minds, — just as the man in "The Forty Thieves" could not recall "Open sesame" precisely because it was the word on which his fate and fortune entirely depended. The predicates — and in a degree the proper names — are in a certain sense the moral *crises* of the sentence, the points on which communication with the outer world depends. One of the patients, for instance, *began* sentences habitually, and got as far as "I don't believe," "I don't care," and in one case "Mr. Thingumbob," but when he got to the critical point of *what* he did n't believe, or did n't care, or what Mr. Thingumbob did, or what his exact name was, he broke down; and yet the evidence was explicit that he knew what he meant to say, as he could eke out his imperfect sentences very completely by signs.

The point where nervousness centres is precisely the point at which a junction with the outer world is going to be effected by language. In the case of the patient we have before spoken of, — it was very remarkable that he constantly referred to "his communications being cut off" in a most pathetic manner, — and this much more from his inability to understand the meaning of the word used by another, than from his inability to select the right word himself. His mind was like a telegraphic apparatus to which he had half lost the key. Sometimes, if he were not *trying* to attend, he would take the meaning of a word used in his presence completely. At others, if he were, he would miss the meaning of the commonest word, as if it were a telegraphic symbol to which the key was lost. And yet his objective thoughts, so far as they were clear at all, were usually accurate enough, though the machinery for expressing them was so much out of order. Dr. Gairdner mentions the case of an eminent professor of medicine, M. Lordat, who had an attack of this kind and completely recovered from it, and who subsequently gave his own account of the attack, from which it would not appear that he lost any power of thought at all: —

"It appears that M. Lorrat in the aphasic state was able to think, to arrange the materials of a lecture, and to change the distribution of them; while neither by speech nor by writing was it possible for him to communicate an idea, and this although there was no paralysis. He selected, he writes, in the Christian theology 'three words to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,' and it was impossible for me to recall one single word of it. The thought remained intact, but the power of expression was gone. At the same time he convinced himself that he could combine these ideas, and distinguish them quite well from each other, without having a single word to express them, and without in the least degree thinking on the expression of them. I experienced, he adds, 'no embarrassment in the exercise of thought. Accustomed as I was for so many years to perform the work of a teacher, I congratulated myself on being able to arrange in my head the principal propositions of a lecture, and on finding no difficulty in changing the order of ideas as I pleased.'"

Almost every one must have experienced something like the kind of paralysis of expressive power which is the peculiarity of attacks of *aphasia*, in the mere effort to fix the mind very closely on any root-word, and ask why it should have got the meaning which it has. Gradually, and the more one thinks of the word, the more silly and unmeaning it appears, and at last one really doubts whether there is such a word at all, or, if there is, what it means. This state of mind is particularly easy to reproduce in the case of a primitive word which does not lead you on to any etymological association to others from which it is derived. The mere variety of thought caused by derivation relaxes the strain on the attention, and gives a sort of regular place in society to the word, which is absent if the word happens to be or to seem to you at the moment an isolated primitive word. Take the word "glad," for instance (which is, we believe, Anglo-Saxon). Put it at the focus of the lens of thought for a few seconds, and it will turn opaque, and begin to lose its meaning, and sound a foolish sort of word, not calculated to express meaning at all, — soon scarcely a word at all, — an illusion, an impostor, a sound which tries to make us believe that it will mean something to other people, but which will betray us and stultify us if we trust to it.

We take it that *aphasia* is a sort of nervous paralysis attending the act of *communicating* thought, to which people are specially liable who think much without words in dumb articulate images to themselves, and who get nervous from the demand on their attention in the act of conscious telegraphing to others. Of course, like all other sorts of paralysis, physical causes probably lead to it. But the reason paralysis touches one man in the form of *aphasia* and another in the form of a shaking hand or drawn mouth, may very likely be that the first has always had to put more strain on those nerves which are put in action when he interprets himself, *translates* himself to another, while the last has had to put more strain upon the nerves which govern his physical movement. We have no we write that a popular French poet, M. Charles Baudelaire, is suffering from an attack of aphasia, and that he has always been considered one of those poets who are rather *in* [illegible]. We should fully expect that poets of that class whose words are chosen deliberately rather than instinctively, and the general strain on whose nervous power in selecting language must be very great, would be marked out as the most likely patients for such a disease.

A VERY HARD CASE.

On the 21st of November, 18—, I quitted Liverpool for Boston in the Royal Mail Steamship "Caledonia." As I stood on the wharf ready to embark, I saw a man whose face was not unknown to me moving to and fro with an uneasy air, asking to speak to the captain of the ship.

The history of this person, who was the possessor of a great fortune, and was very well known in Paris, is worth telling. It is both sinister and amusing.

"Captain! captain! where is the captain?" exclaimed M. X——.

The captain made his appearance.

"My trunks, Mr. Captain! where are my trunks?"

The captain replied in English, "I don't understand you."

M. X—— said, "Hang such a language! Why don't the English speak French? It would be far more convenient all round. Good heavens! if I only knew where my trunks were."

Seeing M. X——'s embarrassment, I offered to be his interpreter, although Lord Byron's language was not very familiar to me at that time.

M. X—— took me affectionately by the hand, saying, "What a service you do me, sir! I have eighteen trunks and —"

"You have eighteen trunks!" I exclaimed, with great astonishment.

"Yes, and they are not one too many when a man is going to the new world. Unfortunately, here I am about to sail and I cannot find my trunks high or low, — although eighteen trunks are anything but like a needle in a haystack."

I made inquiries, and M. X——'s eighteen trunks were found and put on board the steamship. An hour afterwards we were at sea. The sea was smooth, but the wind was freshening, and threatened foul weather for the next day.

M. X—— said to me, in a disdainful tone, "I am disappointed in the ocean. It is wide, I grant you, and deep, but it is perfectly flat."

"It is not always flat; and perhaps you may regret to-morrow that it is so high."

"My opinion is, sir, the ocean has been overlauded to humiliate the rivers; which is all the greater injustice; for I should like to know what would become of the ocean if it were not for the rivers. I assure you, I have no private reasons for lauding rivers to the ocean's detriment; but I do love justice, and I must say the ocean is very flat."

The wind freshened more and more. Presently the steamship labored as she ploughed her way through the waves, which at first were slight enough, but now began to swell and break with fury on the steamship's bow.

M. X—— began to look pale. I, too, began to feel the first effects of the vessel's pitching.

He said to me, "I don't know what is the matter with me to-day; but I don't feel well."

"Nor do I."

"And yet I ate a very hearty breakfast."

"So did I."

"But I don't think I shall dine with so good an appetite."

"Neither shall I."

"The trouble seems to be with the stomach."

"Ay."

"It is very odd."

"Odd. It is perfectly natural."

"It strikes me the sea is not as flat as 't was."

"Are you less disappointed in it?"

"Yes, but more disappointed with myself. Why, how the steamship rolls! It is agreeable, and yet confoundedly disagreeable. Ah, *mon Dieu!* I begin to believe I am poisoned."

"O no; you are sea-sick as well as I."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it."

"Well, after all, I am glad I sailed."

A person at this moment called me by my name. M. X—— shook me affectionately by the hand, and asked what I was going to America for.

I replied, "To see the country, and give concerts."

"I lay you cannot guess the object of my voyage. I am going to New Orleans. I am in love."

"In love! That is something serious."

"Yes, I am in love with a woman I met at a ball given at the Hôtel de Ville. I never saw anything like her, — beautiful, tall, fascinating eyes, and something superb in all her motions, which fires the senses while at the same time it inspires respect. In fine, she is a marvel."

"Of course this marvel is an unmarried lady."

"No, she is married, and lives with her husband in New Orleans."

"But then — if she is married?"

"O, that 's no matter."

"What! that no obstacle?"

"I reckon upon transferring her husband to a lunatic asylum as a madman. As soon as his insanity is proved by decree of court, his wife will sue out a divorce. Then I shall marry her. To be prepared for this happy event I have filled a portion of my trunks with presents for my future wife."

"Really that is an excellent idea, and it proves you possess a most fruitful imagination."

"Love makes men ingenious. And I do so adore her, she is so beautiful! Come down into my cabin and let me read you some of the letters she has written me. You will see how elegant and impassioned is her style. 'T is Heloise born a Creole, that is, indolence allied with the most exalted sentiments."

"You are a very happy man."

"Indeed I am a very, very happy man."

I wished to remain on deck, having great need of breathing fresh air; but M. X—— insisted so much and so earnestly I was obliged to yield. When M. X—— saw there were several beds in his cabin he became furious.

He said: "This is horrible. I have been swindled. What! I have paid four hundred and eighty dollars, and I shall not be alone in my cabin! And pray who is going to sleep with me?"

The butler replied, "An Englishman, sir!"

"An Englishman! And why do you stick an Englishman with me? Is it because I cannot speak English? No, I have never slept with an Englishman, and I never will sleep with an Englishman."

The Captain was summoned. When M. X—— was convinced he could not have a cabin entirely to himself, he begged me to take the Englishman's place. The latter consented to this change of cabins. I became M. X——'s shipmate. He made me read two or three letters of his beautiful Creole every day. He had at least forty of them.

I had been some months in America, when, after landing in New Orleans, I met M. X——. He said to me: "Well, it was perfectly successful!"

"It? What?"

"Why, my scheme. I had the husband sent to an insane asylum; the divorce was decreed, and I married his wife."

M. X—— spoke with perfect seriousness. I was full of horror to think of so monstrous an act. I said to him: "You have resorted to abominable means to satisfy your love. Have you no remorse?"

"No, I have no remorse, but I have some regret at having succeeded so well. If it was not much more difficult to get a sane man out of a mad-house than to send him there, to declare a divorce null than to dissolve a marriage, and if it was not impossible to persuade an unmarried husband to remarry his old wife, long, long ago the poor husband would have resumed his original position and I mine."

"Has not your marriage proved a happy one?"

"Alas! I have discovered too late that happiness is not to be found in this world, either in the new or old world."

The fascinating Creole who had, with so much alacrity, taken measures to get her first husband adjudged a lunatic, made her second husband so unhappy by her incessant whims and caprices that M. X—— became really crazy. He was carried to an insane asylum upon good ground of reason, and he soon died there in a state of complete prostration."

As for the first husband, the pseudo-lunatic, he laughed heartily when he heard the tragic end of his successor to the favors of his ex-tender half. He obtained his liberty, and confessed he had cheerfully feigned lunacy, because he was afraid he would really become so if he did not get rid of his wife.

The greater lunatic of the two was not he who passed for the madman.

THE VOLANTE.

Are there any of us so high and mighty and wise and proud and philosophical as not to long for something? Until I read a novel called Barchester Towers, I never ventured to imagine that a being so ineffable as an English bishop could long for anything. Under the shovel-hat and silken apron, I thought, must dwell supreme indifference to the toys and gewgaws for which a grosser laity struggle and intrigue. Yet, what a delicate touch of the lancet between the under muscles of the human mind is that with which Mr. Trollope shows us poor little henpecked Dr. Proudie, in his grand palace at Barchester, longing, not for the see of Canterbury, not to be a second Wolsey or a new Ximenes, but merely to be able to write his sermons and sip his negus in a warm, cosey, large room above stairs, from which he has been banished by his imperious bishopess. Yes; a bishop may long. A bishop! Who shall say that his Holiness the Pope has not coveted, within these latter years, the lot of one of his own flunkeys? It was in the disguise of a postilion that the poor old gentleman fled out of Rome in 1849. Quite feasible is it to surmise that his memory has oft reverted to the day when he cracked his whip, and rose up and down in his saddle, mechanical, on the dusty road to Gata, and that, looking wearily on all his tiaras, and copes, and stoles, and peacocks' feathers, he has sighed, and thought that happiness might be found in an obscure post, good wages, a jacket with sugar-loaf buttons, and tight buckskin small-clothes.

We generally long for the thing which we are least likely ever to possess. The ugly woman longs for beauty. The drunkard, in his waking moments, longs for the firm tread, clear eye, and assured speech of the temperate; and I have often conjectured that thieves are beset sometimes with a dreadful longing to become honest men. I was born to

go afoot. When Fate condemned me to the footpath, she also presented me with a pair of bad legs; for Fate seldom does things by halves. The consequence is, that I have always been longing to ride in a carriage of my own. Of my own, mind. Let that you have be yours and nobody else's. I have longed for my own carriage this many a year, and have gazed so enviously intent on some of my acquaintance riding high horses or careering along in the chariots of the proud, that my toes have been menaced by their chargers' hoofs, and my last carriage has promised to be a stretcher to convey me to the hospital after being run over. My longings vehicular have been catholic, and perhaps a little capricious. In childhood I longed for the lord-mayor's coach, so grand, so golden, so roomy. What happiness was his who, with a fur porringer on his head, and a sword held bâton-wise, looked from that coach-window like Punch from a glorified show! There was a story related to my detriment during nonage, that I once expressed a longing for a mourning coach.

I will own that the cumbrous sable wagon, so repulsive to most persons, exercises over me to this day a strange fascination, and that I have some difficulty in refraining from stealing down the stable-yards of funeral postmasters, and peeping into the stuffy cloth caverns, seeking for strange sights in the shining black panels, as the superstitious seek for apparitions in the drop of ink of the Egyptian magician, and wondering at the uncouth leather springs and braces, and watching the harnessing of the long-tailed, round-barrelled Flemish steeds, with their obsolete surcingles and chest-bands. The which leads me, with a blush, to admit that there may be some truth in the report that in youth "my sister Emmeline and I"—her name was not Emmeline—were in the habit of performing funerals in the nursery, and playing at Mr. Shillibeer.

But these, and the glorious mail-coach, with the four thoroughbreds, and the guard and coachman in blazing scarlet and gold, and the bran-new harness and reins, which used to burst on our sight on the evening of the king's birthday long bygone,—these were but childish longings, airy desires akin to that which children show for the loyal arms on a shop-front, or the moon in a pail of water. Not until manhood did I feel that full, fierce longing, the longing which is mingled with discontent, and is own brother to envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. I have given the Drive in Hyde Park a wide berth, and have gone out of my way to avoid Long-acre. The sight of other people's carriages makes me sick. I never owned so much as a one-horse chaise. I have not even a perambulator.

My longing has varied with the countries in which it has been my lot to long. I have longed for a droschky with a bearded Isvostchik in a braided caftan, and a [illegible] from the Ukraine in the shafts. There is a droschky, I think, among the specimens of wheel carriages in the Russian Palace, but I never longed for an [illegible] I desiderated the [illegible] white [illegible] was on Russian soil. When I [illegible] began to long for something [illegible] possess a droschky [illegible] is nothing but [illegible] sit astride, with [illegible] the wheels [illegible] Moscow [illegible] learn that droschkies are [illegible] that the Petersburg railway stations are [illegible] by omnibuses and hack [illegible] at

Irish outside car, although I have seen some pretty private ones; and crinoline may be displayed in its widest sense, and to its greatest advantage on a "kyar," say between two and five in the afternoon, in Grafton Street, Dublin. My soul has often thirsted for a private Hansom. What luxury in the knowledge that those high wheels, that stiff and shiny apron, all belong to you! I think I would have a looking-glass in the splash-board, in lieu of Mr. Mappin's proclamation of the goodness of his knives, and I am sure I should be always pushing open that trap in the roof and bidding the cabman drive faster.

And I have longed for a mail-phaeton,—not so much for the sake of the two proud steppers and the trim lamp with their silvered reflectors, as for the sake of the two grooms who, in black tunics, cockaded hats, white neckcloths, and pickle-jar boots, sit in the dickey with their arms folded, like statues of Discipline and Obedience. I knew a gentleman in the city of Mexico, and he owned such a mail-phaeton with two such statuesque grooms as I have described. Little did he reck, good, hospitable man, that the guest he was wont to drive out on the Paseo de la Vega envied him, with a great green and spotted jealousy, his mail-phaeton and his trim grooms. He had encountered the most appalling difficulties before he could find two human beings who, even after long drilling and for liberal wages, could be induced to sit in the dickey—or is it the rumble?—and fold their arms without moving. The Mexicans are a very busy people: but neither the Spaniards, nor the half-castes, nor the Indians, understand sitting behind a horse. They prefer sitting across him. My friend sent to the United States for grooms. They returned him word that there were no grooms in the Union who would fold their arms. A business took him to New York, and he had another mail-phaeton built for the Central Park: but the grooms were still lacking. He tried Irishmen and he tried negroes. Tempted by abundant dollars, they would consent to wear the cockaded hats and the pickle-jar boots, but they could not be brought to fold their arms. To attempt to subject a native American citizen to this indignity was, of course, out of the question. When I remark that I have seen a citizen clad in a red shirt and a white hat driving a hearse at a public funeral, you will recognize the impossibility of any statuesque arrangements in connection with mail-phaetons in the States.

For any native Yankee carriage I never longed. I held the Noah's-ark cars on the street railways in horror, and considered the Broadway stages abominations. As for a "trotting wagon"—by which is meant a hard seat on an iron framework between two immense wheels, to which a railway locomotive at high pressure, but disguised as a horse, has been harnessed—I never could appreciate the pleasure of being whirled along at the rate of about eighteen miles an hour, with the gravel [illegible] by the wheels flying about [illegible] [illegible]

speed on their bill-collecting missions, and the spring cart of a fashionable London baker.

Add to this a grinning negro coachman, with a large silver or black velvet band to a very tall hat, and the turnout, you may imagine, is spruce and sparkling. But I never longed for a Rockaway. The American saddle-horses are the prettiest creatures imaginable out of a circus, and are as prettily harnessed. They are almost covered, in summer, with a gracefully fantastic netting, which keeps the flies from them.

Much less have I yearned for one of the Hungarian equipages, about which such a fuss is made in the Prater at Vienna. An open double or triple bodied rattle-trap, generally of a gaudy yellow, with two or four ragged, spiteful, profligate little ponies, and the driver in a hybrid hussar costume, a feather in his cap, sky-blue tunic and pantaloons, much braiding, and Hessian boots with very long tassels. This is the crack Hungarian equipage, the Magyar name of which I do not know, nor knowing could pronounce. The Viennese hold this turnout to be, in the language of the mews, very "down the road"; but it fails to excite my longing. Hungarian ponies look wild and picturesque enough in Mr. Zeitter's pictures; but a gypsy's cart without the tilt is not precisely the thing for Hyde Park; and the "proud Hungarian" on the box-seat reminds me too forcibly of the "Everythingarian," who in cosmopolitan sawdust continues the traditions of equitation handed down by the late Andrew Ducrow.

When, only last March, I was looking from a balcony overhanging the Puerta del Sol, in Madrid, and used to hear, at about three in the afternoon, the clangor of trumpets from the guard-house of the Cassa de la Gobernacion opposite, as the carriages of the royal family, with their glittering escort, drove by to the Prado or the Retero, I would question myself as to whether I felt any longing for the absolute possession of one of those stately equipages. I don't think I did. They were too showy and garish for my humble ambition. If a slight feeling of longing came over me, it was for the coach which conveyed the junior branches of the royal family. Imagine, if you please, a spacious conveyance all ablaze with heraldic achievements, and crammed to the roof with little infantes and infantas; Mr. Bumble on the coach-box, and the beadles of St. Clement's Danes, the ward of Portsoken, and the Fishmongers' Company, hung on behind, abreast, — for long laced coats and huge laced cocked-hats are the only wear of flunkeydom in Spain. Harnessed to this astounding caravan were six very sleek, very fat, and very supercilious-looking mules. To the beadles before and the beadles behind must be added the beadle of the Burlington Arcade, on the off leader, as postilion. Yea, more. The beadle of the Royal Exchange trotted on an Andalusian jennet as outrider. A squadron of lancers followed, to take care that the infantes and infantas were not naughty, or that the naughtier Progresistas did n't run away with them. On the whole, I don't think I longed much for this sumptuous equipage. There is another coach, in the royal stables at Madrid, much more in my line, — a queer, cumbrous, gloomy litter, with a boot as big as a midshipman's chest. It is a very old coach, — the oldest, perhaps, extant, and nearly the first coach ever built, being the one in which Crazy Jane, Queen of Castile and Aragon, used to carry about the coffined body of her husband, Charles of Anjou.

There is yet another coach in my line — the Shillibeer line, I mean — which may be hired for a franc an hour at a certain city on the Adriatic Sea, opposite Trieste. There are about four thousand of those coaches in the city, — a very peculiar city, for the sea is in its broad and its narrow streets, and the seaweed clings to the door-steps of its palaces. How I have longed to have one of those coaches for my own private riding; say in the Surrey Canal or on the Serpentine! The Americans have got one in the lake in their Central Park; but the toy once placed there has been forgotten, and it is dropping to pieces. It is the only coach of which use is practicable in Venice. It is black, and shiny, and hearse-like, and its roof bristles with funereal tufts, and the carving about its doors and panels is strictly of the undertaker's order of decoration. It is called a gondola.

But where would be the use of a gondola in London? The Surrey Canal is not in a fashionable district, and the Serpentine has no outlet. The chief purpose of your own carriage, I presume, is to drive about to the residences of your friends and acquaintances, and strike despair into their souls by flashing your liveries and appointments in their eyes.

You could scarcely put your gondoliers into buckskins and pickle-jar boots, although, upon my word, I remarked, lately, at Venice, that the Count of Chambord, otherwise the Duke of Bordeaux, otherwise Henry the Fifth, King of France and Navarre, — who lives, when he is not at Frocksdorff, at one of the most beautiful palaces on the Grand Canal, and keeps half a dozen gondolas for his private recreation, — has been absurd enough to dress up his boatmen in tail-coats, gold-laced hats, plush breeches, and gaiters. Truly, the Bourbons have learnt nothing, and forgotten nothing. Incongruity of incongruities! Imagine Jeames de la Pluche on the Grand Canal.

As one could not drive down to Ascot in a gondola, or take it to the Crystal Palace on a half-crown day, or keep it waiting for an hour and a half at the door of one's club; and as the linkman at the Royal Italian Opera would be slightly astonished at having to proclaim that Mr. Anonymous's gondola had stopped the way, I must abandon all hopes of possessing a marine Shillibeer until I can afford to take a palace at Venice.

But, if my longings are not to be satisfied in Europe, there is in the Spanish West Indies a carriage to be longed for: ay, and the longing may be gratified at a very moderate expenditure. In the city of Havana, and in Havana alone, is to be found this turnout. It is but a "one-hoss shay"; but it is a chaise fit for princes and potentates to ride in. It is the queerest trap into which mortal ever mounted. It is unique, and all but inimitable. Those who have visited Cuba will understand that I allude to the famous conveyance called The Volante.

The rooms looking on the street in Havana are necessarily provided with windows, but these casements are garnished with heavy ranges of iron bars, behind which you sit and smoke, or eat, or drink, or yawn, or twist your fan, or transfix the male passers-by with dreamy, yet deadly, glances, precisely as your habits, or your sex, or the time of the day may prompt you. Skinny hands are often thrust between these bars; and voices cry to you in Creole Spanish to bestow alms for the sake of the Virgin and the saints. Sometimes rude boys make faces at you through the grating, or rattle a bamboo cane in discordant gamut over the bars, till you grow irritable, and begin to fancy that Havana is a zoölogical

garden, in which the insiders and outsiders have changed places; that you have been shut up in the monkey-house; and that the baboons are grimacing at you from the open. I was sitting at the grated window of El Globo's restaurant after breakfast, dallying with some preserved cocoa-nut, a most succulent "goody," and which is not unlike one of the spun-glass wigs they used to exhibit at the Soho Bazaar dipped in glutinous syrup, when, across the field of vision bounded by the window-pane, there passed a negro, mounted on horseback.

The animal was caparisoned in blinkers, and a collar, and many straps and bands, thickly bedight with silver ornaments, which I thought odd in the clothing of a saddle-horse. But it might be *un costumbre del país*, I reflected; just such another custom as that of plaiting up the horse's tail very tightly, adorning it with ribbons, and tying the end to the saddle-bow. An absurd custom, and a cruel custom: for in the tropics the horse's tail was obviously given him for the purpose of whisking away the flies, which sorely torment him. The black man bestriding this tail-tied horse grinned at me as he rode by, touched his hat, and made a gesture as though of inquiry. That also, I conjectured to be a Cuban custom. Those big, placable, unreasoning babies, called negroes, are always grinning and bowing, and endeavoring to conciliate the white man, whom they respect and fear, and love too, after a fashion. This was a stately black man, — a fellow of many inches, muscular, black as jet, and shiny. He wore a straw hat with a bright ribbon, a jacket of many colors, scarlet vest, white small-clothes, very high jack-boots — so at least they seemed to me — with long silver spurs, and large gold rings in his ears. He carried a short stocked whip, with a very long lash many knots, and he rode in a high demi-peaked saddle, with Moorish stirrups, profusely decorated, like the harness, with silver. I could not quite make him out. The Postilion of Longjumeau, a picador from the bull-ring Gambia in the "Slave" on horseback struggled for mastery in his guise. He moved slowly across the window, and I saw him no more. I forgot all about this splendid spectre on horseback, and returned to my dalliance with the preserved cocoa-nut.

Time passed. It might have been an hour, it might have been a minute, it might have been a couple of seconds, — for the march of Time is only appreciable in degree, and is dependent on circumstances, — when, looking up from the cocoa-nut, I saw the plane of vision again darkened. Slowly, like the stag in a shooting-gallery, there came bobbing along, a very small gig-body, hung on very large C springs, and surmounted by an enormous hood. Stretched between the apron and the top of this hood, at an angle of forty-five degrees, was a kind of awning or tent of some sable fabric. Peeping between the hood and the awning, I saw a double pair of white-trousered legs, while at a considerable altitude above, two spirals of smoke were projected into the air. "Surely," I exclaimed, "they can never be so cruel as to make their negro slaves draw carriages." I rose from the table, and, standing close to the bars, gained a view of the street pavement. But no toil-worn negro was visible, and, stranger to relate, no horse, only the gig-body and a pair of wheels big enough to turn a paper-mill, and a pair of long timber shafts, and a great gulf between. Mystery! Was that an automaton, or Hancock's steam-coach come to life again? Had my field of view been less confined, I might have discovered that there was, indeed, a horse between the shafts, but that he was a very long way off. He was the identical horse, in fact, ridden by the black postilion who had grinned at me. I had seen a volante.

I became intimately acquainted with the volante ere I left Havana, and I learned to long for it. I have yet faint hopes of acclimatizing it in Hyde Park. Some slight difficulty may be experienced in climbing into it, for the C springs are hung very high, and are apt to wag about somewhat wildly when the ponderosity of one or two human bodies is pressed upon them. I would recommend a few weeks' practice in climbing into a hammock ere the volante is attempted; but the ascent is, after all, much more facile than that to the knife-board of a London omnibus. Once in the curricle, you are at your ease and happy. You are rocked as in a cradle, and may slumber as peacefully as a baby; or, if you choose to keep awake, you may catch glimpses, between the canopy of the hood which screens the nape of your neck and the crown of your head, and the black linen awning which shelters your face and eyes from the blinding rays of the sun, of strips of life and movement, — foot-passengers, or riders in other volantes. To keep a gig was declared on a certain well-known occasion to be an undeniable proof of respectability. But to ride in a gig drawn by a horse with a plaited tail and silver harness, and conducted by a postilion in a many-colored jerkin and jack-boots, I consider to be the acme of glory.

It behooves me to offer two brief explanations with regard to the black postilion's attire. When you come narrowly to inspect him, you discover that he is not entirely a man of truth. There is a spice of imposture about him. Those breeches and those boots are not wholly genuine. The first, you discover, are mere linen drawers, instead of leathers; indeed, to wear buckskins in the tropics would be a torture, the hint of whose possibility would have filled the hearts of the managing directors of the late Spanish Inquisition (unlimited) with gratitude. I could readily forgive the negro for his trifling fraud as regards the leathers, the exigencies of climate covering a multitude of sins; but what shall we say of a postilion who pretends to wear good boots which turn out to be nothing but stiff leather gaiters or spatterdashes? These hypocritical boots are truncated close to the ankle, even as was that boot, converted by Corporal Trim into a mortar for the siege of Dindermond. At the ankle these boots do not even diverge into decent bluchers or homely shoes. The bare feet of the black man are visible; and on his bare heels and insteps are strapped the silver spurs with their monstrous rowels. Now a jack-boot, I take it, is not a thing to be trifled with. It is either a boot or no boot. This volante appendage is a hybrid, and consequently abominable. The black postilion may urge, it is true, several pleas in abatement. First, nature has provided him with feet quite as black, as shiny, and as tough as the extremities of any jack-boots that could be turned out by Mr. Hoby, Mr. Runciman, or any other purveyor of boots to her Majesty's Household Cavalry Brigade.

Next, the Moorish stirrups into which he thrusts his feet are not mere open arches of steel, but capacious foot-cases, — overshoes hung by straps to the saddle. Finally, negroes are said to suffer more than white people from the insidious attacks of a very noxious insect common in Havana, — a vile lit-

tle wretch who marries early, and digs a hole in the ball of your toe, in which he and his wife reside. Mrs. Insect lays I know not how many thousand eggs in the hole under your skin, and inflammation, ulceration, and all the other ations — even sometimes to mortification, the last ation of all — ensue. Pending the advent of a nice fleshy great toe, in which they can construct a habitation, the young couple dwell, after the manner of the little foxes, in any holes and corners that offer; and the toe of a jack-boot would present a very comfortable lodging until they moved. So the negro postilion sensibly cuts off the foot of his boot, and his enemy cannot lie perdu awaiting him in a leathern cavern.

For this queer vehicle, the volante, I conceived a violent longing; and one of these days I mean to have a volante neatly packed in haybands and brought to Southampton per West India mail-steamer. A black postilion I might obtain through the friendly offices of the Freedman's Aid Society, and for money you can have silver-adorned harness made to any pattern in Long-acre. I am not quite certain whether the metropolitan police would thoroughly appreciate the inordinate length of the volante-shafts, although in the case of a block in Cheapside the space intervening between the horse and the gig body would give impatient foot-passengers an opportunity to duck under and cross the street comfortably; and I don't know whether I should get into trouble with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, if I plaited my horse's tail up tight, and tied it to the saddle-bow, when summer heats were rife and flies were plentiful.

The volante! It is such a pretty name, too, and, Shakespeare's doubt notwithstanding, there is much in a name. Southey and Coleridge and Wordsworth were bent on establishing their Pantisocracy on the banks of the Susquehanna, — not because they knew anything of the locality, but because Susquehanna was such a pretty name. It is a very ugly river; and, curiously enough, it is the home of a bird possessing at once the most delicious flavor and the most grotesque name imaginable, — the canvas-back duck.

The Cubans have a genuine passion for the volante. Volantes are the common hack cabs of Havana; and then the horse is often but a sorry jade, and the negro postilion a ragged, profligate "cuss," the state of whose apparel would have shocked Miss Tabitha Bramble, had she travelled so far as the Antilles. But the private volantes as far exceed the public volantes in number as they do in splendor. Everybody who can afford it keeps a volante, and many who cannot afford it keep a volante. It is the one luxury, the one expense, which, next to a cigar and a bull-fight, is dearest to the Spanish Creole heart, and which, by fair means or foul, must be procured.

I believe that the middle-class Cubans would sooner live on beans and cold water, dress in rags, and lie on straw like Margery Daw, than go without a volante. Fortunately, Providence has been very good to them. Their beautiful island runs over with fertility. All the world are eager to buy what they have to sell, and what almost exclusively they produce, — sugar and tobacco. So they make huge piles of dollars and gold ounces, and are enabled not only to keep volantes in profusion, but to give capital dinners, and treat strangers with a generous hospitality very rarely shown in starched and stuck-up Europe.

We have all heard of the fondness which the Bedouin Arabs show for their horses. We know that the Prophet Mahomet has written whole chapters of the Koran on the breeding and rearing of colts. We know that the young Arab foal is brought up in the tent with the little girls and boys, and that when he grows up to be a horse he is petted and caressed. The children hang about his neck and call him endearing names; the Arab mother strokes his nose, and pats his cheek, fetches him sweet herbs, makes his bed, feeds him with bread and dates, and strips of meat cured in the sun. Well; the affection which the Arabs manifest for their horses the Cubans manifest for their volantes. They can scarcely endure that the beloved object should be out of their sight. Make an evening call, — all fashionable calls in Cuba are made in the evening, — and in a dim corner of the reception parlor you will probably see a great pyramid covered up with brown holland. It is not a harp, it is not a grand pianoforte: it is a volante. I must hint that Cuban reception-rooms are immensely large and lofty, and are always on the ground floor; otherwise I might be supposed to be availing myself too extensively of the traveller's privilege, in relating that the drawing-room of a Cuban lady is not unfrequently a coach-house as well.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Mrs. Braddon is mentioned by the English papers in connection with the editorship of "The Belgravia," a new illustrated magazine, the first number of which is to be published in November.

The Viennese are making themselves very witty about pending political events. A linendraper is advertising "Bismarck shirts," which he declares to be unrivalled for toughness. The *Zeitgeist* accounts for the sudden cold in May by the approach of the Russians.

A new operetta in two acts by Gounod has been produced at the Opéra Comique of Paris. The libretto is founded, with certain modifications, on Boccaccio's story of the poor lover, whose mistress, coming to demand his favorite bird as a gift, learns that he has been obliged to sacrifice it in order that she might dine: "l'oiseau n'est plus, vous en avez diné." In the tale the bird is a falcon, but in the operetta it is a dove, which gives its name to the piece.

Professor Abel recently delivered before the Royal Institution of London a lecture on the "History of Proposed Substitutes for Gunpowder." Notwithstanding the many substitutes hitherto proposed, gunpowder still maintains its position as the best of explosive compounds for the various uses to which it is applied. Its component parts remain the same as when originally invented, for nothing has been found to answer the purpose better than a mixture of charcoal, saltpetre, and sulphur. Improvements have, however, been made in the proportions of those substances, and in the mode of manufacture, so as to render the explosive action more or less rapid, according to the various objects for which it is used. For small arms and for shells a rapid action is required, but for large ordnance and for blasting a much slower combustion is necessary to produce the required effects. Professor Abel mentioned numerous substances that had been tried as substitutes for charcoal and for saltpetre, including that of nitro-glycerine, which explodes by percussion, and the dangerous nature of which, he said,

had been proved by a disastrous explosion at Aspinwall. After having mentioned some other proposed substitutes, Professor Abel proceeded to notice gun-cotton, and to state some of the improvements that have been made in its manufacture during the last two years. Gun-cotton, indeed, seems to be susceptible of being made to suit all explosive purposes, and it possesses the great advantage of producing no smoke, and of leaving no residuum. Another advantage of no less importance is the safety with which it may be manufactured and stored, for it can be wetted and rendered incombustible, and its explosive properties are restored without injury when dried. Among other applications of which gun-cotton is susceptible is that of fire-works, which might be exhibited in a room without nuisance, and he concluded the lecture, which was illustrated with numerous experiments, by giving a brilliant pyrotechnic display.

THE French dramatic authors have recently started a publishing house of their own. The office in Paris is on the Boulevard. Any author who may desire to have his play published, can select the paper, type, size, and binding he thinks proper, and have five months to pay the printer's and stationer's bill in. An additional charge of ten per cent upon the net cost is to be paid as a fee to the agency, to cover their office expenses and clerks' salaries. The reason of this new movement on the part of the Paris dramatic authors is said to be the low prices paid by the great publishers there, notwithstanding the enormous sales of most works of the kind. Messrs. Levy Frères have been especially complained of. To M. Bouchardy it is said they gave £20 for the copyright of "Lazare le Patre," the sale of which extended to 120,000 copies. Other instances were adduced by the members of the new publishing association, and their first meeting was enlivened by this anecdote: The late Henri Murger — who, it appears, was a wretched manager of his own affairs, blaming everybody but himself for the difficulties into which he was often plunged — sold most of his compositions to this firm. "If one thing more than another troubles me in my dying hour," said the author when on his death-bed, "it is that I go out of the world conscious that I have been the ruin of MM. Levy Frères." Many such co-operative ventures as the Paris Dramatic Authors' Society have been started on former occasions; but the strange thing is that almost all these amateur combinations have failed, notwithstanding the clear way in which it was shown on paper that enormous profits could be made, and no end of tradesmen's villanies put a stop to.

TOUCHING the miniature of the Queen for Mr. Peabody, the Times says: "A fac-simile of the kindly and most gracious gift which Her Majesty offered to the great American philanthropist is now on view at Mr. Dickinson's gallery, Old Bond Street. In the present stage of the work, only the beautiful water-color, from which the enamel on gold is afterwards to be done, is now shown. This, however, in its magnificent frame of chased metal, gives a very fair idea of what the effect of the whole will be when finished. But the word "miniature" scarcely represents what the importance as regards the size of the likeness will be, for, though only half-length, the painting is 14 inches long by nearly 10 inches wide. For the first time for the presentation of her portrait to a private individual, Her Majesty sat in the only robes of state she has worn since the death of the Prince Consort, — the costume in which she was attired at the opening of the present Parliament. This was a black silk dress, trimmed with ermine, and a long black velvet train, similarly adorned. Over her Mary Stuart cap is the demi-crown, while the Koh-i-noor and one rich jewelled cross, presented by Prince Albert, form her only ornaments. To complete this portrait Her Majesty gave Mr. Tilt several long sittings, and has now expressed her unqualified approval of the water-color shown at Mr. Dickinson's.

This, however, is but the commencement of the process. The portrait is to be done in enamel by Mr. Tilt, on a panel of pure gold. In these enamel paintings, to bring out all the brilliancy of their colors, they have to be burnt in a furnace at least five and generally six times. The heat to which they are subjected is so intense as to be only short of that which would fuse gold, and the most exquisite care is necessary neither to let the picture heat too soon nor, above all, cool too rapidly, as in either case the enamel would crack. So large an enamel portrait has never been attempted in this country. It has, therefore, been found necessary to build a small heating furnace specially for the execution of this work. It will take about six weeks to complete all the processes, when the picture will be mounted in a most elaborate and massive chased frame of pure gold, surmounted with the Royal crown enamelled on the same metal in colors. Altogether it will form a gift worthy both of Her Majesty and of the gentleman to whom she presents it. In fidelity of portraiture the likeness is not to be surpassed, and of course it was not till after many and long sittings that such perfect success was accomplished. After being submitted to the Queen on its completion it will be forwarded to Mr. Peabody, who intends to deposit it where it may be best seen in a large institution which he has founded in Boston, his native town."

TWO TRANSLATIONS FROM THE HUNGARIAN POET, PETÖFI.

I.

O YOUTH! thou art a whirlwind! Thou
In thy swift circling dance
Droppest a flowery garland on our brow,
Which shines in the sun's glance;
And suddenly there comes another gust,
Which, with unfriendly breath,
Carries away the wreath,
And leaves no trace upon the forehead-bust:
We feel that forehead cold and blank and bare,
Inquiring: "Was the garland ever there?"

II.

A dream
Is Nature's kindest gift; it opens wide
Those fairy palaces where glance and gleam
Sweet fancies, never seen at waking tide.
In his blest dreams the boor
Drives cold and thirst and hunger from his door,
Wears purple garments, dwells amidst perfumes,
Spreads softest carpets on his gilded rooms,
And laughs at tyrant kings, and walks erect
In the proud liberty of self-respect.
In dreams the youth whom the coy maid has chased,
Sleeps with his loving arms around her waist;
And I, poor dreamer! in my vision see,
That my weak breath has made my country free!

JOHN BOWRING.

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FAR AT SEA.

I.

"AH!" I says, "you've been a hard and a bitter mother to me; and yet it goes again the grit to turn one's back upon you. I've toiled on, and lived hard, and yet you've always showed me a cold, cruel face"; and as I said that, feeling quite heartsick, I leans my elbows on the side o' the ship, and my chin on my hands, and has a long, long look at the old country as we was leaving, — perhaps to see no more.

I looked round, and there stood plenty, tearful-eyed and sad with all the lines of sorrow marked in their foreheads, while I could see lips trembling and breasts working with the pain they could hardly keep down. And then I don't know how it was, but it seemed to me that we thought together the same sad things, and that I knew their thoughts and they knew mine. There was all the old life, — plain as could be; and then came the long, long struggle with sickness, and death, and want; and I knew that people said such poor folks should not marry, and many another bitter word, as if it was wrongful to love and try to be happy. The wind whistled through the ropes above our heads, and the clouds seemed gathering, too, in our hearts, for though the bitterness was gone, I could see plenty of sorrow and sadness all around.

"Won't do, my lad," I says, rousing up, and wetting both hands as if I meant work; and then I goes down in the steerage to try and make things a bit comfortable, for you see all the poor things were in a most miserable state. Some was ill, some down-hearted, some drunk and foolish, some drunk and noisy, some drunk and quarrelsome. Then there was children crying, and women scolding, and altogether it was anything but a cheering prospect for the night, for, as you may say, we were n't shook down into shape yet.

"Good time coming," I says cheerily; and having no young ones of my own, I set to to help them as had. I got hold of a young shaver, — about two and a half, I should think, — and he was a-letting go right away as if he'd got all the trouble in the ship in his precious young head. But he soon turned quiet, playing with my knife, and all at once I finds as he'd made a hammock o' me, and had gone off as sound as a church. During the next three days its mother was very ill, poor thing, and I had to regularly mind the little one; and I did, too.

Well, 't is n't a very pleasant life, in the steerage of an emigrant ship bound for New Zealand, 'specially if the weather's a bit rough; and so we found it. For the next morning, when I went on deck, there was a stiff breeze blowing, the ship heeling over; and as I thought the night before, so it was, — there was nothing in sight but waves all round. One sailor did point to something which he said was home, but it might have been a cloud.

The fourth night had come, and as I lay in my berth listening to the "wash wash" of the water past the side of the ship, the creaking and groaning of the timbers, and every now and then the heavy bump of a wave against the side, I could n't help thinking what a little there was between us and death; and somehow or other the serious thoughts that came kept me wide awake.

It was two bells, I think they call it, for they don't count time as we do ashore, when all at once I could hear as there was a great bustle up on deck, where all through the watches of the night everything's mostly very quiet. Then there came a good deal of tramping about and running to and fro; so I gets out of my berth, slips on one or two things, and goes cautiously up the ladder and gets my head above the hatchway, and then in a moment I saw what was up, and it gave me such a shock that I nearly let go my hold and fell back into the steerage. There was a thick cloud of smoke issuing out from between the hatches, right in the centre of the ship; and almost before I could thoroughly realize it all, or make myself believe as it was true, a woman ran shrieking along the deck in her night-dress, and calling out those fearful words on board ship, —

"*Fire! fire! fire!*"

Hundreds of miles from land, standing on a few nailed-together pieces of wood, and them burning beneath your feet.

I could n't help it: all my bittar feelings of being ill used came back, and I says to myself, —

"Your usual luck, mate; would n't be you if you were n't unfortunate. But never mind; you have your choice, fire or water." And then I thought of the danger, and I ketches myself such a thump in the chest, and rolls up my sleeves, and goes up to the captain as was busy giving his orders.

"What shall I do?" I says.

"Pump!" he shouts; "and fetch a dozen more up."

Lord bless you! I had 'em up in no time from amongst the crying women; and I found time, too, to get the women and children up on deck in the poop, which was farthest from the hatches, where the smoke kept pouring out, besides which the wind took it away from them.

There was plenty of shrieking and screaming at

first; but they had got the right man in the right place when they chose that captain, for he runs to the poop, where all the shivering things was a-standing, and with a few words he quiets them. Then he runs to the men as was scuffling about, here, there, and everywhere, and gets them all together; and then at last he gets a line of fellows with buckets, a lot more at the pumps, and some more at the little engine as was there; and then when all was ready, and every man standing still at his post, he goes with some more to the hatches and drags up a couple, when up rose a regular pillar of fire and smoke, with a snaky, quiet movement, and in a moment every face was lit up, and there was quite a glare spreading far out to sea. Sails, cordage, masts, everything seemed turned into gold. For a moment I could n't help forgetting the danger, and thinking what a beautiful sight it was; when directly after there was a regular ringing cheer, the engine and pumps went "clang-clang," and the water was teemed into the burning hold from bucket and engine-nozzle.

How the water hissed and sputtered! while volumes of smoke and steam rushed up where it had been all flame but a moment before, and as we saw this we cheered; but we 'd nothing to cheer for; it was only the fire gathering strength; and then, as though laughing at the water we poured in, it came dashing, and crawling, and running up, licking the edges of the hatchway, and setting on fire the tarpaulins at the sides, and then it began to shoot and leap up as if to catch at the cordage and sails.

"Pour it in, my lads," shouted the captain. "Don't be afraid; we sha'n't run short of water, like they do at your London fires."

"No," says a chap on my side; "and there ain't no running away into the next street."

Then I saw the captain run to the man at the wheel, and he changed the course of the ship, so that all the smoke and flame went over the side; and then at it we went, sending in the water at a tremendous rate, but to all appearance it did no good, — not a bit.

"Now, my lads," says the captain, "with a will"; and then we cheered again; and that noble fellow stood with the engine-nozzle in his hand, leaning right over the fiery hole, where the flames darted out, scorching him, and there he stood battling with them, and aiming the water where he thought best.

You see I stood close aside him, so that I could see all that he did, — a brave fellow, — and it was hot, too. You know I was taking the buckets as they were passed to me, and sending the water in with a regular splash as far as I could every time; and the captain nodded at me every now and then, and, "Well done!" he says, when it was him as ought to have had the praise.

It was like looking down into the mouth of a furnace; and, as far as I could see, we might just as well have been playing with a couple of boy's squi but I knew enough of duty to feel what I ou do; and though I 'd have liked to hav the wife to comfort her, my duty was a pouring in that there water till I c longer; and the more it did n't s more I warmed up, — obstinate li to try, for I did n't see any fu by a few flames and sparks, now and then from the ca me, and in went the wate

All at once a lot of th one shouts out, —

"'T ain't no good, m

But he had n't hardly said it, before I saw the captain dart back; and then there was a bright light as the copper branch of the hose-pipe flashed through the air, and then down came the sailor on the deck.

"Back to your work, men," sang out the captain; "and let a man go to the boats if he dares!" And then they stood hanging about, muttering, and one Dutch chap pulls out a knife. Just at the same minute, too, a couple of the sailors as had been handing me the buckets strikes work too, a-saying they 'd be hanged if they 'd stop there and be frizzled.

I felt that if the men did as they liked, it would be all over with us; and that meant a regular rush to the boats, while the poor women and children were left to burn; so what did I do but I ups with the leather bucket I had in my hand, — I've often laughed since, — and brings it down like a 'stinguisher right on the top of number one's head; as to t'other, — he was a little chap, and I 'm six foot and pretty strong, — I gets hold of him by the scruff of the neck and strap of his trousers, and afore he knew where he was, I had him up in the air, and over the hole where the flames were pouring up, and so close, too, that he could feel the scorching; and then — I ain't much given to swearing, but I rapped out something fierce, that if he did n't work I 'd hurl him in.

Lord, you should have heard what a shriek there was as the fellow twisted about like an eel to get away, and then I put him a little nearer; when he begged and prayed to be put down, and he 'd work till he dropped; and then up comes the captain, for he 'd bolted off into the cabin, but now rushed out again with a revolver in each hand.

"Well done, my man," he shouts to me, for he saw what I did; and then he gives me one of the pistols, and swore he 'd shoot the first man as disobeyed, and I 'm blessed if I did n't believe he would, if they 'd have tried it on; but they did n't, but began pumping away like mad again, and we two went to work pouring in the water, while I 'm sure I heard a regular groan from the captain, though his face was like a bit o' wood.

This did n't take above five minutes; but I believe it lost us the ship, though we had seemed to make such a little impression when we turned on the water. But five minutes at such a time was ruin; the flame rose higher and higher, and the heat was awful; so that, do what we would, we were beat back, and instead of a quiet crawling flame now, there was a regular roar, and the wind set towards the great fiery tongues in a fierce draught.

"Stick to it, my man," says the captain, in a low voice. "It's our only chance."

"And I would n't give much for it, sir," I says, in the same tone.

"Hush!" he says; and then to the men, "Pum away, my lads!"

umped away hearty en ugh, and kept t heer; but it soon cou d be seen with t the ship must go, t r the flames d s the riggin ng from r riously, r drop

must have burnt it, — "there," he says, savagely, "I've fought it out with you, and you've beat! Now for life saving!"

And then, quietly and coolly, he had one boat lowered down, with the first mate in and a crew of sailors, and the shrieking women and children lowered in, while the quiet ones he kept back. Then there was a water-cask and a lot of biscuit-bags thrown in, and that boat, well loaded, pushed off on the calm sea, and lay to, watching us. Then the second mate was ordered into the second boat, with a crew of sailors; water and bags of biscuit were thrust in; and then, well loaded with women and children, and one or two of the men passengers, that was carefully lowered down, unhooked, and pushed off.

The other two boats were not swung over the sides, but lay between the masts of the ship, right in the middle of the deck, and were full of stores and odd things put there to be out of the way; but the captain and men left soon had tackling fastened to the boat that was right in front of the fire, and it was hauled up, swung clear, and lowered down, with a couple of men in, and they rowed it back to the hinder part of the ship, while we who had been launching it had to make a regular dash through the flames, which now extended nearly across the deck. One man, however, did not dare come through, but plunged overboard and swam after the boat till he was took in.

"Now, then," said the captain; and the rest of the women were slung down.

I did not mean to go as long as I could help the captain; and then half a dozen of the men passengers were lowered down, and they were just going to shove off, when I shouts out, —

"Stop!" and the captain turns round angrily to me; and I says, "No water!"

Sure enough they had none, and a little cask that stood on the deck was slung down, and they were going to shove off again, when I heard a shriek as went through and through me, and saw a bright glare; the man at the rudder leaned over, while at the same moment there was a roar and a rush of fearful light, and the great mainmast blazing from top to bottom, and covered with burning rope and canvas, toppled over towards where the boat lay, for the fire had been eating into it below deck for long enough. It was all in a moment, and like the flashing of some great sheet of lightning, as in the midst of a wild and fearful cry it fell right towards the boat.

II.

That was a fearful moment, that was, and we held our breath with terror; and I — I could not help it, — I covered my face with my hands and dared not look, till I heard a loud cheer, and saw the boat safely floating within a very few yards of the half-extinct mast, which had narrowly missed falling upon the little haven of safety.

And now they were going to get the last boat out, and the three others lay off at a little distance, while above the hoarse orders of the captain there was the crackling and roar of the flames, now leaping up at a fearful rate. And yet it was a splendid sight, in spite of the horror; for every now and then pieces of the copper wire rope used in the rigging regularly caught fire, and burned with a most beautiful blue light, brighter than in any firework I ever saw; [illegible] now the foremast had taken fire, and the [illegible] running along the rigging till the ropes seemed illuminated with little beads and tongues of fire. The heat grew awful, and every now and then pieces of blazing rope, spars, and blocks fell red-hot and glowing into the sea, to send up little columns of hissing steam. The whole of the centre of the ship was now on fire, and the flames rose prodigiously, floating off, and flashing amidst the clouds of smoke; while far away, still lightly flitted and spun about the golden flaky snow, eddying amongst the smoke, and darting far on high, in the most beautiful way imaginable.

I think I said before how the tremendous heat caused a regular draught to set towards the fire, so that as you were almost scorched before, the wind came with quite a cold rush behind; but then, how it made the flames roar again, and burn more fiercely than ever! It was a sickening sight; for every now and then the cruel forky tongues seemed to keep lapping at and threatening us, and then dancing and licking everything up, as if in devilish joy at the prospect of soon devouring us poor sinners.

It was a horrible sight, and though I did n't show it, yet I could feel my heart sink every time I was idle for a few moments, when I went at it again like a savage. I did n't go down on my knees to pray; but — I don't know — I *think* I prayed earnestly in my heart then, and though I would gladly have been with the wife safe in the other boat, yet I could n't feel as it was suited with a fellow's duty to leave such a man as that captain had showed himself all in the lurch; so I says to myself, "Be a man, too, Phil"; and I did try to, anyhow.

All at once the flames seemed to veer round, and began blowing towards us, while the position of the boats was changed; and I could n't understand it, till I saw the captain run from helping to get the last boat — the one as was on the deck close to the mizzen-mast — over the side; and then I found it was the man had left the steering wheel, and had run up towards the boat.

"Back!" I heard the captain say; "back, or I'll fire!"

"Fire away, cap," says the man, sulkily; "one may just as well die by fire one way as another, and I won't stand there and be burnt." And then the captain's hand — the one as held the pistol — fell down by his side, and he looked regularly done.

"What's up?" I says. "Can I do?" and I followed the captain to the wheel, which he turned so as to put the head of the ship right once more; and as he did it, she just changed round again; but while all this had been going on, the mizzen or third mast took fire, and now was blazing away fiercely.

"Hold on here, my man," says the captain, "and keep the wheel just as it is. That's right; hold the spokes firm; and if her head swings round, call to me to come and help you."

"All right," I says; "but mind, I don't understand it a bit." And now my troubles seemed to begin; for though it was bad enough to be bustling about fancying that the ship would either go down or you'd be burnt every moment, yet to stand stock-still holding on to the spokes of that wheel was awful, and do what I would to stop it, a regular tremble came all over me, and my knees kept on shake, shake, shake.

They got the boat over the side, and then the men rushed over one another to get in, and it was only by stamping about and hitting at them that the captain got the poor chaps to take in the things they wanted; such as food, which he fetched out of the

[illegible] the water when the [illegible] ship [illegible] like was overboard. But one [illegible] good boat [illegible] was, and [illegible] three men in, he rushed down [illegible] again for more [illegible], — [illegible] the other boat would want more, and that we must supply them. And then [illegible] came staggering and shaking one man with a little water-keg, and the captain with a side of bacon, and two men with bags of biscuit, and they goes to the side and [illegible] was [illegible] say [illegible].

At [illegible] one of the men gave a [illegible] throw [illegible] down [illegible] overboard, and the other [illegible] after him [illegible] and then I [illegible] coward beggar had pushed off, — [illegible] side where I could [illegible] see [illegible] how they were rowing hard. I [illegible] could see that the boat was so full that [illegible] and sink.

I was [illegible] to hear the shrieks of those poor fellows as was left behind, as they swam with all their might to get up to the boat, and I was [illegible] to see, for it was as light as day, and the waves that [illegible] seemed waves of blood, — glowing [illegible] with golden crest as they softly broke. But [illegible] one that swam so fast that he got up to the boat [illegible] pushed him off with the oar, and then I saw [illegible] to them, and one man pulled out a [illegible] at him if he came nearer, while just then I saw the boat-hook rise up and fall with a heavy thud on the poor chap's head, and he went under, and I said, "God help him!" for he came up no more.

There were two more swimming after them, and when the next saw all this he just turned round, and looked back at the ship, and paddled with his hands a bit, and then stretching them straight up towards the sky he gave one wild bitter shriek, and he went [illegible]; and this time I tried to say "God help [illegible]," but it was only my lips that moved.

[illegible] was the other though, a fine lusty young fellow, and as soon as he saw what took place he turned off to the left and tried to reach the nearest boat of the other three, and manfully he swam for it, keeping himself well up in the water at every stroke, and gradually lessening the distance till he got close up to the stern, where I could see [illegible] some one holding out his hands to him, and he was [illegible] the boat.

Now all that took place in a very few minutes; and [illegible] of the danger [illegible] the two last on board [illegible] kept stopping to gaze at the terrible [illegible] the captain comes up and [illegible].

"[illegible] it was a cowardly, cruel, selfish action; and I [illegible] what I'd rather die with a [illegible]."

I [illegible] I don't think my [illegible] as I [illegible].

"[illegible] hard to die, captain?"

"[illegible]," he says, "I believe it is to a strong man; and as God gave us life, and we've done our duty so far, why, we must finish it by trying to save two men."

"But how?" I says, getting hold of him.

"Don't leave the wheel," he says; and then, again, "But it don't matter, she makes no way. Lend a hand here."

And I helped him, and together, roasting almost, we dragged three great fowl coops and a grating to the side, and he tied them together — lashed them, he called it — in no time; then we shoved them overboard, and as the vessel slowly swung round, we were out of sight of the boats, which were about a quarter of a mile off. He had a rope to the coops so that they could not float off, and as he told me, I slid down on to them and squatted there trembling, while he lowered down to me the little water-keg, some rope, the bacon, and two of the biscuit-bags. Then he pitched some loose pieces of wood-work and the cover of the cabin stairs and a hutch thing and a tarpaulin into the water by me, slid down the rope, and was by my side in a few minutes; with the coops sinking about, so that I was glad to lower myself into the water and hold on.

"That's right," he says, opening his knife with his teeth, and cutting the rope, and then getting the tarpaulin, and bits of wood, and things in the centre in the handiest way possible — same as only a sailor could do. He tells me to hold on tight, and then lowering himself into the water he pushes off from the burning ship, and begins swimming and guiding our bit of raft away very slowly, but still farther and farther off.

"I'll lash the coops and the grating together," he says, "as soon as we're out of danger."

"Out of danger!" I says, "and when will that be?"

"Well," he says, "I mean when we are out of reach of [illegible] smoke, down when she sinks."

"Will she sink?" I says.

"Yes," he says, "and before long now"; and then he went on swimming hard, while I could do nothing but watch first the boats and then the burning ship.

It was grand, though awful, to see the noble vessel standing there like a pyramid of fire, whose heat we could yet feel on our scorched faces. From every part now the flames were rushing, even from the cabin windows beneath where I had so lately been standing, and I could hardly keep from shuddering as I thought of the awful danger.

It was hard work forcing the raft through the water on account of the breeze which set towards the ship; but we got farther and farther away, and were some distance off when the mizzen-mast went blazing over the side; but still the captain said we were not safe, and swam on till we could not feel the breeze, and at length panting and exhausted he hung on motionless and said we must risk it now.

Then we were both silent and watched the boats now farther away from us and the burning ship seeming to be the centre of a great ring of light, on the outside of which like sparks we all lay waiting for the end we knew was soon to come. Everywhere else was dark as pitch, not even a star to be seen, while the waves just rose and [illegible], a little over as they washed against our raft, [illegible] the dull roar and crackle of the flames everything was as still as death.

All at once I started, for the captain spoke sadly as he looked at his vessel; and [illegible] his voice sounded wild and strange, —

"If I'd had a crew like you, my lad, I think we could have saved her"; and then he spoke no more, for just then, from being quite still, the good ship seemed to roll a little towards us, and then to the other side, slowly, and as if just bending to the breeze; and then we could almost see the water creeping up her burning sides as clouds of steam arose; and with one calm steady dip forward she

seemed to plunge right down beneath the golden waters. Then there was a rising and falling of the sea, and a deep, dense darkness, out of which close by me came one of the bitterest, heart-tearing sobs I ever heard from the breast of man; and I did not speak, for I felt that it was the captain sorrowing for the loss of his good ship.

For a good piece the silence was as deep as the darkness, and then the captain was the first to break it in quite a cheerful voice, —

"Can you lay your hand on the rope?" he says; and I passed it to him, and then I could hear him in the dark busily at work tying and fastening; and at last he says, "Now crawl on again; it will bear you better"; and faint and wearily I managed to crawl on, and lay with my legs in the water and my head on the bag of biscuit; and directly after I felt him crawl on too, and we took hold of hands and lay there in the deep darkness while he said that prayer out aloud in such a soft, deep voice, — that prayer as we first learnt kneeling down years ago by our mother's knee. When he came to "Deliver us from evil," he stopped short; and soon, worn out there in the great ocean, floating on a few pieces of wood, we both felt in Whose hands we were, and slept till the warm bright sun shone upon us and told us that another day was here.

The first thing the captain did was to stand up and look round, and then he said he could see only one boat; but he hoisted up one of the pieces of wood, and wedged it in the coop with a handkerchief flying at the top, after which we made a hearty meal of the biscuit, raw bacon, and water. After this the captain got one of the coops on the other, and by binding and lashing he made a much higher and better raft, so that we could keep our biscuit and bacon out of the water and sit dry ourselves.

And so we lay all that day till towards evening, when we found that the boat was coming towards us, and just at dusk it was within hail; and if ever I'd felt hopeful or joyful before in my life, it was then. They had no room for us, but they took us in tow, and the weather keeping calm, we all rowed and worked in turns, steering according to the captain's direction for the nearest land; for when our turn came we two went into the boat, and two others came out on to the raft, and so we toiled on for days, when one morning there was a joyful cry, —

"A sail! a sail!"

And it was, too, within a mile of us, plainer and plainer as that glorious sun rose; and then some laughed, some cried, and one or two seemed half mad with joy, as after a while she ran down towards us, picked us up, and proved to be a British man-of-war, homeward bound.

In another week I was back in the port I left, without clothes, without money, but with as good and true a friend in Captain Ellis as ever walked. I had life, and with it came hope; and somehow, since then, things have prospered with me in the old country, — the old home that I once left to go far at sea.

NITRO-GLYCERINE.

The terrible disaster which occurred a few weeks ago at Aspinwall, a seaport on the eastern coast of the Isthmus of Panama, has naturally led people who are unfamiliar with the recent discoveries in chemical science, to make inquiries regarding the nature of the substance the explosion of which produced such dreadful havoc with human life and property. The steam-ship *European*, the property of the newly-formed West Indian and Pacific Steamship Company, was unloading in the port of Aspinwall, alongside the wharf connected with the Atlantic terminus of the railway which crosses the Isthmus of Panama, and, without any premonitory symptoms, an explosion occurred, which destroyed not only the ship itself, but fifty or sixty human lives in addition, together with a great amount of property on shore, including the frieght-house and the wharf, — the former about six hundred, and the latter nearly four hundred feet long. The entire amount of damage done to property is reckoned at one million of dollars. Considering the awful sacrifice of life and property which resulted from the explosion, the violence of which is said to have resembled an earthquake, and, likewise, that there was no suspicion of danger lurking in the breast of any person on board the ill-fated *European*, people may well inqure, To what was the explosion owing; and when the answer is, Nitro-Glycerine, they will add the query, And what is Nitro-Glycerine?

Everybody knows quite well that *glycerine* is one of the mildest, blandest, and most innocent matters with which manuals on chemistry make us acquainted. The sweet, harmless compound glycerine was first obtained in 1779, by the distinguished Swedish chemist Scheele, while preparing lead-plaster from lard and oxide of lead, and by him called the "sweet principle of oils." Chevreul, the French chemist, many years afterwards showed it to be a constant product in the saponification of ordinary oils and fats. In 1847, M. Ascagne Sobrero, a young Italian, and a pupil ef Pelouze, discovered this new compound, nitro-glycerine, while operating upon glycerine by means of nitric acid. It was shown to be a very explosive body, and became an object of interest to chemists, many of whom have, from time to time, suffered serious injuries while experimenting with it. It is only within the last few months that it has been prepared in any considerable quantity as an article of commerce, and sold for blasting purposes under the name of "blasting oil." It was reserved for Mr. Alfred Nobel, the engineer of a Swedish copper-mine, to demonstrate its utility as a substitute for gunpowder and gun-cotton in blasting operations, its practicability for which was satisfactorily proved in the course of the year 1864, and especially during last summer, when it was used in the open workings of the tin-mines of Altenburg, in Saxony. Early in the present year, we were informed that it was in use at Hirschberg, in Silesia, being employed in blasting for a railway tunnel. This same substance was that which was shipped on board the *European* at Liverpool, and by that vessel taken out to Aspinwall on her second voyage, which most unfortunately proved to be her last one. It had been brought from Germany to Grimsby, and carried by railway to Liverpool, and there entered in the ship's papers, it would seem, as some form of oil, without the owners of the vessel being apprised of its dangerous character. There were seventy cases of it (probably tin-plate cases). Strangely enough, almost at the same time that we were informed of the catastrophe at Aspinwall, the American newspapers informed us that an explosion of exactly a similar character had occurred on the 16th of April at San Francisco, whither the blasting oil on board the *European* was destined, thence to be sent to the mines of Idaho, Nevada, Colorado, &c., and that it

resulted in the death of fifteen persons, together with great destruction to property. It had been taken to San Francisco by the Pacific mail-steamer, in two oil-stained boxes, each measuring about four cubic feet. The explosion in this instance shook the neighborhood like an earthquake for a quarter of a mile round, for to that extent it is said that every window was broken.

Only a few months ago — in November last, we believe — an explosion of a very violent character took place at the Wyoming Hotel, New York, which, although somewhat mysterious at the time, now seems to have been due to the spontaneous and sudden decomposition of none other than this remarkable chemical agent. A box containing samples of chemical oils had arrived at the Wyoming Hotel from Hamburg, and, on being lifted and carried into the street, exploded in about thirty seconds with most astounding effects. It was known to have been accompanied by a person named Leers, from Hamburg, where Mr. Nobel, the patentee, was bringing it under the notice of the public.

It is obviously reprehensible in the highest degree to impose on shipping and other public carrying agencies articles of so dangerous a character under false descriptions, thus endangering many lives and a great amount of property. Yet we are informed that it is no uncommon thing for gunpowder of a particular description to be sent by railway, labelled "Glass, with care." Again, powerful blasting powder, made from spent tan, has been shipped as "Prepared Tan"; and other instances could be quoted of persons knowingly playing at the game of "fast and loose" with life and property.

Nitro-glycerine, as its name would almost indicate, is produced by the action of nitric acid on glycerine, but in practice it is found desirable to employ strong oil of vitriol or sulphuric acid along with the nitric acid. According to Dr. Sobrero, the discoverer of the substance, a mixture should be made of two ounces of oil of vitriol, and one ounce of fuming nitric acid, and kept cool by ice applied externally, half an ounce of syrupy glycerine being gradually stirred in. The glycerine dissolves in the acid mixture, without any nitric fumes being disengaged: but in course of time the mixture acquires a cloudy appearance, owing to the formation of a yellowish, oily-looking substance, which gradually collects on the surface. The whole is then poured into a glass vessel containing about fifty ounces of cold water. The nitro-glycerine separates immediately, and, being very heavy, falls to the bottom of the vessel: the acid water is poured off and the product is washed with water until the washings give no indication of even a trace of acid.

The nitro-glycerine, thus produced, is a light yellow liquid, having somewhat the appearance of olive-oil, and of the specific gravity of about 1.6, being therefore more than one and a half times the weight of water, — a property which proves of great advantage in the use of the substance. It is inodorous, but has a sweetish-pungent and aromatic taste, and when placed on the tongue, even in small quantity, produces headache, which lasts for hours. It is insoluble in water, but is soluble both in alcohol and ether.

As already mentioned, Mr. Nobel, on gaining acquaintance with the explosiveness of nitro-glycerine, set to work to utilize that property in blasting operations, and succeeded far beyond his most sanguine expectations. He very soon succeeded in securing patent rights for its manufacture and use, in Sweden, Prussia, France, England, and the United States; and it is already rapidly superseding gunpowder as a blasting material in mines, quarries, and railway tunnelling. Glycerine is obtained from animal and vegetable fixed oils and fats, by decomposing them, and removing the fatty acids which they all contain: but the oily character is not restored by treating the glycerine with nitric and sulphuric acids. With an oil, we generally associate the idea of a harmless and innocuous substance, although there is an exception in the case of the oil expressed from bitter almonds: but then, like nitro-glycerine, it is a *nitro-compound*, and such substances are generally to be regarded with suspicion.

Since the New York, San Francisco, and Aspinwall explosions, much that is false has been written, and published in newspapers, to the discredit of nitro-glycerine. The substance is so peculiarly adapted for the purposes of blasting, however, that it can well afford to be called ill names. It is capable of doing more work, and at less cost, than gunpowder; and we make bold to say, that it is not more dangerous than that substance, if it is *as* dangerous. It cannot explode by simple contact with fire; for on applying a lighted match to it, or by allowing a spark to fall into it, the nitro-glycerine burns quietly away. It will not explode in the liquid state, until it is heated to a temperature of about three hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, and even then there is no explosion if the substance is freely exposed to the air. To explode nitro-glycerine, it is necessary that it should be in a close vessel, or in a confined space: a covering of water is quite sufficient. In illustration of this statement, we would mention one or two of a number of remarkable experiments, instituted by a Swedish commission, consisting of Commodore Adlersparre and several professors of the Academy of Science, Royal Museum, and Technological Institution, Stockholm. A quantity of nitro-glycerine was poured out on a flat stone: the liquid did not catch fire when a red-hot iron bar was drawn along its surface: it did not explode, but only burned quietly when the bar was allowed to lie for some time in contact with it. Upon removing the bar, unconsumed liquid remained on the stone. In another instance, a cavity in a stone was filled with the explosive liquid: a burning stick was plunged into it, and, on being stirred, the nitro-glycerine burned with flame, but without explosion. The burning ceased of itself when the stick had been consumed by the fire. And on this point, the patentee himself says it does not catch fire like turpentine or spirits, but goes out when the match is withdrawn.

The explosion of nitro-glycerine is attended with the production of a very limited amount of smoke, if there is even any; and, consequently, its advantage over gunpowder is very evident, as in the driving of tunnels there is no delay necessary to get rid of the smoke. We are not able at present to say that the vapor of prussic or hydrocyanic acid is not found amongst the products of the decomposition, — nay, we should be inclined to affirm that it is, looking at the ingredients which the compound contains: and yet Mr. Cragg, the director and manager of the slate-quarries of the Glynrhonwy Slate Company, at Caernarvon, North Wales, says that, while superintending the firing of some shots in a tunnel, although he was on the spot in every instance immediately after the shots were fired, at a distance of sixty-three yards from the mouth of the tunnel, and without any

ventilating shaft, he experienced no ill effects from the fumes from the decomposed nitro-glycerine. But in open quarries, at all events, there would be no danger to the workmen. It is certain that there is no solid residue left after an explosion of this substance; and hence, in the case of metallic ores, as there is no blackening, there can be no difficulty in tracing the course of the vein; and in the case of rock salt, there would be no waste.

Nitro-glycerine has other advantages over gunpowder, when employed in blasting. One of the most striking is its great rending and eruptive force compared with its bulk. The expense of boring in ordinary blasting has hitherto been very great, being no less than five, ten, or, in very hard rocks, even twenty times as great as the price of the gunpowder used. The new blasting material requires so little boring that it would be more economical to employ it than gunpowder, even if the latter were got for nothing. The average result hitherto has been a saving of fifty to sixty per cent on the cost in blasting in quarries, and thirty to forty per cent in mines.

The carriage, storing, and handling of nitro-glycerine are in every way safe, when only ordinary care is observed. It has been carried many hundreds of miles — all over Europe, in fact — both by water and by land, as ordinary merchandise, without any disastrous consequences ensuing, the most simple precautions being attended to. It has been suggested that the concussion of a case of it falling into the hold of the *European* steamship might have caused the dreadful explosion at Aspinwall. But the substance will not explode in this way. Nitro-glycerine has been thrown from heights of fifty feet without effect. In Hamburg, it was thrown up in a rocket, and its fall of more than one thousand feet did not explode it. The Stockholm commissioners, working out the same point, filled several glass bottles with the explosive liquid, and had them thrown with great force from a height down upon a rock below; the bottles were smashed to pieces, but none of the material exploded. In another experiment, in order to satisfy the doubts of some of the observers, they filled three glass bottles with nitro-glycerine, and heated them in hot water to upwards of one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit. The bottles were then thrown violently against a stone; they were shattered to fragments, but no explosion occurred.

Many other interesting facts have been elicited by Mr. Nobel and other experimenters. One of these is, that nitro-glycerine may be exploded by percussion, when a thin layer of it is spread on an anvil and struck sharply with a hammer. Strangely enough, however, the explosion is localized to the spot underneath the face of the hammer; there may be almost as many detonations as blows struck. Another is, that the explosive liquid freezes and crystallizes in cold weather, but resumes all its ordinary properties on melting, which may be affected by immersing the containing vessel in hot water. Its freezing-point seems to be as high as from forty-three to forty-six degrees Fahrenheit, and at all temperatures under the lowest of these it is probably an icy mass. This is undoubtedly one of its disadvantages.

The mode of using this remarkable material is as follows: Bore-holes are made in the rock, or fissures already formed may be taken advantage of, providing they are not too large. The bores need not be more than an inch in diameter; in many cases, even half an inch is wide enough. If the bore is water-tight, the liquid may be simply poured in; if not, it is rendered so by lining it with soft clay. A paper plug is then pushed down nearly to the surface of the nitro-glycerine; a fuse is thrust down to the paper, then a handful of gunpowder is thrown in, and the bore is tamped with loose sand or clay. The tamping should not be hard, as that is both useless and dangerous. For shallow bores, cartridges may be used for the nitro-glycerine; but they are not necessary. It is not necessary either to be concerned about any water that may be in the bore-hole; for if the blasting liquid be poured in, it will sink to the bottom, owing to its greater specific gravity. At the extremity of Nobel's patent fuse a percussion-cap is tightly fitted, the explosion of which is communicated to the gunpowder, and through it to the explosive liquid; or the explosion of the percussion-cap is communicated directly to the nitro-glycerine, when the blasting is done under water. It should also be mentioned that the percussion-cap required is likewise patented by Mr. Nobel; common caps not being suitable.

The great mechanical power exerted by nitro-glycerine is due to the fact that, on being exploded, it is completely resolved into gases of various kinds. Gunpowder, in practice, does not become wholly transformed into gases, consequently the alteration in bulk is not so great as in the case of nitro-glycerine. Not only is there complete transformation of the liquid into gas, but the latter is enormously increased in bulk by rarefaction, owing to the heat developed in the explosion being so very great when compared with that of a gunpowder explosion. Bulk for bulk, the explosive force of nitro-glycerine is thirteen, that of gunpowder being one; taking equal weights, nitro-glycerine does eight times as much work as gunpowder. One pound of the explosive liquid at present costs as much as seven pounds of gunpowder, but then it does a great deal more work; in fissured rocks, the nitro-glycerine is calculated to be from twenty to thirty times more effective than gunpowder.

We see no good reason why there should be so much consternation about the dangerous nature of this new explosive material. New York, San Francisco, Sydney, Liverpool, and other places that have already gained an acquaintance with it, by explosions or otherwise, need not fancy themselves to be resting on a volcano just ready for action, because they may have a few cases of it now and then passing through them towards their destination in the mining regions; and, above all, it is not desirable, in our opinion, that the strong arm of the law should be sought to prevent the manufacture and transport of this valuable material. It has been abundantly demonstrated to be a highly serviceable agent, economizing by its use both the labor and capital required in blasting operations. Let its transmission, both by land and sea, as also its manufacture, be regulated; let its use be carefully superintended; but do not curb and limit the inventive powers of the human mind, for if they can call this powerful substance into being, and apply its pent-up force to advantage, they can also suggest plans whereby its use may proceed without entailing either death or danger on any single person; nay, these are already suggested, and are both known and practised by many persons in both hemispheres, where the use of nitro-glycerine is doing much valuable service in an important branch of industrial enterprise.

MARRIED IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

"WHAT 's in a name?" asks the poet, — "a rose by any other name," &c.: and yet there has been a difference of opinion on the subject. Jonathan Bugg thought he should smell sweeter as Norfolk Howard: while as for myself — the humble writer of this story — I attribute the greatest misfortune of my life, by a roundabout way of reasoning, to being called "Johnny." My name has always been "Johnny," and I think my nature, so to speak, gradually grew Johnnish; for did n't every "Jack" of my boyish days naturally hold a high hand over a Johnny? Petticoat government was the absolute monarchy by which I was governed. My father died before I could lisp; and my mother (with the best of intentions, doubtless) had old-established rules on the subject of education. Dr. Watts was her demigod; and though, in the primeval times in which that gentleman lived, when the rose was "the glory of April and May," he may have served as a sort of forcing-box for the young, yet now-a-days nature grows better by itself, even though the roses are delayed till June. "Train up a child in the way he should go," says the wisest of men. Here again my mother thought she understood the wisest of men thoroughly; only unfortunately her idea of the way to be gone in was so narrow, that it was a moral impossibility for any one to walk in it. My early youth, therefore, was a series of deviations from, and draggings back into, my mother's "way," — she vigorously compressing her petticoats, lest in getting me back she should wander a step out of it herself. Birds'-nesting was not in this way — indeed, it would be easier to say what was not in it than what was, it being a path of the barest. I only say this to show the system on which I was nourished, and by which I came through my college career (at St. Bees) in my mother's eyes — triumphant.

I was ordained, and was going down to my first curacy in a small country village, where my mother thought I should encounter fewer of those snares she dreaded for me than in a town.

"Good by, my dear boy!" said she, with a tear in each eye. "I shall come and see you by and by. Heaven bless you! — and do see that the sheets are aired."

This was pleasant. My hat-box was inside the carriage, which contained both a young and old lady; my foot on the step.

My mother, in losing me, lost all consciousness of any one else the train might hold. I blushed to my hair, stumbled over my hat-box, and felt in the first stage of infancy as the train moved on with me to my first curacy.

It was not till some stations had been passed that I glanced up at my travelling companions.

I had had a vague consciousness of the young lady suppressing a laugh as I entered, that was all.

Still I *was* a man, though shy and nervous; so I looked at the young one first. A pretty girl, with golden hair knotted up under a small round hat, that my mother would have condemned at once as unfeminine, — and yet the small, rather pouting mouth, was very womanly. She looked alive for amusement, and dissatisfied with her materials.

Leaving myself out of the question, the materials were n't promising. Her companion was a tall, gaunt, bony woman, with a severe expression. Her eyes were closed, and on her knee there rested a speaking-trumpet. After looking, there seemed nothing more for me to do, and I turned my eyes upon the fields and trees we were passing. The young lady, however, was of the opinion that as Mahomet would not go to the mountain, as was natural, the mountain *could* go to Mahomet.

"Would you like to see 'Punch'?" she asked; and, though I doubted the propriety of the proceeding, with our chaperon asleep, and thought the mice disposed to play too much, with the cat away, yet I could not but acknowledge there was nothing forward in either voice or manner.

"Punch" was not a paper my mother patronized: my own sense of humor was not cultivated, and my taste slightly severe; therefore, having returned my thanks, I gazed somewhat gravely on a group of young ladies in striped petticoats, playing croquet, with more display of ankle than I thought decorous. The live young lady opposite me, taking note of the subject, began again, —

"Ah, the croquet picture! Is n't it an *institution?*"

A hospital was an institution, so was a workhouse: but a game! — slang.

More ideas of the impropriety of the whole proceeding crossed my brain; as a clergyman, should I awake the sleeper by asking her if she felt a draught?

No: I was, though absurd, twenty-three still; so I merely said I did not play croquet.

"Not play croquet!" There was a world of meaning in the way the girl raised her eyebrows. I began a series of self-questioning as she reclined on the cushion and began to cut open the leaves of a yellow railway novel with her ticket. Ought I to play croquet? Did everybody play croquet? — even clergymen? The young lady asking the question could not be ignorant of my calling, my garb being eminently clerical. In spite of my convictions, I began to wish I could play croquet consistently; began to be sorry this girl had retired into the yellow novel, which, after all, might be worse for her than talking to me.

I even was meditating a remark, when a loud, unmusical voice came from the far corner of the carriage. "Lizzie!" it said.

Lizzie started, crossed over, took the trumpet, and called back, musically, "Yes, aunt."

"Are we near Marsden?" Marsden! it was the name of my curacy!

"Only a few miles off": and then Lizzie undutifully laid down the trumpet, and crossed back again.

"She 's so awfully deaf," said the young lady.

"What afflictions some are called on to bear!" I observed.

"That 's like Sunday," said Miss Lizzie, and then began to prepare for disembarkation. Crumbs were shaken out of her jacket, packages disinterred, with my grave and silent help (after the above irreverent remark), and a porter screamed out, "Marsden!" I saw the ladies get into a yellow fly in waiting; I saw the keen gray eyes of the older woman fall on me as I stood patiently on the platform, till the fly was settled and despatched. Then I asked my way, and walked off to my lodgings. It was a dull little village of one street; but dulness in the way of duty was what I had expected. All the women at their doors and boys at play turned to inspect me; but I did not feel sufficiently at my ease to address a word to them.

My destination was a good-sized cottage, standing in a strip of garden, and a rather nice-looking old woman stood at the gate. She looked me over,

as I came up, doubtless having an inward thanksgiving over my youth and innocence.

"The last 's here yet, sir," she said, as we went in, "but he 's going to-night."

"The who?" I inquired, anxiously.

"The last curate, sir; we always has them, and we've had all sorts."

Here she was obliged to pause, with the "last" so near.

She opened a door and ushered me into a room which seemed to be luxuriously furnished.

My mother, though well-off, adhered to the torturous horse-hair furniture of *her* mother, and "saved." Here were dark-seated velvet easy-chairs, a rich carpet, and divers little pretty articles that seemed to have been put in tastefully for a village landlady; but what offended the nose of my mother's son was the smell of tobacco.

I was about hastily to remonstrate with my landlady, when I saw a man sitting half in and half out of the window — smoking; a man in a short, loose-fitting coat, who, as soon as he saw us, took the half of himself that was out of the apartment, and added it to the half that was in, and said, —

"Mr. Williams, I believe, *vice* Parker, resigned. I'm Parker. Mrs. Spinx, I will see you presently."

That lady, in a state of unwillingness, left us, and left me in a state of mild astonishment. I had a great respect for "the cloth," and this "mixture" shocked me.

"When one puts off one's shoes, one likes to see how they will fit another man," said Mr. Parker; "besides which, there is a trifle I wish to settle with you. Shall we do the business first, and smoke a pipe together afterwards?"

(I told Mr. Parker, as I had told Miss Lizzie about the croquet, — I never smoked.)

"And yet you exist! — excuse me; well, then, I'll smoke the two pipes afterwards. Mr. Williams, you observe this apartment?"

I assented (did he think I looked blind?)

"Neat, but not gaudy, eh?" pursued the "last."

I assented again.

"Glad you like it. Well, this room belongs to Mrs. Spinx; but the furniture — at least one or two things — belongs to me."

"The rooms were *said* to be furnished in the letters my mother received," I gently remarked.

"Probably. Mrs. Spinx said so, now, did n't she?"

She did: would he, therefore, tell me which were Mrs. Spinx's things and which were his?

Mr. Parker looked very doubtful; went to a coal-pan and a small deal table with plants on it, and said, "Mrs. Spinx; the one or two other things," he concluded, "are mine."

"But," I exclaimed, "a man could not live in a room with nothing but a deal table and a coal-pan; where could he sit?"

"Very true," said Mr. Parker. "I believe, by the way, there was an article Mrs. Spinx *called* a chair when I came, but —" (Mr. Parker shrugged his shoulders) "in the words of the poet, 'it was harder than I could bear.' Accordingly I did not pack the furniture, supposing you would wish to take it."

I looked at the easy-chairs, and sniffed just a little; it did seem hard that I should have Mr. Parker's tobacco-infected room imputed to me."

"Is it the baccy you don't like? — a little camphor will soon take that out. You see, my good fellow, I'm off to-night to visit my lady-love, who disports on the moors at this time of the year, and I thought these chairs would be more in your way than in mine, — they would be too much in mine! I'm no Jew; so suppose we say £ 30, and have done with the subject."

Of course I bought everything. And then while Mr. Parker smoked his two pipes, waiting for his train, he was in evidently good spirits and friendly towards me.

"You 'll find this place beastly slow," he said.

It did not seem unlikely that what would be Mr. Parker's poison would be my meat. He would not have survived life at my mother's. The word "beastly" itself was, to say the least, eminently unclerical, so the remark did not depress me. I therefore made an inquiry about my vicar.

"The old humbug!" burst out the last curate.

I felt my blood curdle, — all my old early-trained reverence engendered by Dr. Watts revolted against Mr. Parker.

"Had n't we better change the subject," I said, "seeing that I am his curate?"

The ex-one, with his legs hanging over one of the easy-chairs, as much at his ease as if it were still his, and the purchase-money were not in his waistcoat-pocket, glanced at me, amused.

"The old man 's luckier than he deserves to be, anyhow," he said. "You 'll just suit him."

I inquired if there were any well-to-do parishioners.

"There 's Mrs. Bingham and her five lovely daughters (three of them are away just now), — she is piscatorially inclined."

I felt horror-stricken. "Fishes! — a woman with a family!"

"You see," pursued little Mr. Parker, "you must not be shocked; she 's not rich, though she lives in a good house, — her money dies with her."

I felt relieved. "Well, it may be praiseworthy, though masculine. Is there good trout in the stream here?"

Mr. Parker unexpectedly burst out laughing.

"My dear Mr. Williams, excuse me, but you're made for this place, — positively made for it. Trout! no, very little; though to see Mrs. Bingham with her tackle all about her (a different fly for every fish) stand perseveringly day after day trying to catch one miserable sole — I mean trout — it gives one a feeling of positive respect."

"It must," I said warmly. I was glad to hear the ex-curate respected anything. I was afraid he did n't, I really began to have a better opinion of him (though of course I could not approve his sentiments) as I shook hands with him on the platform that night.

The next morning as I sat looking over a pile of sermons I had constructed at intervals, my eye was caught by an object at my garden gate — an object of bulk and dignity — a clerical object, evidently the vicar.

How truly kind! my heart kindled. How I loathed the smell of that tobacco which surrounded me; how I blushed at the remembrance of that epithet which I had heard applied to this kind-hearted man only the evening before.

The Rev. Dr. Walsh knocked like a bishop, and entered like an archbishop. He had (I say it now) a swelling manner. He seemed to fill all the chairs at once, so to speak, and drive me into Mrs. Spinx's coal-pan.

"Mr. Williams!" said my vicar, extending his hand.

The manner was benevolent, — affectionate; it seemed to say, "Fill the chairs, my dear curate, — I, your vicar, will retire into nothing."

I took his hand, and felt my heart overflowing with love and duty. That eye, bright and intellectual — that broad brow —

"Your first cure, I think?" continued my vicar.

I assented.

"Williams!" pursued the great man — "the name strikes me. I had a dear friend once of that name: he was a man who did his duty, and never shrank from work. Do you shrink from work?"

This was the man after my mother's own heart, — a man eager in the path of duty, — eager to lead others therein.

I replied modestly, "I hoped I was wishful to do my duty."

"Ah! yes," said my vicar, somewhat abstractedly. "My dear Mr. Williams, the fact is I am in affliction. I am not one who presses his grief on others (that I should look upon as selfishness), but in this case you can help me."

I replied I should be too happy.

My vicar cleared his throat and went on.

"Blessed as I am, and thankful as I am for my many blessings, yet in one thing I am unfortunate. I have a dear family, but that family suffers. My wife is delicate; our eldest girl, a sweet child aged fourteen, is fragile in the extreme. My lot is cast in the country, and my family requires a frequent supply of that ozone which is only to be found in sea air. My dear wife has with our children been at Scarborough for a fortnight. Gladly would I stay here alone unrepiningly (we should not repine, Mr. Williams!), but what can I do when I hear daily that my beloved child asks for 'Papa?' 'Her wishes must be gratified,' says our family doctor. I have been torn with doubts: is my duty here, or does it call me to my child?"

My vicar paused — and *swelled!*

From my position by the coal-pan I could see the agitation of my superior's manner while alluding to his child, and flashing through my mind came the recollection of the man who had sat in the same chair only the evening before, and called him "humbug!" I loathed the thought.

"O, go to your child at once, sir!" I said (the dear little girl might be pining for him at this very moment). "I will endeavor, though unworthily, to fulfil your duties and — "

My vicar seemed to think I had said enough. He did not stay long after this, but he pressed my hand at parting, and said, "God bless you, Williams!"

My feelings were mixed when the interview was over. I sat down again to my pile of sermons, but failed to derive my usual satisfaction from these interesting works. I had lost the benefit of this man's teaching at the outset. I was very young, ardent, and enthusiastic, and — I was disappointed.

Sunday was the day but one after. On Saturday I had made the round of the village, shaking hands with mothers and kissing their offspring like a model young curate on the back of a penny tract. I could well understand a Parker considering the place slow. There were boys and pigs in abundance, a church in a state of dilapidation, and a modern vicarage near it with handsome iron gates. It was a commonplace village, devoid even of a permanent doctor, and yet overrun with children; but the state of the village has little to do with my story.

Sunday came. I rose early and nervous. My hands shook a little as I arranged my bands, looked twice to see that my sermon accompanied me, and did not recover from that Johnnyish feeling I was subject to till I stood in the reading-desk.

The congregation was small, — painfully small to a zealous young curate, — but just under the reading desk was a pew containing three ladies. I could not help seeing them, or I should have preferred not to do so. One of them was not a stranger to me, she was my young fellow-traveller; the two others were tall, ordinary women. I caught a pair of blue — I mean my railway companion looked up, and if it had not been in church, would, I think, have smiled. The look seemed to say, "O, it's you again, is it?" Then for the rest of the church service (and it gave me inward satisfaction) she kept her eyes to her book. Shall I say that it warmed me a little to my work to see that pew of ladies, as I ascended the pulpit steps?

My mother thought my sermons would get me a bishopric, and though not of that opinion myself, yet I still did think they had merits. This was my first sermon. My congregation was, without the occupants of the pew, limited to ten. I was in earnest, but — I was twenty-three. I felt an inward glow as I thought I might prove to the girl, who had laughed at me the other day, that I was not devoid of eloquence. Perhaps that eloquence might make an impression on this frivolous and worldly-minded young person. I had chosen one of my best themes, — one to which I had affixed the "J. W." lovingly, and as I gave it out, it answered my expectations on delivery.

There was one passage, alluding to the snares and flowery seductions of this world, which made me feel all aglow against such seductions, as I denounced them. But did I raise any such kindred feelings in my congregation? I ventured to glance round. The ten hearers, from any expression in their faces, were evidently uncalculated to know the meaning of the word "seductions." I looked down into the pew; two tall, plainly-attired ladies sat listening intently, their eyes raised, their hands folded; but the one whom the words were intended specially to benefit reclined in a corner of the large pew — fast asleep. O, ephemeral muslins and laces, and wearer as ephemeral!

I felt my indignation rise. The day, it was true, was hot, but why could she not listen as well as her companions? Were my words more suited to the comprehension of the latter? My mother would have hoped so. As for myself, I took off my gown with far fewer feelings of satisfaction than when I put it on.

Passing up the churchyard, the three ladies were in front of me, and I heard a voice from under a most delicate parasol say, —

"What a long sermon! I wish there were n't sermons in summer, only ventilators."

"Hush, Lizzie," said one of the ladies, "and do recollect it's Sunday."

Again my spirit sank at what I thought the frivolity of this girl. My mother desired nothing more earnestly than to witness the bestowal of my affections, but then the object must be suitable. Suitable, in her eyes, meant — quiet, easily led (by herself), retiring, a lover of needles and thread rather than of millinery and self-decoration, — whose views of pleasure should be of the teachers' tea-meeting or 'improving-the-mind' order.

From my shy nature, and early nurture on Dr. Watts, I too had the sort of idea that a pretty bonnet betokened a love of the world in the wearer,

and a sparkling manner, an undue lightness of character; and yet, and yet — these were the ideas instilled into me. The time might be coming when views of my own should do combat with my mother's views; — which would be conqueror? At present there was no such conflict. I saw an elegantly-dressed young woman with worldly sentiments. I saw two plainly-attired ladies who might each have been cut out to order (one was rather old, to be sure), for a Mrs. Williams. Might it not be that the hand of Providence had planted me here to choose a wife from these two? Time would show.

The afternoon service was equally as unsatisfactory as the morning one. There was the same small congregation, the same pew full, the same tendency on the part of Miss Lizzie to hurt my self-love if nothing else, by falling asleep during the sermon, and afterwards my lonely meal and evening in my cottage.

A week had nearly passed away. I was beginning to get some knowledge of my parishioners, but — human nature is only human nature, after all — I was also exceedingly dull.

My mother's circle at home, though a restricted one, *was* a circle. It took in one or two young men who had never shown any disposition to forsake the ways of their fathers; it took in divers young ladies; they were n't beautiful, or clever, or distinguished in any way, still they were young ladies, and twenty-three requires something of the kind.

Here was I, the sole moving orb in my own circle. I might gaze at and revolve round myself, or Mrs. Spinx, but I required more.

I had, two or three times during that week, fleeting visions of the ladies who sat below the reading-desk, but fleeting visions are unsubstantial. One morning towards the end of the week, as I was meditating getting a dog as a companion, there came a note which roused my pleasurable emotions, the purport being that Mrs. Bingham, of Beech Grove, would be glad if I would give her my company at dinner at five o'clock.

I *must* have been lonely, for I recollect I had a feeling of satisfaction that it was for this afternoon instead of to-morrow.

I was just finishing my toilet when a remembrance flashed into my mind. Bingham was the name of the lady who fished! I almost wished I were n't going; but then was any credit to be placed on Mr. Parker's statements?

After obtaining from Mrs. Spinx the route, I made my way to Beech Grove. A narrow lane behind the church brought me to some white gates. Beech Grove did not belie its promising sound. There were n't many beeches, certainly, but there was a nice neat lawn, and a few flower-beds, and a veranda, and a carriage-drive devoid of weeds. You might see Beech Grove in ninety-nine parishes out of every hundred, and live there comfortably. *Cela dépend.*

A man on arriving is at once on the scene of action. None of those mysterious paper boxes, out of which come we know not what to be put on at the house of entertainment, before wax lights and a mirror. (I believe if there are many ladies and but one mirror, this is a work of time.) A man being not so easily put out of order in the transit, has not one minute for reflection from doorstep to presence-chamber.

"Mr. Williams!" and then, following up my name, I was shaking hands with a long thin ditto, appertaining to my deaf travelling companion. Not masculine to look at, keen-eyed and severe, but *correct* to a degree.

"My daughters," said Mrs. Bingham, "Jane and Elizabeth."

Having a vague idea that Providence was in some way connected with my acquaintance with these ladies, I surveyed the Miss Binghams with interest. They were n't attractive (I mean to the eye). Jane was her mother over again, as the saying is, without the deafness, and with an acidity of manner that might perhaps have been due to her passed stage of youthfulness — and spinsterhood. Elizabeth was considerably younger, shorter, stouter, with curling hair, and a more amiable expression.

True, her face was not distinguished by much beauty. Her nose was neither a delicate, vivacious *retroussé*, nor a statuesque Grecian; but why proceed? Elizabeth was the sort of young person to whom I had been accustomed. Elizabeth had the outside characteristics of "suitable." If Providence had led me to the Miss Binghams, Elizabeth was *the* Miss Bingham, and the presence of Elizabeth made me more at home.

As the one man, I had to be entertained. Miss Bingham tried to draw me out on church architecture. Miss Bingham deplored the poverty of the parish in preventing the restoration of the church. Mrs. Bingham knitted, and threw in a word here and there, while Elizabeth bent over her work and was modestly silent.

"Jane," said Mrs. Bingham, suddenly, "I hope nothing has happened to Lizzie."

"She is always late, mamma," responded Jane; "and knows, being a visitor, she will be waited for, which I call taking advantage."

"I am thankful she is no child of mine," said the deaf lady, heaving a sigh. "As it is, she is a great responsibility."

Two minutes afterwards the door opened, and the "great responsibility" came in — the young lady who fell asleep during my sermon — in a toilet that aimed at something above neatness, and that floated about her, a cloud of pink and white, something that might, like a jam tart to a sick child, be very good to look at and very bad for you. I had eyes and saw, but I was a man not to be led by my eyes, — prudent beyond my years.

"Lizzie, my dear," said Mrs. Bingham, "you 're very late."

"I 'm sorry for that, aunt," replied Lizzie, at the top of her musical voice. "I met Charley Langton, looking so wretched, that I went farther than I intended, and he has come back with me in to dinner."

"Lizzie," said her aunt, "how —"

"He has lost his father, poor boy, never got over it, and I thought —"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Bingham, waving her hand, "no one is more glad to see him than I; but it 's the principle of young ladies inviting young men."

Lizzie's lips curled. "Young men!" she said to her cousin, Miss Bingham, "why Charley 's only sixteen."

"You know mamma's rules, Lizzie"; and Lizzie turned away in a manner that made me jot down temper as another failing in this very faulty young person.

The entrance of Charley, a languid, delicate-looking boy, put an end to the discussion.

Mrs. Bingham certainly gave him as cordial a welcome as if she had asked him. Even the two Miss Binghams greeted him with more demonstra-

tion than is usually bestowed on boys of sixteen. "Very kind," I thought; but it was a kindness Charley did not seem to appreciate, as he moved away to Lizzie in the window, and stood by her there in a languid yet easy way till we went in to dinner.

I found myself between Mrs. Bingham and her daughter Elizabeth. Miss Bingham took the foot of the table; their cousin and Charley were opposite me. Mrs. Bingham conversed a little with me about my mother and home and loneliness here, sympathetically: so that what with hot soup and the startling loudness of my replies, I became very warm indeed.

Elizabeth *was* — retiring. She wanted setting off on a subject: even then she did not go any extreme way, but replied modestly, and retired again. Miss Lizzie, too, was silent, and again offended my taste at the beginning of the meal. (I had many particular notions about young ladies.)

"I am so hungry," she said; "riding round Drayton Hill, with all that delicious heather out, is beneficial to me. May I have some beer, Jane?"

"*You* can have what you like," said Miss Bingham, acidly.

And Lizzie's glass was filled. To drink beer seemed to me as masculine as a coquettish bonnet looked worldly.

I looked at Elizabeth's glass. Pure water! and felt thankful.

The dinner was quite a plain one. After the soup, chickens and a shoulder of mutton. I trembled at the chickens, but Mrs. Bingham declining my aid, I was feeling able to converse with Elizabeth, when Miss Lizzie's clear voice came out for the benefit of the table.

"I've been offered two tickets to-day for the Beaconfield ball; it's in a fortnight."

Mrs. Bingham, busy with the chickens, did not hear. Miss Bingham exclaimed, —

"One does n't hear a sensible word there."

"Does n't one," said Lizzie; "well, I must be indifferent to sensible words, for I want to go very much. Do you recollect, Charley, the ball last year, and how you got spoony on Miss Brett, and quite deserted me?"

"No, I don't, Lizzie. I recollect being sent off by Percy."

"Hush," said Lizzie, laughingly, but I was busy with my thoughts.

Spoony!! A young lady to use such a word. I felt electrified. I turned to the gentle Elizabeth.

"Do *you*, too, care for balls?" I asked, somewhat anxiously.

"No," said Elizabeth, in a very low voice, and blushing; "at least," she added, "I always like the school treat more."

Here was a disciplined mind for you. The carnal nature conquered, — desire under control.

Said Miss Bingham, "You must regret the absence of your vicar, Mr. Williams."

"I do indeed; he seems such a superior man. He was divided between his wish to stay and help me, and his anxiety to be with his sick child."

"Did he leave you the key of his kitchen garden?" said Lizzie, irrelevantly.

"No," I replied, not seeing the force of the question.

"He has such nice peaches," continued Lizzie. "When I was here last year the bishop came down, and the bishop had as many of them as he liked to eat, and Dr. Walsh was so pleased to see the bishop eat them. Has Mrs. Spinx any peaches in her garden?"

"No, of course not"; but I said I was independent of peaches.

"Dr. Walsh says his have a peculiar flavor," said Charley. "Percy got a whole lot sent last year."

"Don't you know the proverb, Charley, — 'Stroke me and I will stroke thee'? Dr. Walsh strokes Percy with the peculiar flavored peaches; Percy must stroke the Doctor with a pine. Dr. Walsh, my dear, is partial to stroking, and does not object to an English pine."

I felt aglow with indignation, though the young lady opposite seemed quite unconscious of such a feeling being possible.

Mrs. Bingham observed (it was wonderful sometimes how she heard), "It's a pity his eldest girl is so delicate."

"O Aunt Bingham," burst out Lizzie, "you know very well she is n't. Dr. Walsh finds Marsden dull and Scarborough the reverse, and just because Emily has n't a color —"

I could not wait to the end of the sentence, — I could stand it no longer.

"You seem to forget who you are speaking before, Miss D'Arcy. I am Dr. Walsh's curate. Am I to sit and listen to slander against my vicar? There is always some one to impute evil motives to the best of men and deeds."

Mrs. Bingham looked pleased. Charley began, —

"Mr. Williams, it's not slander; it's as well known —"

When Lizzie stopped him with a look, and then turned on me a straightforward glance out of her large blue eyes. She was certainly very pretty, especially with the flush on her cheeks they had now; but then, is not beauty deceitful?

She said nothing at first, to my surprise; but after her steady look the corners of her mouth curled with smiles, and she said demurely, —

"I still think Dr. Walsh *ought* to have left you the key of his kitchen-garden, Mr. Williams."

Then she turned to Charley, and the two talked together for the rest of dinner, alone.

If beauty is deceitful, there was no deceit in Elizabeth; if placidity is estimable in a woman, Elizabeth was much to be esteemed. On principle I did like and esteem her, on principle, also, I disliked and thought little of her cousin. Our views on so many points coincided; indeed, I might say on every point, about parish work, society, books, &c.

It was still daylight when dinner was over, and Lizzie said, —

"O, let us have a game at croquet. Mr. Williams, shall we teach you?"

It seemed a veiled attempt at reconciliation. I had reproved Miss Lizzie in a way many young ladies might have resented, so I gave in to the croquet.

Then Elizabeth said she had work to finish.

"One of those everlasting flannel petticoats?" suggested Charley.

(Another virtue, — she made flannel petticoats!)

"Charley, you're a goose," said Lizzie. "It is just because they are n't everlasting she makes them; but put them by for to-night, and be good-natured, Elizabeth."

(Could she be anything else?)

So Elizabeth sacrificed the flannel petticoats at

the shrine of croquet, and we had to choose our sides.

I have seen men linger over this, as if preference in croquet showed preference in life. Charley, however, showed no such hesitation.

"Come, Lizzie, I won't desert you to-night," he said; so we began, and of course I was beaten. Elizabeth played in a tranquil manner, while her cousin's ball was like a shooting star, and a shooting star had far the best of it.

"Don't you think this rather a poor game to be made so much fuss about?" observed Elizabeth to me.

(She had tried three times at one hoop, and we stood side by side.)

"I did not like the notion of it," I said, "but it seems harmless."

"O yes, or I should not play, of course."

And then Lizzie made a swoop down, and sent me to a laurel-bush at the antipodes.

I was not near my partner again till just the end of the game. Lizzie was advancing to the stick, and Elizabeth asked me, —

"Do you think her pretty?" (How very feminine!)

Yes, I thought her very pretty, but I did not think it was the kind of beauty I admired the most.

"O Mr. Williams," said Elizabeth, with more animation than I had seen her display, "you think exactly like I do. I call her pretty, only it 's a pity she 's such a flirt."

I did not quite like this. I did not doubt Lizzie being a flirt, only the good-nature of Elizabeth in telling me so. Or was it that she had detected something inflammable about me, and so set up a fire-guard as a precaution? I would not believe that anything but good-nature could dwell in that Miss Bingham, whom I believed Providence had selected for me.

"She has only an invalid father, and he spoils her so," continued Elizabeth. "I am very fond of her; but we are so different; she likes balls and things, and I —" Miss Elizabeth's autobiography was closed by Lizzie coming up.

"There! we 've beaten you, Mr. Williams, so now there 's nothing left for you but to make the best of it by saying something polite."

Was this flirting? It might be, yet somehow it seemed harmless, like the croquet. Then we went in, and had some tea and music. Elizabeth played, certainly not professionally, but nicely, and I did not like too much time devoted to music.

"Now, Lizzie, sing something," said Charley.

"Lizzie," called out her aunt, "remember your sore throat."

Lizzie said it was quite well.

"I 'm responsible for you," said Mrs. Bingham.

So Lizzie, with very flushed cheeks, gave up her own opinion and sat down with Charley to a game of chess, over which they talked a great deal. Then Elizabeth drew a low stool near her mother's chair, and we made quite a little home picture, with Lizzie excluded; and yet — and yet — I wished (as Mrs. Bingham gave out her improving sentences, and Elizabeth sounded a gentle accompaniment) that if such a thing were possible, blue eyes, and pink muslin, and golden hair with pink ribbon in it, were n't of this world worldly. I wished it very calmly, but the wish was there, even as I felt "safe" with my mother's views of safety, seated beside a girl in gray silk who was suited to me.

So the evening came to an end. Charley said he would go with me as far as the inn where his horse was, and we took leave together. We had just got to the end of the drive when pattering feet behind us made us turn round.

Ghosts are not in my category of beliefs, of course; yet I should as soon have expected to see one as Lizzie.

Charley exclaimed, "Why, Liz, what is it?" as she stood panting, and I waited, supposing she had some girlish message to a friend.

I started when she began: "Mr. Williams, I wanted to tell you I was sorry for what I said at dinner. I should not have spoken what I thought so decidedly. You were quite right in telling me every one may be mistaken, and I respect you for it. Good night."

She held out her hand, (what a little white hand it looked in the moonlight!) and, giving me no time to speak, she ran back to the house.

I could not help thinking about this. Was not the proceeding unusual? not quite in accordance with the Williams' rubric. That was true, but then, was the Williams' rubric infallible? A young girl running out to tell a gentleman she was in the wrong! It might be impulsive, but it was honest and genuine. What a pity she was so fond of balls! What a pity she dressed herself in attractive webs to dazzle the eyes of foolish men! Was she a flirt? at all events she had not thought it worth her while to try me. Was I duly grateful? I could not doubt Elizabeth's word. If the Williams' estimate were right, she was all a shepherdess should be, — while Lizzie was one who, with the crook in her hands, would lead the lambs all astray. I felt sure of this, — almost sure, — and yet, as I fell asleep, I did wish jam tart was not so unwholesome.

I did not see anything unwholesome for many days, though I often saw Elizabeth in the cottages, seated by the aged, like a ministering angel. Was it necessary that such angels should be clad in sober garments and the most unattractive of bonnets? I believed so.

I was sorry not to see Lizzie, — sorry in a vague sort of way, when an old woman asked Elizabeth one day in my presence why Miss Lizzie never came now.

Elizabeth colored, said she did not know, and soon after took her leave. So, there had been days when Lizzie, too, had been a ministering angel. I liked to think of those blue eyes bent on the complaints of the poor, — those small hands busied. Johnny Williams, your imagination is wandering. The fair worldling had tried and gone back, while Elizabeth was daily at her post. Daily, indeed; and so I could not fail to carry her books sometimes, or see her to the Beech Grove gates, or put up her umbrella for her if it rained, and thinking what a good wife she would make on the Williams' principle. I tried to love her. The loving had not come yet, however, and I was surprised, and took my own heart to task about it. I was so taking my heart to task one afternoon, when I met Charley Langton, as I turned from the Beech Grove gates. I had declined entering, as somehow I felt as if Mrs. Bingham were beyond me. She was Elizabeth's mother, of course, but perhaps I had not got over that undiscovered report about her fishing, — at all events, I did not seek her presence. I met Charley on a fine young horse, but riding somewhat moodily. He pulled up at the sight of me.

"Have you been in there?" (meaning Beech

Grove) he asked naturally, seeing me so near the gates.

I said "no," without thinking it necessary to allude to my *tête-à-tête* with Elizabeth, and then asked if he had been.

"No. I can stand as much as most fellows, but I can't stand that woman often," and looking back, he shook his fist at the Beeches; "but perhaps you are an old friend," he added, smiling.

I did not feel called upon to defend Mrs. Bingham, at all events yet. *She* was not my vicar. I said I had never seen them till I came here.

"Lizzie is kept in a complete state of imprisonment; it's a horrid shame," Charley went on; "she got into such a row about the other night, so now she declares she won't go into the village, for her aunt said she went to meet — people," added Charley, pulling himself and his horse up at the same moment. But could I doubt who "people" were, simple as I was? No — no.

"Why does she stay?"

"Why," pursued Charlie, she has only an invalid father, and she don't like bothering him about such a trifle."

I gulped down the insult to myself of being "such a trifle."

"I should think Mrs. Bingham's a clever woman, only rather masculine, is n't she?" (Here was a neat way of getting to the truth of the "fishing.") I had misgivings as to the lawfulness thereof, but then she might be my — not a pleasant word.

"She don't smoke or hunt, if you mean that by 'masculine,'" said Charley; "perhaps if she did, it would improve her."

This was shocking, but I was "hot" now.

"Does n't she fish?" I inquired.

Charley looked slightly astonished. "How! fish?"

"For the support of her family?"

"O yes, — fishes for her daughters; Elizabeth's often the bait, — regularly poked down, too."

What a light broke in on me! about my future, — too. So it was slang on the ex-curate's part, and Johnny Williams had n't seen it. I felt the awakening dreadful. The subject was not a pleasant one, and I could only say, "O, I see," and change it. Perhaps Charley had not noticed my inferior sagacity to his own. I hoped not, for he began, —

"A whole lot of the 6th Dragoon fellows want me to get Lizzie out. Captain Grey saw her last year. She is awfully pretty, and a regular brick too. O, and I say," continued Charley, "my cousin Percy has some people the day after to-morrow, and he told me to look out for some men, — will you go? He's an awfully jolly fellow."

I had misgivings that "awfully jolly fellows" and I were not suited. However, the world seemed just to have been turned upside down, and I felt a little extra shake on one side would be trifling.

"I don't care much for society, — gay society I mean."

"O," said the boy, a smile curling his lips, "it's all right then, — just the sort of place for you."

And here, after saying I would go, we parted. Parted — to think. Could it be that Elizabeth was in the secret of her mother's plans? No, O no! Could it be that Elizabeth had not known why her cousin had given up the village? My thoughts turned to Lizzie. If it had not been from the force of Dr. Watts and my mother combined, those deep, trustful blue eyes, and that frank, lively manner would have attracted me very much; as it was — I was going to the party.

* * * * *

Just what would suit me! The "jolly fellows" then turned over Continental views with an anxious eye on the young lady near them. Having finished looking at them, they tried to remember a riddle, which they rarely could, and they made a rush at the light refreshments, which ended the evening, to relieve the monotony of nothing to say by asking if somebody would have a sandwich. It was half past eight o'clock when the cross between gig and dog-cart brought me to the jolly fellow's abode. Then I found that Mr. Langton had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. I saw it in the pretty, though not extensive park we drove through; in the blaze of light which dazzled me when I found myself, with some misgivings, in a handsome hall.

There was a sound of laughter through a door on my right, which did not remind me of anything I had ever heard over "Continental views." It was with no misgiving, but with a certainty that Charley had taken me in, that I entered a room on the left, — a room which had been despoiled of all furniture and carpeting, and had only ominous candles and mirrors, clad in flowers, on its walls, — a room that was not suited to a Williams. At the other end there were folding doors open, and a tableau of ladies beyond, — not a single man. As I followed the servant across the floor (slippery as ice), I wished vainly it were ice, and that I could sink under it before we reached that other inner room. I had been punctual, and this was the result.

A large room with corners and recesses, and ladies everywhere! I was in it, hot, cold, agonized! — the only man. And then, O relief! a snowy vision came and stood before me. What matter that the pearls on the white neck and the flowers in the golden hair betoken preparation for the slippery foundation of the next room? The hand stretched out to me, the sweet voice speaking to me, were Lizzie's, — she had come to befriend me.

"You are the only person who thinks punctuality a virtue, Mr. Williams," she said, blushing for she had come across the room to speak to me, and perhaps Mrs. Bingham haunted her. "Mr. Langton has some of the gentlemen to dinner, so we must try to amuse you for a little while. Shall I introduce you to Miss Blake, Mr. Langton's aunt?"

She crossed the room with me, — she *guaranteed* me, so to speak, and made me no longer a stranger. She told Miss Blake (an old lady with white hair and a face which had essence of kindness in it) who I was, and a stranger here, and Miss Blake grew "double distilled" essence at once.

"Shall I introduce you to any one I know?" asked Lizzie; and I thanked her and said, "By and by."

Might there not be a time when a man wanted tempting with jam-tart, having been on plain diet very long? It was very nice having that pleasant voice saying "Mr. Williams" (my name had never sounded musical before). And then, all too soon, there was a sound of opening doors, and some men came in. One crossed over in the easiest, most careless way (I felt it was so different to my way) to where we were. Not the sort of man I had ever seen carrying about sandwiches in my mother's circle, — it was the "jolly fellow." He had light whiskers and moustache, and rather languid blue eyes. The languor vanished as he shook hands with and welcomed me.

"Have you been fighting over that election, Mr. Langton?" asked Lizzie.

"Yes, and I've won, of course. Just fancy yourself in the olden time, Miss D'Arcy, there's been a (consult Bulwer for correct names); and being victorious, I come up to get the prize from you."

"It was usual in the old time to see the result one's self, before giving the prize," laughed Lizzie.

"Exactly so, mademoiselle; but then, you see, we are in the new times now, not the old ones, so you will dance the first with me."

"Really! are you equal to it? A quadrille, I suppose!"

"No, — as I go in for exertion at all, it may as well be a waltz. Please accompany me to the fiddler."

I heard her lower her voice and say something about "old ladies," and then the answer, also low, of which I only caught the words "old women" and "hanged."

She shook her head, laughing again, and then put her hand on his arm, and he led her away. It seemed to me as if the little white-gloved hand rested confidingly there.

"A flirt!" Was it for the dislike to think her such, and the condemnation in which I held such things, that I watched her so narrowly? There were many other men now, and girls fair, dark, pretty, and yet I did not trouble my head about their morals. I only saw one couple, and how — after the young host had led Lizzie to the band — he whirled her round the room with the blue eyes looking over his shoulder. How I condemned dancing! I would preach against it next Sunday, for Lizzie's benefit, if she would not fall asleep, — only I believed she would. And just then I turned, and found myself being spoken to by the old maid.

"You don't dance the waltz Mr. Williams. Ah! we must have a quadrille presently. Do you know any of these young ladies? There's one of the Miss Binghams looking at those prints by the recess, — shall I introduce you?"

And then for the first time I saw Miss Elizabeth. She was not joining in the giddy dance, though she was arrayed in costume that looked like it. Her arms were bare; they were also red; and at the moment when I first saw her, her face looked cross below a green wreath.

I said to the old lady I knew Miss Bingham, and went up accordingly to the table by the recess.

"I did not see you before, Miss Elizabeth."

"And I did not expect to see you," was the reply.

"I was deceived as to the nature of the party."

"Many people are deceived," said Miss Elizabeth, somewhat tartly. (Did this mean Elizabeth was deceived in me.)

I was silent. The young lady looked "put out." Had she been an ordinary girl, I should have set it down to the fact of her being left out in the dance; but then Elizabeth was not an ordinary girl, — or I had tried to think not, — and I supposed she did not dance.

She seemed to think better of her crossness, and gathering her garments together, said, —

"Won't you look at these views, Mr. Williams? They are very good."

I sat down beside her, and together we surveyed cities, and steep mountains, and decorated cathedrals. Was I not at home now? Was not this the sort of thing to which I was accustomed? And yet, and yet — the heart is deceitful above all things. As I sat by the side of Elizabeth, and turned over the views, I felt as if I should like to throw my scruples to the winds, and be in the position of Mr. Percy Langton.

"I should like to go to Cologne to see the cathedral; should not you?" said the young lady.

I answered abstractedly; her words fell flat. I wondered what she had in her mind when she put on her green dress and wreath. Surely a plainer costume would have done to turn over views in. And then the music stopped, and we saw the dancers sauntering about in the other room. I felt my *tête-à-tête* growing irksome, and was glad when Charley, looking mischievous, came up and broke it, with a tall lanky man in tow.

"Did n't I say this was the right sort of thing, Mr. Williams? Ah! Miss Elizabeth! may I introduce Captain Crossfell for the galope?"

Elizabeth blushed violently; she hesitated; she glanced at me, and then she stammered, "I don't dance round dances."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Elizabeth," said Charley, "but as you always used to dance round dances, I was not aware of the change. Captain Crossfell, I will soon find you some one who dances everything."

The tug went its way, and again I was left with Elizabeth. Could I mistake the way in which she looked at me when refusing to dance? I hoped I could mistake it, because I felt to-night, as I sat by her side, it was not a position I should voluntarily choose. Lizzie came up to us next, on Mr. Langton's arm, — came and stood by her cousin.

"Elizabeth, you have n't been dancing; I will introduce you to some one for this."

Again Elizabeth's cheek flushed. "I don't dance the round dances."

Lizzie for one moment looked astonished, and then I saw the same disdainful curl on her lips I had noticed there before, as she merely said, "Oh!"

A tall, dark, fashionable-looking man here made his way to us.

"Miss D'Arcy," he said, "I've timed myself exactly, and this is ours."

I thought Mr. Langton eyed the speaker with rather less than his usual nonchalance, as he bent down to Lizzie and led her away.

Even I, Johnny Williams, eyed him with small satisfaction. There was admiration of his pretty partner in his dark eyes. Mr. Langton stood near me through the dance; but he was n't clerical, nor did I feel so. I forgot all the bread-and-milky notions on which I had been nourished. My eyes followed Lizzie's movements and that dark man's. Why did they dance so little? Anything was better than the way he had of talking to her.

"Mr. Williams," said the host, suddenly, "*you* will dance this quadrille."

Dance! I! And then, before I had replied, Lizzie was near us again, with very bright eyes, and cheeks, and her golden hair floating over her shoulders.

I felt like St. Anthony. I would burst the trammels. Elizabeth was looking up. *She* danced quadrilles, — well, let her.

"Will you dance this with me, Miss Lizzie?"

She opened her bright eyes very wide. "O yes; with pleasure."

It seemed to me that there was a barometer near me, which sank to "stormy" in a moment.

Could I believe, as we took our places, that *my* feet were on that slippery floor? — that I had beside

me a blue wreath and a gossamer dress? — that instead of instructing Miss Lizzie in the way she should go, here was she teaching me the figures?

Had it come to figures?

We a had *vis-à-vis*, of course: that *vis-à-vis* was Elizabeth and a youth, nondescript as to age, and looked upon by the young ladies as some one who might be snubbed with impunity. Elizabeth had not so snubbed him; but her expression was not favorable to any attempts at conversation on the part of that youth. Silently she advanced; silently gave her cousin her hand; and if ever lady's eyes said "Traitor!" Miss Elizabeth Bingham's eyes said it to me, when she got near enough in the ladies' chain. I cared little (though it might be ungrateful) for such talk. There were other speaking eyes near me, and a sweet voice too. If only she would change a little! — and yet, what did I wish to see changed? The delicate dress which added to her beauty? The winning manner which made men love her? No. Round dances; and I would speak to her about these same round dances.

There was little time to speak in the figures; but, alas! they came to an end; and with her hand still on my arm, I did not much care. I could promenade with her more conscientiously.

"Have you seen the conservatory, Mr. Williams? and should you like?"

Like! I felt as if I should not object to living there, as we strolled through the rooms (with that dark man envying me — I felt he was), and got among the ferns and flowers — Miss Lizzie and I. Now was my time. I had read of sermons in stones; this should be in a conservatory.

"Your friend, Charley," I began, "took me in about this party; he did not give me to understand it was to be a dance."

Lizzie laughed.

"And you were startled by the absence of carpet. Well, is n't this far nicer than what you expected? We talk far less gossip; and it makes one feel happy, going round to that delicious band."

I could not help confessing to myself that it was nicer than I expected; but I must not shrink from my subject.

"Going round!" she had said it; here was an opportunity.

"I do not see why people should not be as happy going square as going round," I said. I wanted to put it as gently and pleasantly as possible. Miss Lizzie, who was smelling a rose, continued doing so. I must speak more plainly. I was n't understood. Miss Lizzie's face emerged from the petals.

"And *I* don't see why people may n't be as happy going round as going square; there 's no law against it, is there, Mr. Williams?"

"There is no law against it, Miss D'Arcy," I replied; "but it seems to me that consistently —"

She stopped me. "Do you speak to me as a clergyman, or as a friend?"

I hesitated. Dare I? — No; I dared not. "As a friend," I said.

She drew herself up out of her rose.

"Then Mr. Williams, let me tell you I think you presume in lecturing me; because I have been taught to believe that I may enjoy the — the roses," she said, touching the flower; "and you think it better to shut your eyes and not look at them. Shall you take me to task for differing from you? No, no; and now," she added, "we won't be cross with each other, but we won't speak of this any more, shall we, Mr. Williams?" She laughed a little. "You 'd better speak to my cousin Elizabeth."

Just at this moment who should appear but that young lady, brought to the conservatory by that youth. I could feel for Mr. Langton hanging old women. Williams though I was, I could have executed that youth complacently. If they had n't come, who knows what might not have happened? As we passed out of the conservatory I caught the expression on Elizabeth's face, — it was not pleasing, but what cared I for that? As soon as we entered the dancing-room again the tall man with black whiskers, whom I regarded in the light of my bitterest enemy, came up to us.

"This is ours, I believe," he said; and at these words the little white fingers slid off my arm, the band struck up, and once again *she* was floating round in one of those objectionable waltzes. That they were objectionable I still held, — but, alas! I fear my moral scruples did not preponderate just then. That jolly fellow Percy Langton loomed up to me in anything but a state of jollity it appeared to me; indeed, so much on my own level, that, after Lizzie's dress had just brushed our legs, I remarked, "Who is that man?"

"Which man?" said the host, looking at me somewhat curiously.

I indicated him carelessly (just as if I had not been narrowly watching him the whole time).

"Lord Ernest Wilmot."

I shrank, — at least I felt I did. My rival, a nobleman! He loved her, — of course he did, — he might be telling her so at this moment. The thought was maddening. There was n't a chance for me to speak to her then, — others claimed her, — others who probably loved her too! I hated every man there. I ordered my vehicle and was driven back to my lodgings. I loved her, — I had loved her from the first. I would ask her to be my wife, and if she said "Yes" (I gasped), why she might — dance quadrilles! How about the shepherdess and the crook? How about the jam-tart and the sick child now? Pshaw! was I to pluck a dandelion with a rose so near? My mother's views! — pshaw! again. My mother was an old woman, and had always looked through the narrow end of the telescope. I would look through the other side. I loved her. Would the party be broken up yet, — and how about Lord Ernest Wilmot? Many a girl had the good sense to prefer manly worth (this was typified by me, J. W.) to — (here I grew vague). But now, how was I to do it? My intentions being strictly honorable, must I write to her father? — (man unknown to man unknown, — that would not do; besides, it would take too long). I would go over to Mrs. Bingham's to-morrow morning and ask for the hand of her niece. My mind felt relieved, and I slept a little.

I rose, looking very like a lover on the back of a yellow novel, and the appearance was not becoming. My tongue was dry, my hands hot; however, a clean, well-starched tie somewhat set me off. I tried to eat, and then I started for the Beeches. I heard my heart beat as my feet crunched the gravel of the drive. I lingered, and shut the gate carefully (it was always kept open), and then, being in sight of the windows, I could linger no longer. I was a well-known visitor, and the maid, who came to the door, said the young ladies were n't down yet. I did not want the young ladies, — I wanted Mrs. Bingham. (What a falsehood! I did want one of

the young ladies, and I certainly did not want Mrs. Bingham.

I followed the maid into the drawing-room, and there Mrs. Bingham sat. I should have said she had a scowl on her face, only that I was about to ask for what (if given) would make even her scowls seem smiles to me. Then, for the first time, it struck me, how should I make her hear, for in the ardor of my love I had forgotten this. Making an offer through a trumpet would be very trying; besides, where was the trumpet this morning? We shook hands mutely. Then I drew a chair close and prepared for a shout.

"Mrs. Bingham, I've come on an important mission."

"Missionaries?" said Mrs. Bingham.

I must be louder, — I must say something that could not be mistaken for "missionaries." I began again.

"Mrs. Bingham, — perhaps you may n't have noticed that I — "

The lady did n't, could n't, would n't hear.

"Speak louder, Mr. Williams. I do not hear you very well this morning."

Very well! Why, she did not hear me at all; and as to speaking louder — But there was no help for it.

"Mrs. Bingham," I began the third time, "I 'm in love."

The lady showed symptoms of hearing. She pricked up her ears, as all women will at the sound of "love," and a grim smile dawned on her face. (Surely she did not think I was going to propose to her!) She waited for me to go on, which I was hardly prepared to do. I should think never before had a man declared his love in such a vociferous manner. I almost wished I had gone to Lizzie straight, — but would not such a course have been contrary to intentions strictly honorable? This was more like driving the nail in on the head. I had made plunge No. 1 now; plunge No. 2 would be less startling.

"I want your help," I shouted. Mrs. Bingham heard again. Surely, Cupid being blind, has some electric sympathy with the deaf. The gods befriended me.

"I know now," I continued, "that from my first meeting with Miss Lizzie I have loved her. Will you intercede for me? Do you think there is any hope?"

Mrs. Bingham rose from her chair erect.

"I have noticed your attachment," she said, smiling grimly, "and I think there is. Wait."

"Dear Mrs. Bingham!" — I pressed her hand, — a hand that was cold and hard to pressure, — and she left me.

Gone to intercede. How I had wronged this kind-hearted woman, and there was hope. It was doubtless (after the first) pleasant even to shout to Mrs. Bingham about my Lizzie, but to talk to the rose herself, — how rapturous! How should I receive her? With the ground all prepared by Mrs. Bingham, would a kiss be too much? I trembled. I got up and looked in the mirror, — a mirror that made my nose on one side and my eyes fishy. Was this my expression? I sat down and chirped to the canary-bird: it was Elizabeth's canary. Never mind, — anything to pass the time. Then I heard footsteps. Could a heart come out? If so, mine would. "Be still, O heart!" says somebody, — I said it. They had reached the door, — the handle turned, and there entered Mrs. Bingham and her daughter Elizabeth. How unnecessary! But the mother spoke.

"I told you, Mr. Williams, I thought you might hope. I was not wrong. My child Elizabeth (don't blush, my dear) confesses that she, too, has loved you from the first. Marriages, they say, are made in heaven, — may it bless yours!"

She fixed me with her eyes, and left us together.

O misery! — helplessness! I collapsed. I looked at Elizabeth. I felt I hated her. She stood by the fire looking evidently expectant. Expectant of what? O miserable man! There seemed a timidity on the part of Mahomet about approaching the mountain, — therefore, —

"Dear Mr. Williams," said the mountain, "don't you feel well?"

"No, ill, — wretchedly ill."

"Can't I do anything for you?"

By other lips what sweet words; but by hers, — torture!

"No, thank you, — not anything."

"Mamma has told me," continued Elizabeth, seeing Mahomet was still timid, "how you liked me the first day you came to dinner, — don't you remember?"

I groaned.

"I am afraid you are suffering, — the party last night — " she stopped (was it supposed the champagne had disagreed with me?)

"I think I had better go," I said, goaded to desperation.

"*Better!*" (reproachfully.) Why better? Let us nurse you, — that is if you love me. Don't you love me?"

How would any one else have answered?

"O yes, — yes!" I replied despairingly.

Her face brightened.

"And yet you will go?"

"I won't inflict my misery on you."

"Misery! O John!"

"I shall see you again soon," I said, preparing to leave the room.

"But your hat," said Elizabeth, seeing it lying neglected behind.

"Hat! — what hat?"

She handed it, — I put it on and banged in the top, Elizabeth evidently thinking I was on the way to a brain-fever. She came to the hall door with me, and surveyed the landscape o'er. I don't know what she saw, — to me there were ashes on the flower-beds, and the trees were sackcloth. She came down the drive with me.

"Good by, dear John," she said; "you have made me so happy." She held up her pale face, and I had to do it. My lips felt like Dead Sea apples, — I don't know if she thought so; I dare say not. Of course I loved her, or else why had I just made her an offer. She could not come out with me on the road, thank Heaven! She had no bonnet on, so she stood by the gate watching me. I felt it, but I never looked back.

I did not see Lizzie again, she left (or was sent home?) the next day, when I was lying ill and helpless. Then the Binghams invaded my lodgings (taking advantage of my weakness), which helped to retard my recovery. When I once began to get better, with daily increasing strength came renewed hope; but it was too late. One cold wintry day I heard of Lizzie's approaching marriage with that jolly fellow Percy Langton; and if, after this, there was any struggle against my fate, it was a struggle

without energy. My mother came down to me, and came out strong, but Mrs. Bingham came out stronger by succumbing to her, and I was like a figure, pulled by strings, at these good ladies' will. Elizabeth was meek and submissive to my mother. She wore dingy garments, and adored Dr. Watts; she maintained her position during the Creed, and could make a rice pudding. If I did not love her, I ought to do so, or there must be something very wrong with me. Indeed, there was something wrong with me; I was bitter, disgusted, dissatisfied, and in that frame of mind I was brought to the altar.

An Englishman's home is his castle. Quick, take up the drawbridge, and let no spy enter into mine.

Draw your own conclusions from what I have told you, but don't expect any key to such conclusions from me, — I durst not give it you. Only, they say marriages are made — somewhere! Mine was not!

SELF-HELP.

"As steady application to work is the healthiest training for every individual, so is it the best discipline of a state. Honorable industry travels the same road with duty; and Providence has closely linked both with happiness. 'The gods,' says the poet, 'have placed labor and toil on the way leading to the Elysian fields.' Certain it is, that no bread eaten by man is so sweet as that earned by his own labor, whether bodily or mental. By labor the earth has been subdued, and man redeemed from barbarism; nor has a single step in civilization been made without it. Labor is not only a necessity and a duty, but a blessing: only the idler feels it to be a curse. The duty of work is written on the thews and muscles of the limbs, the mechanism of the hand, the nerves and lobes of the brain, — the sum of whose healthy action is satisfaction and enjoyment. In the school of labor also is taught the best practical wisdom; nor is a life of manual employment incompatible with high mental culture." Thus writes Mr. Smiles, in his new edition of "Self-Help," a work which ought to be found in every working-class library; forming, as it does, a stirring record of the feats which have been accomplished by the exercise of indomitable perseverance and unfaltering earnestness. The lesson to be learned from the book is, that there is no position so obscure, or station so lowly, but that a man can rise from them, if he so will it, to better things. Mr. Smiles gives several instances of this. "Among those who have given the greatest impulse to the sublime science of astronomy we find Copernicus, the son of a Polish baker; Kepler, the son of a German public-house keeper, and himself *garçon de cabaret*; D'Alembert, a foundling picked up one winter's night on the steps of the church of St. Jean le Rond, at Paris, and brought up by the wife of a glazier; and Newton and Laplace, the one the son of a small freeholder near Grantham, the other the son of a poor peasant of Beaumont-en-Auge, near Honfleur. Notwithstanding their comparatively humble circumstances in early life, these distinguished men achieved a solid and enduring reputation by the exercise of their genius, which all the wealth in the world could not have purchased. The very possession of wealth might, indeed, have proved an obstacle greater even than the slender means to which they were born. The father of Lagrange, the astronomer and mathematician, held the office of Treasurer of War at Turin; but having ruined himself by speculations, his family were reduced to poverty. To this circumstance Lagrange was in after life accustomed partly to attribute his own fame and happiness. 'Had I been rich,' said he 'I should probably not have become a mathematician.'" Again, take the case of the late Mr. Heathcote, formerly M.P. for Tiverton, the inventor of the bobbin-net machine: "When a little over twenty-one years of age, Heathcote married, and went to Nottingham in search of work. He there found employment as a smith and 'setter-up' of hosiery and warp-frames. He also continued to pursue the subject on which his mind had before been occupied, and labored to compass the contrivance of a twist traverse-net machine. He first studied the art of making the Buckingham or pillow-lace by hand, with the object of effecting the same motions by mechanical means. It was a long and laborious task, requiring the exercise of great perseverance and no little ingenuity. During this time his wife was kept in almost as great anxiety as himself. She well knew of his struggles and difficulties; and she began to feel the pressure of poverty on her household; for while he was laboring at his invention he was under the necessity, occasionally, of laying aside the work that brought in the weekly wage. In years long after, when all difficulties had been successfully overcome, the conversation which took place between husband and wife, one Saturday evening, was vividly remembered: 'Well, John,' said the anxious wife, looking in her husband's face, 'will it work?' 'No, Anne,' was the sad answer; 'I have had to take it all in pieces again.' Though he could still speak hopefully and cheerfully, his poor wife could restrain her feelings no longer, but sat down and cried bitterly. She had, however, only a few more weeks to wait; for success, long labored for and richly deserved, came at last; and a proud and happy man was John Heathcote when he brought home the first narrow strip of bobbin-net made by his machine, and placed it in the hands of his wife."

The true self-helper is not deterred by failure. As Mr. Smiles justly observes: "We learn wisdom from failure much more than from success. We often discover what *will* do, by finding out what will not do; and probably he who never made a mistake, never made a discovery. It was the failure in the attempt to make a sucking pump act, when the working bucket was more than thirty-three feet above the surface of the water to be raised, that led observant men to study the law of atmospheric pressure, and opened a new field of research to the genius of Galileo, Torricelli, and Boyle. John Hunter used to remark that the art of surgery would not advance until professional men had the courage to publish their failures as well as their successes. Watt, the engineer, said of all things most wanted in mechanical engineering was a history of failures. "We want," he said, "a book of blots." When Sir Humphrey Davy was once shown a dexterously manipulated experiment, he said, "I thank God I was not made a dexterous manipulator; for the most important of my discoveries have been suggested to me by failures." Another distinguished investigator in physical science has left it on record that, whenever in the course of his researches he encountered an apparently insurmountable obstacle, he generally found himself on the brink of some discovery." Concerning a well-known common error, Mr. Smiles tells us that "It has been a favorite fallacy with dunces in all times, that men of genius are unfitted for business, as well as

that business occupations unfit men for the pursuits of genius. The unhappy youth who committed suicide a few years since because he had been 'born to be a man and condemned to be a grocer,' proved by the act that his soul was not equal even to the dignity of grocery. For it is not the calling that degrades the man, but the man that degrades the calling. All work that brings honest gain is honorable, whether it be of hand or mind. The fingers may be soiled, yet the heart remain pure; for it is not material so much as moral dirt that defiles: greed far more than grime, and vice than verdigris. The greatest have not disdained to labor honestly and usefully for a living, though at the same time aiming after higher things. Thales, the first of the seven sages, Solon, the second founder of Athens, and Hyperates, the mathematician, were all traders. Plato, called the Divine, by reason of the excellence of his wisdom, defrayed his travelling expenses in Egypt by the profits derived from the oil which he sold during his journey. Spinoza maintained himself by polishing glasses while he pursued his philosophical investigations. Linnæus, the great botanist, prosecuted his studies while hammering leather and making shoes. Shakespeare was the successful manager of a theatre, — perhaps priding himself more upon his practical qualities in that capacity than on his writing of plays and poetry. Pope was of opinion that Shakespeare's principal object in cultivating literature was to secure an honest independence. Indeed, he seems to have been altogether indifferent to literary reputation. It is not known that he superintended the publication of a single play, or even sanctioned the printing of one; and the chronology of his writings is still a mystery. It is certain, however, that he prospered in his business, and realized sufficient to enable him to retire upon a competency to his native town of Stratford-upon-Avon." These are lessons upon which working-men should carefully ponder; for their real deliverance from the evils, both social and physical, which afflict them is to be found in the proper application of the principles of the world-old doctrine, that God helps those who help themselves.

HORSES, — FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

THE triumphs of *Fille de l'Air* and *Gladiateur* are not likely to be forgotten for some time on either side of the Channel: the facts are beyond question, but the best judges are probably anything but unanimous as to the causes. M. Houël, honorary Inspector-General of the Imperial Haras, has just published a brochure, in which he not only records the fact of England's defeat, but tells the world what, in his opinion, were the reasons why we were beaten, and ought to have been beaten.

In the first place, M. Houël says that there is only one province in France fit to breed what he designates the "pure western race of horses," and that province is Normandy, which is only, he avers, a part of England cut off by a convulsion of nature. The first horses of the past year, *Gladiateur*, *Gontran*, and *Mandarin*, were not only born in Normandy, but nearly all their sires and dams were Norman; *Fille de l'Air* is descended from three mares born in Normandy; *Palestro*, as well as his father and mother, were Norman; and the two most famous French horses, *Fitz-Gladiator* and *Monarque*, are both Norman. As breeding-places, M. Houël places England and Normandy on a par, and there is the same equality, he says, in the matter of education and training; the methods being alike, and the greater part of the trainers and jockeys being English.

The principal cause of the rapid progress of the French racers, and of the success which they have achieved, is, according to M. Houël, the excellence of the method which has been followed by the administration of the Imperial Haras, and also by private breeders, in the choice of breeding-horses. He says that with us racing has become a mere game, and a speculation in which the improvement of the horse is much less considered than the opportunity of betting, and that animals have been chosen with far more regard to fleetness than to conformation. Speed, he says, when cultivated alone, may lead to strange abuses, and in the end produce an animal that can scarcely put one leg before the other. It is impossible to hide the fact, says M. Houël, that in consequence of the exaggerated importance attached to speed, the breeding types have of late years become notably inferior in England; the wise precept established by the English themselves, that three things are necessary, "*Blood, speed, and beauty of form*," has been too much neglected. If, he argues, either of these must be sacrificed, it should certainly be the second.

France, we are told, has followed a totally opposite course to that of England in the purchase of breeding stock; the administration has always given the preference to those exhibiting the most beautiful conformation, and, above all, perfectly free from blemish. The *Emperor*, sire of *Monarque*, and grandsire on the male side of *Gladiateur*, was, according to M. Houël, the most perfect horse with respect to conformation that it was possible to see; but, as he had achieved little success on the course, having scarcely won anything but the Czarowitz stakes, he was sold for a moderate price. As to *Gladiator*, maternal grandsire of *Gladiateur*, this horse presented a type of such marvellous beauty, that it is impossible to conceive how England could part with him; and certainly, adds M. Houël, if the English had possessed a public administration or a disinterested society seeking only the improvement of the race of horses, that magnificent animal would never have crossed the Channel. *Gladiator* was irreproachable as to form, and exhibited an amount of elegance and distinction that recalled the Arab breed in all its ideal perfection. He was bought by the administration of the French Haras and sent to Pin, and gave rise to those splendid reproducers *Fitz-Gladiator*, *Ventre Saint Gris*, *Surprise*, *Capucine*, who will forever keep alive his renown in the annals of the French turf.

Another Frenchman, M. de Saint Germain, expressed in the Corps Législatif last session similar opinions respecting French and English breeding, and condemned, moreover, the abuse of two-year-old races, declaring that such trials at an age when the osseous frame of the horse is not completely formed, have gradually undermined the good constitution of the English racer.

The idleness in which English racers generally live after the age of three years or so is also greatly condemned. When a first-class horse has undergone his proofs the animal is not completely developed; his organization is not perfected. It is not enough that he should have made exertions as a colt; exercise must be continued, in moderation of course, but to a sufficient extent to keep up the habit of action in the principal members. The Arabs well know the necessity for this, and when Abd-el-Kader sent

a chance hit-more to Louis Napoleon, he recommended that it should run once a week. The administration of the Haras has always adopted and carefully practised the system of continuous and systematic encouragement of a practical kind.

Another cause of the comparative falling off of the English stock, is a hereditary breeding. Every year, says another French writer, there is a tenth or the progeny of a favorite horse, and the consequence is that a few years all the young racers descend from the same sire, and many excellent families of horses are allowed to die out simply because they have not furnished a great winner during a generation. The establishment of a systematic encouragement, by the carefully selecting of members, are designed to obviate the fortuitous results of such a system.

It is said that France is now beaten England in breeding commercial vast race-horses, but the want of good training-grounds, which will be found in abundance in sufficient numbers before long.

The various points above are deserving of the serious consideration of the English breeder, many of them are without doubt perfectly true in principle, although the above comments will seem more than a little exaggerated. It is better however, to err in the direction of underrating a foreign, and a thousand times as rich as that of which we are treating, as well as we know, that we should know it. Always therefore, that the points and how are be perfect, and that the English system, in rather practice, is not in practice, it would be unfair to deny the manner without taking to mind the fact that the determination of the English racer is not proof of the superiority of two horses, or a horse bred in another country, and descended from British sires. But if racing and horse-breeding be worth doing at all, they are worth doing well; and if English breeders cannot keep it pace the lead they have, rather give up the race; the second place is in every of those who have so long been first.

A very remarkable exhibition of half-breed horses took place in the Champs Elysées in April last, the first day of the month, the object of which is the encouragement of the breed of a cheap, military, carriage, and saddle horses, — in short, half-breed horses of all kinds. There were from 400 to 500 horses exhibited, including a large number from the Imperial stables. A great number of prizes were awarded, and the exhibition finished with a *carrousel* by the officers of the cavalry school of Saumur. This exhibition was only reported in the English papers, and we only refer to it for the purpose of informing our own countrymen of the steps taken in France for the encouragement of the breeders, as well as the improvement of the breed, of the valuable class of animals which the society in question has taken under its especial patronage.

SHOCKING!

The other day, being at Seville, at the inn dinner of the Fonda de Paris, I saw an English lady thrown into great perturbation by the conduct of a Frenchman, her neighbor, who, having finished his plate of soup, and the puchero being somewhat tardy in making its appearance, drew forth a leathern case and a box of wax matches, and, having bitten the end off a very big and bad cigar, proceeded to light and smoke it. I do not think a Spaniard of any class, to the lowest, would have done this thing. Although smoking is common enough at Spanish dinner-tables, when only men or intimates are present, the innate good breeding of a caballero would at once cause him to respect the presence of a lady and a stranger: and he would as soon think of smoking, unbidden, a weed before her, as of omitting to cast himself (metaphorically) at her feet when he took his leave. Moreover, the Frenchman was wrong even in his manner of smoking. To consume a cigar at meal-times is not even *in consonance le gaie*, — a custom of the country. It is the mere a stupid solecism. Between coffee and liqueurs, or fish and roast, you may just venture on a cigarito, — a fairy puff of tobacco and rose-leaves. Any other form of fumigation, ere the repast be over, is ill mannered. The Gaul, however, thought to show that he did not at one of the numerous aristocratic assemblies of the Regio Impériale at dinner-time was precisely the thing to do in Spain. He smoked in Seville, just as on a hot day, in an English coffee-room, he would have ordered curaçao, a "mixture with bleeding," and a pot of porter-beer. I only wonder that he did not come down to dinner in the Fonda de Paris in full bull-fighter's costume, — green satin breeches, pink silk stockings, and his hair in a net, or strumming a guitar or chasing a pair of castanets. Indeed, he grinned complacently as he pulled at the abominable brand, and looked round the table, as though in ignorance. The Spaniards preserved a very grave aspect, and Don Sandoro Mollicoddly, late of Buenos Ayres, my neighbor, whispered to me that he thought the Frenchman "very rude." As for the English lady, she was furious. She gathered up her skirts, grated over her chair, turned her left shoulder full on the offending Frenchman, and I have no doubt wrote by the next post to Mr. John Murray of Albemarle Street, indignantly to ask why English readers of the Handbook were not warned against the grievance of this atrocious practice at Spanish dinner-tables. In that she did everything but put the hospitable board. In remaining, she showed wisdom. For Spain is not a country where you can afford to trifle with your meals. You had best gulper your meals while you may, and help yourself to the puchero whenever you have a chance. Ages may pass ere you get anything to eat again.

The Frenchman was not abashed by this palpable expression of disaste on the part of his fair neighbor. I had an ever-the-way acquaintance with him, and, glancing in my direction, he simply gave a deprecatory shrug, and murmured, "Ah! c'est comme ça." SHOCKING! It never entered the honest fellow's head that he had been wanting in courtesy to the entire company, but he jumped at the conclusion that the demoiselle Anglaise was a faultless monster of prudery, and that the inhalation of tobacco-smoke at dinner-time, the employment of a fork as a toothpick, the exhibition of ten thousand photographed "legs of the ballet" in the shop windows, and frequent reference to the anonymous or Bois de Boulogne world in conversation, were to her, and her sex and nation generally, things abhorrent, criminal, and "shocking."

The French, who never get hold of an apt notion or a true expression without wearing it threadbare and worrying it to death, and have even traditional jests against this country, which are transmitted from caricaturist to caricaturist, and from father to son, have built up the "faultless monster" to which I alluded above, and persist in believing that it is the ordinary type of the travelling Englishwoman. Oddly enough, while their ladies — and all other Continental ladies — have borrowed from ours the

quaint and becoming hat, the colored petticoats and stockings, and the high-heeled boots which of late years have made feminine juvenility so coquettish and so fascinating, no French draughtsman, no French word-painter, ever depicts the English young lady save as a tall, rigid, and angular female, — comely of face if you will, but standing bolt upright as a life-guardsman, with her arms pendent, and her eyes demurely cast down. She always wears a straw bonnet of the coal-scuttle form, or an enormous flap-hat with a green veil. Her hands, encased in beaver gloves, and her feet, which are in sandalled shoes, are very large. She usually carries a capacious reticule in variegated straw of a bold chessboard pattern. She seldom wears any crinoline, and her hair is arranged in long ringlets most deliciously drooping. She seldom opens her mouth but to ejaculate "Shocking!" It is absolutely astounding to find so accurate an observer and so graphic a narrator as Monsieur Théophile Gautier falling into this dull and false conventionalism in his charming book on Spain. He is describing Gibraltar, and is very particular in the portrayal of such a Mees Anglaise as I have sketched above. The fidelity of the portrait will of course be fully appreciated by all British officers who have mounted guard over the Pillars of Hercules.

The ladies of the garrison at Gibraltar are not, it is true, so numerous as they might be. Calpe is not a popular station with military females. There is no native society beyond the families of the "Rock sio pions," who are usually dealers in mixed pickles and Allsopp's pale ale, and a few Spaniards who earn a remunerative but immoral livelihood by coining bad dollars and smuggling Manchester cottons and Bremen cigars through San Roque; and unfortunately, to ladies of a theological turn, one of the chief charms of a sojourn in a foreign garrison is here lacking. There is nobody to convert in Gibraltar but the Jews; and as it takes about a thousand pounds sterling to turn a Hebrew into a Christian — and a very indifferent Christian at that, for you have to set him up in business and provide for his relations to the third and fourth generation — missionary enterprise, to say the least, languishes. With all these drawbacks, I am told that English female society at the Rock is charming; that their costume, their features, and their manners are alike sprightly and vivacious, and that the "girls of Gib," as regards that rapidity and entrain which are so pleasingly characteristic of modern life, are only second to the far-famed merry maidens of Montreal, whose scarlet knickerbockers and twinkling feet disporting on the glassy surface of the Victoria "Rink," have led captive so many old British grenadiers. When a maiden of Montreal is unusually rapid — what is termed "fast" in this country — they say she is "two forty on a plank road," two minutes and forty seconds being the time in which a Canadian trotter will be backed to get over a mile of deal-boarded track.

Now, whatever could Monsieur Gautier have been thinking of so to libel the ladies of Gibraltar? They slow! They angular! They "avec la démarche d'un grenadier"! They addicted to the national ejaculation of "Shocking!" That old oak, however, of prejudice is so very firmly rooted, that generations, perhaps, will pass away ere foreigners begin to perceive that the stiff, reserved, puritanical Englishman or Englishwoman, if they still indeed exist, and travel on the Continent, have for sons and daughters ingenuous youths, who in volatile vivacity are not disposed to yield the palm to young France, and gayly-attired maidens, frolicsome, not to say frisky, in their demeanor. It is curious that the French, ordinarily so keen of perception and so shrewd in social dissection, should not, by this time, have discovered some other and really existent types of English tourists, male and female, to supply the place of the obsolete and wellnigh mythical "Mees," with her long ringlets, her green veil, her large hands and feet, and her figure full of awkward and ungainly angles. And may not the British Baronet, with his top-boots, and his bull-dog, and his hoarse cries for his servant "Jhon," and his perpetual thirst for "grogs," be reckoned among the extinct animals? I was reading only yesterday, in the Chronique of one of the minor Parisian journals, a couple of anecdotes most eloquent of the false medium through which we are still viewed by the lively Gaul.

In the first, the scene is laid at the Grand Hôtel. An Englishman is reading the Times and smoking a cigar. It is a step in advance, perhaps, that the Briton should have come to a cabana instead of pulling at a prodigiously long pipe. The Englishman happens to drop some hot ashes on the skirt of his coat. "Monsieur, monsieur!" cries a Frenchman sitting by, "take care, you are on fire!" "Well, sir," replies the Briton, indignant at being addressed by a person to whom he has not been formally introduced, "what is that to you? You have been on fire twenty minutes, and I never mentioned the fact." I refrain from giving the wonderful Anglo-French jargon in which the Englishman's reply is framed. The second anecdote is equally choice. An English nobleman is "enjoying his villeggiatura at Naples" — by which, I suppose, is meant that he is betting on the chances of a proximate eruption of Mount Vesuvius — when his faithful steward, Williams Johnson, arrives in hot haste from England. "Well, Williams," asks the nobleman, "what is the matter?" "If you please, milor, your carriage-horses have dropped down dead." "Of what did they die?" "Of fatigue. They had to carry so much water to help put out the fire." "What fire?" "That of your lordship's country-house, which was burnt down on the day of the funeral." "Whose funeral?" "That of your lordship's mother, who died of grief on hearing that the lawsuit on which your lordship's fortune depended had been decided against you." Charming anecdotes are these, are they not? The gentleman who popped them into his column of chit-chat gave them as being of perfect authenticity and quite recent occurrence, and signed his name at the bottom; and yet I think I have read two stories very closely resembling them in the admired collection of Monsieur Joseph Miller.

The Englishman who is the hero of cock-and-bull stories, and the English lady who is always veiling her face with her fan, and exclaiming "Shocking!" are so dear to the French and the general Continental heart, that we must look for at least another half-century of railways, telegraphs, illustrated newspapers, and international colleges, before the mythical period passes away and the reign of substantial realism begins. I remember at the sumptuous Opera-House at Genoa seeing a ballet called The Grateful Baboon, in which there was an English general who wore a swallow-tail coat with lapels, Hessian boots with tassels, a pigtail, colossal bell-pull epaulettes, and a shirt-frill like unto that of Mr. Boatswain Chucks. The audience accepted him quite as a me-

ter of course, as the ordinary and recognized type of an English military officer of high rank; and then I remembered that during our great war with France Genoa had been occupied by an English force under Lord William Bentinck, and that his lordship had probably passed bodily into the album of some one of the Teatro Carlo Felice, and remained there ever since, for fifty years. In like manner the Americans, created, many years since, by the novelists of Mrs. Trollope, and stung to the quick by the sneers of the national peculiarities of "Yankeedom" and spitting, thought they could throw the tables on us by assuming that we were a nation of cockneys, hopelessly given to misplacing our H's.

I have no sooner put down the lively chronique contained in the Joe Millerisms, than I took up a copy of the New York Times, a paper of very high character and respectability, and whose editor, Mr. Henry Raymond, one of the most distinguished of living American politicians, is doing good service to the public by striving — almost alone, unhappily — to stem the tide of the intolerance and tyranny of the dominant faction. In a leading article of the New York Times I read, that when the British Lion was reproached with his blockade-running sins, and other violations of neutrality during the war, the hypocritical beast turned up his "cotton colored eyes" and whimpered, "Thou cannot say Hi did it." The gentleman who wrote the leader doubtless thought he had hit us hard with that "Hi." He would have shot nearer the bull's eye had he asked why Lord Russell is always "obleged" instead of obliged, and why the noble proprietor of Knowsley is Lord "Derby" to one set of politicians and Lord "Darby" to another. But these little niceties of criticism seem to escape our neighbors. The imputation of cockneyism is a bit of mud that will stick.

The Americans have made up their minds that we are "Halways wanting the walour of hour harms," and "hexulting hover hour appiness hunder the ouse of anover." No disclaimers on our part will cause them to abandon their position. Nor in this case, nor in that of "Shocking," do we lie open, I venture to think, to accusations of a tu quoque nature. We caricature our neighbors more closely and observantly than they do us. We have found out long since that the Yankee is not invariably a sallow man in a broad-brimmed straw hat, and a suit of striped nankeen, who sits all day in a rocking-chair with his feet on the mantel-piece, sucking mint-julep through a straw. We know the circumstances under which he *will* put his feet up, and the seasons most favorable to the consumption of juleps. We have even ceased to draw him as he really was frequently visible, some twenty years since, as a cadaverous, straight-haired individual, clean shaved, in a black tail coat and pantaloons, a black satin waistcoat, and a fluffy hat stuck on the back of his head, and the integument of his left cheek much distended by a plug of tobacco.

The English painter of manners takes the modern American as he finds him, a tremendous dandy, rather "loud" in make-up, fiercely moustachioed and bearded, ringed and chained to the eyes, and, on the continent of Europe at least, quoting Rafaelles and Titians, Canovas and Thorwaldsens, as confidently as he would discourse of quartz or petroleum in Wall Street. We know that he has long since ceased to "calculate" or "reckon," and that it is much, now, if he "guesses" or "expects."

Not long ago at Venice, an old English traveller was telling me of an American family with whom he had travelled from Florence to Bologna. One of the young ladies of the party, it seems, did not approve of the railway accommodation, and addressed the Italian guard in this wise: "My Christian friend, is this a first-class kyar, or a cattle-wagon?" At a subsequent stage of the journey the eldest gentleman of the group had remarked: "Say, if any of you gals bought frames at Florence, I can supply you with a lot o' pictures I got at Rome cheap." "They were model Yankees," the old English traveller chuckled, as he told me the story. "Not at all," I made bold to answer: "they were very exceptional Yankees indeed. They are, probably, shoddy people of the lowest class, rapidly enriched, and who had rushed off to Europe to air their new jewelry and their vulgarity." Nine tenths of the Americans one meets travelling abroad now-a-days are well-informed and intelligent persons, often more fully appreciative of the beauties of art than middle-class English tourists. The American's ambition extends to everything, in the heavens above and on the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth. If he does n't appreciate Italian pictures, his wife and daughters will, so that at least there shall be a decent amount of connoisseurship in the family; whereas to the middle-class English foreign picture-galleries are usually an intolerable bore; and Paterfamilias very probably labors, besides, under a vague and secretly uneasy feeling that it does not become a man with less than twenty thousand a year and a handle to his name to talk of Rafaelles and Titians.

There may be vulgar pretenders among the Americans whom one meets roving through the churches and galleries of the Continent, — among what nation are vulgarity and pretence not to be found? — but take them for all in all, the love and appreciation for high art, although its very elements are of yesterday's introduction, are more generally discriminated in the United States than in England. The amazing development of photography, and the consequent circulation of the noblest examples of art at very cheap rates, together with the American mania for travelling, are the leading causes of their precocious proficiency in studies in which our middle classes are, as yet, but timid and bungling beginners.

It is true that they have not yet learnt to discriminate between Englishmen whose speech is that of educated gentlemen, and those who put their H's in the wrong place. Perhaps their ears are at fault. There are none so deaf as those who will not hear. But I adhere to my position, that we are able to jot down their little changes of manners more accurately than they are able to do ours. We do not wear our jokes against them threadbare, or worry their foibles to death after the French fashion. Pennsylvania repudiation was a good jest in its day, made all the more bitter by being almost wholly destitute of foundation in truth; but no one could help laughing at Sydney Smith's denunciations of the "men in drab," and his comically vindictive wish to cut up a Quaker, and apportion him, buttonless coat, broad-brimmed hat, and all, among the defrauded bondholders.

When it was discovered that Pennsylvania paid her obligations, the jokes about pails of whitewash grew stale, and we abandoned them for good. So it was with the great sea-serpent. For years the English newspapers used to have their weekly quota of examples of American exaggeration and long-

bowism. We used to read about the cow which, being left out on a frosty night, never afterwards gave anything but ice-creams; about the man who was so tall that he had to climb up a ladder to take his hat off; about the discontented clock down east, which struck work instead of the hours. These jokes, too, have now become stale, and barely suffice to gain a giggle from the sixpenny seats when emitted by the comic singer at a music-hall. Sarcasms anent American brag and bunkum have not quite died out from English conversation and English journalism; for, unfortunately, the newest file of American papers are full of evidence that bunkum and brag are, on the other side of the Atlantic, as current as ever.

How is it that, when foreigners wish to quiz us — however good-humoredly — they always date their witticisms from the morrow of the battle of Waterloo? The English began to be habitual travellers in the autumn of 1815. To us who know, or fancy that we know ourselves, the changes which have taken place in our manners and customs since that period are marvellous; but to foreigners we seem to be precisely the same people who came rushing to Paris when the allies were in the Palais Royal, and have since overrun every nook and corner of Europe. We know what we were like in '15; we had been bereft for twelve years of the French fashions.

It was only once in some months or so that a Paris bonnet, or the design for a Paris dress, was furtively conveyed to us from Nantes or Hamburg in a smuggling lugger. Of the French language and of French literature we were almost entirely ignorant. To be a fluent French scholar was to be put down either as a diplomatist or a spy; and not all diplomatists could speak French. We had not learnt to waltz; and foreigners invited to the houses of English residents in Paris used to turn up their eyes at our barbarous country dances, and hoydenish Sir Roger de Coverley. We knew no soup but turtle and pea; no made dishes but Irish stew and liver and bacon; no wines but port and sherry; claret gave us the colic; champagne was only found at the tables of princes. We used to drink hot brandy-and-water in the morning. We used to get drunk after dinner. We had no soda-water. We had no cigars, and smoking a pipe was an amusement in winter few persons besides ship captains, hackney-coachmen, and the Reverend Dr. Parr, indulged. Our girls were bread-and-butter romps; our boys were coarse and often profligate hobbledehoys, whose idea of "life" was to drink punch at the Finish, and beat the watch.

Our fathers and mothers were staid and prim, and somewhat sulky, and carried with them everywhere a bigoted hatred of popery and a withering contempt of foreigners. This is what we were like in 1815; and, in '15, I can easily understand that the angular young woman in the coal-scuttle bonnet and the green veil, who was always crying "Shocking!" was as possible a personage as the baronet in top-boots who continually swore at "Jhon," his jockey, and roared for fresh grogs.

But can it be that we have not changed since the morrow of Waterloo? If we are to believe our critics, we are the selfsame folk. It seems to me that we have let our beards and moustaches grow, and have become the most hirsute people in Europe; but a Charivari Englishman, or a Gustave Doré Englishman, or a Bouffes Parisiennes Englishman, is always the same simpering creature, with smooth upper and under lip, and bushy whiskers. Types must be preserved, you may argue. As a simpering and whiskered creature, the Englishman is best known abroad, and foreigners have as much right to preserve him intact as we have to preserve our traditional John Bull. But may I be allowed to point out that a type may become so worn and blunted as to be no longer worth printing from? For instance, there is the Frenchman in a cocked-hat and a pigtail and high-heeled shoes, and with a little fiddle protruding from his hinder pocket. That Frenchman's name was Johnny Crapaud. His diet was frogs. His profession was to teach dancing. One Englishman could always thrash three Johnny Crapauds. We have broken up that type for old metal; and it has been melted again, and recast into something more nearly approaching the actual Crapaud.

Let me see; how many years is it since the lamented John Leech drew that droll cartoon in Punch entitled Foreign Affairs? It must be a quarter of a century, at least. He delineated the Frenchman of his day to the life; the Frenchman of the old Quadrant and Fricourt's and Dubourg's, and the stuffy little passport-office in Poland Street. That Frenchman — long-haired, dirty, smouchy, greasy — has passed away. Before he died, Mr. Leech found out the new types; the fat yet dapper "Mossoos," with the large shirtfronts and the dwarfed hats, who engage a barouche and a valet de place at Pagliano's, and go for "a promenade to Richmond." And had Mr. Leech's life been protracted, he would have discovered the still later type of Frenchman, — the Parisian of the Lower Empire, the Frenchman of the Jockey Club and the Courses de Vincennes, — the Frenchman who has his clothes made by Mr. Poole, or by the most renowned Parisian imitator of the artist of Saville Row, who reads Le Sport and goes upon le Tourff, and rides in his "bromm" and eats his "laounch," and if he could only be cured of the habit of riding like a miller's sack and sitting outside a café on the Boulevards, would pass muster very well for a twin-brother of our exquisites of the Raleigh and Gatt's.

It is all of no use, however, I fear. For good old true-blue Toryism, and a determined hatred to new-fangled ways, socially speaking, you must go abroad, and especially to France.

In prose and verse, in books and newspapers, in lithographs, and etchings, and terra-cotta statuettes, the traditional Englishman and the traditional Englishwoman will continue to appear as something quite different to that which they really are. In the halcyon day when it is discovered that we are no more "perfidious" than our neighbors, and that in the way of greedy rapacity for the petty profits of trade, the French are ten times more of a nation of shopkeepers than we are — then, but not 'ill then, it may be acknowledged that the English female's anatomy is not made up exclusively of right angles, and that the first word in an Englishwoman's vocabulary is not always "Shocking!"

OUR NEIGHBOR'S INCOME.

A PROPOSAL to restrain the publication of returns to the Income-tax has, it appears, just been thrown out in the American Congress, though by a very insignificant majority; so the curiosity with which every citizen of public spirit regards the income of every other citizen may continue to be as freely gratified as it deserves to be. The dreadful uproar which would certainly follow any attempt to give a similar satisfaction to a similar curiosity in Great

Britain may be very easily imagined, and the contrast of feeling on the subject is one of those many minor differences which separate our own from the American character.

There is nothing about which an ordinary Englishman, and still more an ordinary Scotchman, is more reserved than the amount of his income. He would rather let you into the secret of the family skeleton than hint with truth how much money he is making every year. The notion of having this printed, and published in a book to which anybody who ever heard his name might have access, would make him uncontrollably furious, in spite of the great compensation which he would have in being able to find out how much money everybody else was making every year. Yet it is not to be denied that he is not by any means dead to all curiosity as to the measure of his neighbor's prosperity. And, to a certain extent, there is some sort of moral justification for what at first seems a sheer piece of prying impertinence. For the knowledge of a man's income is one guide to the knowledge of his character. If his income is of his own earning, and not inherited, its amount is the measure of his industry and perseverance, of his judgment, foresight, and general ability. Along with other things, it serves as a rough index of his success in making the best of himself and his chances. Then again, whether he has earned it by the sweat of his own brow, or inherited it without this trouble, it is an excellent test of many of the most important virtues which enter into character.

If you know how much a man earns or receives, you have some means of judging whether he is stingy or prudent, whether he is unjustly profuse or wisely generous, whether he has an eye to the contingencies of the future or is leaving the future to take care of itself in order that he may snatch full enjoyment of the present. Besides all this, it is your neighbor's income which is in some sort the measure of the value of your own. A comparison of the two discloses the rate of material progress at which each is advancing, and, without any ill-conditioned rivalry, this is very interesting to everybody who has not such a stock of the Aristotelian virtue of high-mindedness as to be confident of his own towering superiority over all the rest of the world without troubling himself with any investigation of the details of the subject.

An American may seize the admission both that there is this curiosity, and that, on the whole, it is not altogether indefensible, and proceed to argue that the religious dimness with which we all surround the amount of our incomes is only a part of that half morbid, half sly reserve which is commonly thought by ignorant strangers to be an exhaustive account of the national character. But there is something to be said on the other side. Is it not possible that a man hates talking freely about his income for the same reason that he hates talking freely about anything else which concerns nobody very much but himself, from a dread of exhibiting one of the most offensive kinds of egotism? He thinks perhaps that a richer man than himself does not care one straw about the subject, while a poorer man is rather aggrieved. And even the richer man may be annoyed that his friend should be likely to run him close, because not even the best of men is absolutely unwilling to think himself a shade better off in worldly goods than his acquaintance. The dread of intruding your own affairs on other people, which is one of the most respectable characteristics of the Briton, applies particularly when they are money affairs. And, by a reasonable inference, he dreads the intrusion of other people in his affairs, throwing himself back on the ancient saw that, as an Englishman's house is his castle, so is his income.

But usage has probably more to do with the reserve on this point than any subtle moral considerations, or any deep-lying national qualities. In India, for instance, there is what seems an amazing frankness as to the amount of incomes. A European will tell you, without a question, exactly how many rupees a month he receives. For this, however, there is a reason. The most prominent and numerous class of Anglo-Indians are in the public service, and the salary of even the most exalted among them can be discovered with the utmost nicety, on reference to an official directory, by anybody who cares to know. Parents and guardians, and anxious mammas with daughters and marriageable consignments from England, have an infallible guide-book through all the crafty mazes of the suitor. No inextricable social embarrassment that we are aware of follows upon this publicity, any more in India than in the United States. And it has its advantages, which would scarcely vanish if the practice could be generally introduced at home. If every man's income were published, it would, to begin with, act in the same way as the compulsory use of the word "limited" after the title of the joint-stock companies established on that principle. It would be a guide to tradesmen as to the amount of credit which they might safely give; though, indeed, from cases which occasionally come before the public, it would appear that most tradesmen are literally very fond of trusting people whom they must know to be thoroughly insolvent. Again, if every man's income were known, nobody would be tempted, as so many are now, to live beyond their means just for the pleasure of making believe that they are much better off than they really are.

If a man with a thousand a year were spending two thousand, he would be aware that all his neighbors would look upon him as a great fool and knave. As it is, if he manages judiciously, it is surprising how long he may persuade them that he is really making the two thousand which they can very plainly perceive him to be spending. After all, however, this is only one out of several greater advantages which would flow from the practice of men showing themselves up in those true colors which are only known authentically to themselves. In order to procure so desirable an end, one must invent a magical flute which shall constrain every man who hears it to blurt out the truth about himself. Most unhappily, the necessity of making an income-tax return is singularly wanting in this magic virtue. Would it be too much to describe it as a preternatural instrument for turning even decently truthful men into liars? If King David had found it advisable to levy an income-tax on his subjects, he would have continued to repeat at leisure what he confesses to having said in his haste.

It is difficult to see how the practice of giving publicity to the returns would improve their truthfulness. The people of whom the Chancellor of the Exchequer tells us from time to time would probably persevere in their dishonest courses if their returns were ever so much exposed to the scrutiny of neighbors who would be sure to detect the underestimate they had too modestly made of their own good fortune. One cannot forget the story of the firm who, when their business premises were de-

stroyed for some city improvement, having to apply for compensation in proportion to their annual profits, represented those profits at just double the figure which appeared in their return to the income-tax; nor that other firm which submitted, without a word, to an increasing surcharge of ten thousand pounds for each of three consecutive years.

If public morality is so low as to permit men, in other respects of average passable honor, to perpetrate frauds of this kind on the government and on their honester fellow-tax-payers, we can hardly suppose that the publication of a notoriously untrue return would subject them to anything more unpleasant than a half-sympathetic laugh at their coolness. There is this to be said, that if the returns were published it would be in a manner to one's own advantage rather to overestimate one's income. That is, a firm might make more than the fourpence in the pound they would have to pay by the greater credit and standing which the reputation for a larger income would give. Certainly, in the non-commercial world, there are plenty of people who would be very happy to pay twice fourpence in the pound on an imaginary income, for the sake of the advantages they might get from being supposed better off than in truth they were. A young barrister, for instance, might find it worth while to return himself for an income of twelve hundred pounds when he was only making six hundred. The greater prestige might be worth to him much more than the fifteen or twenty pounds which he would have to pay on the imaginary six hundred. Social advantages of various kinds might be purchased by ingenious and insincere adventurers, by the same process of losing a sprat to catch a whale. In this way, the publicity of incomes might be the means of foisting a thousand social counterfeits upon the world. It would be interesting to know how far any results of this kind have come of the American practice in the only country, so far as we know, where it prevails; and how far also, in the opinion of competent persons, it has the effect of preventing people from shirking their public duties and cheating the revenue.

There is unquestionably a great deal of false and unintelligible delicacy about money matters. The possession of a small income is too often spoken of in an under-breath, as we should speak of a man's father having gone mad, or of his wife having run away from him. A poor man mostly resents the assumption, in any proposed plan for business or for pleasure, that he is poor. A graceful hypocrite might make himself wonderfully popular by letting every man he met see, in a delicate way, that he reckoned his income to be not less than two thousand a year. Of course, there is a well-known form of affectation of a highly offensive kind, which consists in perpetually hoisting your comparative poverty up for the wonder and admiration of the bystanders.

On the whole, this is more preposterous and disgusting than the vulgar boastings of the newly rich. But even these tiresome vaunters of their poverty are not unwilling that you should suppose them to be much less poor than they pretend. There is another strange and unmanly affectation which is worth noticing. People in distress frequently decline to be assisted except on a false pretext. They won't take your help unless you will swear that it is only a loan, and not a gift. The fact that they can never by any possibility repay it counts for nothing in the debate. Or they won't take it unless you accept an equivalent; that is to say, you pay them a five-pound note for a piece of embroidery which, if you happened to want it, you could buy in open market for threepence; or else you must take a trumpery drawing, or some literary trash, in order that the recipient may not lose his or her self-respect. As if there were any reason for men and women to cease to respect themselves because they have fallen into tribulation, or as if they could respect themselves the more because they insist on a strictly business transaction, which, as a business transaction, is simply an impudent swindle. But, just as it is difficult in political economy to teach people that money is only a commodity like another, so it is to persuade them to look at it in a frank and sensible way in ordinary social dealings.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

The game has begun at last, Prussia has won the move, and the board is already beginning to clear. Afraid, it is believed, to repeat the mistake of 1859, when his rush towards Turin cost him the sympathies of all Europe, the Kaiser has allowed Count von Bismark to strike the first blow, has failed to occupy Dresden, and has even awaited a formal declaration of war. The Prussian Premier, careless alike of opinion and of forms, has used these few days so well as to increase enormously the effective power at his disposal. A declaration of war against all the minor states which had voted the mobilization of the Federal army, has been followed by the successive occupation of their capitals, until on Wednesday North Germany, with the exception of Frankfort, was in Prussian hands, and every enemy in the rear had disappeared. The petty armies have all fled towards Frankfort, and the position on Friday appeared to stand thus. The Prussians, having completed the necessary invasions, are now upon the defensive. One Prussian army watching Frankfort, holds in check the Federal force of 60,000 men, *colluvies militum*, a vast fortuitous concourse of atoms without commissariat, governed by a dozen princes, and belonging to as many states; a second occupies Saxony, collecting supplies and fortifying Dresden; while a third, under Prince Charles, is ready to defend Silesia, which it seems certain will be the first object of Austrian attack.

The Kaiser, aware that Venetia must be surrendered in the end, and fearing that Prussia may yet retain North Germany, considers it his first object to remain a great German power. Baden, Wurtemburg, and Bavaria naturally gravitate towards him, and to encourage their advance he has guaranteed the territories of such states as put their armies at his disposal. This promise, otherwise so rash, was, we imagine, needful to dissipate an impression that Austria might absorb South Germany under her direct control, and will apply, in practice, only to the states south of Frankfort and the Main. Sure of these states in subordinate alliance, and in possession of Silesia, Austria could, at the fitting time, make peace on the basis of the *uti possidetis* without ceasing to be a first-rate German power, the permanent, and, as we conceive, immutable resolve of the reigning House. Silesia once fairly occupied, and a pitched battle won, the two powers could cease from fighting, find each other enormous gainers, and by a new alliance protect German territory across the Rhine. It is not probable that any course half so sensible will be adopted; but the events of the week have nevertheless introduced this immense change.

There are but three armies in the field, or to speak rightly but two, and means have been found for compensation to an almost indefinite extent. Prussia has gained so much, that only to keep it will be an enormous triumph, while the Federation has lost so much, that the little it retains must of necessity fall to Austria. A new possibility of compromise has arisen, which the first great battle may make it both possible and expedient to work out. Of course the battle must be fought. The military pride of both nations demands that sacrifice to Moloch, but that accomplished, it will be strange if, with France planting so menacingly across her frontier, two powers who have at least one identical interest should not moderate their views. Should this possibility become real, and we mention it only as illustrating the immense change wrought in a week by Bismark's unscrupulous energy, the result of the war will be the extinction of a knot of dynasties of whom Germany and Europe are alike heartily sick, who ought to have perished in 1815, and whose single useful function of providing consorts for Europe will not be suspended by their dismissal from active power.

From Italy we have no intelligence save that war has begun, and that the army is on its march by an unknown route to a point kept carefully concealed, while the volunteers are eagerly preparing for an expedition not yet indicated. All that seems certain is that before the army can turn the Quadrilateral, on its road towards Venice, a great battle must be fought, which if the Italians win it will decide the fate of Venetia, and if they lose it probably bring France once more into the field. Till that battle is fought we receive all reports of negotiation with profound distrust. Had the Kaiser been willing or able to give way without affronting the pride of his army, which holds the free talk of the Italian newspapers in a kind of loathing, he would have finished the transaction before the Prussians invaded Saxony. The garrison of Venetia would make him almost irresistible in Silesia.

"WALKING STEWART."

Early in the year 1821, London lost one of its famous eccentrics, who rejoiced in the above distinction, which, it must be admitted, he had fairly earned. He was one of the lions of the great town, and his ubiquitous, restless nature has thus been ingeniously sketched:—

"Who that ever weathered his way over Westminster Bridge has not seen *Walking Stewart* (his invariable cognomen) sitting in the recess on the brow of the bridge, spencered up to his throat and down to his hips with a sort of garment, planned, it would seem, to stand *powder*, as became the habit of a military man; his dingy, dusty inexpressibles (truly expressibles), his boots travel-stained, black up to his knees, — and yet not black neither, — but arrant walkers, both of them, or their complexions belied them; his aged, but strongly-marked, manly, sun-burned face, steady as truth; and his large, irregular, dusty hat, that seemed to be of one mind with the boots? We say, who does not thus remember *Walking Stewart*, sitting, and leaning on his stick, as though he had never walked in his life, but had taken his seat on the bridge at his birth, and had grown old in his sedentary habit? To be sure, this view of him is rather negatived by as strong a remembrance of him in the same spencer and accompaniments of hair-powder and dust, resting on a be in the Park, with as perfectly an eternal air: will the memory let him keep a quiet, constant here forever: recalling him as she is wont, in shuffling, slow perambulation of the Strand, or C ing Cross, or Cockspur Street. Where really he? You saw him on Westminster Bridge, a his own monument. Yet went into the Park - was there! fixed as the gentleman at Charing C You met him however at Charing Cross, cree on like the hour-hand upon a dial, getting rid o rounds and his time at once! Indeed, his ubic appeared enormous, and yet not so enormous a profundity of his sitting habits. He was a prof sitter. Could the Pythagorean system be entertai what other would now be tenanted by *Walking S art?* Truly he seemed always going, like a l an auction, and yet always at a stand, like a h ney-coach! O, what a walk was his to christ man by! A slow, lazy, scraping, creeping, ga pace, — a shuffle, — a walk in its dotage, — a wa a stand-still: yet was he a pleasant man to m We remember his face distinctly, and, allowing a for its northern hardness, it was certainly as wis kindly, and as handsome a face as ever crow the shoulders of a soldier, a scholar, and a ge man.

"Well, Walking Stewart is dead! He wil more be seen niched in Westminster Bridge, or k ing his terms as one of the benchers of St. Jar Park, or painting the pavement with moving uplifted feet. In vain we look for him 'at the when he was wont to walk.' The niche in the br is empty of its amiable statue, and as he is from this spot he has gone from all, for he ever all in all! Three persons seemed deps in him. In him there seems to have been a u death!"

We are tempted "to consecrate a passage" to as John Buncle expresses it, from a tiny pamp entitled, "The Life and Adventures of the brated Walking Stewart, including his Travels in East Indies, Turkey, Germany, and America"; the author, "a relative," has contrived to o his subject in *getting over the ground*, for he m ages to close his work at the end of the sixte page!

John Stewart, or Walking Stewart, was bor two Scotch parents, in 1749, in London, and w due time sent to Harrow, and thence to the Cha House, where he established himself as a dunce bad promise in a boy, we think! He left sc and was sent to India, where his character and e gies unfolded themselves, as his biographer tell for his mind was unshackled by education.

He resolved to amass £3,000, and then retur England. No bad resolve! To attain this, he qui the Company's service and entered that of Hy Ally. He now turned soldier, and became a eral. Hyder's generals were easily made and unm Stewart behaved well and bravely, and paid regiment without drawbacks, which made him ular. Becoming wounded somehow, and havin great faith in Hyder's surgeons, he begged leav join the English for medical advice. Hyder a Polonius kind of admission, quietly determinin cut the traveller and his journey as short as poss for his own sake and that of the invalid. Ste sniffed the intention of Ally, and taking an e opportunity of cutting his company before t could cut him, he popped into a river, literally sw for his life, reached the bank, ran before his hus

like an antelope, and arrived safely at the European forts. He got in breathless, and lived. How he was cured of his wounds is thus told by Colonel Wilks, in his "Sketches of the South of India":—

"An English gentleman commanded one of the corps, and was most severely wounded, after a desperate resistance; others in the same unhappy situation met with friends, or persons of the same caste, to procure for them the rude aid offered by Indian surgery; the Englishman was destitute of this poor advantage; his wounds were washed with simple warm water, by an attendant boy, three or four times a day; and, under this novel system of surgery, they recovered with a rapidity not exceeded under the best hospital treatment."

A writer in the "Quarterly Review," 1817, appends to the above quotation the following: "This English gentleman is the person distinguished by the name of *Walking Stewart*, who, after the lapse of half a century, is still alive, and still, we believe, *walking* daily, in the neighborhood of the Haymarket and Charing Cross."

Hitherto, Stewart had saved little money. He now entered the Nabob of Arcot's service, and became prime minister, the memoir does not say how. At length he took leave of India, and travelled over Persia and Turkey *on foot*, in search of a name, it should seem, or, as he was wont to say, "in search of the Polarity of Moral Truth"; and after many adventures arrived in England. He brought home money, and commenced his London life in an Armenian dress, to attract attention.

He next visited America, and on his return "made the tour of Scotland, Germany, Italy, and France, *on foot*, and ultimately settled in Paris," where he made friends. He intended to live there; but after investing his money in French property, he smelt the sulphur cloud of the Revolution, and retreated as fast as possible, losing considerable property in his flight. He returned to London, and suddenly and unexpectedly received £ 10,000 from the India Company, on the liquidation of the debts of the Nabob of Arcot. He bought annuities, and fattened his yearly income. The relative says: "One of his annuities was purchased from the County Fire Office at a rate which, in the end, was proved to have been paid three, and nearly four times over. The calculation of the assurers was here completely at fault; every quarter brought Mr. Stewart regularly to the cashier's, whom he accosted with, 'Well, man alive! I am come for my money!'" which Stewart enjoyed as a joke.

Mr. Stewart now lived in better style, gave dinners and musical parties. Every evening a *conversazione* was given at his house, enlivened by music; on Sundays he had select dinner-parties, followed by a philosophical discourse, and a performance of sacred music, chiefly selected from the works of Handel, and concluding with the "Dead March in Saul," which was always received by the company as the signal for their departure.

Stewart was attached to King George IV., and lived peaceably until the arrival of Queen Caroline, when her deputations and political movements alarmed Stewart, and awakened his walking propensities, and his friends had great difficulty to prevent him from going to America.

Stewart's health declined in 1821; he went to Margate, returned, became worse, and on Ash Wednesday he died.

To all entreaties from friends that he would write his travels, he replied no,—that his were travels of the mind. He, however, wrote essays, and gave lectures on the philosophy of the mind. It is very odd that men will *not* tell what they know, and *will* attempt to talk of what they do *not* know.

FOREIGN NOTES.

It is said that Mr. Wilkie Collins is at present dramatizing his recently completed novel, "Armadale."

A Bust of the late Mr. Richard Cobden, by Mr. Thomas Woolner, is to be placed in Westminster Abbey.

The Italian government have given orders for the manufacture of cuirasses of aluminium for their cavalry regiments. A series of experiments made under various conditions demonstrate that a cuirass of this metal, while possessing the great advantage of being as light as a coat, cannot be pierced by a musket-ball at the distance of forty paces, nor by the thrust of a bayonet. It has also been ascertained that cuirasses of this description can be manufactured for as low a sum as twenty-five francs.

Foreign journals mention the labors of an ardent amateur of statistics. The said individual has discovered that an ordinary middle-aged man spends three hours per day in conversation, calculating at the rate of one hundred words per minute, or twenty-nine pages in 8vo per hour, which would amount to six hundred pages per week, or fifty-two big volumes per year. Thus much for the masculine portion of our race. The amateur calculator is said now to have turned his attention to the statistics of conversation amongst the softer sex, and his first problem is to be the amount of words uttered by an ordinary and middle-aged female per minute; the second will be the amount of time spent on the average by that sex in general conversation. Doubts are expressed in the said journals as to the probability of anything like a satisfactory solution of these abstruse questions.

Concerning Tennyson's "Elaine," illustrated by Gustave Doré, now in press, the English publishers say that the designs of M. Doré have not previously been engraved on steel, "and consequently have never been interpreted in their fullest sense. M. Doré has made these drawings with special reference to this mode of engraving, and it was at his special request that the publishers determined to incur the great outlay necessary to produce this book. It is also the first time that M. Doré has illustrated the works of a contemporary author, and, to use his own words, he desires the work 'to be a monument to Mr. Tennyson and to his powers.'" The greatest interest will be felt to see these new designs of the gifted Frenchman; but surely there is some mistake in saying that these illustrations are the *first* ever designed by M. Doré for a contemporary author. Is M. H. Taine, for whose charming "Voyage aux Pyrénées" Doré drew some two hundred admirable pictures, not a contemporary? Whilst speaking of Doré, we may mention that the orders he has in hand from English publishing houses alone will occupy at least three years, notwithstanding his marvellous quickness and industry. Already his income as an artist forms the subject of newspaper paragraphs abroad, and his delighted countrymen vary the amount, making it now 175,000 francs, then 200,000 francs.

The English reviews are not very warm in their praise of [illegible] Rossetti's new volume of poems, "[illegible]." Her previous book gave promise which she has not fulfilled in the present production. The following [illegible] seems quite out of place amid so much earnestness written verse —

> "Because that the nail can smite,
> Because that the rose can bite,
> Deep issues through day and night
> Our weight.
>
> "Now they sway in mine and mead,
> [illegible] the waters,
> Not one side with not and nilt
> [illegible]
>
> "[illegible] we right know?
> [illegible] we know?
> [illegible] the green stalks grow
> [illegible]
>
> "[illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]
> [illegible]

The *Saturday Review* says: "One might not hastily take the writings of Miss Rossetti as evidencing in a special manner the [illegible] of modern secular verse poetry. They have sweetness, grace, and [illegible] but they are extremely vague, and we must add not a little morbid. The metaphysical allegories and passionate almost agonized outcries of Mrs Browning's Muse, have developed in the smaller poets of the present day — especially in the lady poets — a tendency to go about the world wailing and [illegible] broken hearts, [illegible] it is sometimes not clear what they are wailing about, nor why their hearts should be broken. At any rate, it is very odd that they should *all* have broken hearts, and rather too *some* too, for the monotony after a while becomes fatiguing.

As English papers call the arrival of our Monitor, the *Monitorimmoh*, at Queenstown, "a most unpleasant fact to all the European maritime powers. It was thought this dangerous vessel could not cross the Atlantic," says the writer, "but she has crossed it, and bad weather, too. She is as unlike a vessel as it is possible to be, her hull rising only 3½ feet above the water, 268 feet long by 59 feet, without bulwarks, in short, an enormous raft, and with two turrets and two funnels instead of masts and cordage. She is built of wood, and plated from the deck to four feet below the water line with iron seven inches thick, her deck is twelve inches thick, three of them being iron, and the turrets are cylinders of iron eleven inches thick. Each turret has two Dahlgren guns, and each gun throws a shot of 480 pounds, or a 15 inch shell of 360 pounds, the former being effective at a mile and three quarters distance. Her maximum speed is nine knots an hour, and the American engineers believe firmly that nothing in the British navy could stand against her for an hour. That belief may be ill-founded, but it is entertained by clear headed, practical men, and even the unlearned can see that a ship like the *Warrior* offers an immense mark to a Dahlgren gun, while the *Monitor* offers comparatively none at all. We have no such gun either, actually ready. By the way, how are the lower decks in this ship lighted?"

A LITERARY reaction has arisen in Germany against Shakespeare-idolatry, which is not unlikely to spread, and to last there for some time. Herr G. Rumelin has, by his "Shakespeare-studien" (Studies of Shakespeare), taken a part in this movement. The author, who calls himself a "realist," does not acknowledge Shakespeare to be a "teacher of mankind," and unsparingly points out a number of real and imaginary defects in the works of our poet. On the other hand, he pays a tribute of high admiration to the great German poets, especially to Goethe; and this appreciation of the writers of his own country forms the best portion of his work. A production somewhat similar to the preceding is that entitled "Aufsätze über Shakespeare" (Essays on Shakespeare), by Herr Hebler. There is the same smack of realistic criticism about this work that we observe in the former; but the author does not go quite so far as Dr. Rumelin, and his work contains many sound views.

Another German writer of great repute as a Shakespearian critic, — Dr. Kreyssig, — has, in his "Lectures on Faust," taken Goethe to task on account of some "objectionable" traits in one of the greatest poems of modern times. The critic censures the poet for the Don Juan-like behavior of his hero. We must not, however, omit to mention that Dr. Kreyssig's work contains some very valuable features for the literary historian, and for thoughtful readers in general, as it traces the origin of the various portions of the first part of "Faust," which was by no means originally written in the form in which it is now known to us.

THE *Spectator* says that "M. Nicholas Fétu, of Dijon, advocates the extermination of dogs, and has sent a copy of his pamphlet to Marshal Vaillant, who replies most eloquently. He recalls the dog of Ulysses, the dog of Tobias, the dog that saved St. Roch, the dog of Montargis, the dog of the regiment, the dog of the poor man's funeral, the dog of the St. Bernard Hospice. He condemns, in the strongest language, the proposal to sully history by a new St. Bartholomew, directed against the race which produces heroes such as these. Marshal Vaillant goes on to give the substance of an address made to him by his dog Brusca concerning the cruel instigator of these horrors. 'Tell him,' it runs, 'the names of all those I have bitten. Tell him of all the pantaloons I have torn, of all the gowns I have made rags of, merely because those who wore them wanted to come too close to you.' And it concludes, 'Wait till we go together to the Council-General of your dear department. You will then take off my muzzle only for a few instants, and you will see . . . .' *That* argument may silence but we fear will only inwardly intensify that cruel bigotry, — which, like most bigotry, having its root in fear, inspires M. Fétu's canine inquisition. Brusca should have been contented with the appeal to higher feelings. Not only what dogs have done for man, but what man has done for dogs, we owe to dogs, — in the same sense, at least, in which Mr Mill says that we owe to posterity all that we have done with posterity in view. We owe to dogs, amidst much other literature, Homer's verse on Argus, Cowper's on Beau, and Dr. John Brown's prose poem on Rab and his Friends. The dog appears even in one of the parables, and is painted as more merciful than man. 'Even the dogs came and licked his sores.' And just as to man-like dogs we owe much that is finest in our literature, so to dog-like men we owe much that is worst, — the cynic school, and probably M. Fétu and his proposal."

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SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

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SILCOTE OF SILCOTE.

CHAPTER I.

MOONLIGHT.

How wonderfully similar are all children to one another when asleep! The same rounded, half-formed features, the same gently closed eyelids, the same slightly parted mouth, are common alike to high and low, to good and bad, before passion or education has begun to draw those harder and more decided lines which sleep cannot obliterate, and which only pass away when once the first calm look of death is gone, and dust returns to dust. No such lines mar or alter the face of a sleeping child, or give a clew to the daily history of the soul within. Look from young Seymour the lord to young Dickson the shepherd-boy. Look at the mendacious and fierce-tempered Johnny, destined to break your heart and ruin you, lying with his arm round the neck of his gentle, high-souled brother Georgy. They are all very nearly alike.

But awake them; see how the soul, still off its guard, betrays the truth in eye, in mouth, nay, even in gesture. Well was the wise Mrs. Chisholm accustomed to say that the time to judge of a girl's character was when she was first awake. Cannot we conceive of these four ideal children, that they would betray something to a close observer as their consciousness of the real world returned to them? Would not the little nobleman have a calm look upon his face, — a look careless, because he had never known care? would not some signs of weariness and dissatisfaction show themselves on the face of the shepherd-boy, when he first found that the pleasant dreams of the cake and of the fine new clothes were unreal, but that the bleak, wild morning, the hard, cold boot to be thrust on stockingless feet, and the poor, dry bread, were most unmistakably real; while Johnny will wake with a scowl, and Georgy with a smile.

There lay a boy once in a very poor little bed, close under the thatch of a very poor little cottage, fast asleep and dreaming. At a certain time he moved slightly; in perhaps less than a second more he had raised himself in his bed, and sat there perfectly still, perfectly silent, looking and listening with the intenseness of a beautiful, bright-eyed fox.

That is to say, that intense, keen, vivid curiosity was the first, instantaneous expression which fixed itself on his face at the very moment of his waking. In a very few moments more those very facile features were expressive of intelligence and satisfaction in the highest degree. A minute had not gone by when, with all the subtle dexterity, the silence, and the rapid, snake-like motion of that most beautiful animal to which we have before compared him, he had slid from his bed and stood before the door of his room, with half-opened hands, bent head, and slightly parted lips, listening with the whole strength of his brave little heart and his keen brain.

There was no need for him to open his crazy old door; the great hole, into which you had to thrust your finger when you raised the latch, was quite big enough for him not only to hear, but also to see, everything which went on below.

His mother stood below at the front door of the cottage, in the moonlight, talking with a man he knew well, — Somes, the head-keeper. It could not be very late, for she had not been up stairs; nor very early, for he could hear his father hurriedly dressing in the room where he slept, — a room opposite his mother's; and almost immediately he went down and joined the keeper, and the two men passed away into the forest, leaving the woman still standing at the door.

Our listener dressed himself with all the rapidity possible, for he knew that the moment had come for realizing one of the great wishes of his short life. His mother still stood in the doorway, and she would certainly prevent his going out, while, if he waited till she came up stairs again, he might lose his father's tracks. The bavin-pile was close under his window; he opened the window, and, dropping on the fagots, clambered down, and, listening for one instant, with his head near the ground, he sped away after the faint rustling footsteps of his father and the keeper.

He knew what had happened well enough. The poachers from Newley were in the wood again, and their good friend, the head-keeper, had aroused his father to assist him. The poachers were a very determined gang, with a most expensive set of nets, which some said had cost fifty pounds, and would most certainly fight. On the other hand, the gentlemen, the keepers, and some of the hinds were exasperated beyond measure against this very gang. The coverts were poor and bare, and the pheasants, every one of them, cost ten to fifteen shillings by the time they were killed. Eighteen months before a keeper had been shot dead. The previous November a young watcher had been kicked about the head until he was reduced to a state of lifelong imbecility, varied by occasional epileptic fits of the most terrible character, for trying to follow and identify some men who were killing pheasants; and now the same lot had paid them another visit, and were netting rabbits. There was no doubt there would be a grand, final fight on this very night. On

one side the hall party, composed of gentlemen, servants, and laborers, armed only with sticks; on the other, a desperate gang of ruffians from the low waterside streets of Newley.* James was determined at all hazards to see this affair, and his plan was to overtake his father, when it was too late to overtake him.

The long street was blazing in the glory of the August moon. The ground, golden in the year round, by daylight with fallen leaves, was now a carpet of black purple velvet, with an irregular pattern of gleaming white satin, wherever the moonbeams found their way to the earth. The overturning boughs lost the rich, warm color which they showed in the sunlight, and were a mere indefinite canopy of green and silver. The wood was as clear of underwood as a Canadian forest, and as level as a park. It was easy enough for the boy to keep sight of the party he was pursuing, and yet to keep at a safe distance.

For on second thoughts he did not care to join them too quickly. There were three or four gentlemen among them, and James was afraid of gentlemen. He would hardly have gone so far as to say that he disliked them, and would probably have pleaded that he had seen so little of them: but one thing was certain,—he would sooner have their room than their company: and so he shuffled along with hobnailed boots, far enough in the rear to avoid any great chance of detection.

There were eight of the party before him, holding steadily and silently through the wood in a line, and he knew some of them. Head-keeper Somes was a fine man, who stepped along from light to shade with wonderful elasticity and determination. His father came next to the head-keeper, and his father was a finer man still, broader over the shoulders, and an inch taller: but his father did not walk with the elasticity and grace of the gamekeeper: forty years, in heavy boots, among sticky clay fallows, had taken the elasticity out of *his* legs, and they seemed to drag somewhat: nevertheless that dearly-loved figure was a very majestic one, or seemed so until the slinking little man noticed the next one.

The next one, the one who walked beside his father, was one of those dreaded gentlemen. A man (as he got to know afterwards) in evening dress, but bareheaded, so that the boy could see the moonlight gleaming on the short, well-tended curls, which clustered on a head like a prize-fighter's. This man was half a head taller than his father, and the biggest and broadest man he had ever seen. It was not this fact that attracted him so much; it was the man's gait, so springy, so rapid, so reckless, and yet so powerful. He carried no stick, and yet seemed to be the most eager for the fray, for he was always outwalking the others by a little, and then with an impatient look right and left coming back into the line again. James had never seen anything like this gentleman before, and at once set it down with himself that he must be Lord Brumby, lord-lieutenant of that county, ultimate master of all souls and bodies in those parts, of whom he had dimly heard. Not very long afterwards he saw my Lord Brumby on a state occasion which happened also to be market-day, in his lieutenant's uniform. It wasn't his man at all. The lord-lieutenant was a little old man of seventy, with a face like a fish, but redder. Once afterwards James saw a fish like Lord Brumby, and asked the name of it: it was a red gurnard, they told him. Possibly it was better for that particular county that kind old Lord Brumby *was* lord-lieutenant of it, and not that reckless, hurling giant, Tom Sileote of Sileotes, whom the boy was watching.

The gentleman will fight for what costs him so much: and the keeper feels a natural animosity towards a man who he knows will kick or beat him senseless on the first opportunity: and the hind, though in some cases not guiltless himself, is well disposed towards the gentleman, whose wife is always doing him small kindnesses, and has no sympathy with the town ruffian. The whole party on the side of the law are perfectly ready for a fight. The other side also are far from unwilling: they carry firearms mostly, which gives them the courage of gunpowder: they are not easily recognized: they come of a ruffianly breed who love fighting: and, moreover, their nets are worth fighting for. It would be difficult to account for the extreme determination of these encounters, if one did not remember these things.

Such a battle royal was coming off immediately, as James well knew, and in all probability blood would be shed. The party walked as silently as possible, and he could see that they were coming to a break in the wood, to a little open piece of upland meadow, walled round on all sides by the forest. There he guessed the poachers would be at work, and he was right.

It came all in a moment. The challenge came from the poachers. "Hold off, or," &c., &c. It was answered by Tom Sileote, who stepped out into the open, and said loudly, but quietly enough, "Come, give us this net here. You all know me. Give me hold of it. I must have it."

The poachers, who had run together, seemed as if they did know him. They seemed to hesitate, and to be inclined for falling back, when the tallest of them all ran suddenly forward weaponless and alone, sprang on Thomas Sileote, and cried, "Know you? *I* know you, and I'll have your false heart's blood this night."

The instant the two champions closed, the fight became general. James saw that the fight between Mr. Sileote and the tall poacher, whom he knew perfectly well (the keeper of a beer-house, the Black Bull, in Water Street, Newley), was becoming a terrible wrestle. He minded that no more, but ran close in, to be near his father.

Two of the poachers had singled him out, and were attacking him. His father fought strongly and well, but very clumsily. Whenever he managed to hit either of his assailants with his stick, the blow seemed to tell, but he only got a blow in once in a way. In a very few minutes he found only one enemy before him, and he, getting maddened, rushed in and cut him down with a blow of his stick, and at the same moment, was felled with a blow from behind, given by the other ruffian, who had passed behind him.

James saw his father go hurtling heavily over, and the man who had knocked him down making

* *Professional* poachers are mainly town's-folks; and not generally, if you look merely at their rental, of the lowest (!) class. There are a good sprinkling of ten, and even twenty pounders, among them. I knew one well, the rent for whose premises could not have been less than fifty, and was probably sixty pounds. He was not, I believe, the head of the profession, but was well known in it. He was fond of politics, fonder still of electioneering, a stanch and sound Whig. I remember well his driving the "bull" drag, to and from the hustings in either '44 or '45. If I were to mention his trade, hundreds would recognize him at once.

towards him. James ran too. The poacher had got his heavy iron-shod boot raised to kick the defenceless man behind the ear, when his legs were seized by some one to him invisible, and he was thrown forcibly on his back, and, before he knew where he was, he felt two tiny, but vigorous, little fists inside his collar, and found that he was rolling over and over in the tight clutches of a little boy, running a very fair chance of being throttled and captured.

They must have struggled together for minutes, these two; the man cursing and threatening, the boy only ejaculating at intervals, "I'll hold 'ee, John Reveson, I'll hold 'ee!" for the man had time to find that his comrades were beaten and in full retreat, before he, not being an absolute fiend, resorted to the last expedient for freeing himself. He had spared the boy hitherto, — he had boys of his own; but the gentlemen were winning; murder might have been done by one of his own party, which would make him an accomplice; and the boy had recognized him, and let him know it. There was only one way: he must escape, and the boy must be left in such a state that his evidence was worthless. He used his fists at last, and beat the boy about the head till he was insensible; then he rose and sped away.

It was not very long before poor James came to himself, but he was very much hurt, and very giddy, and sick. The poachers were gone, he found out afterwards, the nets taken, and many of them (who got their deserts) identified. He was in the arms of the head gamekeeper, who was washing his head with a wet handkerchief. The others, with the exception of his father, all stood round him, and the first person he recognized was the gigantic Tom Silcote, his white tie, looking down on him. He, too, was the first who spoke.

"This is a fine fellow! this is a deuced fine boy! How did he get bred in these parts? He has got the pluck of a London street boy."

The poacher's fists had knocked a great deal out of James's head, possibly, but not the idea that Tom Silcote was lord-lieutenant of the county. So he asked, faintly, —

"Please, my lord, how 's father?"

"Father's seriously hurt, if that is your father. Now tell me, my man, the name of the fellow you got down just now. You know him, you know, for I heard you speaking to him."

"I won't, my lord."

"But you ought to."

"I won't tell on him or no man, my lord, not for any man. When I gets as big as father I'll give he cause for to know it. But I won't tell, not on no man."

"I like this," said Tom Silcote. "There is a spice of the devil here. Whose boy is this?"

"James Sugden's," said the immovable keeper.

"Give me the boy," said Tom Silcote. "I will carry him to the hall. See Sugden home and send for the doctor."

"The boy is as near his own home as he is to the hall, Master Thomas," said the keeper. "He is more used to it; and his mother will fret. These brats like the home where they have been bred best."

"Give me the boy, now, and no more of your jaw. I am going to take the boy home with me. Go and tell his mother who has got him, and where he is gone. Good night all. Thanks for your pluck."

CHAPTER II.

FIRELIGHT.

James was transferred from the arms of the head-keeper to those of his friend the lord-lieutenant, and found himself being carried rapidly on through the beech forest — every tree of which he knew — towards the hall. He was, so to speak, alone with this great gentleman; for, although they were followed by a coachman, two grooms, a country-bred footman, and page, these good gentlemen kept behind, noisily recounting their deeds of valor, which, to do them justice, were anything but inconsiderable.

James would have lain much more comfortable if he could have kept his bitterly aching head on the lord-lieutenant's shoulder. But that gentleman kept raising it so that he could look at his face, which he did with great curiosity and amusement. At last he said, —

"You are a quaint little rascal, — a most plucky little dog. I am going to take you to Queer Hall, do you hear, and get you mended."

He said this so good-naturedly that James was encouraged to say, —

"Please, my lord, I'd sooner go and see after father."

"Yes, but you ain't going, don't you see," replied his friend, "which makes all the difference."

Soon the forest opened into glades, though it still loomed dark all around. Now his bearer got over some iron hurdles, and they were passing through flower-beds, and then Tom Silcote began kicking at a door. When he ceased, James became aware of more animal life than their own; they were surrounded by five or six bloodhounds, the famous bloodhounds of Silcotes, at whose baying, far heard through the forest, the woodland children gathering flowers or seeking bird-nests were used to raise their scared eyes and run homewards towards their mothers, wailing, — the more heavy-footed of the frightened little trots being dragged along by their braver sisters, — all their precious flowers scattered and lost in the hurry and terror of their flight. James knew that these dim, wild, beast-like figures, which were crowding silently around them, were the celebrated and terrible hounds, heard of by all, seen by few, the keeping of which was reported to be one of the darkest fancies in the Squire's darkened mind. James's courage utterly gave way; he clutched Mr. Silcote round the neck, and did what he had not done for four years before, — cried out for his mother.

"Quiet! you little fool," said his friend. "If you scream out like that, the dogs will be on us, and *I* can't save you. Open the door here, you asses."

The boy was quiet, but horribly frightened. He heard one of the party in the rear cry out: "Look out here! I'm blowed if the Squire has n't let the dogs loose. It 's too bad." And another: "Stand close together! Mr. Tom, call they dogs in! D' ye hear, sir? call they dogs in!"

But the door was opened, and he and the man who carried him passed into a large and dimly-lighted hall with the terrible dogs all around them, and the door was shut behind. Then James was set down before a great wood-fire, with the dogs crowding against him, gazing at the blaze with their sleepy eyes, and now and then those of them who were nearest to him reaching their foolish, beautiful heads up and licking his face. He shrunk at first, but, finding they were kind, got his arm round the neck of the near-

[illegible]

"[illegible]"

"[illegible]"

"[illegible]"

"[illegible]"

"[illegible]"

"None of the [illegible] party did that," said the strong girl's voice; "they used dogs. These dogs are [illegible]. I am afraid of them. Are they meant to be dogs?"

"If they are not reindeer I shall not play," said [illegible] voice. "I am not going to winter at Beechey Island, unless they are reindeer. [illegible] Look at that boy before the fire. My dear, this is an Esquimaux from off the ice in [illegible] Straits, and he brings us intelligence of the expedition from Back's Fish River."

"It's only a common boy come in from the poaching expedition," said the stronger voice, "and a very dirty one too."

This was not quite so true as the remarks generally made by this very downright young lady. James was not dirty, though rather battered.

"*My love, it's an Esquimaux. He is a very stupid boy; he ought to lie down on his stomach on the ice and blow like a seal to attract our attention, instead of gazing at the fire. Reggy, you must be Petersen the interpreter. Let us trade with that boy. 'Kammik toamee! Kammik toamee!' interpret for us, Petersen; hold up a needle.*"

CHAPTER III.

THREE OF THE FAMILY.

Thus adjured, James, dropping the head of the bloodhound which he held in his hand, turned round. The party of young people who had been talking so freely about him saw before them a little common boy, with a smock-frock, whose face was fearfully swollen and disfigured with blood. Their babble and their play were stopped at once, by seeing a figure more tragical and more repulsive than they had reckoned on. James, on his part, saw before him three children. The first which arrested his eye was a stout, strongly-built girl of about twelve, with handsome, *very* handsome, but rather coarse features, a very florid complexion, and dark-blue eyes, [illegible] as strong as two [illegible]; she was the [illegible] and [illegible]-looking [illegible]. Next to her was a blonde, fairy-looking little creature, with her long golden hair falling about her shoulders in [illegible],—the most [illegible] creature he had ever looked on, but quite [illegible], for the simple reason that there was nothing to describe about her, except a general beauty, which was not here nor there, but everywhere. And lastly, the group of three was made up of a pale and sickly-looking boy, who, pale and [illegible] as he looked, was evidently, even to James's untutored eyes, the brother of the strong [illegible] girl he had noticed first.

It was not difficult to James to connect the three voices he had heard with the three children he saw before him. The golden-haired fairy was the girl who had done the principal part of the talking. The strong, young girl, [illegible] the determined voice, was the girl who had made objections to the original programme of their play, and the pale-faced boy was the owner of the voice he had liked so much, the boy who had said that the dogs must represent bears.

James, for the first time in his life, had the pleasure of throwing the whole of a company (very limited on the occasion) into confusion. So far from acting Esquimaux, and being trifled with, he turned the tables on them, and said in good enough English,—

"I know what you are aiming at. But I can't be a Esquimaux to-night. I know all about the Great Fish River, and the pemmican, and the Magnetic Pole is in Boothia Felix. I'll willingly play with you. I'll be a bear, and come growling round your hut smelling the seal-blubber; or I'll be the great brown jaguar, bigger than the biggest Bengal tiger, and I'll lie under the palm-tree, and work my claws, and you should be Humboldt, picking of orchids, and not noticing me; or I'll be Wellington, or [illegible], or [illegible], or any of that lot short of Bonaparte, and you should be Lord Nelson or Lord Hill. But I can't play to-night. I want to be took home to mother, and put to bed."

"My love," said Dora, the bright-haired fairy, to the other two, "this boy is no Esquimaux. He is one of the last expedition."

"Don't be silly, Dora," said Anne, the tall, strong girl. "The boy has been badly beaten by the poachers, and should be looked after."

"Why don't you go and look after him?" demanded Dora.

"Because," said Anne, "I am afraid of those dogs which are all round him. Ah! you need not turn up your nose, for you are a regular coward. You are afraid of thunder and lightning; you are afraid of frogs; you are afraid of old Mrs. Halfacre, because the Princess says she is a witch; you are afraid of walking through stinging nettles; and you cry when you go through a lock. *I* am afraid of these dogs, and so is Reggy. I can't think why grandpa keeps such a lot of brutes about the place."

"You have no business to wonder. Grandpa does as he chooses. And I am *not* afraid of frogs; I am only afraid of toads, which spit venom at you. You are such a cockney, you don't know a toad from a frog. This is a much better place than Lancaster Square."

"That's true enough," said Anne; "but that will never stop my speaking *my* mind, not to grandpa himself, leave alone you. If you are really not

afraid of those dogs, make yourself useful. Get them away from the boy, and let me get at him."

"*I* am not afraid of the dogs," said Dora. "But why don't you call the boy out from among them, if you want him?"

This was an excellent suggestion, and Anne had not thought of that solution so soon as the quicker-witted Dora. She would have acted on Dora's advice doubtless, had not the low growl of a voice they knew well silenced all the children, and made them retire into a corner, preparatory to skulking off to the free regions above stairs as soon as they were sufficiently unobserved, while James was still left standing before the fire among the dogs. Three faces came out of the darkness into the light of the fire, and two candlesticks on the mantel-piece, towards him; the faces of three men.

The first, that of the gigantic gentleman who had carried him home that night, — a handsome face, with a black moustache on it, and very bold, wild, dark eyes; not a remarkable face in any way, if you except its commonplace beauty. The mouth belonging to that face I never saw, and it is very difficult to guess at a mouth under a moustache; but the reckless ease of every pose the man made would tell one almost as much of the man's character as his mouth. The next face the boy saw was very different, and the moment he looked on it, he knew that he was looking on "the Dark Squire" at a nearer distance than he had ever looked before.

He had seen the Squire before, often and often; but he had never dared to look at Dark Silcote any more than he had dared to look at the lightning which shattered the ash-tree close to him, and killed two of the sheep he was minding, — sheep not so much frightened as their shepherd; or than he would have dared to look at any of the numerous ghosts with which rustic imagination had peopled the great beech forest of Boisey. Lightning, ghosts, and the Dark Squire were the sort of things he let go by with a touch of the cap, as necessary evils; right, of course, because they were there, but which, in sceptical moments, he wished were anywhere else. He now saw the Dark Squire close to him, in the most careless manner, and looked at him closely; for the dull, stupid aching, left by the poacher's fist, made him careless about fifty dark squires. Let us see the Squire with him.

A very broad man, of great physical power still, though nearly sixty; with a finely shaped head (was it narrow? perhaps it was narrow), covered with close-cut grizzled hair; possibly longer in proportion to its breadth than it need have been. Perfect features, perfect complexion, the face of the handsomest man, for his time of life, that one is likely to meet with. There were two great faults in it: one of natural formation, the other of acquired habit. The eyes were set too deep under those heavy black eyebrows, which had refused to grow gray with the hair, and were set too close together; and there was a continual look of suspicion about the whole face which I cannot describe, and which it is rather in the way of Mr. Calderon to paint.

Such a man was the terrible Squire. Beside him stood the third gentleman, with his hand laid on the Squire's shoulder, the fingers of which hand were carelessly playing a tune on the Squire's coat. There was one man in the world, then, to whom this fearful old man was not terrible, — apparently one, and, stranger still, this one a parson. Silcote openly and offensively severed himself from the Church and from any form of faith years and years before; his infidelity, nay, some said his open profanity, was notorious; but here was a clergyman (with rather a High Church cut waistcoat, too), coolly playing a tune on his shoulder.

And not a very remarkable-looking man either. Not very handsome, or very tall, with bold eyes like his brother's, face very thin and very pale, and looking extremely young; you would have said, at first sight, that he was a B.A. in deacon's orders at the very furthest. But if you looked at him longer, and heard him speak a few times, you altered your opinion. He still looked young; there was not a down on his pale face; but there was a steadiness of eye, a quiet easiness of motion, as of one who had been accustomed to use his limbs in decent moderation for some time; a perfectly cool self-possession in his manner; nay, more than that, a degree of self-consciousness and a tendency to dictate, as of a man who has lived among clever men, and has been accustomed to wit as well as to argument, which in society might be considered almost offensive; a curl of the mouth which readily expanded into a short laugh. All these little traits made you, after you had given up your first B.A. deacon's orders theory, begin to think about all the new young schoolmasters you had seen lately, and put him down for a second or third master at Cheltenham or Marlborough. You were wrong in both guesses. He was the youngest tutor at Balliol.

Not only the youngest, but by common consent, both of the undergraduates, and such of the fellows as had not forgotten the slang of former years, the "cheekiest" or "cockiest." The very first time he appeared in the common room he showed his metal by his reckless, honest audacity, his utter carelessness of university rank or *prestige*, and his amazing brilliancy in conversation: which last quality means, as I take it, letting every man talk his best on his best subjects, but assisting him where he gets weak, if you can. Arthur Silcote was, undoubtedly, a success in the common room at Balliol, in spite of what some men might call his self-sufficient impudence. The oldest and wisest of the fellows seduced him out of that same common room that night, and got Arthur to smoke a cigar with him while they walked up and down in front of Magdalen Hall and All Souls, with all the mighty cliffs of stone around them.

"Silcote," said the elder fellow, "will you tell me this: How is it that you, as genial, kind-hearted, well-conditioned a man as ever breathed, are not popular with the undergraduates? Nay, more, why are you so very unpopular?"

"You hit me hard. I am very clever, am I not? but I can't find that out. Have you? God knows I would do anything to bid for their popularity."

"Have I *found* it out? no, I have seen it for the last three years. You ask me if you are clever. I answer, you are one of the cleverest men I ever saw; so *clever* (pause not long enough to be offensive) that your cleverness has become a vice. You are too impatient to bear with men, not to say boys, less clever than yourself. You cannot 'suffer fools gladly,' my boy. You are impatient and scornful of all ignorance which is relatively greater than your own ignorance; and your own ignorance, like that of all men of three-and-twenty, is very great. You have made a success to-night. Why? because you were afraid of us; you had not time to find out our weak points. You would become as unpopular in the common room as you are among the undergraduates, if you were left alone. Silcote, you must learn

to be tender, ay, and to *respect*, in a way, ignorance, as you do childhood and womanhood, weakness in every form. What is the extent of the visible horizon, Silcote, at 1,500 feet above the level of the sea?" Silcote did not know.

"No more do I. But the eighteenth wrangler at Cambridge would tell us, I don't doubt. You are very clever, and for a lad know a good deal. But put your knowledge against Humboldt's, and where are you? Put your knowledge — I speak solemnly, as I feel — against the Almighty's, and where are you then, poor child? Suppose he treated your ignorance and mine with the same petulant impatience you treat the ignorance of men but little your inferiors, where should we be?"

"You need say no more," said Arthur Silcote.

"Only in apology," continued the other. "I risked saying this much to you, because I have a very great admiration for you, and because I saw in you the germs of that priggishness (you know what I mean) which is one of the curses of this time and this place developing in you. Cure this. Get rid of that miserable habit of being impatient of other men's weak points as though you had none of your own, and you will be a good man. Encourage and develop it, and your influence over other men is gone. The sole result of your sharp-tongued attacks on other men's opinions in the Union and elsewhere has been to make you disliked and distrusted. Give over this trick. It is a very silly one. No man with this trick (save one, perhaps) ever got any high influence in the world. In the House this is called temper; and, young and foolish as you are, you are old enough to know how utterly a charge of bad temper ruins a man's influence there."

CHAPTER IV.

A FOURTH.

The Squire spoke first. "So this is the boy that you, Tom, by that fellow-feeling which exists among all fools, have whisked away from his mother, and brought here to show me. I don't know which of you is the greatest fool, upon my word, — you for bringing him, or the boy for coming. Don't you know I hate children? What have you done it for? If the boy has any claim on you, it was not correct, sir, to bring him here at all."

"*I* don't so much as know the boy's name," said Captain Silcote. "I took a fancy to his courage and determination, and brought him home to see if you could be got to do something for him. Make him a page, or a stable-boy, or something."

"Because he fights with desperate ferocity, is well acquainted with at least one notorious poacher, and refuses to have him brought to justice. Bien!"

"O, if you are going to put it *your* way, of course I give up. I *was* a fool to have brought him here, and to *you*. Here, come with me, boy, and we will away out of this."

The Squire laughed. "Arthur," he said, "will you be so good, on this occasion, as on many others, to relieve me from the consequences of your brother's folly, and take care of the child?"

"I will take care of the child, certainly; but I will not acknowledge Tom's folly. Tom did kindly and well in bringing the boy home. And don't scold him to-day, the first day we have had him for so long."

"*He* don't care," growled Captain Silcote. "If I had been away six years instead of six months, it would be just the same."

"You only come back when you want your debts paid."

"Father! father! Tom!" said Arthur, and with some effect, for they ceased what would soon have grown into a very disagreeable wrangle, and he took the boy kindly by the hand, and was going to lead him away, when the arrival of another person arrested their departure, and aroused the boy's astonishment to a high degree.

The hall was partly dark, and now there came towards them a figure whose dress was darker than the darkness itself. Unutterably black until you came to its breast, and there flamed a brilliant star; above that the shape of a pale human face. It advanced majestically, and was for a few moments an extremely puzzling and somewhat alarming figure, before it came into the light, and James saw that, after all, it was not a black ghost, but only a very tall, pale lady, dressed in a black velvet gown, with a very large diamond cross on her bosom. We may supplement his observation by adding, that the great sweep of coal-black velvet and the diamond cross were topped by a very pale, amiable, beautiful, and exceedingly foolish face, — that the lady, whose figure at last stood out in the light, was very tall, very handsome, and seemed to understand the putting on of clothes, and the arranging of herself into attitudes, without running into the extreme of theatrical posing, better than the great majority of women one has seen before or since. That is all I have to say about her at present, and indeed there is little more to say. Her actions must tell their own story.

Arthur saw her first, and called his father's attention to her presence. "The Princess of Castelnuovo, father," he said, and the Squire turned. The result was a "hip" bow from the Squire, and a splendid, graceful, sweeping courtesy from the Princess, accompanied by a most pleasant smile.

"That was a beautiful courtesy, Princess," began the Squire. "Not too much backing about it. Always remain on your former ground in courtesying; don't take one pace to the rear when you do it, you know. Tread on some one's toes and spoil the whole effect, eh? I remember when I was first presented to old Lady Wildmore, at the Basingstoke ball. She was so taken aback at meeting an attorney's son, and stood on her good manners to such an extent, that she made the lowest courtesy ever known, and in making it backed into the fireplace, and in rising brought her old head crack up under the mantelpiece. Well, and where the dooce have you been? Why did n't you come down to supper? What's the last news in the supernatural line? Afraid of the dinner-table's saying anything unpleasant, eh?"

"No," said the Princess, with a charming laugh; "I was not at all afraid of the table's talking, unless it would have rapped out my age. If any table in the house were to betray that, I should take to table-turning on that table, and have the tables turned on it by turning it out of the house." She uttered this piece of simple nonsense so neatly, and with such an air of having said something uncommonly like Theodore Hook, that Arthur Silcote stood in his place for a minute or two, believing that the woman had rather a pretty wit.

"There she goes," said the Squire. "Table-turning, turn the tables: turn the words over and over as often as you can manage, and you'll have a reputation for wit. Archy, how many muddy puns can you make out of three selected words by your permutations and combinations, you know — hang it!

—I forgot I sent you to Oxford; a Cambridge man would have told me. I don't find fault with you, Archy. But what a monstrous thing is this wit, this playing on words, which you young fellows admire so. — (I will not be quiet, Archy, — she began it.) — Why, is it not the lowest effort of the human intellect? though a man is better remembered for his tricks with words than for anything else in these rotten times. She comes here to pun me down, does she?"

"Father, you will talk yourself into a passion."

"Look at her dress, too. Her velvet and diamonds. Seven and twenty pounds for that dress, ordered expressly to meet her own nephew at dinner, and show off her beauty and her wit to *him*, who was only thinking that, if he had known how freely I would have bled, he would not have kept back those other bills, after he had given his word that he had told me of every penny. Do you wince, Tom? The same child, girl, woman, for fifty years."

It all went over her head without touching her. She only said, in her sweetest manner, "Silcote, my dear, you are in one of your scolding moods; and scold away. You know my temper by this time. But there is a boy here who has been hurt by the poachers, of whom the children have told me, who must be attended to. I have only come down for that boy. Let me have him."

"Where are the children?" asked Silcote, half ashamed.

"In Boothia Felix, as I understood them," said the Princess. "I proposed bed to them, but they refused it with scorn. It appears that they are playing a game, and have erected Esquimaux-huts in the north gallery, in which they propose to sleep, and, in fact, are sleeping. I put it that the explorers always went to bed when they got back to civilization. The children have answered that they are still in the arctic regions. I would not interfere with them on any account. Give me, however, this boy, and let me see to him. I will make it a personal favor to myself if the servants will see after him. Thank you, Arthur. Come along, my dear." And so she went off with James.

"Did you ever see such a fool as that woman?" asked the Squire, as soon as she was gone. "She pretends to take care of the house, and she has now let all those children go up and bivouac in the north gallery. They will catch their deaths. Arthur, go and see after them."

The Squire went, and the brothers were left alone together. "Does he often fly at her now?" asked the eldest.

"More and more seldom as time gets on."

"She never gives it him back again, does she?"

"Never, even at the worst of times. She never replies, except in the most good-humored manner, with a face covered with smiles. And she must feel it sometimes, you know."

"They are a curious pair," said the elder. "I don't believe they could do without one another now."

[To be continued.]

ITALY IN THE LEASH.

"WHERE are the soldiers, and where are the laborers?" a stranger who had fallen behind the march of public events might inquire, as he travels in Italy in June, "'Sixty-six." Scarcely a soldier is to be seen, and, if one does occasionally attract the eye, he dodges across the way, and, like a rabbit who has had some narrow escapes in the foray that destroyed his friends, is gone like a dream. So, too, in the rich, abundant fields, heavy with harvest promise, and, in many cases, ripe for scythe and sickle, not a soul stands ready to gather in the fruits, and only here and there some decrepit house-father, or a couple of sun-burned wenches, move about, looking almost ludicrously inadequate to the agricultural tasks that seem to have devolved upon them.

The strife once begun, doubtless hands of some sex or age will be found for these needful duties. In the mean time, that shade of possibility which, up to this very hour of writing, — June the fifteenth, — has not ceased to exist, that war may be averted, — has perhaps counselled a little delay.

To remain in seething Turin is simply impossible. True, that rather slumbrous city has shaken off its lethargic ways, and seems to have registered a vow never to retire to bed again until victory and Venice are won.

"Sorgi, o popolo Latino, — sorgi, e vinci!" sings Angelo Brofferio, through a hundred throats, in every place of popular assembly; and the Latin people have literally obeyed the exhortation. Yes, literally; for, if they have not yet overcome the intrusive German, whom, after a hundred and forty years, it is still pleasant to call "stranger," they have conquered that stranger's best allies, their own listlessness, apathy, and disunion. Let party politicians say what they will, the fact remains, that the world has rarely witnessed a more heart-stirring spectacle than that now presented by a country but recently pronounced, — perhaps believed, — by statesmen to be unworthy of a place among the greater peoples of Europe. So young in freedom, not even yet emancipated from galling influences, nor rid of foes within, what has she not already effected?

Turin is in a fever, and, like other patients in a similar condition, is not coherent, nor reliable in her observations. She invents, and then feeds upon, the most extraordinary fancies. After repeated undeceptions, it seems desirable that any individual interested in ascertaining the truth should proceed something nearer to the theatre of expected events, and judge for himself. And, now, to *which* theatre? for there are two, at least, with their mighty gates flung open, all waiting to begin. Long before these lines are read, the bowing and scraping and measuring of swords between the great German champions will probably have given place to the cannon's roll and the rush of armed legions; but with this portion of the tremendous game we have far less sympathy, and no business. To youthful Italy dame England has ever turned a friendly face, and all that strict neutrality, tinctured with hearty good-will, can do — perhaps a trifle more — has been exerted in behalf of the bold boy who is now going in, to win back, with his own right hand, the heritage of his sires.

Florence, and thence to the royal camp, or Como and Garibaldi? It is a difficult choice; but really there is nothing like fixing one's plans. I shall leave, at 2.35, for Florence — no, stop — at 5.23, for Como, I think. No, after all, Florence is *the* point, only that it is so easy to take Como and the red-frocks first; after which, without prejudice to the possibility of remaining there, I can follow the fortunes of the warlike Victor. Admirable decision! To Como.

Seven years ago, many of these green and golden fields through which we are peacefully puffing our way were ravaged by war. I recall the trampled vines, the shattered homesteads, the desecrated cemeteries (spots much favored by the Austrians for

making a stand), and also a certain ghostly stroll, in which I managed to lose my way among the half-covered graves of Magenta. But here we are at Milan.

Still not a soldier to be seen. The first red-shirts are represented by half a dozen lads, with can and haversack, on their way to the depots at Monza, Como, Lecco, and Bergamo. After an hour's halt we continue the journey, and, leaving the train two miles from Como, to which there is a deep descent, are at once in the midst of martial bustle and preparation. Seven thousand volunteers are quartered in and about the town, and, with the regiments at Monza and the neighboring depots, make up the number to about twenty thousand. A nearly equal number, we learn, are assembled in and about Ancona, to operate in Venetia, and thus give full scope to their general's well-known habit of appearing where he is least expected by the foe. How is he? How does he look? Wonderfully brisk and well. Active as one of his sixteen-year-old recruits. Does he hobble? Not he! But they talked of a stick. He has flung it away. Noble heart of Garibaldi! We believe he did so, though it helped him, because he would not at such a moment call to remembrance the miscreant shot at Aspromonte.

Speaking of that, a curious rumor has it that Colonel Pallavicini, through whose orders that evil deed was done, has offered his services upon the general's staff! It is added — but that is not so strange — that the magnanimous hero has accepted them. He went to Lecco this morning by the usual passenger-boat, and will return in the evening. Meanwhile, we can scrutinize the shirts of rose.

They are of all ages, from twelve to thirty-five, and of every shade of brown. Those young gentlemen, with Eastern "fezes," faces almost Nubian, and demeanor somewhat subdued, are said to be deserters and refugees returned from Egypt, in the hope that, by taking gallant share in the impending struggle, they might be permitted to atone their fault. The government refused to make any pact with the children of Italy who had taken refuge on a foreign soil, but permitted them to volunteer. There are many noble-looking men among these volunteers, including veterans of twenty-five, decorated with three medals; but, as a general rule, they run small and young, — so young, indeed, that we find it difficult to believe a barber who assures us that, in one evening, his receipts for shaving amounted to fifty-nine francs.

They have a long drill at five in the morning, and a shorter one in the afternoon. The rest of the time is at their own disposal; and it is most creditable to them that, as yet, no single instance of drunkenness, insubordination, or misconduct of any kind, can be laid to their charge, — a circumstance the more noticeable, when we consider the results usually engendered by the combination of excitement and enforced idleness. But this movement is in reality exceptional, and cannot be judged by ordinary rules.

Perhaps the most astonishing fact, however, connected with these young men, is one that reached us from what seemed an authentic and intelligent source, that the whole body, seven thousand, spend in the shops and coffee-houses of the town thirty thousand francs a day! Now, their nominal pay being one franc and a tenth, — subject to deductions, — it follows that, unless friends at home have been very liberal, or shopkeepers at Como very confiding, but little cash will find its way with the Garabaldini into the Tyrol.

The corps are capitally dressed; the bright red frock, now become historical, is of excellent make and quality; and with the neat gray trousers with red seam, and red cap with a shade, something like that worn by the French, they have the appearance of rather irregular regulars.

Were there any English among them? Hardly any, — at least, at Como, — and these are supposed to be the *élite* of the corps. The General likes to see his "medal-men" around him, one of these same youths proudly assures us. He has not encouraged the advances of British ex-officers who wished to join him. Loving the English, and appreciating their gallantry and steadiness in the field, he has an unpleasant recollection of the trouble and embarrassments entailed upon him in the last war, by the arrival of a body of gentlemen calling themselves a British legion, but entirely disdainful of command, even from their own officers, and whose first and last exploit seems to have been the shooting of one of the sentries of their ally! All applications from British officers are at once transferred to the minister of war, and hitherto not even the familiar faces of some who were the General's tried and trusted followers in the last war have reappeared in his train.

In opposition to this, however, it must be stated that Madame Corti, while dining with her husband, two days since, at Garibaldi's table, heard him speak with approval of a suggestion that had been offered, with a view of employing the many English who had proffered their services. After all, let it be nevertheless remembered, that the struggle is peculiarly national, and that, so long as it finds aliment in the nation itself, foreign aid will but detract from its glory. In Sicily and Naples, any man, so he would fight, was welcome. Now, the only difficulty is to select from the warriors whom Italy herself presses to the front.

It is time to go down to the quay, and join the multitude who have been already some time on the lookout for the General. A gun! Another! The boat is in sight. All the unoccupied population not already on the spot come trooping down, till the space is filled with a multitude swaying like a cornfield, thickly grown with poppies (the red-shirts), and a few corn-flowers (the national guard).

There is a broad species of balcony belonging to a house overlooking the landing-place, a capital place of vantage, could it only be reached, capable of holding several hundred spectators. It is necessary, however, to scramble up a wall twelve feet high, and then over a railing three feet higher. This exactly suits the Garibaldian element in the crowd. Forming the classic "tortoise," in a manner which Cæsar himself would have approved, the young fellows mount over each other's backs, and the place is carried in a moment. The landlord utters an energetic protest from the window, but his voice is lost, and himself forgotten, in the tumult and enthusiasm, as the steamer sweeps alongside the pier, and the General's open carriage draws up to receive him.

There follows a remarkably long pause. The cheering languishes a little. Why does he not land?

"Il generale ha perduto il suo biglietto," — "The General has lost his ticket!" — is somebody's suggestion.

The carriage draws away. The General has been detained; will come by the second boat.

By the second boat he does come, and the frenzy of welcome that meets him, though he has only

been absent since the morning, baffles all description. The air darkens with hats, caps, handkerchiefs, and flowers. Women who have nothing else wavable at hand toss up their children, and the "evvivas" of the boyish soldiery are absolutely deafening.

Here he comes, — the grand, brave face, — singular compound of lion and angel, bowing gently and sweetly to the crowded balconies, and occasionally giving a hand to the crowd below. He looks fresh and well, and, to all appearance, the only individual perfectly cool and at his ease among us. There is something in the face of this glorious soldier that seems at once to give assurance of a soul so great and constant as to be beyond the power of any human eventuality whatever to injure or subdue.

His son, Ricciotti, — less warlike than his martial brother, but not less worthy of his sire, — accompanies him, and Canzio, the General's son-in-law. There, too, are Medici, Corti, Bezzi, and others, in brilliant staff uniforms; and aides-de-camp, splendidly mounted, accompany the chief; for this is a very different affair from the scanty, ragged, and half-armed band with which he won his Sicily. Garibaldi is at the head of forty thousand of the choicest youths of regenerated Italy. Forty thousand more await his single word. He holds them in leash, as only he could hold such troops, and they will not disappoint him when he cries, "Avanti! — spring!"

THE ARREST.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from *L'Événement*.]

"AH! M. Vibert!" exclaimed the porter, as the agent of the secret police returned home. "There is a letter for you!"

Vibert took the letter. Its printed heading showed that it came from the Commissary of Police of the 1st Ward. It ran as follows: —

"MY DEAR VIBERT, — While you were employed in this office, your attention was called one day during my absence to an escaped convict named Langlade, and to a tall, red-haired girl known by the nickname 'Soleil Couchant.' The Prefecture of Police has requested me to furnish some information about these parties, who were believed to be in England, who are in Paris, but who have heretofore escaped, notwithstanding all the efforts made to arrest them. I know nobody but you who can give information about these two people. Will you be so good as to call at the Prefecture of Police to-morrow morning and give it all the information you possess?

Your old master,

"DORÉCU."

"I will go to-morrow morning," said Vibert to himself, as he put the letter in his pocket and went up stairs.

He went the next morning to the Prefecture of Police, and was shown into the office of one of the superintendents. While he was waiting his turn to speak to the Superintendent, he overheard the following dialogue between the former and an agent of the secret police.

"And so Soleil Couchant has not only been arrested and brought here, but has given important information. Do you believe what she says?"

"Yes, because it is her interest to tell the truth."

"And if she is to be credited, Langlade will sleep to-night in the Rue Croix des Petits Champs?"

"She says it is more than probable he will sleep there."

"Very well, then, nothing can prevent your arresting him to-morrow morning?"

"If I can find men willing to undertake the job."

"What is to prevent you from finding all the men you want?"

"Langlade's terrible reputation. He has already escaped twice from the hulks at Toulon and Brest. He is a Hercules in size and strength. He never sleeps without loaded pistols by his bedside. The first man who enters his bed-chamber is sure to be shot down. My men know all this, and I am afraid they will hesitate."

"They are cowards, then!" suddenly exclaimed Vibert from his seat.

The Superintendent of the Secret Police and the other agent turned around with astonishment to see who spoke.

"Ay, they are cowards!" repeated Vibert. "Should a police agent draw back from a malefactor? Should a police agent hesitate when he knows he has it in his power to rid society of a desperado covered with crimes?"

"Ah, Vibert!" exclaimed the Superintendent, recognizing his agent.

"I should like to see you do it," said the other agent.

"Nothing is easier than to gratify your desire. You have but to walk behind me, if I am authorized to arrest Langlade to-morrow morning at his lodgings in the Rue Croix des Petits Champs."

"Are you in earnest?" asked the Superintendent.

"Assuredly I am."

"But," exclaimed the other police agent, "you really don't know what sort of man this Langlade is."

"You are mistaken. I had Langlade in my hands when I was Secretary of the Commissary of Police in the Rue St. Honoré. He dared come one day to ask me to give him a passport for England. He struck me as a suspicious character. I had him followed and arrested. Since then he has escaped a second time from the hulks whither I sent him."

"As you are so familiar with him," said the other agent, "I am astonished that you are not more afraid of him. Surely you must remember what a giant he is: I never saw a more stalwart man."

"Perfectly well. I am a dwarf by the side of a great many persons; I am a mere pygmy compared to him."

"How many men will you require?"

"None."

"Surely you do not pretend to say you mean to arrest him unaided?"

"I certainly do. What use would your men be to me, since you yourself say they would be afraid of him? They would only be in the way."

"Do you want to be killed?"

"That's none of your business. The question is, How shall a difficult task be performed? Everybody declines attempting it. I volunteer to do it."

"Very well, then," said the Superintendent, once more taking part in the conversation, "I will give you all the information you may require to enable you to undertake this job, — or rather, go into the next room and tell M. Laveirarié to put you in possession of all he knows, and to let you question Soleil Couchant, if you please."

At half past five o'clock the next morning, Vibert with a determined step went up the staircase of the

house in the Rue Croix des Petits Champs where Langlade lodged. After hunting in vain for a bell-rope at the door which the porter told him was Langlade's, he boldly rapped.

"Who is there?" cried a voice from the chamber.

"An agent of the secret police who has come to arrest you," replied Vibert.

"Shut up, you joker! Were you an agent of the secret police, you would not let me know it. They take rather more precautions than that before they wake up this passenger. It is you, Crampin, is n't it?"

"Yes; come, open quick."

"Egads! old fellow, it is hard to tumble out of bed in such cold weather at this early hour; but for a friend I suppose I must, although I run the risk of catching cold; but I warn you I hop back to bed again!"

The key had scarcely been turned and the bolt had hardly ceased to grate, when Vibert, who stood near the door, shoved against it with might and main, darted into the chamber, made for the bed, seized the revolver lying on the table near it, and aiming at Langlade, — all which was done as quick as thought, — said, "If you budge you are a dead man!"

"A thousand thunders!" screamed the escaped convict. "Hang me if 't is not an agent of the secret police."

"Did n't I tell you so, you numskull? Come, you are caught. Surrender."

"Never!" exclaimed Langlade, foaming with rage. "I 'll devour you first, you mean scoundrel! You have my revolver, but I have hands strong as any vice blacksmith ever saw and teeth sharp as steel."

"Pshaw!" quietly replied Vibert, "you can use neither unless you get me in arm's reach; and you know if you stir so much as a hair's-breadth I 'll put a pistol-ball through your body."

The escaped convict stood like a statue, half naked, foaming with rage, but afraid to move a step. They eyed each other for an instant, one ready to leap on the other, the other ready to fire the revolver.

Then Vibert said, in a jeering tone: "I thought you were going to eat me up. Have you abandoned that idea? It is a pity: I wanted to die an original death."

"It must be confessed you are a bold fellow to dare come in here," exclaimed Langlade, becoming calmer, and looking in every direction to see if he could not discover some object which would serve him as a good weapon.

"Nonsense! Folks think you much more terrible than you really are. Come, now! come! don't be moving about in that way, or I shall be obliged to break one of your legs in order to keep you quiet. What do you want? What are you looking for? Your slippers, eh? Your feet are cold. Here they are. O, I am a good-natured fellow, I don't want you to catch cold."

Vibert, holding the revolver so as to check any movement of Langlade, picked up with his left hand a pair of shoes which lay at the foot of the bed, and threw them to the escaped convict.

"Thank you," said Langlade, whose wonted assurance had now completely returned. "A fellow is more solid on his feet when he has his shoes on."

"To be sure he is, therefore I gave you yours. Would you like to have your pantaloons, waistcoat, and frock-coat? Don't stand on ceremony with me. I have them within reach."

"If you will be good enough to give them to me, I shall be very glad to receive them," replied Langlade, astounded by so much kindness.

Vibert gave Langlade the desired pantaloons, waistcoat, and frock-coat, taking, however, the same precautions he had used when he gave him the shoes. While Langlade rapidly dressed himself, Vibert asked: "If I am not indiscreet, will you tell me what you intend doing when you are dressed?"

"Really I don't know yet. I have been thinking over the matter, but I cannot come to any decision. I believe I 'd leap on you and give you a taste of my strength and teeth but for that confounded revolver, which is a little in my way."

"Would you like to have the revolver too?"

"I should say I would; but there is no chance of that —"

"Do you think not? That 's not so certain. What would you do with it were I to give it to you?"

"Do with it? I'd blow your brains out in a jiffy!"

"Really?"

"Just as certain as you are standing there!"

"At the first shot?"

"At the very first shot, for I would aim at the temple."

"Very well then, old fellow. Be sure you aim with a steady hand. Here is your revolver."

Vibert, as he spoke, quitted his seat, went to Langlade, gave him the revolver, turned around and quietly went back to the bed; he sat on it, folded his arms and said, "Well, fire!"

The escaped convict was confounded. He exclaimed, "I'll be hanged if you belong to the secret police!"

"You thankless dog! I behave my best to you; I treat you like a son, and you are so ungrateful as to refuse to give me my titles!"

"Do you mean to tell me you really are a detective?"

"I 'm nothing else. What in the world do you think I am? You don't take me for a peer, eh? I 'm not such a fool; time hangs too heavily on their hands. I am a detective, — a real detective. What do you call these things I am drawing from my pocket. Look at 'em. Are n't they handcuffs? They are the only professional objects I brought with me when I came to see you. I left even my sword-cane at home."

"You are a bold fellow!"

"My dear Langlade, this is the second time you have used that expression. I confess to you I hate repetition."

"And do you really think I am going to let you handcuff me?"

"You are going to do one of two things: you are going either to kill me or to let me handcuff you. Between you and me, which you choose is matter of perfect indifference to me, — but choose you shall."

"Don't you prize your life?"

"If I prized my life, should I have come here to wake you up this morning? Do you prize life?"

"Why, yes; just now I must say I do. I am loved."

"You are loved! really? Lucky dog!"

"Am I not?" exclaimed Langlade, straightening himself up with a self-satisfied air.

Vibert took out his green eye-glasses and eyed the escaped convict from head to foot, then said: "The truth is, your father and mother did not play the churl with you when they introduced you to life. They gave you good measure. You fill a

large space on earth. I can understand how it is women should adore you, — they have such wretched taste!"

Then changing his tone suddenly, and turning his back to Langlade, he said: "It is rather cold here. You forgot to light your fire this morning. Let us be moving. They are waiting for us."

"Where?"

"At jail. I believe you will be better off there than anywhere else. In the first place, you will get there in time to be examined to-morrow. And rest assured, as you are an old hand, you will be treated with all proper attention. You will not be mixed up with the small fry. You shall have a cell to yourself."

"Are you making a butt of me?" bawled Langlade.

"Don't scream so loud, man! You will wake up all your neighbors. Recollect, it is only six o'clock in the morning."

"The report of the revolver when I blow out your brains will wake them up still more effectually."

"Hush! hush! hush! hush! You do nothing but menace: execution is not your part!"

Vibert, as he made this remark, fell back and lay stretched at length on Langlade's bed. The escaped convict, exasperated beyond all bounds, sprang towards the bed and placed the muzzle of the revolver on Vibert's temple. The detective looked steadily at Langlade. They remained in their respective positions for a minute. Then the escaped convict lowered his eyes, let his revolver fall on the bed, and drew back, exclaiming: "A thousand thunders! I dare not kill him, after all!"

"Well, after all," said Vibert, rising from the bed, and adroitly slipping the revolver into his pocket as he rose, "you will not kill me. I must still live and suffer."

"Are you unhappy?" asked Langlade, coming up to him.

"Ay, most wretched. So wretched I would gladly change places with you and make you the detective, could I be the escaped convict carried back to the hulks. But I did not come here to confess my griefs to you. Let us be going."

"Go, if you please. I will not kill you, but here I stay."

"That is impossible, my dear Langlade. I have pledged my word of honor to bring you to the jail. Now don't put on any airs. You are a good fellow; so am I. Let us come to an understanding at once. Your mistress is a tall, red-haired girl, named Stephanie Cornu, and nicknamed 'Soleil Couchant.' Is n't she?"

"How in the world did you find that out?"

"My dear boy, we know everything. It is our trade. But if you want to know the full particulars, I will tell you, for I can refuse you nothing. It was Soleil Couchant herself who told us where you were to sleep to-night."

"It is a lie!" bawled Langlade.

"It is every word true. Were it not true, I would not amuse myself by giving you useless pain. I respect a man's affections, and hold it cowardice to tell a man his mistress betrays him when she is true. It would be less cruel to plunge a dagger in his heart."

"Ah! indeed it is," said the escaped convict, while two big tears rolled down his cheeks. Then he fell back on his chair, murmuring to himself: "That is the reason I have not seen her these two days gone. O, the vile woman! And yet I madly loved her. She was the only thing on earth I did love." He turned towards Vibert, his face bathed in tears, and, stretching out his arms at full length, said: "I surrender! Here, handcuff me."

"What sort of a fellow do you take me to be? Do you think I am a man to take advantage of your weakness? Never! When you are calmer we 'll talk over matters."

The giant sat in a corner and sobbed like a child.

Vibert walked up and down the room for a moment or two, then he went up to Langlade, and, laying his hand on the convict's shoulder, said, "Come with me; I will carry you to Soleil Couchant."

Langlade sprang to his feet and said, "Do you know where she is?"

"To be sure I do. She was arrested yesterday, and is now in jail. She became frightened; she saw herself mixed up in bad business, imprisoned for the rest of her life, and she gave you up, in order to win the favor of the prison authorities."

"The vile creature! Do you offer to carry me to her?"

"Right away."

"But I will kill her if I get near her."

"That is none of my business. All I have to do is to arrest you, and you will be arrested the moment you enter the jail's portal. So, if you have a fancy for killing Soleil Couchant, I do not care a snap of my fingers. One woman more or less in the world is not a matter of much moment."

"I 'm ready; let us be off."

"Agreed."

They went down stairs together. Langlade seemed unconscious of everything. Plunged in his own thoughts, his head drooping on his breast, he followed Vibert mechanically, just as a dog follows his master. Soleil Couchant had betrayed him! What cared he for aught else? Nevertheless, when they reached the door, the cool morning air for a moment recalled him to himself. He raised his head, looked around, and said to Vibert, "Where is your carriage?"

"My carriage? I don't keep a carriage."

"But the carriage with your men?"

"I have no men with me."

"You don't mean to say you came all alone to arrest me?"

"Why, great heavens, man! how often do you require to be told the same thing? Do you think I ought to have been accompanied by a squadron of cavalry? My dear boy, I am accustomed to do my business by myself, and I manage it all the better alone. Are you vexed because you don't see at your door three or four detectives, with frock-coats buttoned up to their chins, and looking like undertakers? I never go on the street with such fellows. I have too much self-respect for that. But if their absence vexes you, I can order them to be sent around."

"No; it is useless."

"Don't use any ceremony with me, my dear fellow. If you desire a first-class funeral, say the word; it shall be yours."

"No, I don't want them."

A hack passed by. Vibert engaged it. "Get in," said he to Langlade. He ordered the driver to go to the Rue de Jerusalem, drive into the court-yard of the Prefecture of Police, and stop in front of the great staircase.

The ride to the Prefecture was marked by no incident. Langlade sat in his corner wrapt in his own thoughts. Vibert kept attentive watch on him, and had one hand on his revolver to fire at the least

attempt at escape. He was determined his prisoner should not give him the slip at the entrance of the haven.

As the hack rumbled up the Rue de Jerusalem Vibert said, "Before we part, be good enough to give me your hands."

"What for?"

"To put fetters on them."

"O, I will not harm anybody — but Soleil Couchant," replied Langlade, completely conquered, and as gentle as a child.

"My dear fellow," responded Vibert, in the same honeyed tone, "since we have been together I think I have conclusively demonstrated to you that I am not afraid of you. But we shall now be alone no more. I am going to carry you up staircases, down passages, into offices where you will be met by a great many people who know you by sight or by reputation, and in whom you inspire fear, which I grant you is greatly exaggerated, but nevertheless very serious. It is for their sake I propose this little measure of precaution."

Langlade rejoined, in an ingenuous and very gentle voice, "But if I am handcuffed I can never kill Soleil Couchant."

"There you are mistaken. The handcuffs will not prevent you from raising your arms and letting them fall on her head; with your strength this bare motion would suffice to rid you of half a dozen weak women. Moreover, as Soleil Couchant's life or death is a matter of perfect indifference to me, I promise you, if you wish it, to have your handcuffs taken off when you are shown into her company."

"Very well, then; put them on," said Langlade, holding out his hands.

Five minutes afterwards Vibert entered the office of the Superintendent of the Secret Police with his prisoner. He went up to the Superintendent and said: "I have kept my promise. Here is Langlade."

"Did you arrest him?"

"Yes, all alone. Did n't I so promise?"

"You have done us a signal service. I shall see the Prefect of Police in an hour, and I promise I will speak to him about you."

"I have one request to make of you."

"It is granted in advance."

The Superintendent rose and talked with Vibert in the recess of the window. At last the Superintendent said: "It is agreed. In truth, I am of your opinion: promises made to these men must be kept. They fear us, hate us, kill us, but are obliged to esteem us. I will have Langlade sent to a cell by himself, and give the necessary orders about Soleil Couchant."

Vibert bowed and retired. Agents summoned by the Superintendent carried Langlade to jail. This energetic, brutal, terrible fellow quietly followed them. He had but one thought, one desire, — to see Soleil Couchant as soon as possible. He knew anything like show of resistance would retard the moment which he longed for so ardently.

The news of his arrest had flown like wildfire throughout the Prefecture. Young clerks, messengers, and some strangers who happened to be at the Prefecture, ran up to the passage down which he was to be led to jail. He glanced with quiet indifference at this throng. What cared he for them? He reserved all his wrath for the woman who had betrayed him.

The agents carried Langlade to a double cell, where the handcuffs were removed. Langlade was still as calm as ever, and had answered quietly and politely all the questions put to him.

The youngest agent whispered to the other: "He has been calumniated. He is a perfect lamb."

The other agent, who had spent all his life in prisons, shook his head and replied: "Wait a bit yet before we come to any opinion. There may be fire yet under those ashes."

Langlade asked, as he took his seat on a wooden stool in the cell, "By which door will she enter?"

The agent pointed to a door on the other side of the stout iron grating which divided the room into two cells.

Langlade leaped from the stool, his eyes flashed fire, his nostrils dilated. He began to suspect something, he scented a trap. His voice had lost something of its calmness when he said, "But if she comes in by that door, how can she meet me here?"

"Why, she is not going to meet you any nearer than those iron bars," replied the youngest agent.

"Ah! she will not come nearer me than this?"

The older agent, seeing Langlade's face contract more and more, and wear an expression of increasing fury, said, in a gentle tone, "You can get very near her, and the grating will not prevent your talking to her as much as you please."

"They have lied to me then!" screamed Langlade.

"You were told you should see her. She is coming."

Langlade screamed still louder: "They have lied to me! She was to be near me, — by my side, without a grating between us. I have been deceived! Had I suspected as much, I should never have been arrested. I would have defended myself. I would have killed that villain! I would have killed every one of ye! Ye are all a pack of infernal scoundrels!"

He suddenly walked up to the older agent and bawled: "I tell ye, I want to be by her side. She must be brought in here, or I must be carried in on the other side of the grating."

The agent replied: "My orders on the subject are explicit? What you ask is simply impossible."

"Ah! it is impossible!" yelled Langlade. "Very well, then my surrender is void! You have not arrested me yet. It is all to begin over again."

In the twinkling of an eye he wrenched from the wall a wooden bench secured to it by iron plates, seized two stools, three straw chairs, and a small table, threw them into one corner of the cell, broke off a leg of the table to serve him as a sort of club, stood with his back to the wall behind the sort of barricade he had made, and yelled in a terrible voice, as he brandished his club over his head, "Come on, I'm ready for ye!"

The younger agent ran out of the cell, crying at the top of his voice, "The guard! the guard, ho!"

The older agent remained at his post, and, shrugging his shoulders, looked calmly at Langlade. This agent's calmness exasperated the convict to the highest degree. He leaped over his barricade and advanced towards him, club in hand. The agent felt then that he was wantonly exposing himself to danger. Fixing his eyes on his adversary, holding in one hand his bunch of keys to fend off the club, curling his thick gray mustache with the other hand, he rapidly walked backwards, without saying a word. When he got near the door, which had remained open since the flight of the other agent, he jumped backwards just as Langlade was upon him, and he slammed the door. It was a retreat, but it

was an honorable retreat, — it was no rout. Langlade was alone in his cell.

Meantime, the guard of soldiers which is posted in every jail had armed, and was marching to the double cell. It was evident that a terrible struggle was about to take place. The convict would certainly be vanquished, after all, by the number of his adversaries, but it was certain he would defend himself with energy. In his vigorous hands, every sort of weapon would prove a fatal instrument of defence. Besides, he might jump on the first soldier who entered the cell, disarm him, retreat behind his barricade, and keep the enemy at bay for hours. The soldiers, headed by the two agents, had reached the door of the double cell, and were about to enter it.

Vibert suddenly made his appearance.

He had heard an unusual noise, had made inquiry, and was told what was taking place. He said to himself: "I ought to have expected as much. It is my fault, after all. It is certain Langlade has some right to complain. I have not kept my promise strictly. It is my duty to repair the ill I have done, and to prevent the effusion of blood."

Brave and resolute as he was, he could not hesitate long. He made haste and joined the soldiers and agents, and said to them, as the agent was about turning the key of the door, "Let me go in; I'll settle everything."

"What are you going to do, M. Vibert?" asked the older agent.

"I don't know; but begin by sending the guard away, I beg of you. It is not worth while to have the soldiers killed by this fellow. I mastered him this morning, and I dare say I shall master him now. If I fail, it will be time enough to summon the guard. You know the Superintendent is always glad when you abstain from violent measures."

"True. Our orders are, to be as gentle as possible. But if you could imagine the state of fury in which this scoundrel is, you would despair of producing any effect."

"It costs nothing to try."

"You risk your life."

"I had better risk mine than risk the life of all these people."

"As you please. Would you have me go in with you?"

"No, it is useless."

"I shall remain here, then, to go to your assistance if necessary."

Vibert opened the door and entered the double cell.

Langlade, who had heard the clatter of the muskets and the murmur of voices, expected to be attacked, and he had taken refuge behind his barricade. As soon as he saw Vibert his fury became frenzy. He made one leap, jumped on Vibert, took him in his arms, and, throwing him as one throws a ball, tossed him to the extremity of the double cell.

Vibert fell on his knees, rose, brushed his pantaloons with his elbow to remove the dust, (for in the gravest circumstances he was a particular man,) and, without waiting for Langlade to fall on him, he crossed his arms and went up to him and bawled in his face, "You are a coward!"

"And you are a liar?"

"Why do you call me liar?" asked Vibert, without lowering his voice in the least.

"Because you promised me I should see her, and I have not seen her yet."

"She is there, behind that door. They are only waiting for you to be calm to show her in."

"But she will not enter here. I shall only see her behind that grating. That is not what you promised me."

"I made you no promise whatever on the subject. I dare you to tell me I promised you should see her at your side."

"We did not speak of that, but —"

"You ought to have spoken of it. You ought to have expressed all your conditions. I couldn't possibly divine your wishes. I have faithfully kept every one of the promises I made you. I have had even your handcuffs taken off. If you had not had free use of your hands, you would not have been able to damage this cell, and treat me as cowardly as you have done."

"Cowardly?"

"Yes, cowardly! I am small, you are tall. I am weak, you are strong. I entered here alone and unarmed, to prevent a sanguinary struggle in which you would most certainly have been vanquished, and you leaped on me like a wild beast. Is n't that cowardly?"

"Will they bring Soleil Couchant here?" asked Langlade, already a great deal calmer than he had been. "May I see her without being separated from her by this grating?"

"No. You will see her and talk to her through these iron bars. She made this request."

"Ah! these iron bars are provided at her request! Why is that?"

"I dare say because she is afraid to be near you. Does that astonish you?"

"If she is afraid, it is because she feels guilty."

"Clear enough; but that's no reason why she should desire to be murdered."

"But suppose I should promise not to kill her?"

"You cannot make such a promise, and be sure of keeping it. You are too violent. You have not sufficient self-command. A word or gesture is enough to throw you into a frenzy. You even strike those who don't say a word to you, who do nothing to you."

"Pardon me."

"O, I forgive you; but it is more than probable that the Superintendent will not forgive you for having disturbed the quiet which always reigns here, committed deeds of violence, menaced the agents, called out the guard —"

"What can he do?"

"He can refuse to allow you to see Soleil Couchant, even behind that iron grating."

"See here," said Langlade, trying to take Vibert's hand, "if you will persuade the Superintendent to let me see her, I promise to put everything here back in its place, to present excuses to the agents, and to be as calm as I have been furious."

"Well, I will use my influence with the Superintendent; but, I warn you, the utmost he will grant now will be to allow you to see her behind that grating."

"That is all I ask! I no longer feel like killing her. My anger has spent itself."

Vibert quitted the cell. The agents were at the door, and expressed their astonishment at seeing him in such good condition. He said to them: "He is quiet now. Let him see Soleil Couchant, as if nothing had taken place. This evening he will be sent to another jail, and you will be rid of him."

While Vibert was speaking, a strange noise was heard in the cell. Vibert returned and summoned the other agents. Langlade was lying on the floor

[illegible]. The younger agent went for the surgeon, who came in time only to see the escaped convict breathe his last. The excitement of the day had been too much for the giant. His arrest, Sowle Coleman's betrayal, his frenzy at discovering the [illegible] and at sight of Vincent, his fear the Superintendent might refuse to allow him so much a [illegible] scene, Coleman's again, had brought on a fit of apoplexy. It proved fatal before any remedy could be administered.

THE MIANTONOMOH IN ENGLAND.

A STRANGE vessel, with a strange figure and still stranger name, now lies anchored at Spithead. It was once actually mentioned as an official difficulty in an Admiralty Report, that names could not be conveniently discovered for our new ships of war, but the Americans have multiplied their frigates fifty-fold without incurring any such embarrassment. They call their ships after the rivers of their country, and as rivers in all regions retain the designations given by the earliest settlers, the American cruisers are christened in the language of the Red Indians. What the Miantonomoh may actually signify in that tongue we shall not proceed to inquire: what she represents is a matter of very great importance indeed. She is a real, genuine Monitor, a true specimen of that singular fleet on which the Americans rely for their position on the seas. As these vessels resemble no other floating things, it follows almost inevitably that, if the American shipbuilders are right, ours must be wrong, and it is our imperative duty to investigate the subject without prejudice or delay.

An American Monitor involves two principles of construction not necessarily connected. The first, which was the original principle of Mr. ERICSSON's design, consists in withdrawing from the enemy's shot that surface which in ordinary vessels constitutes the broadside. The original Monitor, which has given a generic name to all ships built on her model, had a deck almost level with the water, so that she floated like a mere raft. But as this configuration hardly admitted of an armament, the idea of a turret was conceived in which guns might be carried, and this was the second principle of the design. It should be understood, however, that the turret principle had originally no connection with ordnance of extraordinary weight. Its object was simply to provide for the carriage of guns which could not be carried otherwise or elsewhere. The first and leading idea was to protect the vessel by submersion, and then the turret was invented as a necessary platform for the guns. Between these two ideas there is no essential connection. It is quite possible to build a turret ship as high out of the water as an old wooden frigate, for the turret principle in itself represents nothing but an improved method of carrying guns upon pivots. Any pivot-gun protected by a circular iron bulwark would show the turret system of armament.

Scarcely, however, had the Monitors been produced when a new and unexpected advantage was found to attach to them. Cannon were brought into use of a calibre and weight unknown before, and yet no cannon were too heavy to be carried in turrets. The Americans advanced from one experiment to another till they produced 450-pound guns for sea service, and as they soon built their Monitors with two turrets instead of one, a single vessel could carry, as the Miantonomoh does, four of these enormous pieces. In fact, it was in this particular capacity that the new turret ships acquired their reputation. There is a natural presumption, other things being equal, in favor of the biggest gun, and the biggest guns, beyond all doubt, were to be found in turret ships. This brought turret ships into notice, though not into fashion, for many, and not quite unreasonable, were the misgivings entertained of their success. As all the American turret ships did as a matter of fact combine the comparative submersion of their hulls with the turret system of armament, it was doubted whether such vessels could live at sea or be made habitable for their crews. Nor were such doubts confined to this country or to Europe. The Secretary of the American Navy stated in an official Report that the Monitors could not be regarded as sea-going ships, and, indeed, three or four of them had actually foundered, while it was thought advisable, in the case of others on active service, to change their crews every three or four days. More recently, however, probably on account of improvements introduced, the Americans have ventured to send their Monitors to sea. The Monadnock went round Cape Horn into the Pacific and made very good weather of it; the Miantonomoh has crossed the Atlantic to our shores, and, it is said, without any difficulty. These, however, are the only instances of such adventures, and the two vessels are the newest specimens of the class.

These remarks will at once suggest the true points for inquiry on the present occasion. It should first be ascertained whether a vessel lying as low in the water as the Miantonomoh is really to be thought as safe, as seaworthy, and as habitable as an ordinary cruiser. It is not a question of what might possibly be done by such vessels on emergencies, but of what they may be expected to do always or in the regular routine of service. This, we may say, is the most important inquiry of all. We have already observed that a ship of any form might be fitted with a turret armament, but unless the principle of submersion were also adopted the defensive advantages of the Monitors would be lost. The strength, for instance, of the Miantonomoh consists not only in her 450-pound guns, but in the fact that she offers no mark except her turrets to the guns of an enemy. She is not actually quite so flat on the water as she seems to be, but her submersion is so great that she appears to have no broadside at all.

Another point of interest is supplied by the peculiar artillery carried in the Miantonomoh's turrets. Her guns are 450-pounders, but they bear no resemblance to what a British gun would be of that calibre. They are shaped like soda-water bottles, and they are made to throw their enormous shot at a low velocity, with comparatively small charges of powder. For instance, the ordinary service charge of these guns is only 35 pounds, though it is said a 60-pound charge might be used, whereas the charge of the Bellerophon's 250-pounders is 43 pounds. It would be very interesting to ascertain the real merits of the Dahlgren principle as compared with the system of our own artillerists. We have hitherto been left in the dark about the actual power of the American guns, nor can we tell now whether our 12-ton gun may not be as effectual against armor-plating as a heavier gun on a different principle. Other conditions being equal, the weight of the shot and the magnitude of the charge would determine the advantage, but here the other conditions are not equal. The Dahlgren gun is as different from our cannon as the Miantonomoh is from our iron-clads, and we

may possibly learn something from our neighbors in artillery as well as ship-building.

In conclusion, let us hope that the representatives of the American navy may find a cordial and hospitable welcome in this country. Such visitors should be received with something more than the curiosity which their ships naturally excite. We have now not only these American ships of war in our ports, but the Assistant Secretary of the American Navy with us also. The opportunity is an excellent one for showing how natural and cordial the amity between the two nations ought to be, and we trust it may not be allowed to pass unimproved.

INCH BY INCH.

A WEST-INDIAN SKETCH.

ONE fine morning in August, I arose at early dawn, and had just finished dressing myself, when an old black woman put her head into my room, exclaiming, "Hy, is you dressed, massa?" and seeing that I was, she went on, "I bring de coffee and cigars; how de dis maaning, massa?"

"Come in, Judy," I answered; "I'm all right. But what is the matter? You don't look well."

"I is rader poorly, tank God!" she replied.

Judy did not leave the room, as usual, when I had taken my coffee; so, knowing that she had got something on her mind, of which she wished to disburden herself, I said, "Well, Judy, what is it?"

"Will massa look at de 'rometer bum-bye?"

"Look at the barometer! What for, Judy?"

"I tink we is goin' to hab hurricane."

"A hurricane! Why, there never was a finer morning came out of the heavens."

"Dat for true, massa; but we is goin' to hab hurricane for all dat. Massa no go to Paradise dish day."

"Not go to Paradise! Why not, Judy?"

"Paradise nice place in fine wedder; but him too much near de mountains for safe in hurricane."

"Well, I'll look at the glass as soon as I have finished my coffee; but as to not going to Paradise, that's out of the question."

The old woman left me; and finishing my coffee, I stepped out to examine the barometer. It stood at 30.0, and, as I have said, the morning was a splendid one; so, knowing that there was a young lady at Paradise who was expecting me, I laughed at Old Judy's fears, and determined to start.

At this moment my friend came bustling out of his room. "How's the glass, Tom? Judy says we are going to have a storm; and she's always right."

"Nonsense!" I replied. "The glass is as firm as a rock; and as to Judy's feelings, that's all nonsense."

"Ah! but I tell you it's no such thing. I've been in four hurricanes, and Judy has foretold every one of them. We may not get it to-day; but she's better than any weather-glass; so, if you take my advice, you will defer your trip to the Gordons."

"Stuff!" I replied. "I gave my word, and go I shall! I don't want to drag you out, if you're afraid, but you must not think to frighten me."

"Ah, my dear boy!" answered my friend, "when you have had one taste of a West-Indian hurricane, you will not want a second; besides, there is not a worse place in the island than that same Paradise of Gordon's. The wind gets between those two mountains, and rages up the valley like mad."

I was duly impressed with my friend's advice, and loath to leave him, for I perceived that he was really in earnest; but, truth to say, there was a certain Mary Gordon at Paradise (the name, by the by, of her father's plantation), for whom, as sailors say, I had a sneaking kindness, and nothing short of the absolute presence of the tornado would have stopped me. Besides, I was in full health and spirits; and it was not likely that I, who had been knocking about in all parts of the world, could sympathize with the feelings of an ancient black woman, or with those of the climate-worn and sensitive old planter with whom I was staying. Mounting my horse, therefore, with a black boy for a guide, I started on my journey.

I rode on at a brisk pace, for there is something in the early breeze of a tropical morning which is peculiarly refreshing, and diffuses a buoyant elasticity into your frame, which is only to be restrained by active exercise. In addition to this, the scenery through which I was travelling was of the most enchanting description; while I, with a light heart, was speeding on to seek a creole houri in a tropical "Paradise." I had got about one third of the way, when I came to two roads; I was somewhat puzzled which to take, for I had forgotten my guide, and had ridden so fast that I felt certain I had left him far behind. I was about to take the one to the left, when a voice behind me exclaimed, "Him de wrung way, massa; de lef is de right way." I turned round in surprise, and there I found my little black guide clinging to the horse's tail. The horse, I presume, being used to this sort of thing, took no notice of it, though the young rascal had in his hand a pointed stick, with which at times he accelerated the animal's movements.

The road, though it proved a very bad one, was wild and picturesque in the extreme. It followed the course of a deep gully, whose sides became more and more precipitous as I advanced, but were covered with a green and luxuriant vegetation, consisting of bushes and creepers, the blossoms on which were marvellously beautiful.

After wending for some distance through the bottom of this ravine, I at last emerged into the open country, at a spot of peculiar beauty. On my right and left rose high mountains, whose peaks, now and then visible through the clouds, seemed to reach the heavens. The whole of these mountains were clothed with a perpetual verdure, while before me was a valley, spreading out in grassy slopes to the edge of the sea.

I had never seen anything so truly grand. I was fascinated, for in no part of the world is the imagination so powerfully affected by scenic effect as in the tropics. The majestic grandeur of the mountains, the mingled beauty and variety of the vegetation, and the deep and sombre forests, were all new to me. Then the strange convolutions of the clouds, which, pressed by the wind against the opposite side of the sierra, came rolling and tumbling over the mountains, now concealing and now disclosing some of the most romantic spots in nature, excited in me such lively and rapturous interest as could not be easily forgotten.

"Massa no get to Paradise dis day, if him 'top looking at de mountains all de maaning," said my little guide.

Admonished by this, I again started. I had not proceeded much farther, when I perceived that Old Judy's prognostics were not without their significance, for a brilliant though ominous scene presented itself to my view. A tremendous bank of black

[illegible] were [illegible] the ocean [illegible] the [illegible] was [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] mass of [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] shower to heaven.

[illegible] the little [illegible] away [illegible] mass [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] what he [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible] strange and magnificent sight [illegible] which I was gazing. The [illegible] of the heavens was [illegible] light and the other bright and radiant, the air without a cloud. Never perhaps, did the eye of man rest upon a greater contrast, never was a scene of greater loveliness mingled with one of more awfulness and magnificence. The contrast reached its climax when suddenly from out the dark pall than after has of lightning descended into the sea, and the thunder, after growing nearer in the distance was echoed back by the mountains, overwhelming from cliff to cliff and from rock to rock. It was Peace and War personified, but as the blue sky, the emblem of peace, was being fast swallowed up by the rolling wave-cloud, which in all the majesty of angry nature, was hastening to blot out all that remained of tranquillity and beauty.

[illegible] turned to go. Both my horse and my guide seemed impressed with the necessity of exertion, and I found myself as if were racing with the storm, but before I could reach my friend's mansion, the clouds were flying over my head, and the wind was howling and as though a gale was blowing, though, below there was not a breath of air, not a leaf stirred, and not a ripple ruffled the placid sea.

Paradise now appeared in view, and I well remember its name, for a more beautiful situated place I had never seen. By the time I reached the house it began to rain, and leaping from my horse, I dashed up the steps into the hall. I was warmly greeted by Mr. Vernon and his two daughters, for though Mary was not quite so demonstrative as Jane, the glance of her eye and the rose upon her cheek told me, in any case, that I was not unwelcome.

"Very glad you are come," said Mr. Vernon, "though we did not expect you. But now is the Colonel to be with you?"

"He would not come because Mr. Bury proposed, we were going to have a [illegible]. I imagined it was at the [illegible] but I fancy I made a mistake."

"So [illegible] of it. That old woman is always right. [illegible] we get our breakfast at once, or we shall be [illegible]. Have Mrs. Bennet and her girls [illegible]?"

Mrs. Bennet was the widow of a [illegible] gentleman, very far and very fussy, and with the exception of the party my story was concerning, [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] in good [illegible]. Mr. Vernon, [illegible] [illegible] making preparations to [illegible] [illegible] Windsor and [illegible] were [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] together with a quantity of provisions were conveyed down a [illegible] [illegible] on purpose for safety during [illegible].

This was [illegible] accomplished when the field hands and the [illegible] of the village came hurrying up to seek for shelter and companionship with their master and his family.

Meanwhile the whole sky had become as black as night, the cloud a low movement descending almost to the surface of the sea which was now lashed into the wildest [illegible] by the gale. Every now and then issues of the most vivid lightning burst from the cloud, and descending were instantly engulfed in the sea, the next moment they reappeared from beneath the water foam, and immediately ascending towards the sky were met by other masses hovering above.

The storm [illegible] a howling [illegible] over our head, waking to the echoes of the neighboring mountains, and shaking the house to its very foundation; the rain fell descended in cataracts: it seemed as though the floodgates of heaven were [illegible], as the eternal waters were pouring down upon us. To add to the awfulness of the scene, it gradually [illegible] a darker hue, the wind every instant increasing in intensity.

[illegible] the noise of the gale was [illegible] that never before heard, and yet every moment it seemed to [illegible] stronger and stronger, till it increased to such an overwhelming roar, that the strongest effort of the human voice, in closest proximity, were quite inaudible.

The building began to show by its creakings that it was time to get below into a place of greater safety. The negroes were therefore roused from their stations and by signs desired to go below.

The house by this time had become little better than a rocking vessel, while a shower of shingles and tiles was every instant swept from the roof. Now and all, save Mr. Vernon, were safely conveyed below, Mary and I being the last to descend, as we did so a loud crash announced that something had taken, and I darted back to see if any accident had happened to my horse. When I got back to the room, I found him unharmed: but a sudden break in the clouds and a gleam of light disclosed an extraordinary sight to me. The air was filled with missiles of all descriptions — branches of trees, huge stones, beams, and all sorts of movables, which were hurled along with incredible speed.

Suddenly a violent shock was felt, sending a thrill through my heart, for I expected to see the whole house come tumbling upon us. The clouds had now more passed, and darkness again covered the earth, the rapidly succeeding flashes of lightning only rendering it more impenetrable: while the roaring of the wind and the crashing of the thunder made up a hideous tumult such as appalled the heart, and almost stupefied the mind.

I have but a very dim recollection of what afterwards transpired, for I found myself descending the stairs with Mr. Vernon, but I know that before we reached the hall the storm had resumed its empire, and the vibration of the walls told me they could not stand long unless it abated. When we had been [illegible] the sounds from above were every now and then startling and appalling, we were in comparative quietude, and were enabled to resume our intercourse by the interchange of thoughts and feelings. To hear the sounds of our own voices and communicate our thoughts by words after the overpowering [illegible] by which we had for the last hour been encompassed, was a comfort which words cannot express. The relief to poor Mrs. Bennet must have been immense, for now she could hear herself speak, and listen to her own groans.

"The Lord preserve us!" she exclaimed; "but this is awful. I shall die with fright. If I had nev-

er left Aberdeen, I should never have — Gracious powers! what's that? We shall all be swallowed up!"

At this moment there was a report, and then a rolling crash over our heads, which made the earth shake beneath us.

"That's the house gone," said Mr. Gordon, quietly. "I expected it would not hold up long."

This was followed by a wail among the negresses, and a young girl rose up, exclaiming, "Eh, me Gad! I lef me pickaninny sleep; warra I do now? Tan away der, — tan away; let me go fetch him."

"Chough-body!" replied an old woman; "you is mad; you lef you senses wid you pickaninny too. Tan till. Garramighty take care ob pickaninny now, — nobody else can."

This, however, did not seem to afford much comfort to the poor girl, who did nothing but sit and wail.

My mind had hitherto been so occupied, that I had not time to take in the peculiarities of the scene by which we were surrounded. Immured in a large, dark vault, lit only by the feeble rays of two candles, and a lamp which hung from the ceiling, there was just sufficient light to give everything, except those within the radius of these lights, a grotesque or diabolical aspect. The negroes in the distance, most of whom were huddled on the floor, appeared the very personification of spirits of darkness awaiting their condemnation; one old negro, tall and spectral, in the background, looking like a malevolent demon gloating over their fall.

During more than an hour, we remained in a state of incertitude as to what was going on above us; all we knew was that the noise of the storm had sensibly diminished. At last, I could hold out no longer, and mounting the ladder, I endeavored to open the trap, that I might see what was the state of things above ground. I undid the latch, and essayed to lift up the door; but my strength was not sufficient to lift it. I called up Mr. Gordon and one of the negroes; but our united strength failed to move it; and at last, after repeated efforts, we were fain to give over, for it became clear that the ruins of the house had fallen over us, and, till assistance could be obtained from above, we were prisoners. Our position was by no means an enviable one, for we had no idea when, even if ever, we should be released, and our stock of food was very scanty. But this was not the worst evil we had to encounter, for presently, as we sat, a low, mysterious rumbling came from the bowels of the earth. A few minutes elapsed, and then the noise increased — reached us — the earth rose under our feet — the whole edifice reeled — the walls cracked — and the ladder leading to the trap split into fragments, and fell among the negroes, whose wild and despairing cries rent the vault. It was a moment of intense agony. We all stood transfixed with awe, for we expected nothing less than that the earth was about to open and swallow us up.

No sooner had the earthquake passed, than a new danger menaced us. Through one of the cracks in the wall water was flowing rapidly, and the floor of the vault was already covered some inches deep. At first, neither Mrs. Seuter nor the negroes seemed to comprehend this; but as the water rapidly increased, Mrs. Seuter became alive to her peril.

"Why," she exclaimed, starting up, "we shall all be drowned! — Is there no means of escape? Can you think of no way of extricating us?" she asked of me.

"None whatever," I replied. "We are in the hands of God; He alone can help us, if it is His good pleasure."

The old lady's countenance became ashy pale, and then she threw up her arms, and shrieked: "I can't die — I won't die! Will nobody save me? I'll give anything. — I'll buy your freedom, and make you rich," she continued, turning to the negroes.

"Ess, ma'am, we save you if we can; we no let buckra ladies die if we help it; but negger life as good as anybody's, and bum-bye, when de water come ober de head, we no help ourselves: we all be like den, — we all be free, and rich too, de Lord be praise!"

As the water rose, it was quite a study to watch the faces of those about me, particularly of the negroes. The gradual transition from anxiety to fear, and from that to the wildest despair, would have been ludicrous in the extreme, had not our situation been so appalling.

While all around were crying and wailing, however, Mary and Grace were perfectly quiet. Their courage did not fail them for an instant, though the water had now reached above their knees. In the faces of these two girls might be read that uncomplaining patience, that high and enduring fortitude, which is a special characteristic of Anglo-tropical women. The contrast between their calmness and the wild despair of Mrs. Seuter and the negroes was very noticeable. It was a time to try the courage of any one. Mr. Gordon I knew was not wanting in courage, but his fortitude seemed to have forsaken him. His looks were wild; the muscles of his mouth twitched and quivered, and now and then he muttered something that I could not hear.

Inch by inch the water rose until it reached my waistcoat. One by one the buttons disappeared, as each minute our enemy gained upon us. Still I was loath to relinquish all hope. Meantime, not a word had been uttered nor an exclamation made by Mr. Gordon or his daughters. Mrs. Seuter had ceased her cries, for she had persuaded a tall negro to hoist her upon his shoulders, where she sat grasping one of the candles with great satisfaction. She was in a fool's paradise, for she did not remember that the instinct of life was as strong in the negro as in herself, and that the moment the water rose high enough to endanger the life of the negro, he would in all probability leave her to her fate. No, there was no help or escape for us, and all we could do was calmly to wait the approach of that death which was slowly creeping upon us. A moment of more awful suspense could not be contemplated. I have been through many perils, but never anything like this. A man may be brave when his blood is hot, and the tide of battle carries him on; but to stand still and see the grim destroyer coming nearer and nearer, minute by minute, and inch by inch, requires a very different sort of courage.

The water had by this time reached almost to our shoulders, and I felt my fortitude giving way; I wanted to call aloud, to shriek for help; there was something so horrible in the idea of being thus drowned, like rats in a cellar, that I recoiled from it. All this takes little time to describe; but the rise of the water was so slow, that more than half an hour had elapsed since it first entered the vault. And now again came the rumbling of the earthquake, and the sickening sensation of its shock; the place shook, the water was agitated, and partially subsided. For a time I could not believe my eyes; I expected to see

it rise again; but I watched it closely, and found, to my great joy, that it was rapidly diminishing. It was certainly a moment of intense relief, though our danger was not all over. We were saved from immediate death; but how were we to be extricated from our living tomb? how were we to make our situation known to others?

For several hours we remained in this state, — part of the time with the additional horror of darkness, for the lights had burned out, and we had no others to replace them. I can't tell if I or any one else slept, but I know that after a time we all appeared in a state of stupor, for not a word was uttered. At one time, I fancied my senses were leaving me, for my brain was filled with strange, unearthly visions. From this I was suddenly aroused by the most appalling shrieks.

"What is it?" asked I. "What is the matter?"

"The water coming in again! Don't you hear it?" cried Mrs. Scuter.

I listened. There was a noise certainly, but it did not appear to be that of water; then it ceased. I felt about me; but my senses were so numbed, that I could not tell if the water was rising or falling, or, indeed, if there was any water at all. I listened again, and most certainly there were sounds, and that they came from above was unmistakable. At first they were indistinct, but each moment they became plainer, and at last I could distinguish the blows of picks, then the noise of shovels, and these at last were mingled with the shouts of human voices. Help was truly at hand. The sense of reprieve from such a situation was more than the most stoical could have borne with indifference, and we all joined in the shouts of the negroes to their comrades above. A few minutes after this, to our inexpressible delight, the trap opened, and a gleam of sunlight burst in upon us.

I shall not attempt to depict our feelings or the wild joy of the negroes both above and below; nor shall I be able to give any correct notion of the manner in which Mrs. Scuter conducted herself, so frantic was her joy. I only know that Mr. Gordon and his two daughters embraced me in their excitement, and that I thought the latter experience very agreeable.

Our final deliverance was delayed for some time for the want of a ladder. While one was being procured, the negroes and people above were very anxious to know if we were all safe.

"Dar Massa Gordon," said one.

"And dar Misse Grace and Mary," exclaimed another.

"And de leetle buckra, Massa Onzon" (the nearest approximation to Spunyarn a negro could make), "he all right too."

"Me pickaninny, me pickaninny!" cried the poor young mother from below.

"Ah, Psyche," answered a man's voice from the trap, "you is bad girl. You lef your child in de bed, and you tink nothing ob him, but run way and take care ob yourself; but he all right, tank God."

It is singular, but nevertheless true, that amidst the wreck of the negro-village the child was found unhurt, and, a few minutes after we reached the ground, was in the arms of its mother.

The first thing we did on arriving at the surface was to look round and see the devastation which the hurricane had produced.

The scene of destruction which our eyes fell upon was something which baffles description. The whole face of the country was, as it were, changed. It looked as though a burning blast had traversed the island, for where yesterday everything was green and luxuriant, all was now bare and black. So marvellous a transformation in so short a time I had never seen; vegetation, human habitations, and animal life had all vanished.

Paradise itself was a mass of ruins, and the sugar-works were greatly damaged; but Mr. Gordon bore his loss with great equanimity.

Our rescue was due to a party of hands employed at a cove about a mile and a half distant from the house, where Mr. Gordon had a landing-place, and who, although they had been exposed to the full fury of the gale, escaped uninjured, and at daybreak started to look after the safety of their master. We were immured in the vault for more than twenty-four hours, — the longest day and night, by far, that I can remember.

LOTTA SCHMIDT.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

As all the world knows, the old fortifications of Vienna have been pulled down, — the fortifications which used to surround the centre or kernel of the city; and the vast spaces thus thrown open and forming a broad ring in the middle of the town have not as yet been completely filled up with those new buildings and gardens which are to be there, and which, when there, will join the outside city and the inside city together, so as to make them into one homogeneous whole. The work, however, is going on, and if the war which has come does not swallow everything appertaining to Austria into its maw, the ugly remnants of destruction will be soon carted away, and the old glacis will be made bright with broad pavements and gilded railings, and well-built, lofty mansions and gardens beautiful with shrubs, — and beautiful with turf also, if Austrian patience can make turf grow beneath Austrian sky. But if the war that has now begun to rage is allowed to have its way, as most men think that it will, it does not require any wonderful prophet to foretell that Vienna will remain ugly, and that the dust of the brickbats will not be made altogether to disappear for another half-century.

No sound of coming war had as yet been heard in Vienna in the days, not yet twelve months since, to which this story refers. On an evening of September, when there was still something left of daylight at eight o'clock, two girls were walking together in the Burgplatz, or large open space which lies between the city palace of the Emperor and the gate which passes thence from the old town out to the new town. Here at present stand two bronze equestrian statues, one of the Archduke Charles, and the other of Prince Eugene. And they were standing there also, both of them, when these two girls were walking round them; but that of the Prince had not as yet been uncovered for the public.

There was coming a great gala-day in the city. Emperors and empresses, archdukes and grand-dukes, with their arch-duchesses and grand-duchesses, and princes and ministers, were to be there, and the new statue of Prince Eugene was to be submitted to the art critics of the world. There was very much thought at Vienna of the statue in those days. Well; since that the statue has been submitted to the art critics, and henceforward it will be thought of as little as any other huge bronze figure of a prince on horseback. A very ponderous prince is poised in an impossible position, on an

enormous dray-horse. But yet the thing is grand, and Vienna is so far a finer city in that it possesses the new equestrian statue of Prince Eugene.

"There will be such a crowd, Lotta," said the elder of the two girls, "that I will not attempt it. Besides, we shall have plenty of time for seeing it afterwards."

"O yes," said the younger girl, whose name was Lotta Schmidt; "of course we shall all have enough of the old Prince for the rest of our lives; but I should like to see the grand people sitting up there on the benches; and there will be something nice in seeing the canopy drawn up. I think I shall come. Herr Crippel has said that he would bring me, and get me a place."

"I thought, Lotta, you had determined to have nothing more to say to Herr Crippel."

"I don't know what you mean by that. I like Herr Crippel very much, and he plays beautifully. Surely a girl may know a man old enough to be her father without having him thrown in her teeth as her lover."

"Not when the man old enough to be her father has asked her to be his wife twenty times, as Herr Crippel has asked you. Herr Crippel would not give up his holiday afternoon to you if he thought it was to be for nothing."

"There I think you are wrong, Marie. I believe Herr Crippel likes to have me with him simply because every gentleman likes to have a lady on such a day as that. Of course it is better than being alone. I don't suppose he will say a word to me except to tell me who the people are, and to give me a glass of beer when it is over."

It may be as well to explain at once, before we go any further, that Herr Crippel was a player on the violin, and that he led the musicians in the orchestra of the great beer-hall in the Volksgarten. Let it not be thought that because Herr Crippel exercised his art in a beer-hall therefore he was a musician of no account. No one will think so who has once gone to a Vienna beer-hall, and listened to such music as is there provided for the visitors.

The two girls, Marie Weber and Lotta Schmidt, belonged to an establishment in which gloves were sold in the Graben, and now, having completed their work for the day, — and indeed their work for the week, for it was Saturday evening, — had come out for such recreation as the evening might afford them.

And on behalf of these two girls, as to one of whom at least I am much interested, I must beg my English readers to remember that manners and customs differ much in Vienna from those which prevail in London. Were I to tell of two London shop-girls going out into the streets after their day's work to see what friends and what amusement the fortune of the evening might send them, I should be supposed to be speaking of young women as to whom it would be better that I should be silent; but these girls in Vienna were doing simply that which all their friends would expect and wish them to do. That they should have some amusement to soften the rigors of long days of work was recognized to be necessary; and music, beer, dancing, with the conversation of young men, are thought in Vienna to be the natural amusements of young women, and in Vienna are believed to be innocent.

The Viennese girls are almost always attractive in their appearance, without often coming up to our English ideas of prettiness. Sometimes they do fully come up to the English idea of beauty. They are generally dark, tall, light in figure, with bright eyes, which are however very unlike the bright eyes of Italy, and which constantly remind the traveller that his feet are carrying him eastward in Europe. But perhaps the peculiar characteristic in their faces which most strikes a stranger is a certain look of almost fierce independence, as though they had recognized the necessity, and also acquired the power of standing alone, and of protecting themselves. I know no young women by whom the assistance of a man's arm seems to be so seldom required as the young women of Vienna. They almost invariably dress well, generally preferring black, or colors that are very dark; and they wear hats that are I believe of Hungarian origin, very graceful in form, but which are peculiarly calculated to add something to that assumed savageness of independence of which I have spoken.

Both the girls who were walking in the Burgplatz were of the kind that I have attempted to describe. Marie Weber was older, and not so tall, and less attractive than her friend; but as her lot in life was fixed, and as she was engaged to marry a cutter of diamonds, I will not endeavor to interest the reader specially in her personal appearance. Lotta Schmidt was essentially a Viennese pretty girl of the special Viennese type. She was tall and slender, but still had none of that appearance of feminine weakness which is so common among us with girls who are tall and slim. She walked as though she had plenty both of strength and courage for all purposes of life without the assistance of any extraneous aid. Her hair was jet black, and very plentiful, and was worn in long curls which were brought round from the back of her head over her shoulders. Her eyes were blue, — dark blue, — and were clear and deep rather than bright. Her nose was well formed, but somewhat prominent, and made you think at the first glance of the tribes of Israel. But yet no observer of the physiognomy of races would believe for half a moment that Lotta Schmidt was a Jewess. Indeed, the type of form which I am endeavoring to describe is in truth as far removed from the Jewish type as it is from the Italian; and it has no connection whatever with that which we ordinarily conceive to be the German type.

But, overriding everything in her personal appearance, in her form, countenance, and gait, was that singular fierceness of independence, as though she were constantly asserting that she would never submit herself to the inconvenience of feminine softness. And yet Lotta Schmidt was a simple girl, with a girl's heart, looking forward to find all that she was to have of human happiness in the love of some man, and expecting and hoping to do her duty in life as a married woman and the mother of a family. Nor would she have been at all coy in saying as much had the subject of her life's prospects become matter of conversation in any company; no more than one lad would be coy in saying that he hoped to be a doctor, or another in declaring a wish for the army.

When the two girls had walked twice round the hoarding within which stood all those tons of bronze which were intended to represent Prince Eugene, they crossed over the centre of the Burgplatz, passed under the other equestrian statue, and came to the gate leading into the Volksgarten. There, just at the entrance, they were overtaken by a man with a fiddle-case under his arm, who raised his hat to them and then shook hands with both of them.

"Ladies," he said, "are you coming in to hear a little music? We will do our best."

"Herr Crippel always does well," said Marie Weber. "There is never any doubt when one comes to hear him."

"Marie, why do you flatter him?" said Lotta.

"I do not say half to his face that you said just now behind his back," said Marie.

"And what did she say of me behind my back?" said Herr Crippel. He smiled as he asked the question, or attempted to smile, but it was easy to see that he was much in earnest. He blushed up to his eyes, and there was a slight trembling motion in his hands as he stood with one of them pressed upon the other.

As Marie did not answer at the moment, Lotta replied for her.

"I will tell you what I said behind your back. I said that Herr Crippel had the firmest hand upon a bow, and the surest fingers among the strings in all Vienna — when his mind was not wool-gathering. Marie, is not that true?"

"I do not remember anything about the wool-gathering," said Marie.

"I hope I shall not be wool-gathering to-night; but I shall doubtless; — I shall doubtless, — for I shall be thinking of your judgment. Shall I get you seats at once? There; you are just before me. You see I am not coward enough to fly from my critics." And he placed them to sit at a little marble table, not far from the front of the low orchestra in the foremost place in which he would have to take his stand.

"Many thanks, Herr Crippel," said Lotta. "I will make sure of a third chair, as a friend is coming."

"O, a friend!" said he; and he looked sad, and all his sprightliness was gone.

"Marie's friend," said Lotta, laughing. "Do you not know Carl Stobel?"

Then the musician became bright and happy again. "I would have got two more chairs if you would have let me; one for the fraulein's sake, and one for his own. And I will come down presently, and you shall present me, if you will be so very kind."

Marie Weber smiled and thanked him, and declared that she should be very proud; — and the leader of the band went up into his place.

"I wish he had not placed us here," said Lotta.

"And why not?"

"Because Fritz is coming."

"No!"

"But he is."

"And why did you not tell me?"

"Because I did not wish to be speaking of him. Of course you understand why I did not tell you. I would rather it should seem that he came of his own account — with Carl. Ha, ha!" Carl Stobel was the diamond-cutter to whom Marie Weber was betrothed. "I should not have told you now, — only that I am disarranged by what Herr Crippel has done."

"Had we not better go, — or at least move our seats? We can make any excuse afterwards."

"No," said Lotta. "I will not seem to run away from him. I have nothing to be ashamed of. If I choose to keep company with Fritz Planken, that should be nothing to Herr Crippel."

"But you might have told him."

"No; I could not tell him. And I am not sure Fritz is coming either. He said he would come with Carl if he had time. Never mind; let us be happy now. If a bad time comes by and by, we must make the best of it."

Then the music began, and, suddenly, as the first note of a fiddle was heard, every voice in the great beer-hall of the Volksgarten became silent. Men sat smoking, with their long beer-glasses before them, and women sat knitting, with their beer-glasses also before them, but not a word was spoken. The waiters went about with silent feet, but even orders for beer were not given, and money was not received. Herr Crippel did his best, working with his wand as carefully, — and I may say as accurately, — as a leader in a fashionable opera-house in London or Paris. But every now and then, in the course of the piece, he would place his fiddle to his shoulder and join in the performance. There was hardly one then in the hall, man or woman, boy or girl, who did not know, from personal knowledge and judgment, that Herr Crippel was doing his work very well.

"Excellent, was it not?" said Marie.

"Yes; he is a musician. Is it not a pity he should be so bald?" said Lotta.

"He is not so very bald," said Marie.

"I should not mind his being bald so much, if he did not try to cover his old head with the side hairs. If he would cut off those loose, straggling locks, and declare himself to be bald at once, he would be ever so much better. He would look to be fifty then. He looks sixty now."

"What matters his age? He is forty-five, just; for I know. And he is a good man."

"What has his goodness to do with it?"

"A good deal. His old mother wants for nothing, and he makes two hundred florins a month. He has two shares in the summer theatre. I know it."

"Bah! what is all that when he will plaster his hair over his old bald head?"

"Lotta, I am ashamed of you." But at this moment the further expression of Marie's rage was stopped by the entrance of the diamond-cutter, and as he was alone, both the girls received him very pleasantly. We must give Lotta her due, and declare that, as things had gone, she would much prefer now that Fritz should stay away, though Fritz Planken was as handsome a young fellow as there was in Vienna, and one who dressed with the best taste, and danced so that no one could surpass him, and could speak French, and was confidential clerk at one of the largest hotels in Vienna, and was a young man acknowledged to be of much general importance, — and had, moreover, in plain language declared his love for Lotta Schmidt. But Lotta would not willingly give unnecessary pain to Herr Crippel, and she was generously glad when Carl Stobel, the diamond-cutter, came by himself. Then there was a second and third piece played, and after that Herr Crippel came down, according to promise, and was presented to Marie's lover.

"Ladies," said he, "I hope I have not gathered wool."

"You have surpassed yourself," said Lotta.

"At wool-gathering?" said Herr Crippel.

"At sending us out of this world into another," said Lotta.

"Ah; go into no other world but this," said Herr Crippel, "lest I should not be able to follow you." And then he went away again to his post.

Before another piece had been commenced, Lotta saw Fritz Planken enter the door. He stood for a moment gazing round the hall, with his cane in his hand and his hat on his head, looking for the party

which he intended to join. Lotta did not say a word, nor would she turn her eyes towards him. She would not recognize him if it were possible to avoid it. But he soon saw her, and came up to the table at which they were sitting. When Lotta was getting the third chair for Marie's lover, Herr Crippel, in his gallantry, had brought a fourth, and now Fritz occupied the chair which the musician had placed there. Lotta, as she perceived this, was sorry that it should be so. She could not even dare to look up to see what effect this new arrival would have upon the leader of the band.

The new-comer was certainly a handsome young man, — such a one as inflicts unutterable agonies on the hearts of the Herr Crippels of the world. His boots shone like mirrors, and fitted his feet like gloves. There was something in the make and set of his trousers which Herr Crippel, looking at them as he could not help looking at them, was quite unable to understand. Even twenty years ago Herr Crippel's trousers, as Herr Crippel very well knew, had never looked like that. And Fritz Planken wore a blue frock-coat with silk lining to the breast, which seemed to have come from some tailor among the gods. And he had on primrose gloves, and round his neck a bright pink satin handkerchief, joined by a ring, which gave a richness of coloring to the whole thing which nearly killed Herr Crippel, because he could not but acknowledge that the coloring was good. And then the hat! And when the hat was taken off for a moment, then the hair, — perfectly black, and silky as a raven's wing, just waving with one curl! And when Fritz put up his hand, and ran his fingers through his locks, their richness and plenty and beauty were conspicuous to all beholders. Herr Crippel, as he saw it, involuntarily dashed his hand up to his own pate and scratched his straggling lanky hairs from off his head.

"You are coming to Sperl's to-morrow, of course," said Fritz to Lotta. Now Sperl's is a great establishment for dancing in the Leopoldstadt which is always open of a Sunday evening, and which Lotta Schmidt was in the habit of attending with much regularity. It was here she had become acquainted with Fritz. And certainly to dance with Fritz was to dance indeed! Lotta, too, was a beautiful dancer. To a Viennese such as Lotta Schmidt, dancing is a thing of serious importance. It was a misfortune to her to have to dance with a bad dancer, as it is to a great whist-player among us to sit down with a bad partner. O what she had suffered more than once when Herr Crippel had induced her to stand up with him!

"Yes; I shall go. Marie, you will go?"

"I do not know," said Marie.

"You will make her go, Carl, will you not?" said Lotta.

"She promised me yesterday, as I understood," said Carl.

"Of course we will all be there," said Fritz, somewhat grandly; "and I will give a supper for four."

Then the music began again, and the eyes of all of them became fixed upon Herr Crippel. It was unfortunate that they should have been placed so fully before him, as it was impossible that he should avoid seeing them. As he stood up with his violin to his shoulders, his eyes were fixed on Fritz Planken, and Fritz Planken's boots, and coat, and hat, and hair. And as he drew his bow over the strings he was thinking of his own boots and of his own hair. Fritz was sitting, leaning forward in his chair, so that he could look up into Lotta's face, and he was playing with a little amber-headed cane, and every now and then he whispered a word. Herr Crippel could hardly play a note. In very truth he was wool-gathering. His hand became unsteady, and every instrument was more or less astray.

"Your old friend is making a mess of it to-night," said Fritz to Lotta. "I hope he has not taken a glass too much of schnaps."

"He never does anything of the kind," said Lotta, angrily. "He never did such a thing in his life."

"He is playing awfully badly," said Fritz.

"I never heard him play better in my life than he has played to-night," said Lotta.

"His hand is tired. He is getting old," said Fritz. Then Lotta moved her chair and drew herself back, and was determined that Marie and Carl should see that she was angry with her young lover. In the mean time the piece of music had been finished, and the audience had shown their sense of the performers' inferiority by withdrawing those plaudits which they were so ready to give when they were pleased.

After this some other musician led for a while, and then Herr Crippel had to come forward to play a solo. And on this occasion the violin was not to be his instrument. He was a great favorite among the lovers of music in Vienna, not only because he was good at the fiddle and because with his bow in his hand he could keep a band of musicians together, but also as a player on the zither. It was not often now-a-days that he would take his zither to the music-hall in the Volksgarten; for he would say that he had given up that instrument; that he now played it only in private; that it was not fit for a large hall, as a single voice, the scraping of a foot, would destroy its music. And Herr Crippel was a man who had his fancies and his fantasies, and would not always yield to entreaty. But occasionally he would send his zither down to the public hall; and in the programme for this evening it had been put forth that Herr Crippel's zither would be there and that Herr Crippel would perform. And now the zither was brought forward, and a chair was put for the zitherist, and Herr Crippel stood for a moment behind his chair and bowed. Lotta glanced up at him and could see that he was very pale. She could even see that the perspiration stood upon his brow. She knew that he was trembling and that he would have given almost his zither itself to be quit of his promised performance for that night. But she knew also that he would make the attempt.

"What, the zither?" said Fritz. "He will break down as sure as he is a living man."

"Let us hope not," said Carl Stobel.

"I love to hear him play the zither better than anything," said Lotta.

"It used to be very good," said Fritz; "but everybody says he has lost his touch. When a man has the slightest feeling of nervousness he is done for the zither."

"H—sh; let him have his chance at any rate," said Marie.

Reader, did you ever hear the zither? When played, as it is sometimes played in Vienna, it combines all the softest notes of the human voice. It sings to you of love, and then wails to you of disappointed love, till it fills you with a melancholy

from which there is no escaping, from which you never wish to escape. It speaks to you as no other instrument ever speaks, and reveals to you with wonderful eloquence the sadness in which it delights. It produces a luxury of anguish, a fulness of the satisfaction of imaginary woe, a realization of the mysterious delights of romance, which no words can ever thoroughly supply. While the notes are living, while the music is still in the air, the ear comes to covet greedily every atom of tone which the instrument will produce, so that the slightest extraneous sound becomes an offence. The notes sink and sink so low and low, with their soft, sad wail of delicious woe, that the listener dreads that something will be lost in the struggle of listening. There seems to come some lethargy on his sense of hearing, which he fears will shut out from his brain the last, lowest, sweetest strain, the very pearl of the music, for which he has been watching with all the intensity of prolonged desire. And then the zither is silent, and there remains a fond memory together with a deep regret.

Herr Crippel seated himself on his stool and looked once or twice round about upon the room almost with dismay. Then he struck his zither uncertainly, weakly, and commenced the prelude of his piece. But Lotta thought that she had never heard so sweet a sound. When he paused, after a few strokes, there was a sound of applause in the room, — of applause intended to encourage by commemorating past triumphs. The musician looked again away from his music to his audience, and his eyes caught the eyes of the girl he loved; and his gaze fell also upon the face of the handsome, well-dressed, young Adonis who was by her side. He, Herr Crippel the musician, could never make himself look like that; he could make no slightest approach to that outward triumph. But then he could play the zither, and Fritz Planken could only play with his cane! He would do what he could! He would play his best! He had once almost resolved to get up and declare that he was too tired that evening to do justice to his instrument. But there was an insolence of success about his rival's hat and trousers which spirited him on to the fight. He struck his zither again, and they who understood him and his zither knew that he was in earnest.

The old men who had listened to him for the last twenty years declared that he had never played as he played on that night. At first he was somewhat bolder, somewhat louder, than was his wont; as though he were resolved to go out of his accustomed track; but, after a while, he gave that up; that was simply the effect of nervousness, and was continued only while the timidity remained present with him. But he soon forgot everything but his zither and his desire to do it justice. The attention of all present soon became so close that you might have heard a pin fall. Even Fritz sat perfectly still, with his mouth open, and forgot to play with his cane. Lotta's eyes were quickly full of tears, and before long they were rolling down her cheeks. Herr Crippel, though he did not know that he looked at her, was aware that it was so. Then came upon them all there an ecstasy of delicious sadness. As I have said above, every ear was struggling that no softest sound might escape unheard. And then at last the zither was silent, and no one could have marked the moment when it had ceased to sing.

For a few moments there was perfect silence in the room, and the musician still kept his seat with his face turned upon his instrument. He knew well that he had succeeded, that his triumph had been complete, and every moment that the applause was suspended was an added jewel to his crown. But it soon came, the loud shouts of praise, the ringing bravos, the striking of glasses, his own name repeated from all parts of the hall, the clapping of hands, the sweet sound of women's voices, and the waving of white handkerchiefs. Herr Crippel stood up, bowed thrice, wiped his face with a handkerchief, and then sat down on a stool in the corner of the orchestra.

"I don't know much about his being too old," said Carl Stobel.

"Nor I either," said Lotta.

"That is what I call music," said Marie Weber.

"He can play the zither, certainly," said Fritz; "but as to the violin, it is more doubtful."

"He is excellent with both, — with both," said Lotta, angrily.

Soon after that the party got up to leave the hall, and as they went out they encountered Herr Crippel.

"You have gone beyond yourself to-night," said Marie, "and we wish you joy."

"O no. It was pretty good, was it? With the zither it depends mostly on the atmosphere; whether it is hot or cold, or wet or dry, or on I know not what. It is an accident if one plays well. Good night to you. Good night, Lotta. Good night, sir." And he took off his hat, and bowed, — bowed, as it were, expressly to Fritz Planken.

"Herr Crippel," said Lotta, "one word with you." And she dropped behind from Fritz, and returned to the musician. "Herr Crippel, will you meet me at Sperl's to-morrow night?"

"At Sperl's? No. I do not go to Sperl's any longer, Lotta. You told me that Marie's friend was coming to-night; but you did not tell me of your own."

"Never mind what I told you, or did not tell you. Herr Crippel, will you come to Sperl's to-morrow?"

"No; you would not dance with me, and I should not care to see you dance with any one else."

"But I will dance with you."

"And Plankin will be there?"

"Yes; Fritz will be there! He is always there. I cannot help that."

"No, Lotta; I will not go to Sperl's. I will tell you a little secret. At forty-five one is too old for Sperl's."

"There are men there every Sunday over fifty, — over sixty, I am sure."

"They are men different in their ways of life from me, my dear. No, I will not go to Sperl's. When will you come and see my mother?"

Lotta promised that she would go and see the Frau Crippel before long, and then tripped off and joined her party.

Stobel and Marie had walked on, while Fritz remained a little behind for Lotta.

"Did you ask him to come to Sperl's to-morrow?" he said.

"To be sure I did."

"Was that nice of you, Lotta?"

"Why not nice? Nice or not, I did it. Why should not I ask him, if I please?"

"Because I thought I was to have the pleasure of entertaining you; — that it was a little party of my own."

"Very well, Herr Plankin," said Lotta, drawing herself a little away from him; "if a friend of mine

is not welcome at your little party, I certainly shall not join it myself."

"But, Lotta, does not every one know what it is that Crippel wishes of you?"

"There is no harm in his wishing. My friends tell me that I am very foolish not to give him what he wishes. But I still have the chance."

"O yes; no doubt you still have the chance."

"Herr Crippel is a very good man. He is the best son in the world, and he makes two hundred florins a month."

"O, if that is to count!"

"Of course it is to count. Why should it not count? Would the Princess Theresa have married the other day if the young Prince had had no income to support her?"

"You can do as you please, Lotta."

"Yes, I can do as I please, certainly. I suppose Adela Bruhl will be at Sperl's to-morrow?"

"I should say so, certainly. I hardly ever knew her to miss her Sunday evening."

"Nor I. I, too, am fond of dancing, — very. I delight in dancing. But I am not a slave to Sperl's, and then I do not care to dance with every one."

"Adela Bruhl dances very well," said Fritz.

"That is as one may think. She ought to; for she begins at ten, and goes on till two, always. If there is no one nice for dancing she puts up with some one that is not nice. But all that is nothing to me."

"Nothing, I should say, Lotta."

"Nothing in the world. But this is something; last Sunday you danced three times with Adela."

"Did I? I did not count."

"I counted. It is my business to watch those things, if you are to be ever anything to me, Fritz. I will not pretend that I am indifferent. I am not indifferent. I care very much about it. Fritz, if you dance to-morrow with Adela, you will not dance with me again, — either then or ever." And having uttered this threat she ran on and found Marie, who had just reached the door of the house in which they both lived.

Fritz, as he walked home by himself, was in no doubt as to the course which it would be his duty as a man to pursue in reference to the lady whom he loved. He had distinctly heard that lady ask an old admirer of hers to go to Sperl's and dance with her; and yet, within ten minutes afterwards, she had peremptorily commanded him not to dance with another girl! Now, Fritz Plankin had a very good opinion of himself, as he was well entitled to have, and was quite aware that other pretty girls besides Lotta Schmidt were within his reach. He did not receive two hundred florins a month, as did Herr Crippel, but then he was five-and-twenty instead of five-and-forty; and, in the matter of money, too, he was doing pretty well. He did love Lotta Schmidt. It would not be easy for him to part with her. But she, too, loved him, — as he told himself, and she would hardly push matters to extremities. At any rate, he would not submit to a threat. He would dance with Adela Bruhl, at Sperl's. He thought, at least, that when the time should come, he would find it well to dance with her.

Sperl's dancing-saloon, in the Tabor Strasse, is a great institution at Vienna. It is open always of a Sunday evening, and dancing then commences at ten, and is continued till two or three o'clock in the morning. There are two large rooms, in one of which the dancers dance, and in the other the dancers, and visitors who do not dance, eat, and drink, and smoke continually. But the most wonderful part of Sperl's establishment is this, that there is nothing there to offend any one. Girls dance and men smoke, and there is eating and drinking, and everybody is as well behaved as though there was a protecting phalanx of dowagers sitting round the wall of the saloon.

There are no dowagers, though there may probably be a policeman somewhere about the place. To a stranger it is very remarkable that there is so little of what we call flirting; — almost none of it. It would seem that to the girls dancing is so much a matter of business, that here at Sperl's they can think of nothing else. To mind their steps, — and at the same time their dresses, lest they should be trod upon, — to keep full pace with the music, to make all the proper turns, at every proper time, and to have the foot fall on the floor at the exact instant; all this is enough, without further excitement. You will see a girl dancing with a man as though the man were a chair, or a stick, or some necessary piece of furniture. She condescends to use his services, but as soon as the dance is over she sends him away. She hardly speaks a word to him, if a word! She has come there to dance, and not to talk; unless, indeed, like Marie Weber and Lotta Schmidt, she has a recognized lover there of her very own.

At about half past ten Marie and Lotta entered the saloon, and paid their kreutzers, and sat themselves down on seats in the farther saloon, from which, through open archways, they could see the dancers. Neither Carl nor Fritz had come as yet, and the girls were quite content to wait. It was to be presumed that they would be there before the men, and they both understood that the real dancing was not commenced early in the evening. It might be all very well for such as Adela Bruhl to dance with any one who came at ten o'clock, but Lotta Schmidt would not care to amuse herself after that fashion. As to Marie, she was to be married after another week, and of course she would dance with no one but Carl Stobel.

"Look at her," said Lotta, pointing with her foot to a fair girl, very pretty, but with hair somewhat untidy, who at this moment was waltzing in the other room. "That lad is a waiter from the Minden hotel. I know him. She would dance with any one."

"I suppose she likes dancing, and there is no harm in the boy," said Marie.

"No, there is no harm, and if she likes it I do not begrudge it her. See what red hands she has."

"She is of that complexion," said Marie.

"Yes, she is of that complexion all over; look at her face. At any rate she might have better shoes on. Did you ever see anybody so untidy?"

"She is very pretty," said Marie.

"Yes, she is pretty. There is no doubt she is pretty. She is not a native here. Her people are from Munich. Do you know, Marie, I think girls are always thought more of in other countries than in their own."

Soon after this Carl and Fritz came together, and Fritz, as he passed across the end of the first saloon, spoke a word or two to Adela. Lotta saw this, but determined that she would take no offence at so small a matter. Fritz need not have stopped to speak, but his doing so might be all very well. At any rate, if she did quarrel with him she would quarrel on a plain, intelligible ground. Within two minutes Carl and Marie were dancing, and Fritz had asked Lotta to stand up.

[illegible] she [illegible] of the [illegible] The [illegible] twenty [illegible] dance [illegible] immediately [illegible] Fritz, who [illegible] stood up with [illegible] "I am so glad," said [illegible] herself. "I will wait till this is over, and

then I will say good night to Marie, and will go home." Three or four men had asked her to dance, but she had refused. She would not dance to-night at all. She was inclined, she thought, to be a little serious, and would go home. At last Fritz returned to her, and bade her come to supper. He was resolved to see how far his mode of casting off tyranny might be successful, so he approached her with a smile, and offered to take her to his table as though nothing had happened.

"My friend," she said, "your table is laid for four, and the places will all be filled."

"The table is laid for five," said Fritz.

"It is one too many. I shall sup with my friend, Herr Crippel."

"Herr Crippel is not here."

"Is he not? Ah me! then I shall be alone, and I must go to bed supperless. Thank you, no, Herr Planken."

"And what will Marie say?"

"I hope she will enjoy the nice dainties you will give her. Marie is all right. Marie's fortune is made. Woe is me! my fortune is to seek. There is one thing certain, — it is not to be found here in this room."

Then Fritz turned on his heel and went away; and as he went Lotta saw the figure of a man, as he made his way slowly and hesitatingly into the saloon from the outer passage. He was dressed in a close frock-coat, and had on a hat of which she knew the shape as well as she did the make of her own gloves. "If he has not come after all!" she said to herself. Then she turned herself a little round, and drew her chair somewhat into an archway, so that Herr Crippel should not see her readily.

The other four had settled themselves at their table, Marie having said a word of reproach to Lotta as she passed. Now, on a sudden, she got up from her seat and crossed to her friend.

"Herr Crippel is here," she said.

"Of course he is here," said Lotta.

"But you did not expect him?"

"Ask Fritz if I did not say I would sup with Herr Crippel. You ask him. But I shall not all the same. Do not say a word. I shall steal away when nobody is looking."

The musician came wandering up the room, and had looked into every corner before he had even found the supper-table at which the four were sitting. And then he did not see Lotta. He took off his hat as he addressed Marie, and asked some question as to the absent one.

"She is waiting for you somewhere, Herr Crippel," said Fritz, as he filled Adela's glass with wine.

"For me?" said Herr Crippel, as he looked round. "No, she does not expect me." And in the mean time Lotta had left her seat and was hurrying away to the door.

"There! there!" said Marie, "you will be too late if you do not run." Then Herr Crippel did run, and caught Lotta as she was taking her hat from the old woman who had the girls' hats and shawls in charge near the door.

"What, Herr Crippel, you at Sperl's? When you told me expressly, in so many words, that you would not come! That is not behaving well to me, certainly."

"What, my coming? Is that behaving bad?"

"No; but why did you say you would not come when I asked you? You have come to meet some one. Who is it?"

"You, Lotta; you."

"And yet you refused me when I asked you! Well, and now you are here, what are you going to do? You will not dance."

"I will dance with you, if you will put up with me."

"No, I will not dance. I am too old. I have given it up. I shall come to Sperl's no more after this. Dancing is a folly."

"Lotta, you are laughing at me now."

"Very well; if you like, you may have it so." By this time he had brought her back into the room, and was walking up and down the length of the saloon with her. "But it is no use our walking about here," she said. "I was just going home, and now, if you please, I will go."

"Not yet, Lotta."

"Yes; now, if you please."

"But why are you not supping with them?"

"Because it did not suit me. You see there are four. Five is a foolish number for a supper party."

"Will you sup with me, Lotta?" She did not answer him at once. "Lotta," he said, "if you sup with me now you must sup with me always. How shall it be?"

"Always? no. I am very hungry now, but I do not want supper always. I cannot sup with you always, Herr Crippel."

"But you will to-night?"

"Yes, to-night."

"Then it shall be always." And the musician marched up to a table, and threw his hat down, and ordered such a supper that Lotta Schmidt was frightened. And when presently Carl Stobel and Marie Weber came up to their table, — for Fritz Planken did not come near them again that evening, — Herr Crippel bowed courteously to the diamond-cutter, and asked him when he was to be married.

"Marie says it shall be next Sunday," said Carl.

"And I will be married the Sunday afterwards," said Herr Crippel. "Yes; and there is my wife." And he pointed across the table with both his hands to Lotta Schmidt.

"Herr Crippel, how can you say that?" said Lotta.

"Is it not true, my dear?"

"In fourteen days! no, certainly not. It is out of the question." But nevertheless what Herr Crippel said came true, and on the next Sunday but one he took Lotta Schmidt home to his house as his wife.

"It was all because of the zither," Lotta said to her old mother-in-law. "If he had not played the zither that night I should not have been here now."

MRS. GARRICK.

In the autumn of 1822, we well remember the appearance in the print-shops of a small whole-length etching of Mrs. Garrick, who had died three or four days previously, having outlived her celebrated husband three and forty years.

John Thomas Smith notes: "1822. In October this year the venerable Mrs. Garrick departed this life when seated in her arm-chair, in the front drawing-room of her house in the Adelphi Terrace. She had ordered her maid-servants to place two or three gowns upon chairs to determine in which she would appear at Drury Lane Theatre that evening, it being a private view of Mr. Elliston's improvements for the season. Perhaps no lady in public and private life held a more unexceptionable character. She was visited by persons of the first rank: even our

[illegible]

[illegible] Mrs. Garrick [illegible] delighted with these portraits [illegible] totally unknown to her. Her [illegible] some of them were very interesting, particularly that by Dance as Richard III. Of this picture she stated that in the course of its painting Mr. Garrick had agreed to give [illegible] hundred guineas for it. One day at Mr. Garrick's [illegible] table, where Dance had always been a [illegible] he observed that Sir Watkin Williams [illegible] he had seen the picture, spontaneously [illegible] him two hundred guineas for it. "Did you tell him it was for me?" questioned Garrick. "No, I did not." "Then you mean to let him have it?" [illegible] "Yes, I believe I shall," replied the painter. "However," added Mrs. Garrick, "my husband was very good; he bought me a handsome [illegible] which cost him more than the agreed price of the picture, and that was put up in the place where Dance's picture was to have hung."

Mrs. Garrick being about to quit her seat, said [illegible] Hampton. "Madam," said Mr. Smith, "you are very good; but you would [illegible] by honoring me with your company on the day." "When do you ask me [illegible]" [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] "If you wish to see the [illegible] you must come when the [illegible] and you [illegible] Poets' Corner [illegible] a man [illegible] money."

[illegible] in the [illegible] the Dean [illegible] was over," says Smith, [illegible] we were admitted [illegible] at the Poets' Corner, and there we saw the earth that surrounded the grave, and no more, as we refused to pay the demands of the showman of the Abbey."

Horace Walpole, though he wrote a bitter letter upon Garrick's funeral, and some strange opinions of his acting, left some good-humored remarks upon Mrs. Garrick. He writes to Miss Hannah More: "Mrs. Garrick I have scarcely seen this whole summer. She is a liberal Pomona to me, I will not say an Eve, for though she reaches fruit to me, she will never let me in, as if I were a boy and would rob her orchard."

FOREIGN NOTES.

During Professor Agassiz's recent excursion through the Brazils, the Emperor presented the pupil of the late Baron Humboldt with a large and magnificent collection of South American fishes. It is said that a pleasant autograph note accompanied the gift.

A Jew merchant at Breslau has offered a reward of fifty friedrichs d'or for the first Prussian soldier that captures an enemy's flag, and another of the same amount for the first Jewish soldier who gets his promotion to the rank of officer for his courage.

The Spectator gives very high praise to a poem entitled "[illegible] a Metrical Drama," the name [illegible] not announced. "To whose pen [illegible]" says the Spectator, "[illegible] Mr. Matthew Arnold [illegible]"

[illegible]

[illegible]

now acquired the language; and were ten Austrian regiments between him and his present master, all their Teutonic sounds would not prevent his reaching the Marshal. Whenever he goes to Court, Brusca goes likewise; whether the Emperor himself be in his way or not is nothing to him, Brusca would quietly walk over the Imperial boots to secure a snug seat near the Marshal."

Sacrilegious Brusca! But after all, perhaps, the dog — like certain two-legged creatures — has only a fondness for the Imperial blacking. However that may be, Brusca attends Cabinet Councils with the utmost regularity, and is sometimes very impatient at their length. On one occasion, his whining having produced no effect upon the Ministers, —

"He walked straight up to the Emperor and scratched his trousers. His Majesty, annoyed at being interrupted, pushed the dog away, and said, 'Est-il bête, ce chien?' 'Bête?' said the Marshal, indignantly; 'no, Sire, he is not stupid: you shall see.' The Minister rose, took a newspaper off the table, and going to the far end of the Council Chamber, said, 'Brusca, take that to the Emperor.' Each of the Ministers, as he passed them with the paper in his mouth, tried to get it from him. Brusca would not let it go, and carried it safely to his Majesty."

"From that day to this," adds his affectionate and sympathetic biographer, "Brusca has his *entrée* at all Cabinet Councils. He keeps himself beautifully clean, and when his paws are muddy he carries a brush, left for his special use in one spot, to one of the Marshal's servants, and barks at him till he brushes off every particle of dust."

THE following anecdote is now current in Florentine society. A ballet-dancer at Venice, while dancing at the theatre there, had a bouquet thrown her, tied with a ribbon in the Italian colors. She immediately kissed the ribbon, which created tremendous enthusiasm among the audience. After the performance she was called to the police-office, and sharply reprimanded for this act of patriotism. She excused herself by saying that in kissing the bouquet she had only followed the universal custom on such occasions; but the authorities would not accept this excuse, and told her that another time she should not kiss the bouquet, but tread it under foot. The following evening another bouquet was thrown, and the dancer, in compliance with her instructions, trod it under foot, again amid frantic applause. The ribbon round the bouquet was, however, this time not red, green, and white ribbon, but black and yellow — the colors of Austria.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Times* reports what he calls a delightful piece of Oriental courtesy, from Astrabad, the noted military port on the Southern shores of the Caspian. It appears that the Shah of Persia, who had been travelling in those distant parts of his dominions with a suite of no less than 3,000 persons, graciously bestowed a visit upon the admiral of the Russian fleet anchored in that harbor. Among the amusements afforded the illustrious guest was a trip on the sea in a splendid steamer. The Shah no sooner found himself on the unwonted element than he experienced the ordinary sensations of humanity in visiting Father Neptune for the first time. The Russian admiral stood aghast, fearing the anger of the untravelled despot. "I am afraid your Majesty is unwell," he at length observed, apologetically. "Not in the least," immediately retorted the polite Moslem; "I am now a guest in the house of my brother the Czar. How — how — how — can I feel otherwise than happy and delighted under his roof?"

"A FEW days since," says the London *Review*, "there might have been seen a strange crowd outside the shop of a statuary in Regent Street, just at that part where the loungers, male and female, linger on the pavement before making the return promenade. Some earnest individuals, looking in at the window of Mr. Gaffin, the sculptor, and apparently much interested in an object displayed there, had attracted persons of a very different stamp to stop and look in too. A dozen individuals looking fixedly at one point will at any time form a crowd in London, and so it did on this occasion; but the gayly-dressed ladies, and the prim foreign gentlemen who had joined the throng could hardly have been interested in the exhibition. The tablet of plain white marble which Mr. Carlyle has directed to be set up to the memory of his wife was being shown by the sculptor. A paper at the side informed the passer-by that the letters of the inscription were in "imperishable letters of lead," This is the husband's affectionate and touching tribute to his wife's memory: —

"Here likewise now rests

JANE WELSH CARLYLE,

spouse of Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea, London. She was born at Haddington, 14th of July, 1801; only child of the above John Welsh and of Grace Welsh, Caplegell, Dumfriesshire, his wife.

"In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft invincibility, a clearness of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April, 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out."

The tablet will be placed beneath the stone which records the death of Mrs. Carlyle's parents at Haddington, Dumfriesshire.

THE Royal Sardinian Academy has elected Prof. Max Müller one of its *Academici Stranieri*. The number of foreign members of this ancient Academy has always been restricted to seven. They are at present Boekh, Thiers, Cousin, Barante, Grote, Mommsen, and Max Müller.

A FRENCH lady, Mdme. Guerard Duruel, has composed an Italian Marseillaise, which has now been translated into Italian, and is very popular in the army. Hearing of the number of Garibaldian hymns and other martial airs which are now being composed, Victor Emmanuel observed that he would rather have a whole drummer than half a poet.

THE following ghost story finds a prominent place in most of the Parisian journals: —

"A Russian lady of rank died lately in Paris, and her husband sent for a barber to arrange her hair as is usually done with the Russian dead. The barber took his young son with him, and, to punish the lad for some indiscretion which he had committed, brutally compelled him to read aloud 'Mon Voisin Raymond' whilst the hair of the corpse was being dressed. The boy was terribly frightened at the task imposed upon him, and returned home almost delirious. But the cruel father's turn was to come, and on the following night, and for many nights afterwards, did the appearance of the Russian lady sit by his bedside, reading aloud to him improper novels. At last the poor barber's black hair turned white under the well-deserved infliction he was undergoing; but soon

after the fair Russian had exhausted her repertoire of light literature, and appeared to him no more, he was fortunate enough to discover a dye, which completely restored his hair to its original thickness, color, and gloss, which he now sells at the extremely low price of ten francs the bottle. Apply to Mons. ——, Rue ——, No. —.

Such is the last form of a French sensation advertisement.

THE conception of Fate has seldom been more finely embodied than in the following dialogue, though the turn of the language distinguishing between that which is "to the archer chance," and to the victim "necessity" has some trace in it perhaps of metaphysical discussions more modern than Plato's: —

"PHIMACHUS.

"Fate ere thy mother's mother drew her milk
Decreed this anguish on thee: bear it thou.

"PHILOCTETES.

"Why single me for agony from the herd?

"PHIMACHUS.

"The hunter draws his arrow to the head
And looses on a thickly feeding drove,
And lets the arrow have its choice and way;
He cares not which he strikes, so he strike well.

"PHILOCTETES.

"But this is chance, and not necessity.

"PHIMACHUS.

"Ay, to the archer chance, but to the beast
Sobbing and bleeding, with the barb of steel
That breeds the darkness, 't is necessity.
Fate sowed the seed: the appointed hours it lay
Sleeping, then ripened; lo, the fruit is death!"

THE FIGHT ON RHU-CARN.

[Rhu-Carn is the name of a mountain-road connecting the upper parts of Monmouthshire with Breconshire. Pen — i. e. the head or top — is the highest point in the line which takes its name from the numerous carns or heaps of sepulchral stones scattered near its course.]

ARTHUR, one sunny morn, our legends say,
Sat, playing dice, on Pen-Rhu-Carn with Kay
And Bedgar, his two knights, resting awhile
On one of those excursions through our Isle,
Taken at times to see with his own eyes
And hear with his own ears if that great prize,
So coveted by monarchs, his acclaim
For equal justice stood aright with Fame;
When looking down the pass, that led away
To the hill-tracts where Braganus held sway,
Now Brecon called, he saw up the hill-side
A single horseman, hotly spurring, ride,
Who, by her slender waist held safe before,
A lovely damsel, pale and anxious, bore;
Followed at a short space by his own men,
And farther down and farther yet again
Bands of pursuers who across the heath
With gestures wild, rode onwards, threatening death.
Up sprang the knights and clutched their arms with glee.
"Now, my Lord Arthur, this concerneth thee!
Lo! many press on few — odds most unfair,
Speak but the word, and straight two swords are there,
Which may go far to equal odds more great."
"Go then," cried Arthur, "but first bid them state
The reason of this flight and sharp pursuit —
Yet stay, the maid is fair, and ye are mute
Save to ring out your war-cries fierce and clear,
And she, methinks, wants nothing *more* to fear."
So strode they towards the riders, laughingly,
Who slowlier came, in wonder there to see
Figures of such proud bearing, and the king
With a grim smile beheld the damsel cling
More closely to her lover. With command
Spoke Arthur, bade them tell upon whose land,
Within whose territorial bounds they stood,
And why their quarrel seemed a thing of blood.
"Gunleus am I, son of a king, and heir
Of this his realm; and in my arms I bear
My wife of one hour old, but still my wife,
Won by true love from faction, hate, and strife,
Daughter of Brychan, who, misled by spite,
Refused by day what we ne'er asked by night.
To Talgarth, to his Court, my father sent,
As king to king, and ofttimes, too, I went;
But all in vain, he still refused consent.
What could two lovers do? She fled with me;
Her father vows a deadly enmity,
And yonder come his powers."
"Ride on secure,
We three will stay to make your nuptials sure."
And so they parted. — On a rising ground
Gunleus and his fair bride looked safely round
And saw amazed three leaders stay his men,
Range them in quick array, and back again;
With vantage of the ground, charge the thick host,
That late pursued, — drive them from post to post
Until they broke and fled in wild dismay,
To cry in terror, "What gods fought that day!"
Then Gunleus to his palace on the hill —
From him Alt-Gunlieu called — rode fast to fill
His hall for feasting; but the vizored king
Rode by and would not stay, but gave a ring
To Gladys the fair bride; and years had gone
Ere Gunleus knew — shewing the graven stone
To an old trusted courtier, who amazed
Long at the gem on Gladys' finger gazed —
And learnt its tale, that Bedgar and Sir Kay,
And Arthur's self, fought on Rhu-Carn that day.

C. H. WILLIAMS.

TRANSLATION FROM LOPE DE VEGA.

MOTHER, laughing eyes I see,
Bright and blue as yonder sky,
Ah! for them, for them I die,
And they mock at me.

Blue or green, whiche'er they be —
For disdain can change their hue,
Hope revives when they are blue,
When they 're green 't is jealousy.
Life revives when them I see,
Death succeeds when they go by.
Ah! for them, for them I die,
And they mock at me.

Who could think such eyes could prove
Lures to dazzle and deceive?
Who indeed would not believe,
Save the heart that knows not love?
In their light lost utterly
Me thou 'lt find when they are nigh.
Ah! for them, for them I die,
And they mock at me.

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A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

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A STORY OF THE PANIC.

I.

THERE was a panic at the breakfast-table. When I came down I found my father in a fit of the blue devils, and my mother not much better. My elder brother was not there, and my sister, the only one out, was probably sleeping off the effects of her last night's amusement. It was the height of the London season; the middle of June; in fact, the week between Epsom and Ascot; and the sun was shining into the breakfast-room with a successful effort to look in earnest. Everything had a cheerful appearance excepting ourselves.

My father, Colonel Ffolliott, was a most agreeable, gentlemanly person upon ordinary occasions; and enamelled our morning meal, which was always a late one, with scraps from the *Times* newspaper, and a running commentary of his own. He was said to have been a *mauvais sujet* in his youth; but had exchanged his wild-oats for a fund of worldly wisdom and general sagacity. He had retained the piquant flavor of the early fruit without any of its deleterious characteristics. He possessed every capacity for enjoyment excepting the means of gratifying it. My mother was a lady of fashion, to a certain extent: and a very pleasant one. She knew everybody more or less; and went everywhere, as far as one pair of horses and her friends' assistance would allow. Of course she was good-looking still, notwithstanding three grown-up children, of whom I was the youngest; and two or three more down in the country, I scarcely know which, whom we always forgot up in town; excepting when we got an hebdomadal letter from the governess to tell us of their welfare, and the magnificence of the strawberry-beds which were placed at their disposal. Mrs. Ffolliott read the *Morning Post* daily while her hair was being crimped by her maid; and her letters, which were numerous and entertaining; and detailed her experiences, derived from either source, while she sipped her tea, or dallied with the crispest of dried toast. My sister Marion was a handsome, clever girl, and my brother George the best fellow alive. Altogether, it was a wonderfully pleasant breakfast-table to sit down at.

This morning we were dreadfully out of sorts. Something had gone wrong; and as neither of my parents seemed inclined to enlighten me as to the cause, I was obliged to indulge in conjecture, which I did; helping its crudity with an excellent *côtelette à la sauce tartare*. I was sure it was not a domestic quarrel, — that wretched affliction of the respectable middle-classes. My father and mother had never quarrelled in their lives: they were much too well bred. Had the wrong man proposed for my sister? Impossible; for my mother kept all detrimentals at arms' length; and she was surrounded by a perfect body-guard of eligibles, the worst of whom would have been an admirable *parti* for a penniless beauty. Perhaps George had committed himself, before my arrival, in some way, for I saw that he had already breakfasted, and was gone out: though, as he was heir to a good fortune, that was not likely. I had just arrived at the conclusion that my tutor had written from Christ Church to recommend country air for three terms to come, when my father, breaking an egg and the silence together, asked me "if I had seen the paper that morning," at the same time handing it to me.

"No, sir," said I, looking at my mother, who was surrounded by pink envelopes and "at homes"; "no, sir, have you?"

"Indeed I have. We shall have to go abroad."

Now it so happened that this was a stereotyped method which my father had adopted for declaring his coming insolvency; but as I already knew something of the habits of Parisian society, and was sure that Mrs. Ffolliott would never get beyond that charming capital, I had ceased to think very mournfully of the alternative proposed. So I took the paper and the announcement without even a sigh.

The first thing I saw was that the winner of the Derby was not likely to go for the Ascot Cup, and as I and my brother were dead against him, I did n't care so much about that. Another princess, too, was going to be married, and charming as that princess was in my eyes, I felt it my duty to smother my feelings, which I did, I hope, successfully. "Money lent on personal security at a fair rate of interest; the utmost secrecy observed": that certainly ought not to have produced the gloom which was around us. Indeed, I read it aloud in the hope of dissipating the cloud: alas! without effect.

"Confound it, Charles," at last said the Colonel, "how stupid you are; don't you see? Naylor and Smasham have gone for five millions." And true enough, at the head of the column immediately preceding that of the sporting intelligence, was "the gigantic failure of Naylor and Smasham."

"And who the deuce are Naylor and Smasham?" said I, with unfeigned astonishment.

"Who are Naylor and Smasham? why, they 're a limited liability company, and have got some of my money. They failed last night it seems by the paper, just before four o'clock, and if you read you 'll see what a precious state of things it is. Just ring

[illegible] and [illegible] I suppose [illegible] the [illegible]."

"[illegible] going to the [illegible]."

"Then is George gone?" said my father after a pause.

"Have you seen him? [illegible] Then he has gone down to the Hampton Court sale with Trelawny and Littledale."

"Then you'd better come with me." And in ten [illegible] we were on our way to Lombard Street.

[illegible] But the crowd was greater than [illegible] as we approached the premises of the [illegible] we were reduced to a foot's pace. [illegible] was not [illegible] by the [illegible] and the [illegible] which showed their way past us. [illegible]

"How did it happen?" said one [illegible] from the [illegible] in search of [illegible] and his money.

"[illegible]," said his friend [illegible]. "They [illegible] two per cent on your deposits and [illegible] your money at seven on bad security [illegible]."

[illegible] and so we were carried by the [illegible] Lombard Street.

What my father's intention might have been originally in coming to those unknown regions I have no idea. I [illegible] he had a very definite one [illegible] that it was his duty to go elsewhere than to Tattersall's or the Club with some [illegible] in jeopardy in the City. Be that as it may, Lombard Street itself was scarcely [illegible] and as to the banking-house, you might as well have attempted to reach the moon. A crowd of fanatics, who imagined that something might be done for them, were kicking and knocking vainly at the doors. Others were looking hopelessly up at the top windows, as if they, Danaë-like, expected it to open and disclose a shower of gold or notes: or at [illegible] the senior partner preparing to sacrifice himself to the offended deities of justice and commercial integrity. He was really lunching on champagne and chicken salad at home. Seeing the state of things, the Colonel turned quickly round, and walked off to his lawyer's, a process which always appears to give great satisfaction to injured persons, but to me looks like nothing so much as throwing good money after bad, where the "auri sacra fames" is to be appeased.

Here we received such consolation as might have been expected. "Doubtless something would be saved for the creditors: but it was a bad business, and others must follow. Ready and Allcash were very shaky, known to be so some time ago," said the iron gray counsellor to the family, who was always called into the Ffolliotts whenever a birth, death, marriage, or want of money assailed them.

"Then why the d—l didn't you tell me so?" said my father angrily. "I was very near transferring my private account there not three months ago."

"My dear Colonel Ffolliott, we never talk about business of that kind excepting under necessity. Bless your heart, a whisper would ruin them now, and crush me along with them."

"I don't seem to see that it might have saved [illegible] as many as it would have ruined."

"That is a different view to take of such obligations, Colonel. However, I'm glad it's no worse. We shall be able to judge better in a day or two how things are likely to turn out. In the mean time, keep clear of bankers and joint-stock companies of all sorts." With which piece of advice the old gentleman bowed us out with a mixture of urbanity and deference which none can assume better than a well-bred family lawyer. As my father's account was always overdrawn at Ready and Allcash, who did not fail this time, [illegible] exceedingly well.

When we got back to town, I mean town as distinct from London, my father had so far recovered his spirits as to remark upon the necessity of giving up something, though he did not seem very well to know what. He thought I might do without a horse at Oxford, and my mother might give up the rest of the season and let the house until things were a little more settled. As to his own stud, no man could keep up his political influence without riding to hounds occasionally; and the Colonel did not see how it could be done on less than four horses.

It is but right to say that there did not seem to be one cloud of regret over the gay world into which we had re-penetrated. Three more failures of considerable magnitude were reported before we left the City; but there was not visible one carriage the less in that [illegible]. The smiles and nods and appointments were just as numerous, and the dinners, balls, concerts, and the opera as brilliant as if several thousands had not been ruined that day. Either credit or money was easily attainable at the [illegible] end of the world now: or they are under an [illegible] who profess to be going eastward when they are in want, as naturally as a man goes south with disease of the lungs.

At five o'clock my brother was standing with two men, Captain Trelawny and Sir Frederick Littledale, in the narrowest part of Bond Street. It was opposite the door of Long's Hotel. They had just returned from the Hampton Court sale, where George Ffolliott had indulged in a rather expensive yearling colt, at about six hundred guineas; and he was now discussing in one breath the relative value, and the prospect of getting the money to pay for him: or rather, I should say, the percentage he would have to pay for it. His financial position was peculiar: explicable in about half a dozen lines.

My father was the youngest of three brothers. With the eldest, who had the estate, he quarrelled, as he did everything else in those days, somewhat pertinaciously. Of course he forgot it in process of time, but the squire did not. Being an obstinate person, and finding himself on his death-bed without an heir of his own to succeed him (another source of annoyance), he left the entire proceeds of the property to his widow for her life; and, ignoring the claims of both his own brothers, made George his heir on the death of his aunt. The old lady was at daggers drawn with the whole family; and employed the latter years of her life in making a nest-egg for her own relations. But nothing could deprive George

Ffolliott of the ultimate inheritance; and he made the most of his prospects in the mean time.

He himself was a universal favorite. He had just that sufficiency of good looks, which recommended him, at first sight, to society, without creating envy; and gave him self-assurance without one atom of affectation. I never saw a person so little vulgar. For vulgarity has really nothing to do with position, or fortune, or even education, but is a purely mental disease, which may attack any one. He was now standing outside of Long's; and as I approached he stopped in the middle of his conversation to greet me.

"Where have you been, Charlie?"

"Into the City with the governor," replied I, with an exceedingly indifferent tone, considering the purport of our visit.

"Anything doing there?" inquired Sir Frederick Littledale.

"Yes; Naylor and Smasham are gone for five millions, and Ready and Allcash—" Captain Trelawny looked serious.

"You don't mean to say—" I think he would have choked before finishing the sentence, so I relieved his anxiety at once.

"No; they were all right when we came away; but the money-market is far from healthy."

"Then let's go in and have some sherry"; and we found ourselves in a moment flattening our noses against the other side of the window-panes of that most cheerful and much-maligned hostelry, the coffee-room of which at that time of day, in the month of June, is divided equally between the flies and the two Universities.

The remarks on the passers-by were more entertaining than flattering to them, excepting in rare cases, when the beauty of horses and of women met with due recognition.

"Who's this city swell, Littledale, with the high steppers? There's a whole saddler's shop on the horses; and the coachman looks like the Lord Mayor on the 9th of November."

"Ffolliott can tell you more about him. He's a Piccadilly money-lender. What he calls the tightness of the market will increase the value of the Newminster colt, George." George, thus personally appealed to, finished his sherry, and his conference with W——m, and came to the window.

At that moment there was a stoppage in the street, and a remarkably neat barouche, with two ladies in it, came to a dead lock opposite the window at which we were all standing. Littledale and Trelawny took off their hats, almost involuntarily; my brother went out, seeing he was recognized, and I followed him.

Barbara Lechlade was the belle of the season. I never saw a prettier girl: scarcely that either: I mean a more beautiful woman. She was but one-and-twenty, and yet her face exhibited that wonderful charm of intelligence or mind, without which a woman may be pretty, but can never be thoroughly beautiful. The large, animated gray eye, with its dilated pupil and sweeping lashes; the long, narrow nostril, and short, curling upper lip, and the mouth and chin full and firm, were models of spiritual beauty, with a due admixture of the material, to make wise men wonder, and fools fall down and worship. George was said to be a great favorite; they were much together; and although I had but few opportunities of seeing them, I could not help mentally coupling them. I was not more prescient than the rest of the world in which they lived; for it seemed to be settled that some day or other George Ffolliott and Barbara Lechlade were to be married.

"There's money, Littledale," said Trelawny, as the carriage drove off, and I entered the coffee-room unperceived, leaving George still staring after it as it continued its route down Bond Street. "No chance of a smash there."

"I don't know about that," replied his friend; "nobody knows. However, I should n't mind taking my chance—best-looking woman in London."

"Why don't you go in? heaps of money."

"Because Ffolliott could give you or me a stone, and win easy."

As I did not know what other family disclosures might ensue, I was seized with a fit of coughing and a few minutes afterwards we separated.

I believed it to be perfectly true that my brother was first favorite; that, in a word, nobody would have had a chance with him for the hand of the heiress. My father and mother, I knew, were most anxious for the match; and although there were plenty of desirable men, who would have been glad to have mended their broken fortunes from the banker's coffers, still my brother's position was such as to have made success probable in any such matrimonial speculation.

Three days afterwards we all went down to Ascot, having taken a house for the week notwithstanding the family bankruptcy. The Lechlades were there too; and my brother paid Barbara such marked attention, that it could but end in a proposal. The prospect had a reviving effect upon the drooping spirits of my father; and Mrs. Ffolliott manifestly looked forward to increased facilities for getting rid of her time with a new daughter-in-law. We were riding together in Rotten Row a week after, when we met Miss Lechlade. To my astonishment, as soon as she saw George, she blushed, then turned pale as death, and commenced talking to her companion, Lord Paddington, the greatest fool in London, with a volubility totally at variance with her usual collected manner. My brother took off his hat and rode quietly on, looking at me to do the same, as I was about to turn back, having been accustomed to do so aforetime.

"George," said I, "what's the matter with Barbara Lechlade?"

"How the d—l should I know?" said he, in a voice and with a look which said more plainly than words that he knew all about it. I was very sorry for George, and, discretion being the better part of valor, held my tongue.

At the end of the ride we went out into Piccadilly; and though it was not yet time to dress for dinner, my brother continued his way homewards. I looked at him once or twice, for we were pulled up as usual by the stream of carriages coming out of that convenient corner, the end of Park Lane. He was evidently making up his mind to an effort. His face had lost its open, careless, independent character, and not only anxiety, but a curious perplexity sat on his features: a something I had never seen there before. As he got off at my father's door, and gave his horse to the groom who was waiting for him, he seemed to have come to a conclusion, for he said, "Charlie, come to my room, there's just time to smoke a cigar before dressing"; and I went in.

He had a communication to make, and it was rather a startling one to me, and made in a peculiar manner.

"Did you notice Barbara Lechlade to-day with

Paddington?" He appeared to have forgotten the half-dozen words we exchanged in the Row.

"Certainly," said I; "anything wrong?"

"First of all, you must hold your tongue; for you are the only person concerned in the business to whom I ought in honor to divulge what I know. Have you any money in Lechlade's?"

"Not much, of course; but by accident I have a couple of hundred; part proceeds of a match at Abingdon, and the remains of my last half-year's allowance. Lechlade has a branch bank at Oxford, so I always pay my few sovereigns in there."

"You 'd better draw what you have to-morrow."

I suppose I looked blank at this suggestion, for George added, —

"There 's no hurry: the next day will do as well; but in these smashes, which we 've heard of east of Temple Bar, no one can tell how soon they may come west. You 'd better pay your debts, or carry it about in your breeches pocket, than trust it to anybody."

"I thought you always —" I began, for I knew his account was there. "Never mind me; I can take care of myself."

"And that 's the reason why Barbara cut us to-day?"

"Humph — well, no; not altogether. She 's a good girl, though she won't have me, Charlie." This was news.

"Have you asked her?"

"Yes, I have. I suppose the mother will be annoyed at it; for she 's set her heart upon it; and as to me, — well — ah! Well, you know it can't be helped, — I shall go to Paris, and on to Italy at once." And then I saw how much he suffered in the repetition of what I thought his wrongs; but he went on like a warrior at the stake.

"The long and the short of it is, Charlie, that I grew too fond of the girl; and everybody thinks she is fond of me; but I have nothing to live upon but bills and post obits till that hideous old woman —"

"They 're never going to marry her to that fool, Paddington, because he owns half London. She 's too good for him without a half-penny."

"No; she is too good for him; but she won't marry me. She won't marry anybody; and her father is a fine old gentleman, an honest, true-hearted old man, who will be ruined by swindlers."

"How do you know — have you seen him too?"

"Yes, and our interview was short enough. He asked me if I had any settled income or profession —

"'None whatever,' said I, 'excepting the expectations.'"

"'And your aunt? for I hear the property is hers for her life.'"

"'Is more than healthy, and only sixty-eight,' said I.

"'And I, sir, if these failures go on, am a beggar,' replied he. 'In confidence I tell you, and in the strictest confidence, excepting as regards your own family, if you married my daughter to-morrow you would marry a beggar. Time may make a difference; meanwhile you will excuse me if I tell you that it 's impossible.' Then I knew what she meant when she told me that her place for the remainder of his life was with her father."

It was not till some time after that I guessed how much George must have suffered in this interview.

The next day he was abroad. My mother was excessively hurt at what she believed to be indifference to her feelings and intentions for her favorite son. My father grieved over the absurdities of a man who relinquished so easily such pecuniary prospects; and society said that George Ffolliott was worth a dozen Paddingtons, with the whole of the Indies for his inheritance. I said nothing; but I was sorry for George and Barbara, knowing the truth; and awaited the crisis with impatience. I did draw within twenty pounds of my trumpery account; but I had the modesty to do it with three checks, at three different times. Within one month Lechlade's had gone; and three days after Benjamin Lechlade died of apoplexy or paralysis (the world shook its head and said prussic acid), and left his daughter Barbara a beggar.

II.

Two years had passed since the failure of the house of Lechlade and Co., and the patient public had received a dividend of fifteen shillings in the pound (mine did n't amount to much; George's three-fourths was a handsome sum, for he left in all the money he had, and sold the Hampton Court colt at a sacrifice), when there was another panic at our family morning meal. My mother had submitted to the tortures and gossip of her maid, had read her letters, and built upon them; my sister had again requested to be served in her room (this young lady was engaged to be married now to an excellent *parti*, and was therefore worthy of all indulgence); I had already reached the ham stage of my breakfast, and was weighing the chances of preferment in the Civil Service of India against those of the Church in my own country, and my father, this time, was positively reading the *Times*, when he suddenly let fall the paper, and started to his feet. It was the first time I ever saw him upset anything. He was proud of never having done so: and now it was but a cup and saucer; only Worcester, as he consolingly observed.

"What's the matter, my dear," said my mother, "any more banks broke?"

"No, no; nothing but a cup and saucer. But there, Charlie, read that, — by Jove, it 's enough to make a younger man than I start."

"Which do you mean, sir — not the City article?"

"No — the City article! You young fellows are always thinking about money — look lower down the bottom of the page."

"What! — awfully sudden death in high life? Who is it, old Lord Cockermouth? He 's outraged Providence by living so long."

"No. Read it out to your mother. It 's a short paragraph."

And so it was, and proceeded as follows: —

"Yesterday evening, at Flintstone Priory, ——shire, the widow of the late General Ffolliott was, we regret to record, burnt to death. Her maid had not left her many minutes when she was roused by piercing shrieks. She rushed, half undressed as she was, into her mistress's room, where the butler was already vainly endeavoring to extinguish the flames. It is supposed that this venerable lady was reading by the light of the candles, when some portion of her dress ignited, and caused the fatal accident, as her nightcap of valuable Brussels lace was reduced to a cinder. This magnificent property (not the nightcap), devolves upon Mr. George Ffolliott, eldest son of Colonel Ffolliott, of the Blues, a most popular and enthusiastic sportsman, who is now travelling in the East in search of materials for a history of Nimrod. We know no gentleman in England so capable of doing justice to his subject. Further particulars of the terrible accident in our

next. Many families of distinction are thrown into mourning. ——*shire Express.*"

I read aloud, with tolerable serenity, this paragraph from the pen of the county penny-a-liner, having my own ideas of my brother's reasons for travelling in the East, when a telegram arrived from the family lawyer, announcing the intelligence *ex officio*, and requesting the attendance of George on business of importance. As this could not be had, the next best thing was to send my father instead of him. As society was beginning to be dull, he had no objection to the journey; and left us to finish up a host of visits and shopping preparatory to the event to which my mother had been looking forward; but which she now, as a matter of decency, pretended to deplore. To return, however; when I had finished reading, my mother, always sceptical or suspicious as to the authenticity of news (for she knew the slenderness of the threads on which she sometimes hung her own), said,—

"Do you believe it? I don't; poor old woman! I dare say the butler set fire to her. I wonder whether the plate is safe."

"I'm sorry for the old lady," said my eldest sister; "fancy losing all the Brussels lace too! What an extravagant old woman she must have been! However, she did n't care for George, ma dear, so I suppose she got rid of all she could. Perhaps the house is burnt down for George to build up again."

Then the telegram arrived which set all to rights.

"What a fortunate thing it was for George that he did n't propose to Barbara Lechlade; I wonder what 's become of her!" said Mrs. Ffolliott.

"Nobody knows: she went away to her mother's relations. I hear old Lady Cacklethwaite offered her a home, as companion or something of the kind; but she preferred going away altogether."

"Had her relations any money?" inquired my sister.

"Was the old lady a good temper?" asked my mother.

How like them both! My sister never had a shilling, and my mother never had an enemy.

"Neither the one nor the other," replied I; "but beggars cannot be choosers: and the last I heard of her was, that after giving up the proceeds of the sale to the creditors, and arranging with the surviving partner for the gradual liquidation of the responsibilities as far as the assets would go, she left London with her aunt, carrying with her one ten-pound note, and her mother's wedding-ring, which she had worn almost from her childhood."

"Poor Barbara," said my mother; "how fond I was of her! But it was a narrow escape for George."

What a barbarous thing is a tender mother!

In one week George was with us. His change of prospects, or rather the fulfilment of his prospects, appeared to make no difference to him. He always seemed to have had just what he wanted, and he was not a likely person to trouble himself about looking for more. I believe he regarded the large fortune left him only as an increased opportunity of making his friends happy. He went down, saw the keepers, made certain preparations for a campaign against the birds, and gave orders for the strictest preservation of foxes, with pheasants; which his keeper said was incompatible, but which he said he meant to have whether or no; and he had it. He made an addition or two to his stud,—indeed, he began forming a new one: and in ten days he had shaken himself as comfortably into his new position as he ever was in his old one. I think he sometimes missed the excitement of borrowing money. Now he had nothing to do but to pay or spent it.

My mother had a singular fancy for marrying her friends, male and female. It was something to do, and it took an amiable turn; for she always trotted them out, and did some of the courtship herself, as it might be wanted. She was as good as the Admiral himself at making a match. Is it to be wondered at that her own son should claim her best attention? From my brother's knowledge of her character in this way she had never been trusted by him, as I had, in his affair with Barbara Lechlade: and no one knew the truth of that episode but myself. She had now made up her mind that blood would be the essential mixture, instead of money, to create happiness; and it was not long before she had laid her plans and proceeded to act upon them.

"Where are you going, George, for the fortnight or three weeks before the grouse-shooting begins? You can't go to Flintstone, the house is not near dry; and I should think you had had enough of the Continent for the present."

"I have never thought about it. Perhaps yachting with Helme, if he asks me. Anywhere: I don't much care." And when I looked at him, I could see a certain languor and indifference to pleasure or society, very unusual with him formerly. Even his stud, which we had been getting together, did not interest him as much as it did me.

"Then you won't mind accepting an invitation, which I could say nothing about yesterday. Lord Glenlivat has a small party in Wales, and asked me whether I thought you would care to go down. As I know none of your plans, I could n't tell; but he intends to send you an invitation. The fishing is capital, and the girls and old Lady Glen charming. Tom Stockbridge is going next week." My mother baited her hook remarkably well, for Tom was an excellent judge of racing, and George had a penchant for the sport too.

The next day a letter came from Lady Glenlivat to both of us, and in three days we were on our road to the castle, with flies enough for a Norwegian campaign. As George said, we might as well have been in Cairo for the flies that accompanied us.

Lady Glenlivat was just the sort of connection that my mother, or indeed any mother, would have thought it desirable to cultivate for her sons. The family was old, of the highest respectability and pretension, rich, and influential politically and fashionably, and the shooting and claret quite unexceptionable. The daughters, too, were exceedingly good-looking and popular, cheerful without being fast, and well educated without being blue. The Earl was himself the model of a country gentleman as soon as he was out of the atmosphere of the House of Lords.

"Charlie," said my brother, one morning after we had been at Rothelan a few days, "it never occurred to me to ask you why my mother sent me down here, of all places, at the beginning of August; there 's nothing to do."

"Don't you know?" said I.

"Certainly not; it was n't the fishing, surely."

"No: you 're down here to be married."

"To which of them?" again inquired he, rather amused at the notion.

"Well! I suppose they 're not particular; but I believe my mother meant Lady Mary." I said this

rather sheepishly, I felt; for Lady Mary had made an impression upon me.

"And what's to become of Lady Susan?"

"O, she's to wait till next season, I presume; she's younger."

"But I don't know that I care about Lady Mary; however, I'll do my best, as you all seem to wish it." And he was turning away.

"Not at all; pray don't. No. I think nothing could be more ridiculous; I don't see it in that light at all." I was about adding that it would be heartless in the extreme, to say nothing of the folly, when I found that I was alone.

Every one knows how we get through time in a Welsh castle out of reach of all civilization but its own. We breakfasted late, and fished with varied success, and rode or drove after luncheon, and visited ruins, Celtic or Cymric remains; we played billiards with the ladies till eleven, and with one another till one in the morning. Then there were departures and arrivals: men and women we all knew, and here and there country people whom we none of us knew; and amidst all the changes George stayed on, and I felt bound to keep him company.

Lady Mary Rothelan seemed to be assigned to my brother without any ostensible cause for it but accident. Of course, if there happened to be some man of title to take precedence at dinner, George lost his place; but they generally got together again, and they were so excessively cheerful that I could not understand any termination to such a state of affairs but one.

"Not many neighbors, Lady Glenlivat, about you, apparently," said George one day to the Countess as they were driving a large party in the break, to see some waterfall at a little distance from the castle, beyond a walk.

"None whatever: literally none." Just then the road wound round the foot of a lake; and a small cottage, with a neat garden and lawn sloping down to it, exhibited the first symptom of life that we had seen. It was backed by lovely woods, just then in their most beautiful clothing, and the distant line of blue hills left nothing to be desired in a home landscape.

"How lovely,—who lives there? can nobody tell us?" said some impatient visitor, looking round, but especially at her hostess.

"Yes; I think I can: but we scarcely regard old Mrs. Locke as our neighbor. She is a tenant of Lord Glenlivat, and has lived in the cottage for years. She never goes from home in this country, from prudential motives. She is a very good woman, and assists in distributing my lord's charities in the hamlet we are coming to."

"Does she live there alone? It's rather lonely for the old lady."

"She did till we sent our under-keeper to live in the cottage; and last year, or the year before, she brought a niece, or a cousin, or somebody, to live with her. Quite a superior person, they tell me about here; but she's just as inaccessible as the old lady."

"Then she's young, is she, my lady?" said George Ffolliott.

"Yes, and beautiful, I hear; but we are only here for the autumn, and as she never has been to the castle, and retreated on the only visit we have had occasion to pay at the cottage, I have never seen her."

"That's a great temptation; a young and beautiful woman with a mystery attached to her, in such a spot."

"You'd better try to solve it, Mr. Ffolliott," said Lady Mary, in the most good-humored, indifferent manner possible, which, as I imagined, denoted the most intimate terms, and made me uncomfortable for the rest of the drive.

"So I will," said he; "but you must stimulate me by a bet."

"Then, Mr. Ffolliott," said she, "I'll bet any present you like to the value of five pounds, that you don't make the acquaintance of the young lady; I mean so as to exchange greeting of any kind with her, within a fortnight of this time."

"Done, done"; and the bet, though not booked, was certainly considered as made.

In two or three days it seemed to be forgotten. We ceased to allude to the subject, and my brother went on smoking and fishing, and, as I thought, flirting with Lady Mary Rothelan more than ever. He was quite unmolested, and, with the privilege of a man with ten thousand a year, did very much as he liked. His absences were noticed, but not remarked upon; while we were always wanted as squires of dames, and had scarcely a minute to ourselves.

"When are you going into Scotland, George?" I asked him. "To-day's the 10th, and I suppose you don't want to be much later than the 14th."

"Well, the Earl asked me to stay and shoot his moors here: he says he has n't much grouse-shooting; but mine will keep in Scotland, so I've arranged to have another week of it. By the way, if you like, you can go up to Scotland, and I'll come on from here."

I did n't particularly care about going alone, and so I told him.

"You used to be keen enough. You young fellows get spoilt now-a-days. However, as you please. I thought it might bore you to stay."

Then he took to riding alone in the afternoons; and three times in the following week was absent, on a hack of the Earl's, from soon after breakfast till just as the dressing-bell rang. Female curiosity could not be silent any longer.

"Mr. Ffolliott, I have been deputed to ask, if it's not an inconvenient question to answer, why all the ladies are deprived of your society lately for so many hours? Three days this week we have seen nothing of you, on the lake, nor at the castle, till dinner-time. As we begin shooting to-morrow, and the ladies bring out the luncheon, perhaps we may be more fortunate." So spake Lady Glenlivat.

"I fear not, my lady; I am engaged to-morrow."

"Is it indiscreet to ask where?" said her daughter.

"Not in you, Lady Mary. If you'll give me a day or two more to myself I think you will owe me five pounds."

My brother said this seriously and blushed; Lady Mary and the rest of us laughed.

"The mysterious lady! I really quite forgot. Your explanation is most satisfactory."

The next day my brother did not shoot; but went out with his rod. The day after, he shot,—very badly for him; and, upon the Earl asking him what he would like to do the following day, he begged permission to take a beat of his own, accompanied only by a boy and one dog. He at the same time backed himself to kill more than Tom Stockbridge, who had been severe on his shortcomings. So my brother managed to get what he wanted,—another day or two to himself.

At length our visit was really coming to a close.

Most of the guests were gone, and the evening before our departure we had quite a sociable party. I began to feel how very much I liked Lady Mary, and to be exceedingly grateful to my brother for disappointing the expectations of, possibly, two families: certainly of one. In a word, I was desperately in love with her; and regretted the time I had wasted in helping my brother's cause, which ought to have been used in forwarding my own. I was of a very sanguine temperament, however, and vowed to lose no further opportunities: so when Lady Glenlivat expressed a wish that I should repeat the visit on my return from the North, I cordially accepted the invitation, and determined that my stay in Scotland should be as short as decency would allow.

"Mr. Ffolliott, we have not yet settled our bet. I believe I have won, or we should have heard something more about the mysterious lady."

"I think you will be obliged to confess that I have won. I have made the lady's acquaintance, and will present her to you if you have any doubt."

"And is she as charming as they say?"

"I think so. Some day you shall judge for yourself. If I perform my promise, may I make a stipulation about the wager?"

"Undoubtedly," said Lady Mary, handing me her cue to chalk, while she remained absorbed in her conversation.

"Then," said my brother, "if ever I marry, you shall present my bride with some little present of the value agreed upon, which she will appreciate for your sake"; and he bowed formally.

"Very politely said, and agreed to: but you have not won yet."

"Yes I have, and you shall admit it before long." Having finished her game with me, we separated for the night.

I said there were no guests left but ourselves: so we sat down in the smoking-room, alone for the first time, during our visit.

"George, I'm afraid the result of our journey to Rothelan Castle will not satisfy Mrs. Ffolliott."

"Then she's a most unreasonable mother, Charlie"; and for the first time I noticed how bright and well he looked, and how much more cheerful he had been the last three or four days.

"Why unreasonable? I told you what she sent you for."

"You did: and I'm going to obey her. I am going to be married."

I don't know exactly how I looked: I know how I felt: very uncomfortable about the roots of the hair, and very much as if the cigar was disagreeing with me.

"And Lady Mary," stammered I, faintly, "what did she say?—of course you spoke to her?" I still had a faint hope, a very faint one.

"No, I did not. I don't see what she has to do with it, excepting to pay the five pounds."

"Why, you don't mean to say—" Hope was faintly reviving.

"I mean to say that the mysterious lady is going to be my wife; and as my mother sent me here to get married, she can't complain."

"Confound it, George, I don't know about that. She may be a very good sort of woman, but I should think you ought to know something about her before—"

"My dear Charlie, I know all about her, and so do you: and two years ago my mother and father were very angry because I did not marry her. The mysterious lady is Barbara Lechlade."

My cigar fell out of my mouth on to the ground, where I allowed it to lie for some seconds while George finished his story.

Barbara had come down to her aunt, after her father's death, to unite her mite to the poor old widow's; that thus they might assist each other through a world which one had left years before, and from which the other had been driven by misfortune. To avoid recognition, she adopted her aunt's name; and as she had known Lady Glenlivat in town, she had kept out of the way upon the one formal visit which had taken place at the Cottage. George had had no difficulty in finding out Barbara Locke to be Barbara Lechlade; but to persuade her to change her name once more was not so easy a matter. However, it was accomplished at last; and he wrote to his mother from Scotland the result of his visit at Rothelan.

"Now, Charlie, I'll tell you what you shall do to console my mother."

"What's that?"

"You shall marry Lady Mary, and we'll get Lord Glenlivat to make something of you, without going to Calcutta."

So Mrs. Ffolliott was consoled: for these things positively came to pass next season. She married her two sons: and, regarding the match in a commercial point of view, the right women fell to the right men. George and Lady Mary would have been superfluously prosperous, and I and Barbara ridiculously impecunious. The panic did not do so much mischief west of Temple Bar after all. Lady Mary Ffolliott paid her sister-in-law, but I think the wedding-bracelet cost something more than five pounds.

SCIENCE.*

I SAID that Superstition was the child of Fear, and Fear the child of Ignorance; and you might expect me to say antithetically, that Science was the child of Courage, and Courage the child of Knowledge.†

But these genealogies—like most metaphors—do not fit exactly, as you may see for yourselves.

If fear be the child of ignorance, ignorance is also the child of fear; the two react on, and produce each other. The more men dread Nature, the less they wish to know about her. Why pry into her awful secrets? It is dangerous,—perhaps impious. She says to them, as in the Egyptian temple of old, "I am Isis, and my veil no mortal yet hath lifted." And why should they try or wish to lift it? If she will leave them in peace, they will leave her in peace. It is enough that she does not destroy them. So as ignorance bred fear, fear breeds fresh and willing ignorance.

And courage? We may say—and truly—that courage is the child of knowledge. But we may say as truly, that knowledge is the child of courage. Those Egyptian priests in the temple of Isis would have told you that knowledge was the child of mystery, of special illumination, of reverence, and what not; hiding under grand words their purpose of keeping the masses ignorant, that they might be their slaves. Reverence? I will yield to none in reverence for reverence. I will all but agree with the wise man who said that reverence is the root of all virtues. But which child reverences his father most? He who comes joyfully and trustfully to

* A Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, by the REV. C. KINGSLEY.

† See EVERY SATURDAY, No. 26.

meet him, that he may learn his father's mind, and do his will: or he who at his father's coming runs away and hides, lest he should be beaten for he knows not what?

There is a scientific reverence, — a reverence of courage, — which is surely one of the highest forms of reverence. That, namely, which so reveres every fact, that it dare not overlook or falsify it, seem it never so minute; which feels that because it is a fact, it cannot be minute, cannot be unimportant; that it must be a fact of God; a message from God; a voice of God, as Bacon has it, revealed in things: and which, therefore, just because it stands in solemn awe of such paltry facts as the scolopax feather in a snipe's pinion, or the jagged leaves which appear capriciously in certain honeysuckles, believes that there is likely to be some deep and wide secret underlying them, which is worth years of thought to solve. That is reverence. A reverence which is growing, thank God, more and more common; which will produce, as it grows more common still, fruit which generations yet unborn shall bless.

But as for that other reverence, which shuts its eyes and ears in pious awe, — what is it but cowardice decked out in state robes, putting on the sacred Urim and Thummim, not that men may ask counsel of the Deity, but that they may not? What is it but cowardice; very pitiable when unmasked: and what is its child but ignorance as pitiable, which would be ludicrous were it not so injurious? If a man comes up to nature as to a parrot or a monkey, with this prevailing thought in his head, Will it bite me? will he not be pretty certain to make up his mind that it may bite him, and had therefore best be left alone? It is only the man of courage — few and far between — who will stand the chance of a first bite, in the hope of teaching the parrot to talk or the monkey to fire off a gun. And it is only the man of courage — few and far between — who will stand the chance of a first bite from nature, which may kill him for aught he knows (for her teeth, though clumsy, are very strong), in order that he may tame her and break her in to his use by the very same method by which that admirable inductive philosopher, Mr. Rarey, breaks in his horses. First, by not being afraid of them; and next, by trying to find out what they are thinking of. But after all, as with animals so with nature; cowardice is dangerous. The surest method of getting bitten by an animal is to be afraid of it; and the surest method of being injured by nature is to be afraid of her. Only as far as we understand nature are we safe from her; and those who in any age counsel mankind not to pry into the secrets of the universe, counsel them not to provide for their own life and well-being, or for their children after them.

But how few there have been in any age who have not been afraid of nature. How few who have set themselves, like Rarey, to tame her by finding out what she is thinking of. The mass are glad to have the results of science, as they are to buy Mr. Rarey's horses after they are tamed: but, for want of courage or of wit, they had rather leave the taming process to some one else. And therefore we may say, that what knowledge of nature we have (and we have very little) we owe to the courage of those men (and they have been very few) who have been inspired to face nature boldly; and say, — or, what is better, act as if they were saying, — "I find something in me which I do not find in you: which gives me the hope that I can grow to understand you, though you may not understand me; that I may become your master, and not as now, you mine. A if not, I will know, or die in the search."

It is to those men, the few and far between, i very few ages and very few countries, who h thus risen in rebellion against Nature, and look her in the face with an unquailing glance, that owe what we call Physical Science.

There have been four races, — or rather a v few men of each of four races, — who have fa Nature after this gallant wise.

First, the old Jews. I speak of them, be it reme bered, exclusively from an historical and not religious point of view.

These people, at a very remote epoch, emer from a country highly civilized, but sunk in superstitions of nature-worship. They invaded mingled with tribes whose superstitions were e more debased, silly, and foul than those of the Eg tians from whom they escaped. Their own ma were for centuries given up to nature-wors Now among those Jews arose men, — a very few, sages, — prophets, — call them what you will, men were inspired heroes and philosophers, — assumed toward nature an attitude utterly differ from the rest of their countrymen and the rest of then world; who denounced superstition and dread of nature as the parent of all manner of and misery; who for themselves said boldly that t discerned in the universe an order, a unity, a manence of law, which gave them courage inst of fear. They found delight and not dread in thought that the universe obeyed a law which co not be broken; that all things continued to that according to a certain ordinance. They took view of nature totally new in that age; healthy, man, cheerful, loving, trustful, and yet reverent. identical with that which happily is beginning prevail in our own day.

They defied those very volcanic and meteo phenomena of their land, to which their count men were slaying their own children in the clefts the rocks, and (like Theophrastus's superstiti man) pouring their drink-offerings on the smo stones of the valley; and declared that for th part they would not fear, though the earth moved, and though the hills were carried into midst of the sea; though the waters raged swelled, and the mountains shook at the tempest.

The fact is indisputable. And you must pard me if I express my belief that these men, if they h felt it their business to found a school of inducti physical science, would, owing to that temper mind, have achieved a very signal success. ground my opinion on the remarkable, but equa indisputable fact, that no nation has ever succeed in perpetuating a school of inductive physical ence, save those whose minds have been saturat with this same view of nature, which they have (an historic fact) slowly but thoroughly learnt fr the writings of these Jewish sages.

Such is the fact. The founders of inductive ph ical science were not the Jews: but first the Ch dæans, next the Greeks, next their pupils the R mans, — or rather a few sages among each ra But what success had they? The Chaldæan astro omers made a few discoveries concerning the m tions of the heavenly bodies, which (rudimentary they were) prove them to have been men of ra intellect, — for a great and a patient genius m he have been, who first distinguished the plan from the fixed stars, or worked out the earliest tronomical calculation. But they seem to ha

been crushed, as it were, by their own discoveries. They stopped short. They gave way again to the primeval fear of nature. They sank into planet-worship. They invented (it would seem) that fantastic pseudoscience of astrology, which lay for ages after as an incubus on the human intellect and conscience. They became the magicians and quacks of the old world; and mankind owed them thenceforth nothing but evil. Among the Greeks and Romans, again, those sages who dared face nature like reasonable men, were accused by the superstitious mob as irreverent, impious, atheists. The wisest of them all, Socrates, was actually put to death on that charge; and, finally, they failed. School after school, in Greece and Rome, struggled to discover, and to get a hearing for, some theory of the universe which was founded on something like experience, reason, common sense. They were not allowed to prosecute their attempt. The mud-ocean of ignorance and fear of nature in which they struggled so manfully were too strong for them; the mud-waves closed over their heads finally, as the age of the Antonines expired; and the last effort of Græco-Roman thought to explain the universe was Neoplatonism, — the muddiest of the mud, — an attempt to apologize for, and organize into a system, all the nature-dreading superstitions of the Roman world. Porphyry, Plotinus, Proclus, poor Hypatia herself, and all her school, — they may have had themselves no bodily fear of nature, for they were noble souls. Yet they spent their time in justifying those who had; in apologizing for the superstitions of the very mob which they despised, — as (it sometimes seems to me) some folk in these days are like to end in doing; begging that the masses may be allowed to believe in anything, however false, lest they should believe in nothing at all: as if believing in lies could do anything but harm to any human being. And so died the science of the old world, in a true second childhood, just where it began.

The Jewish sages, I hold, taught that science was probable; the Greeks and Romans proved that it was possible. It remained for our race, under the teaching of both, to bring science into act and fact.

Many causes contributed to give them this power. They were a personally courageous race. This earth has yet seen no braver men than the forefathers of Christian Europe, whether Scandinavian or Teuton, Angle or Frank. They were a practical hard-headed race, with a strong appreciation of facts, and a strong determination to act on them. Their laws, their society, their commerce, their colonization, their migrations by land and sea, proved that they were such. They were favored, moreover, by circumstances, or (as I should rather put it) by that divine Providence which determined their times, and the bounds of their habitation. They came in as the heritors of the decaying civilization of Greece and Rome: they colonized territories which gave to man special fair play, — but no more, — in the struggle for existence, the battle with the powers of nature; tolerably fertile, tolerably temperate; with boundless means of water communication; freer than most parts of the world from those terrible natural phenomena, like the earthquake and the hurricane, before which man lies helpless and astounded, a child beneath the foot of a giant. Nature was to them not so inhospitable as to starve their brains and limbs, as she has done for the Esquimaux or Fuegian; and not so bountiful as to crush them by her very luxuriance, as she has crushed the savages of the tropics. They saw enough of her strength to respect her; not enough to cower before her; and they and she have fought it out; and it seems to me, standing either on London Bridge or on a Holland fendike, that they are winning at last.

But they had a sore battle: a battle against their own fear of the unseen. They brought with them, out of the heart of Asia, dark and sad nature-superstitions, some of which linger among our peasantry till this day, of elves, trolls, nixes, and what not. Their Thor and Odin were at first, probably, only the thunder and the wind; but they had to be appeased in the dark marches of the forest, where hung rotting on the sacred oaks, amid carcases of goat and horse, the carcases of human victims. No one is acquainted with the early legends and ballads of our race, but must perceive throughout them all the prevailing tone of fear and sadness. And to their own superstitions they added those of the Rome which they conquered. They dreaded the Roman she-poisoners, and witches, who, like Horace's Canidia, still performed horrid rites in graveyards and dark places of the earth. They dreaded as magical the delicate images engraved on old Greek gems. They dreaded the very Roman cities they had destroyed. They were the work of enchanters. Like the ruins of St. Albans here in England, they were all full of devils, guarding the treasures which the Romans had hidden. The Cæsars became to them magical man-gods. The poet Virgil became the prince of necromancers. If the secrets of nature were to be known, they were to be known by unlawful means, by prying into the mysteries of the old heathen magicians, or of the Mohammedan doctors of Cordova and Seville; and those who dared to do so were respected and feared, and often came to evil ends. It needed moral courage, then, to face and interpret fact. Such brave men as Pope Gerbert, Roger Bacon, Galileo, even Kepler, did not lead happy lives; some of them found themselves in prison.

All the mediæval sages — even Albertus Magnus — were stigmatized as magicians. One wonders that more of them did not imitate poor Paracelsus, who, unable to get a hearing for his coarse common sense, took — vain and sensual — to eating the opium which he himself had discovered and vaunted as a priceless boon to men; and died as the fool dieth, in spite of all his wisdom. For the "Romani nominis umbra," the shadow of the mighty races whom they had conquered, lay heavy on our forefathers for centuries. And their dread of the great heathens was really a dread of nature, and of the powers thereof. For when the authority of great names has reigned unquestioned for many centuries, those names become, to the human mind, integral and necessary parts of Nature herself. They are, as it were, absorbed into her; they become her laws, her canons, her demiurges and guardian spirits; their words become regarded as actual facts, — in one word, they become a superstition, and are feared as parts of the vast unknown; and to deny what they have said is, in the minds of the many, not merely to fly in the face of reverent wisdom, but to fly in the face of facts. During a great part of the middle age, for instance, it was impossible for an educated man to think of nature herself, without thinking first of what Aristotle had said of her. Aristotle's dicta were nature; and when Benedetti, at Venice, opposed in 1585 Aristotle's opinions on violent and natural motion, there

were hundreds, perhaps, in the universities of Europe, — there certainly were in the days of the immortal *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, — who were ready, in spite of all Benedetti's professed reverence for Aristotle, to accuse him of outraging not only the father of philosophy, but nature herself and her palpable and notorious facts. For the restoration of letters in the fifteenth century had not at first mended matters, so strong was the dread of nature in the minds of the masses. The minds of men had sported forth, not toward any sound investigation of facts, but toward an eclectic resuscitation of Neoplatonism, which endured, not without a certain beauty and use, — as let Spenser's *Faery Queene* bear witness — till the latter half of the seventeenth century.

After that time a rapid change began. It is marked by — it has been notably assisted by — the foundation of our own Royal Society. Its causes I will not enter into; they are so inextricably mixed, I hold, with theological questions, that they cannot be discussed here. I will only point out to you these facts: that, from the latter part of the seventeenth century, the noblest heads — the noblest hearts, too — of Europe, concentrated themselves more and more on the brave and patient investigation of physical facts, as the source of priceless future blessings to mankind; that the eighteenth century, which it has been the fashion of late to depreciate, did more for the welfare of mankind, in every conceivable direction, than the whole fifteen centuries before it; that it did this good work by boldly observing and analyzing facts; that this boldness toward facts increased in proportion as Europe became indoctrinated with the Jewish literature; and that, notably, such men as Kepler, Newton, Berkeley, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Descartes, in whatsoever else they differed, agreed in this, that their attitude toward nature was derived from the teaching of the Jewish sages. I believe that we are not yet fully aware how much we owe to the Jewish mind, in the gradual emancipation of the human intellect. The connection may not, of course, be one of cause and effect; it may be a mere coincidence. I believe it to be a cause; one of course of very many causes, but still an integral cause. At least the coincidence is too remarkable a fact, not to be worthy of investigation.

I said, just now, — The emancipation of the human intellect. I did not say, — Of science, or of the scientific intellect; and for this reason:

That the emancipation of science is the emancipation of the common mind of all men. That all men can partake of the gains of free scientific thought, not merely by enjoying its physical results, but by becoming more scientific men themselves.

Therefore it was, that though I began my first lecture by defining superstition, I did not begin my second by defining its antagonist, science. For the word science defines itself. It means simply knowledge; that is, of course, right knowledge, or such an approximation as can be obtained; knowledge of any natural object, its classification, its causes, its effects; or, in plain English, what it is, how it came where it is, and what can be done with it.

And scientific method, likewise, needs no definition; for it is simply the exercise of common sense. It is not a peculiar, unique, professional, or mysterious process of the understanding; but the same which all men employ, from the cradle to the grave, in forming correct conclusions.

Every one who knows the philosophic writings of Mr. John Stuart Mill, will be familiar with this opinion. But to those who have no leisure to study him, I should recommend the reading of Professor Huxley's third lecture on the origin of species.

In that he shows, with great logical skill, as well as with some humor, how the man who, on rising in the morning, finds the parlor window open, the spoons and teapot gone, the mark of a dirty hand on the window-sill, and that of a hob-nailed boot outside, and comes to the conclusion that some one has broken open the window and stolen the plate, arrives at that hypothesis (for it is nothing more) by a long and complex train of inductions and deductions, of just the same kind as those which, according to the Baconian philosophy, are to be used for investigating the deepest secrets of nature.

This is true, even of those sciences which involve long mathematical calculations. In fact, the stating of the problem to be solved is the most important element in the calculation; and that is so thoroughly a labor of common sense that an utterly uneducated man may, and often does, state an abstruse problem clearly and correctly; seeing what ought to be proved, and perhaps how to prove it, though he may be unable to work the problem out, for want of mathematical knowledge.

But that mathematical knowledge is not — as all Cambridge men are surely aware — the result of any special gift. It is merely the development of those conceptions of form and number which every human being possesses; and any person of average intellect can make himself a fair mathematician if he will only pay continuous attention, — in plain English, think enough about the subject.

There are sciences, again, which do not involve mathematical calculation; for instance, botany, zoölogy, geology, which are just now passing from their old stage of classificatory sciences into the rank of organical ones. These are, without doubt, altogether within the scope of the merest common sense. Any man or woman of average intellect, if they will but observe and think for themselves, freely, boldly, patiently, accurately, may judge for themselves of the conclusions of these sciences, may add to these conclusions fresh and important discoveries; and if I am asked for a proof of what I assert, I point (in spite of assertions in it from which I differ) to *Rain and Rivers*, written by no professed scientific man, but by a colonel in the Guards, known to fame only as one of the most perfect horsemen in the world.

Let me illustrate my meaning by an example. A man — I do not say a geologist, but simply a man, squire, or ploughman — sees a small valley, say one of the side-glens which open into the larger valleys in the Windsor forest district. He wishes to ascertain its age.

He has, at first sight, a very simple measure, — that of denudation. He sees that the glen is now being eaten out by a little stream, the product of innumerable springs which arise along its sides, and which are fed entirely by the rain on the moors above. He finds, on observation, that this stream brings down some ten cubic yards of sand and gravel, on an average, every year. The actual quantity of earth which has been removed to make the glen may be several million cubic yards. Here is an easy sum in arithmetic. At the rate of ten cubic yards a year, the stream has taken several hundred thousand years to make the glen.

You will observe that this result is obtained by mere common sense. He has a right to assume that

the stream originally began the glen, because he finds it in the act of enlarging it; just as much right as he has to assume, if he finds a hole in his pocket, and his last coin in the act of falling through it, that the rest of his money has fallen through the same hole. It is a sufficient cause, and the simplest. A number of observations as to the present rate of denudation, and a sum which any railroad contractor can do in his head, to determine the solid contents of the valley, are all that are needed. The method is that of science; but it is also that of simple common sense. You will remember, therefore, that this is no mere theory or hypothesis, but a pretty fair and simple conclusion from palpable facts; that the probability lies with the belief that the glen is some hundreds of thousands of years old; that it is not the observer's business to prove it further, but other persons to disprove it, if they can.

But does the matter end here? No. And, for certain reasons, it is good that it should not end here.

The observer, if he be a cautious man, begins to see if he can disprove his own conclusion; moreover, being human, he is probably somewhat awed, if not appalled, by his own conclusion. Hundreds of thousands of years spent in making that little glen! Common sense would say that the longer it took to make, the less wonder there was in its being made at last; but the instinctive human feeling is the opposite. There is in men — there remains in them, even after they are civilized, and all other forms of the dread of nature have died out in them — a dread of size, — of vast space, — of vast time, — that latter, mind, being always imagined as space, as we confess when we speak instinctively of a space of time. They will not understand that size is merely a relative, not an absolute term; that if we were a thousand times larger than we are, the universe would be a thousand times smaller than it is; that if we could think a thousand times faster than we do, time would be a thousand times longer than it is; that there is One in whom we live, and move, and have our being, to whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. I believe this dread of size to be merely, like all other superstitions, a result of bodily fear, a development of the instinct which makes a little dog run away from a big dog. Be that as it may, every observer has it; his own conclusion seems to him strange, doubtful; he will reconsider it.

Moreover, if he be an experienced man, he is well aware that first guesses, first hypotheses, are not always the right ones; and if he be a modest man, he will consider the fact that many thousands of thoughtful men in all ages, and thousands still, would say, that the glen can only be a few thousand, or, possibly, a few hundred years old. And he will feel bound to consider their opinion, — as far as it is, like his own, drawn from facts, but no further.

So he casts about for all other methods by which the glen may have been produced, to see if any one of them will account for it in a shorter time.

1. Was it made by an earthquake? No; for the strata on both sides are identical, at the same level, and in the same plane.

2. Or by a mighty current? If so, the flood must have run in at the upper end before it ran out at the lower. But nothing has run in at the upper end. All round above are the undisturbed gravel-beds of the horizontal moor, without channel or depression.

3. Or by water draining off a vast flat as it was upheaved out of the sea? That is a likely guess. The valley at its upper end spreads out like the fingers of a hand, as the gullies in tide-muds do.

But that hypothesis will not stand. There is no vast, unbroken flat behind the glen. Right and left of it are other similar glens, parted from it by long, narrow ridges; these, also, must be explained on the same hypothesis; but they cannot. For there could not have been surface-drainage to make them all, or a tenth of them. There are no other possible hypotheses; and so he must fall back on the original theory, — the rain, the springs, the brook; they have done it all, even as they are doing it this day.

But is not that still a hasty assumption? May not their denuding power have been far greater in old times than now?

Why should it? Because there was more rain then than now? That he must put out of court; there is no evidence of it whatsoever.

Because the land was more friable originally? Well, there is a great deal to be said for that. The experience of every countryman tells him that bare or fallow land is more easily washed away than land under vegetation. And no doubt, when these gravels and sands rose from the sea, they were barren for hundreds of years. He has some measure of the time required, because he can tell roughly, how long it takes for sands and shingles left by the sea to become covered with vegetation. But he must allow that the friability of the land must have been originally much greater than now, for hundreds of years.

But again, does that fact really cut off any great space of time from his hundreds of thousands of years? For when the land first rose from the sea, that glen was not there. Some slight bay or bend in the shore determined its site. That stream was not there. It was split up into a million little springs, oozing side by side from the shore, and having each a very minute denuding power, which kept continually increasing by combination as the glen ate its way inwards, and the rainfall drained by all these little springs, was collected into the one central stream. So that when the ground being bare was most liable to be denuded, the water was least able to do it; and as the denuding power of the water increased, the land, being covered with vegetation, became more and more able to resist it. All this he has seen, going on at the present day, in the similar gullies worn in the soft strata of the South Hampshire coast; especially round Bournemouth.

So the two disturbing elements in the calculation may be fairly set off against each other, as making a difference of only a few thousands or tens of thousands of years either way; and the age of the glen may fairly be, if not a million years, yet such a length of years as mankind still speak of with bated breath, as if forsooth it would do them some harm.

I trust that every scientific man in this room will agree with me, that the imaginary squire or ploughman would have been conducting his investigations strictly according to the laws of the Baconian philosophy. You will remark, meanwhile, that he has not used a single scientific term, or referred to a single scientific investigation; and has observed nothing and thought nothing which might not have been observed and thought by any one who chose to use his common sense, and not to be afraid.

But because he has come round, after all this further investigation, to something very like his first conclusion, was all that further investigation useless? No, — a thousand times, no. It is this very verification of hypotheses which makes the sound ones safe, and destroys the unsound. It is this struggle

[illegible] makes science [illegible] ground. [illegible] It is the fault [illegible] and guesses and [illegible] down [illegible] soil ground of [illegible]

[illegible] of this point. For [illegible] — I do not say [illegible] I am inclined [illegible] who [illegible] in this, as some [illegible] imagine not to [illegible] and this not [illegible] science, but rather of [illegible] as long as the masses, edu[illegible] and ignorant of what scientific [illegible] will look on scientific men as the [illegible] of a book or romance as a privilege, [illegible] mighty [illegible] who may do them great good, but may also do them great harm.

What [illegible] on the rest of the masses will enable [illegible] persons to instil themselves as the critics [illegible] though [illegible] themselves: [illegible] Shakespeare has [illegible] to talk of Robin Hood, though they never shot in his bow. Thus they [illegible] the masses [illegible] the scientific [illegible] — You [illegible] the conclusions of men of science at [illegible] You are not the judges of their facts or [illegible] It is we who will, by a cautious [illegible] choose out for you and of their conclusions [illegible] to you; and then we will advise you [illegible] To the scientific man, on the other hand, as often as anything is [illegible] unpleasing to [illegible] they who say, impudently and [illegible]

[illegible] theory contradicts the established facts [illegible] For they will know well that, whatever [illegible] science think of their assertion, the masses will believe it: totally unaware that the speakers [illegible] by their very terms showing their ignorance of [illegible] and that what they call established facts [illegible] men call merely provisional conclusions, which they would throw away to-morrow without a pang were the known facts explained better by a fresh theory, or did fresh facts require one.

This has happened to others. It is in the interest of superstition that it should happen again, and the best way to prevent it surely is to tell the masses. — Scientific method is no peculiar mystery, requiring a peculiar initiation. It is simply common sense, combined with uncommon courage, which includes common honesty and common patience: and if you will be brave, honest, patient, and rational, you will need no mystagogues to tell you what in science to believe and what not to believe: for you will be just as good judges of scientific facts and theories as those who assume the right of guiding your convictions. You are men and women, and more than that you need not be.

And let me say, that the man whose writings exemplify most thoroughly what I am going to say is the present Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, Mr. Thomas Carlyle.

As far as I know, he has never written on any scientific subject. For aught I am aware of, he may know nothing of mathematics or chemistry, of comparative anatomy or geology. For aught I am aware of, he may know a great deal about them all, and, like a wise man, hold his tongue, and give the world merely the results in the form of general thought. For this I know, that his writings are instinct with the very spirit of science: that he has taught men, more than any living man, the meaning and end of science: that he has taught men moral and intellectual courage: to face facts boldly, while they confess the divinity of facts: not to be afraid of nature, and not to worship nature: to believe that man can know truth, and that only in as far as he knows truth can he live worthily on this earth. And this he has vindicated, as no other man in our days has done, at once the dignity of nature and the dignity of spirit. That he would have made a distinguished scientific man, we may be as certain from his writings as we may be certain, when we see a fine colt, horse of a certain stamp, that he would have made a first-class hunter, though he has been unfortunately all his life in harness.

And did I try to train a young man of science to be true, devout and earnest, accurate and daring, I should say, — Read what you will: but at least read Carlyle. It is a small matter to me (and I doubt not to him) whether you will agree with his special conclusions: but his premises and his method are irrefragable, for they stand on the "voluntatem Dei in rebus revelatam," — on fact and common sense.

And Mr. Carlyle's writings, if I am correct in my estimate of them, will afford a very sufficient answer to those who think that the scientific habit of mind tends to irreverence.

Doubtless this accusation will always be brought against science by those who confound reverence with fear. For from blind fear of the unknown Science does certainly deliver man. She does by man as he does by an unbroken colt. The colt sees by the roadside, some quite new object, — a cast-away boot, an old kettle, or what not. What a fearful monster! What unknown terrific powers may it not possess! And the colt shies across the road, runs up the bank, rears on end: putting itself thereby, as many a man does, in real danger. What cure is there? But one, experience. So science takes us, as we should take the colt, gently by the halter: and makes us simply smell at the new monster: till after a few trembling sniffs, we discover, like the colt, that it is not a monster, but a kettle. Yet I think, if we sum up the loss and gain, we shall find the colt's character has gained, rather than lost, by being thus disabused. He learns to substitute a very rational reverence for the man who is breaking him in, for a totally irrational reverence for the kettle; and becomes thereby a much wiser and more useful member of society, as does the man when disabused of his superstitions.

From which follows one result. That if science proposes — as she does — to make men brave, wise, and independent, she must needs excite unpleasant feelings in all who desire to keep men cowardly, ignorant, and slavish. And that too many such persons have existed in all ages is but too notorious. There have been from all time, goëtai, quacks, powwow men, rain-makers, and necromancers of various sorts, who having for their own purposes set forth partial, ill-grounded, fantastic, and frightful interpretations of nature, have no love for those who search after a true, exact, brave, and hopeful one. And therefore it is to be feared, or hoped, science and superstition will to the world's end remain irreconcilable and internecine foes.

Conceive the feelings of an old Lapland witch, who has had for the last fifty years all the winds in a seal-skin bag, and has been selling fair breezes to

northern skippers at so much a puff, asserting her powers so often, poor old soul, that she has got to half believe them herself, — conceive, I say, her feelings at seeing her customers watch the Admiralty storm-signals, and con the weather reports in the *Times*. Conceive the feelings of Mr. Baker's African friend, Katchiba, the rain-making chief, who possessed a whole houseful of thunder and lightning, — though he did not, he confessed, keep it in a bottle, as they do in England, — if Mr. Baker had had the means, and the will, of giving to Katchiba's negroes a course of lectures on electricity, with appropriate experiments, a real bottle full of real lightning among the foremost.

It is clear that only two methods of self-defence would have been open to the rain-maker, namely, either to kill Mr. Baker, or to buy his real secret of bottling the lightning, that he might use it for his own ends. The former method (that of killing the man of science) was found more easy in ancient times; the latter in these modern ones. And there have been always those who, too good-natured to kill the scientific man, have patronized knowledge, not for its own sake, but for the use which may be made of it; who would like to keep a tame man of science, as they would a tame poet, or a tame parrot; who say, — Let us have science by all means, but not too much of it. It is a dangerous thing; to be doled out to the world, like medicine, in small and cautious doses. You, the scientific man, will, of course, freely discover what you choose. Only don't talk too loudly about it: leave that to us. We understand the world, and are meant to guide and govern it. So discover freely, and meanwhile hand over your discoveries to us, that we may instruct and edify the populace with so much of them as we think safe, while we keep our position thereby, and in many cases make much money by your science. Do that, and we will patronize you, applaud you, ask you to our houses, and you shall be clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously with us every day. I know not whether these latter are not the worst enemies which science has. They are often such excellent, respectable, orderly, well-meaning persons. They desire so sincerely that every one should be wise, only not too wise. They are so utterly unaware of the mischief they are doing. They would recoil with horror if they were told they were so many Iscariots, betraying Truth with a kiss.

But science, as yet, has withstood both terrors and blandishments. In old times, she endured being imprisoned and slain. She came to life again. Perhaps it was the will of Him in whom all things live that she should live. Perhaps it was His spirit which gave her life.

She can endure, too, being starved. Her votaries have not as yet cared much for purple and fine linen, and sumptuous fare. There are very few among them who, joining brilliant talents to solid learning, have risen to deserved popularity, to titles and to wealth. But even their labors, it seems to me, are never rewarded in any proportion to the time and the intellect spent on them, or to the benefits which they bring to mankind; while the great majority, unpaid and unknown, toil on, and have to find in science her own reward. Better, perhaps, that it should be so. Better for science that she should be free, in holy poverty, to go where she will and say what she knows, than that she should be hired out at so much a year to say things pleasing to the many, and to those who guide the many. And so, I verily believe, the majority of scientific men think. There are those among them who have obeyed very faithfully St. Paul's precept, "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life." For they have discovered that they are engaged in a war, — a veritable war against the rulers of darkness, against ignorance and its twin-children, fear and cruelty. Of that war they see neither the end nor even the plan. But they are ready to go on; ready, with Socrates, "to follow reason whithersoever it leads"; and content, meanwhile, like good soldiers in a campaign, if they can keep tolerably in line, and use their weapons, and see a few yards ahead of them through the smoke and the woods. They will come out somewhere at last, — they know not where or when; but they will come out at last, into the daylight and the open field, and be told then, — perhaps to their own astonishment, — as many a gallant soldier has been told, that by simply walking straight on, and doing the duty which lay nearest them, they have helped to win a great battle, and slay great giants, earning the thanks of their country and of mankind.

And, meanwhile, if they get their shilling a day of fighting-pay, they are content. I had almost said, they ought to be content. For science is, I verily believe, like virtue, its own exceeding great reward. I can conceive few human states more enviable than that of the man to whom, panting in the foul laboratory, or watching for his life under the tropic forest, Isis shall for a moment lift her sacred veil, and show him, once and forever, the thing he dreamed not of, — some law, or even mere hint of a law, explaining one fact; but explaining with it a thousand more, connecting them all with each other and with the mighty whole, till order and meaning shoots through some old Chaos of scattered observations.

Is not that a joy, a prize, which wealth cannot give, nor poverty take away? What it may lead to he knows not; of what use it may become he knows not. But this he knows, that somewhere it must lead; of some use it will be. For it is a truth; and having found a truth, he has exorcised one more of the ghosts which haunt humanity. He has left one object less for man to fear; one object more for man to use. Yes, the scientific man may have this comfort, — that whatever he has done, he has done good; that he is following a mistress who has never yet conferred aught but benefits on the human race.

What physical science may do hereafter, I know not; but as yet she has done this: —

She has enormously increased the wealth of the human race; and has therefore given employment, food, existence, to millions who, without science, would either have starved or have never been born. She has shown that the dictum of the early political economists, that population has a tendency to increase faster than the means of subsistence, is no law of humanity, but merely a tendency of the barbaric and ignorant man, which can be counteracted by increasing many fold by scientific means his powers of producing food. She has taught men, during the last few years, to foresee and elude the most destructive storms: and there is no reason for doubting, and many reasons for hoping, that she will gradually teach men to elude other terrific forces of nature, too powerful, and too seemingly capricious, for them to conquer. She has discovered innumerable remedies and alleviations for pains and disease. She has thrown such light on the causes of epidemics, that we are able to say now

that the presence of cholera — and probably of all zymotic diseases — in any place is a sin and a shame, for which the owners and authorities of that place ought to be punishable by law, as destroyers of their fellow-men; while for the weak, for those who, in the barbarous and semi-barbarous state (and out of that last we are only just emerging), how much has she done — an earnest of much more which she will do? She has delivered the insane — I may say by the scientific insight of one man, more worthy of titles and pensions than nine tenths of those who earn them, — I mean the great and good Pinel — from hopeless misery and torture into comparative peace and comfort, and at least the possibility of cure. For children she has done much, or rather might do, would parents read and perpend such books as Andrew Combe's and those of other writers on physical education. We should not then see the children, even of the rich, done to death piecemeal by improper food, improper clothes, neglect of ventilation, and the commonest measures for preserving health. We should not see their intellects stunted by Procrustean attempts to teach them all the same accomplishments, to the neglect, most often, of any sound practical training of their faculties. We should not see slight indigestion, or temporary rushes of blood to the head, condemned and punished as sins and crimes against Him who took up little children in his arms and blessed them; and parents would do for themselves what a wise doctor of my acquaintance once did, when finding a little girl in disgrace and crying because she was "obstinate and would not learn her lessons," he went into the school-room, and after five minutes' examination declared that whoever made her learn lessons or punished her violently for the next month, would be simply guilty of manslaughter.

But we may have hope. When we compare education now with what it was even forty years ago, much more with the stupid brutality of the monastic system, we may hail for children, as well as for grown people, the advent of the reign of common sense.

And for woman. What might I not say on that point? But most of it would be fitly discussed only among physicians and biologists: here I will say only this: Science has exterminated, at least among civilized nations, witch-manias. Women are no longer tortured or burnt alive from man's blind fear of the unknown. If science had done no more than that, she would deserve the perpetual thanks and the perpetual trust, not only of the women whom she has preserved from agony, but the men whom she has preserved from crime.

These benefits have already accrued to civilized men, because they have lately allowed a very few of their number peaceably to imitate Mr. Darcy, and find out what nature — or rather, to speak at once reverently and accurately, He who made nature — is thinking of; and obey the "voluntatem Dei in rebus revelatam." This science has done, while yet in her infancy. What she will do in her maturity, who dare predict? At least, in the face of such facts as these, those who bid us fear, or restrain, or mutilate science, bid us commit an act of folly, as well as of ingratitude, which can only harm ourselves. For science has as yet done nothing but good. Will any one tell me what harm it has ever done? When any one will show me a single result of science, of the knowledge of and use of physical facts, which has not tended directly to the benefit of mankind, moral and spiritual, as well as physical and economic, — then I shall be tempted to believe that Solomon was wrong when he said that the one thing to be sought after on earth, more precious than all treasure, she who has length of days in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor, whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace, who is a tree of life to all who lay hold on her, and makes happy every one who retains her, is (as you will see if you will yourselves consult the passage) that very wisdom, — by which God has founded the earth; and that very understanding, — by which He has established the heavens.

A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN MEXICO.

Every one who has resided in Mexico knows the picturesque little village of San Agustin; and to most Mexicans the mere mention of this name is fraught with sad and painful recollections.

We may be asked if it is a cemetery, if it is there that the inhabitants of the fair capital have buried their friends and relations.

Yes! it is indeed a gaping sepulchre, where every year many an honest man has buried, not his body indeed, but his immortal soul; many who have gone there radiant with hope and joy, have returned pale and haggard, overcome with sleepless misery, or perhaps in a raging fever which kills.

San Agustin de las Cuevas is one of the Mexican cities that were already populous and full of life and energy when the Spaniards conquered the country.

It was called, in the language of the ancient Mexicans, "Tlalpam," (meaning "uplands,") and communicated with the capital by means of magnificent causeways, also by lakes and canals, which in those early days were navigated by canoes.

Its situation is most picturesque: through luxuriant fields of maize, wheat, and barley, a broad and level road, shaded with beautiful trees, leads from the city to the village, which reposes in sweet tranquillity on a gentle slope of the lofty mountain of Ajusco. The ancient part of the village, with its houses of sun-burnt brick, its little chapels and orchards (in disorder it is true, but covered with flowers and fruits), exists, with little change, as in the time of Cortez, while at the entrance to the place, in the plaza and principal streets, many modern country-houses have been built, with large and handsome gardens; but whether in the savage and neglected state of nature, or under careful and methodical cultivation, there is a luxuriance and leafy freshness in the vegetation, unequalled perhaps in any portion of the temperate climate in Mexico.

San Agustin is not a suburb of Mexico, like Tacubaya, nor is it a city like Jalapa, but a true country village, simple and solitary, with grass growing between the stones in the streets, which are traversed in all directions by crystal streams of water; and where on one side you find yourself in green lanes, overshadowed by apple, pear, and chestnut trees; or on the other you are soon lost among savage rocks and precipices, bearing evidence to terrible volcanic convulsions at some remote period.

The purity and freshness of the highly rarefied atmosphere (for San Agustin stands 8,000 feet above the level of the sea) render it a delicious retirement for invalids, or those who require repose; for the place is full of an intense solitude, peculiarly adapted for peace and meditation.

But once a year, on the feast of Whitsuntide, this quiet village is roused from its lonely calm, and becomes the scene of an orgy, — a fever, — a wild infatuation, which lasts for three days.

The fair of San Agustin is perhaps unique in the world. Neither the German baths, nor the French *fêtes*, nor the feasts of Andalusia, nor the English Derby-day offer a parallel to it. The Peruvians alone have something of the kind at Chorrillos, but not upon the same scale.

To give a perfect picture of this fair, we must look back a few years, for now the influx of French and English, and the gradual influence of European civilization, is beginning to be felt, and Mexican manners and customs are not what they were ten years ago, at least in the capital; a few years more will doubtless round off the corners of Mexican nationality, as the water of a small stream rubs the corners off stones.

Formerly, the approach of the Whitsuntide Fair was the most important event in the whole year for the families of Mexico and the vicinity.

Who stayed away? No one!

The women came to dance and exhibit their most gorgeous toilettes, the men came to gamble, and the working people to erect booths, stables, restaurants, tents and games of all kinds.

The government *employé* saved his earnings all the year round in a porcelain savings-bank, broke the mysterious jar on Whitsun-eve, and changed its contents into gold, with the intention of going to San Agustin to gamble, to win of course, to return, and then, — to buy furniture, a grand embroidered coat, a great broad-brimmed hat with a silver serpent (the emblem of Mexico) twisted round it, clothes for the children, and — what not?

The commercial clerk asked leave of absence and part of his salary in advance, hoping to return with his pockets full of gold, to buy that chestnut horse and embroidered saddle, a diamond ring for Juanita, and the ear-rings for his *comadre* (co-godmother, — i. e. co-sponsor for the same child, a sacred and beautiful relationship in Mexico).

As for the rich, they were at the same time plaintiff and defendant, so to speak, for they united in forming the capital of the *monte*-banks, also reserving a fund of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars to play against themselves for their individual amusement.

They secured the best houses, sent the best French and Mexican cooks, collected their friends around them, and ate and drank, gambled, danced, and made merry, for three consecutive days, forgetting business, politics, intrigues, their own existence in fact, if such a thing is possible.

O the pleasure! the mad oblivion of everything disagreeable in life, that was achieved in that little village!

O San Agustin! thou hast been the cause of grievous night-watches, tears of agony shed by innocent families, sighs, and groans, and bitter remorse, resolutions never fulfilled, and magnificent plans scattered to the winds!

If we could gather together, and see, feel, or touch the agonies, the curses, the contrasts, the bitter, diabolical pleasures of those who one moment placed their mountains of gold on thy fatal green tables, to see them disappear as by enchantment in the next, we should assuredly die from the touch of such cruel torment, as if struck by lightning from heaven!

But those times are gone, thank God! never to return; and the same magnificoes who then poured out their gold like water on the green tables, where two huge candles were burning day and night, making those dismal dens still more lugubrious, and where the mellifluous chink of gold was ever sounding, go now with perhaps three or four miserable doubloons in their pockets, lose them at the first bet, look sulky, and fold their arms, or perhaps borrow a shilling, and take the first omnibus back to the city.

"You may make a note of it" that all Mexico in those three days of Whitsuntide gambled at San Agustin.

Those who did *not* go, that is to say, ladies of very strict opinions, timorous paterfamilias, and such of the clergy as would avoid the sin of scandal, nevertheless made up their little purse, or little cow, as they facetiously called it, and sent her to market at the fair of San Agustin, in the charge of some confidential friend.

It is worthy of notice, and might make a text for a sermon on the force of custom, that the laws which prohibit gambling, the morality which reproves it, and even Mrs. Grundy herself, who would persecute a hermit in his cave, were utterly ignored and nullified during these three days of "pascua." Generals, merchants, friars, clerks, Brethren of the Holy College, barristers, doctors, boys, and old men, all, — all, no matter whether rich or poor, went in and out of the monte-banks without concealment or disguise.

The first day of the fair, all the carriages in the city, all the diligences, omnibuses, carts, horses, mules, and donkeys, are in motion by six o'clock in the morning, and even at that early hour, men, women, and children (or, as the Mexicans politely have it, "women, men, and children") may be seen, eager to secure places in the coaches, which, when filled, leave at a rapid pace, in order to return in time for another fare.

On the second day the excitement is not quite so great, as many of the most eager votaries do not return to the city until the fair is over, and also because a still greater number reserve themselves for the third and great day.

Then indeed the road to San Agustin is a perfect miracle.

Any one ignorant of its cause would suppose that a general emigration of the whole city was on foot.

Let us also go to San Agustin; for if we remain in the capital, we shall die of *ennui*. Not a soul to be seen, not even the old blind beggar-man who, on every other day in the year, haunts the door of the Hotel Iturbide, droning out his, "Pity the poor blind"; not our friend, the drunken old paralytic woman who drags herself, seated on a bit of hide, along the streets by her hands and heels, shouting for "socorro" (alms) at the pitch of her loud and unmusical voice.

They, too, have gone to San Agustin, and the feeling of being the "last man" becomes insupportable.

To San Agustin then!

On arrival the first operation is breakfast, and a very pleasant operation it is, for the clear "upland" air creates an appetite, and there is the breakfast waiting us.

Let us eat it, ay, and pay for it. It is good, but costly, very costly!

After breakfast let us go to the *montes*, the principal attraction, the *spécialité* of the feast. We enter a spacious lofty room, which may have been the reception-room of some viceroy of other times; a room lighted up by five or six windows, looking on

to a pleasant garden, in which dilapidated fountains still play, and where figs and other luscious fruits may be had for the trouble of plucking.

The room is crowded with people.

In the centre is a long table, covered with dark green cloth, on which certain divisions are symmetrically traced out with yellow tape.

On the right are placed a thousand golden doubloons, neatly piled in tens; on the left another thousand, and in the centre a little mountain of smaller golden coins. At each end of the table stand two enormous candles of beeswax, which burn day and night, although their red flame is scarcely distinguishable in the midday sun.

Closely surrounding this table, a vast concourse of people is congregated, their eyes intently fixed on the gold and on the cards.

If we speak to them, they do not answer; if a friend enters, they know him not; if there is a disturbance in the street, they never hear it; if it rains the immemorial "cats and dogs," they remain in total ignorance.

It is not a Morgue, it is not the Inquisition, nor the Council of Ten; but there is a something in the very atmosphere of a gambling-house inexpressibly oppressive and appalling.

Before proceeding further, let us explain the game of "Monte," by which so many hearts are broken.

The dealer holds in his hand a pack of cards face downwards. From the top he draws two, placing them on his right and left, — king and ace, perhaps. The players select their card, and place their money by its side. When all the bets are made, the dealer turns the pack face upwards, and carefully draws off card by card until another king or another ace appears. If it is a king, he takes in all the money bet on the ace in an incredibly short space of time, and then leisurely pays those who bet on the king the amount of cash they had on the table.

There are rules connected with this game which secure a *certainty* in favor of the dealer, but it is unnecessary to enter into these details; we merely wish to describe Whitsuntide in Mexico.

Let us mark the proceedings.

It is a moment of solemnity! The dealer, with a dexterity and coolness worthy of a better cause, shuffles the little book of fortune in an almost imperceptible manner, and throws the first two cards on the table. There is a general movement. The gamblers have their favorite cards, their superstitious sayings, and even verses.

The turned-up cards are an ace and a knave.

The knave is the popular card in Mexican superstition. Every one places his money on the knave.

Among others, a young man whom we have been watching, and who has been constantly losing. He has been playing the *certain* game, as he calls it, of double or quits; he *can't* always lose.

This time his bet is 800 golden ounces on the knave.

The fortune of a small family!

There is scarcely anything bet on the ace, but the favorite is well backed.

Everything is ready! the dealer turns the cards, and prepares to draw them off.

The silence is intense; you might hear the flap of a fly's wing, or the beating of your neighbor's heart. Every card that is drawn off is a hope revived or a fear dispelled, and brings us nearer to the end of this anxiety, which is becoming unendurable. The dealer alone is perfectly cool, and has no further interest in the affair than his day's salary (about eight pounds), and appears to take a pleasure in prolonging the suspense; he draws off the cards half an inch, then stops, showing the top of the king's crown, or the knave's hat, — who can tell which?

Slowly he passes on, — it was the king, not the knave.

At last the suspense is ended, and the ace is the winning card.

The silence is broken! The dealer rakes in the treasures whose ownership was uncertain the moment before.

Do we see anything indecorous when the result is known? No; we cannot but admire the gentlemanly delicacy which is observed on these occasions. There is no cursing or swearing, or unseemly conduct,

The victims suffer in silence, or with an outward cheerfulness extremely touching.

Is this inherited from the dignity of the old Spaniard, or from the impassibility of the Indian?

On some occasions there have been as many as fifteen or twenty monte-tables, with a capital of fifty thousand or sixty thousand dollars each, so that it is not difficult to believe that, taking into account montes, hotels, restaurants, cock-fights, balls, dresses, and all the different expenditures consequent on these amusements, there may have circulated, as has been stated, a million of dollars in the three days' feast of Whitsuntide in Mexico.

CLERICAL *ANA*.

It has been maliciously observed, by those who deny to the Scotch much sense of humor, that their funny stories are invariably about a laird and a minister; and that, in particular, without the ministers, there would be no fun to be found in all North Britain. Upon the other hand, it might be retorted that the clergy of England do not contribute their fair quota to the general stock of amusement in that country. I am an English parson myself, but must needs confess that this is the case, nor do I see any excuse for it. There are many humorous incidents in the experiences of all of us, which, without the least irreverence to our sacred functions, might be communicated to the world to great advantage, since it would swell the store of innocent mirth; but we have no Dean Ramsay in the South to collect clerical *ana*.

Once a year, it has been my custom to visit the north, as the guest of a reverend brother, who has an Episcopal church in a certain Scotch city, and I always leave him laden with laughable anecdotes of the Cloth. They may not be new; but they are new to *me*, and have never, I believe, appeared in print; so I subjoin one or two of them.

My friend, who is on the best of terms with the Presbyterian clergy, happened, when conversing with one of them concerning his spiritual experience among his flock, to inquire whether he did not find certain proceedings somewhat embarrassing. "Now, with us Episcopal ministers," said he, "it is not usual to ask individuals to join in prayer with us, unless upon particular occasions of sickness or distress; whereas with *you*, I understand it is customary to do so at all times and seasons. Is not the introduction of this matter sometimes a little awkward?"

The Presbyterian, a most excellent and pious man, protested that he did not experience any such feeling; "but," added he, "I confess that when I first entered the ministry, a little unpleasantness did arise from the custom of which you speak.

Finding myself alone with a member of my congregation — an honest but rather subservient tradesman in a small way of business — I seized the opportunity of improvement, and asked him to unite with me for a few minutes in devotional exercise."

"'Certainly, sir,' returned he: '*if it's the smallest gratification to you.*' Which was, I confess, exceedingly embarrassing."

Again, in a certain district in the far north, where the elders ruled the church, and the clergy played second-fiddle, there was an able young minister who determined, if possible, to throw off the yoke and declare his independence. Accordingly, in full conclave of his foes, he gave them to understand that their government had not been productive of good effect, and proposed that another sort of authority should be substituted; and this he did with such vigor and eloquence that he had almost carried his point, if not persuaded his audience. But after a short pause, there arose a mighty elder with twinkling eyes, and thus delivered himself: "I am afraid, my friends, that I must say of the speech we have just heard, that there 's a good deal of the *young* man in it, and a good deal of the *old* man; but varra varra little of the *new* man."

It was one of these same elders, I think, at whose expense, upon the other hand, the following story was told. Some young gentleman from his part of the country had emigrated to the city I have in my mind, and was practising therein as an advocate. After some time, one of his old friends, once in spiritual authority over him, visited the same place, and expressed his opinion that the lad would "get on," for that his character was a peculiarly moral one.

"I am not quite so sure of that, I am sorry to say," returned my friend, who had good grounds for a contrary opinion.

"Ah!" interrupted the other, with the greatest *sangfroid*, "I dinna mean drinkin' and fleertin', but gamblin' and sic things as you lose money by."

Scores and scores of stories such as these have I heard in Scotland, in all of which the minister is more or less directly concerned; but in England we parsons are not so communicative, albeit we see of course as much of human nature, which has always its humorous facets. I propose, therefore, to remedy this defect to at least some trifling extent, by recording my own limited experiences as curate and vicar.

The first great astonishment that I received after entering upon the duties of my profession, was when baptizing a male infant.

"Name this child."

"Nero," replied one of the godfathers, with the greatest gravity.

"My good man," said I, "I do not know whether I am justified in positively refusing to christen your infant by such a name, but I adjure you to pause before you give it him. Nero was a vile and cruel tyrant, and persecuted Christian folk."

"I don't know about that, sir," replied the father of the child, scratching his head; "but I should like him to have a Bible name."

"But the name of Nero does not occur in the Bible."

"O yes, it do, sir"; and with that he produced a copy of the sacred volume which had been presented to him by my own wife; and certainly the word "Nero" was to be found there, though printed in the margin and in diamond type.

This fondness for conferring Bible names upon their children without any reference to the principles or conduct of those who originally bore them, is very general among the agricultural poor. I had once to baptize a child by the title of Sadoc, which I confess staggered me not a little.

"Are you sure you don't mean Zadok?" inquired I.

"No, sir, Sadoc. It 's a Bible name, ain't it, sir?"

"But why Sadoc?" asked I, not liking to commit myself by saying it was not to be found in Holy Writ, although I confess I could not call it to mind.

"Well, sir, it 's not that I admire his carakter; but he was the father of Achim, you see; so I should like my child to be named Sadoc."

Which was accordingly done.

I have only heard one christening story to beat the above. The rector of a parish bordering upon my own was once requested to baptize a *male* infant by the name of Vanus.

"Venus!" cried he to the godfather very sharply, for he is of a choleric temper, although as kind a soul as breathes, — "stuff and nonsense! In the first place, Venus is not a man's name at all, but a woman's; and, secondly, it was the name of an infamously bad woman. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to wish that any Christian child should be so named."

"Grandfeyther was christened Vanus," returned the sponsor doggedly.

"Your grandfather was christened Venus, sir! Impossible! Is he alive? Where is he?"

At these words, an exceedingly ancient person, looking as little like Venus as can possibly be imagined, tottered slowly forth from the congregation, for the christening was taking place during the afternoon service.

"Is your name Venus?" inquired the clergyman.

"Well, yes, sir; they always calls me Vanus."

"And do you mean to say that you were christened by that name?"

"Yes, sir: at least I believe they write it out *Silvanus*, but they always *called* me Vanus."

It is very troublesome to a young curate, particularly if unaccustomed to the particular dialect of his parish, to catch the exact name which the sponsor wishes to be conferred; and this difficulty is increased when the word happens to begin with a vowel. A young girl once came to my house to have her name entered in the list of the students for confirmation.

"Very well, my good girl; what is your Christian name?" and I waited, pen in hand, to set it down.

"Anner, sir."

"Is it Anna or Hannah?" said I.

"Anner, sir."

"Please to spell it. I want to know whether there is an H in it."

"Yes, sir: H, HA, HEN, HEN, HA, H."

There were six.

I have heard it said that one must be an editor of a newspaper in order to appreciate to its full extent the dulness of mankind; but there are surely depths of ignorance far beyond those which are exhibited by persons, however ill-informed, who have a desire to rush into print, — an ambition which itself betokens some scintillation of intelligence. I think we clergy meet with more stupid folks than than even editors do. It has amused me more than once to see some high-flying young curate, who has just taken orders, brought face to face, for the first time, with the material with which he has to deal.

I hope I have not lived in my present vicarage for more than a quarter of a century altogether in

vain; but when my High Church brethren come to see me, and complain about the absence of wax-candles in my church, or the want of a gold fringe to the reading cushion, I am tempted to tell them what was the state of things *I* found here upon my first arrival. The record may seem to some almost as strange as Lord Macaulay's account of the clergy in Queen Anne's reign; but it is quite true, and such things were common enough in other parishes about me at that time,

As I entered the village for the first time, I met the parish clerk driving over to a neighboring race-course with the communion cloth over his gig-seat, in order to give that vehicle a holiday appearance; nor was he the least conscious of having committed an irreverent act.

On the first occasion of my interring a parishioner, the sexton had made a mistake in the dimensions of the grave, and during the service in church, this same clerk coolly came with a piece of tape and measured the coffin, exclaiming to me, by way of apology for the interruption, "I want to see how long er be." He came again a few minutes afterwards, and repeated this operation, nodding even more familiarly than before: "I want to see how broad er be," said he. But even these most unseasonable interruptions were in vain, for when the body was carried into the churchyard the grave was still too small for its reception. I of course waited for the arrangements to be completed, and endeavored to look as unconscious as I could while the clerk confidentially exhorted me in a broad whisper to "Go on wi' it, bless yer. Why can't ye let us have er when you ha' done wi' er."

I dare say it will surprise some folk to learn that this man is parish clerk still, although, it is true, with greatly improved manners; and I wish one half of the folk in my parish were as honest and kind-hearted as he, or as zealous in securing to the Church her proper dues. There is a certain cobbler in the village who, although a worthy fellow, entertains unorthodox opinions, and with whom the clerk is therefore always at variance: and the latter gives me this curious account of his failing to obtain from the son of Crispin our Easter dues.

"I am come for your Easter offering, Mr. Last," observed the ecclesiastical official, looking over the half-door behind which the little cobbler sits cross-legged at his work.

"And what *is* an Easter offering, and why should I give it?" inquired the sceptic.

"Well, never you mind about that; only give it, that 's all."

"Won't you step in and take a bit of bacon with me, Mr. Clerk, for I am just a-going to have my dinner?"

"No, thank yer: I want your Easter offering."

"Well, then, take a drap o' summut warm; I've got some ale yonder upon the hob."

The clerk could not help looking wishful, but he replied stoutly, as before, that he only wanted the Easter offering.

"At least you will take a pipe," insisted the cobbler: "here is tobacco and the box of lucifers."

The clerk resolutely shook his head.

"Very well," observed the cobbler with a chuckle, "I've tried ye with a meat-offering, with a drink-offering, and with a *burnt*-offering, and now you will have no other sort of offering from me, I promise ye." And he kept his word.

The most singular reply, however, I ever listened to, was made to me last summer, upon the occasion of our school-feast, by a carter-boy of about fourteen. Everybody had exhibited a tolerable appetite, but this boy had eaten to repletion, so that when I saw him suddenly turn very pale, and attempt to rise from the table, I began to fear that he had made himself ill.

"What 's the matter, my good boy?" inquired I, while a sympathizing throng of philanthropic ladies, who had been acting as waiters upon the company, gathered around the sufferer. "Do you feel unwell?"

"My stomach aches, sir," replied the boy with great distinctness.

"Dear me," said I (almost suffocated with my endeavors to repress laughter); "don't you think you had better go home?"

"No, no, sir," replied the lad with determination. "It will ache a precious sight more *afore I ha' done wi' him.*"

And I am bound to say that he did not submit to the threatened dictation, but devoured two slices of cold pudding in addition to his previous supplies, as well as an enormous hunch of bread and cheese.

A LETTER TO JOSEPH ON HIS RECENT ANNIHILATION.

THERE was no occasion, my dear Joseph, for you to have forwarded me that number of *The Tickler* newspaper, containing that spirited notice of your last book. As your intimate friend, I had read every line of the attack upon you within ten minutes after the porter had sent it into the morning-room at the Club, and with many a deprecatory hum and ha had sniggered over the clever manner in which the literary drummer had laid on the cat. Even if I had not seen it at the Club, even if I had not had my attention called to it by many of our common friends, it was impossible that I should miss it, as according to the usual practice in such cases, wherever there is anything flagrant about myself or my friends, I found a copy of the paper addressed to me, and sent by post to my residence, with, in order that there may be no mistake about it, the portion which I am particularly desired to read, margin-scored with a red-chalk pencil. You see it would be a great pity that the talent of the honest fellow who wrote the article should be unappreciated, and as all his hard-hitting, though on the boy-and-frog principle, death to you, would scarcely be amusing or interesting to everybody else, it is above all things necessary that he should have some reward for his labor in addition to his very mild *honorarium;* and hence he forwards, or causes to be forwarded to you, a copy of his castigatory notice, and gives an additional piquancy to his nightly grog by a mental picture of your writhings and anguish. But having lived in the world some years longer than you, and having had my share of this kind of thing, I write for the purpose of pointing out to you that, even under this terrible onslaught, Life has yet a spot or two sufficiently green to recompense you for the trouble of living, and to prevent you considering yourself "wholly annihilated." The very time of year is favorable, it is the season of whitebait and *soucheé*, of Greenwich and Richmond dinners, of long drives in easy-swinging barouches, or on dashing drags, with charming women, through the scent-laden air, of luxurious lollings on river-banks, or happy idleness on the sea-beach. Under such circumstances, life is enjoyable, if you have re-

cently read in a penny, twopenny, or even a sixpenny periodical, that you have neither talent, tact, nor taste, and that though you might possibly make a livelihood at cleaning boots, it is quite clear you never can succeed in writing books.

And, to arrive at this feeling, you must, in the first place, understand that there *are* people in the world who have not read the article in your dispraise, or who, having read it, have not bestowed a second thought on it, or on you, whose name they had never previously heard. I can perfectly appreciate your great difficulty in comprehending this, recollecting, as I do, the increase in your stature, and the amount of additional roll in your swagger, about three years ago, when you were firmly persuaded that passers-by in the street were pointing you out to each other as the author of "A Week in Paris," that charming paper in the *Mastodon*, — your first literary effusion, I believe? But still, depend upon it, it is the fact. I read it, as I have said, and so did Glubber, and Hartbyrne, and Byles, and many other gentlemen employed in journalism, who, because you are in the habit of consorting with them, you think "the world." But, believe me, there are scores of houses at which you, a well-whiskered and well-mannered young man, with powers of dancing equal to, and powers of conversation above the average, where you fill up awful pauses in consequence of retarded *entrées* with your pleasant anecdotes of the aristocracy (of whom, by the way, I have observed you of late getting too fond), where you dance with young ladies who were not quite so young as they were, and where you leave your cards with commendable assiduity; there are scores of such houses, I say, where they scarcely know that you "write for the papers," as they call it; and there are many of them where such a character would be anything but a recommendation. One of the most common mistakes made by young men who enter upon the literary career is, that all appertaining to it and its professors is interesting to the world at large; they imagine that there is as much intriguing for a glimpse of the Laureate's proof-sheets as for the possession of a card for a court-ball, — that the title of Mr. Dickens's new novel is as eagerly sought after as a reliable tip for the Derby, — that to be a sound philosopher or a brilliant writer is as great as being a bold speculator or a successful jockey. With a ridiculous vanity, they compare small things with great; and I am afraid you, my dear Joseph, are not free from this suspicion. You will find, during your journey through life, that there are actually people who are more interested in the war-news from the Continent than in the ultimate fate of Armadillo the Avenger, and who, while *au courant* with the mysteries of the stock-market, are content to remain in ignorance as to who is the real London correspondent of the *Epping Sausage*. Nay, more, should you, by some singular mischance, find yourself in an outer ring of barbarism, find yourself in society where you are unknown, you must console yourself by remembering — what perhaps you may have heard before — that the name of the author of "Vanity Fair" was entirely unknown to a great Oxford don, and that, on mentioning himself as the writer of his immortal work, he was asked if it were not "something in the style of Bunyan."

You may, I think, find another source of consolation in the fact that the criticism, however strongly worded, however pungently put, is but the opinion of one man, and he, in all probability, a man whose spoken *dictum*, if it were traced home to him, would not cause you an emotion. Criticism in England is, for the most part, anonymous, and its sole power for good or harm is due to the position held by the organ in which it appears. The lash which is applied in the name of the Minerva is wielded, probably, by some genial gentleman who, himself having courted the muses, and having failed in inducing the assembled Nine, or any one of them, to descend to his top-story, has "taken it out" of his more successful brethren, and earns an honest weekly wage as "a slasher." It is not very difficult to be smart, and in smartness lies the real salt of modern criticism. Shooting from behind the shield of your organ, you can be deliciously spiteful against the object of your attack; if he be utterly unknown, you have grand opportunities of lamenting that so great a genius had not appeared sooner to illuminate the literary horizon; if he have previously published a work or two, you can look him up in "Men of the Time," — comment upon his age, — be facetious about the place of his birth, — quote Henry Taylor to the effect that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men," and in either case you can make great fun out of any misprints which a not too careful revision of the proof-sheets has allowed to remain. If you have paid attention to these things, — you have not, my dear Joseph, I know; you have been, like most young men, too much absorbed in yourself to care for what may have happened to others; but if you had, you would have noticed a great change in certain organs of criticism of late days. It used to be the fashion a few years ago to revile what was called "the silver-fork school," — the anonymous young gentlemen of ten years since, who, having failed as writers, were good enough to direct our tastes, were always vaunting the glories of the tap-room and the "sanded floor," — were enthusiastic on the subject of the "tumbler," — were grimly furious with writers who went the length of parting their hair, and spoke with undisguised contempt of the weak-minded dolts who objected to dirty hands. Now-a-days we have changed all that; rumors of reviews written by members of the peerage are rife; sarcastic sneers or chastened pity at the ignorance of the "inner life" of Belgravia exhibited by novelists pervade our critical journals; and those who were erst the raggedest robins of Bohemia interlard their writings with the names of wines which they have copied from the tavern-*carte*, and don a costume which, save from the badness of its boots, might enable them to pass as members of decent society.

You tell me though, and justly, that no matter who the critic may be, — be he Bohemian or Belgravian, wise or foolish, judicial or biased, — it is not by him, but by the organ in which his criticism appears, that the public is led; you add, with less truth, — indeed in a most preposterous manner, — that an adverse review in the *Saturday Sling* or the *Piccadilly Journal* is enough to "crush a man forever." Believe me, my dear Joseph, you are wrong. I have known men who have been jumped upon (metaphorically, of course) by the heaviest weights employed on both those admirable periodicals, and who are yet alive, and manage to eat, drink, go into capital society, ay, and receive large prices from the publishers and great admiration from the public, notwithstanding! To be thwacked by the dirty bludgeon of Buster, to have your eyeballs pinched and your hair pulled by Slink, who is the essence of mild spite, and always reminds one of a captious curate, these are unpleasant things,

but they are not mortal! The world does not know Buster or Slink, but believes in the periodicals in which their attacks appear, you say! Granted, but even the greatest literary periodicals are not infallible: sometimes the judgment which they pronounce is not indorsed by even the educational portion of the public, and occasionally they have been forced to eat their own words, or rather to ignore their own previously expressed opinions, and to chant in an exactly opposite key.

I happen to have at hand some back-volumes of that charming periodical the "Quarterly Review," which, as Mr. Gladstone recently expressed it, is the "food which is served up for the intellectual appetites of the highest classes," and, looking through them recently, I have been very much charmed, not merely with their genial appreciation of youthful talent, and the truly humorous and pleasant style in which they are written, but with the noticeable foresight displayed in them, and the predictions which future experience has ratified.

In volume forty-nine, now, for instance, there is a review of some poems by a wretched scribbler called Alfred Tennyson, who has never since been heard of and whose writings receive the contempt they deserve. The critic opens with an apology for having overlooked Mr. Tennyson's first volume, and goes on to say, "but we gladly seize the opportunity of repairing an unintentional neglect, and of introducing to the examination of our more sequestered readers a new prodigy of genius, another and a brighter star of that galaxy or *milky way* of poetry of which the lamented Keats was the harbinger." Of course this is what Mr. Artemus Ward calls "sarkazzum," as the reviewer takes care to let you know, lest you should make any mistake about it, by his use of italics: and the next sentence is in a similar strain.

"Warned by our former mishap, wise by experience, and improved, as we hope, in taste, we have to offer Mr. Tennyson our tribute of unmingled approbation, and it is very agreeable to us, as well as to our readers: but our present task will be merely the selection, for their delight, of a few specimens of Mr. Tennyson's singular genius, and venturing to point out, now and then, the peculiar brilliancy of some of the gems that irradiate his poetical crown." Shortly afterwards I find a quotation and the comment on it, the latter again brimming over with Artemus Ward's peculiar attribute. Here they are: —

> "— Doth forward flee,
> By town and tower, and hill and cape and isle,
> And in the middle of the green *silk* sea,
> Keeps his blue waters fresh for many a mile."

"A noble wish beautifully expressed, that he may not be confounded with the deluge of ordinary poets, but amidst the discolored and briny ocean still preserve his own fresh tints and sweet savor. He may be at ease on this point: he never can be mistaken for any one else. We have but too late become acquainted with him, but we assure ourselves that if a thousand anonymous specimens were presented to us we should unerringly distinguish him by the total absence of any particle of *salt*!"

What a funny dog it is! Yet oh! a little hard on poor Mr. Tennyson, isn't he? I have only space for one more extract, again quotation and comment.

> "Sweet as the noise in parched plains,
> Of bubbling wells that fret the stones, 11
> (*If any sense in me remains!*)
> Thy words will be — thy cheerful tones,
> As welcome to my crumbling bones."

"*If any sense in me remains!* This doubt is inconsistent with the opening stanza of the piece, and, in fact, too modest: we take upon ourselves to assure Mr. Tennyson that, even after he shall be dead and buried, as much *sense* will still remain as he has now the good fortune to possess."

You will perceive, my dear Joseph, that true, discriminating, and gentlemanly as that criticism was, Mr. Tennyson has had the good fortune to survive it.

My next selection shall be from volume fifty-nine, published in the year 1837, where, in a review of the first seventeen numbers of the "Pickwick Papers" I find the following prophetic passage: —

"Having made up our minds as to the origin of Mr. Dickens's popularity, it remains to add a word or two as to its durability, of which many warm admirers are already beginning to doubt, not, it must be owned, without reason: for the last three or four numbers are certainly much inferior to the former ones, *and indications are not wanting that the peculiar vein of humor which has hitherto yielded such attractive metal is worn out.* This, indeed, from its very nature, must have been anticipated by any clear-sighted and calculating observer from the first."

O delightful, "clear-sighted, and calculating observer!" O genial prophet, O kindly encourager of rising talent, how wise were thy words! Since then the "particular vein of humor" which, nearly thirty years ago, you generously pronounced to be "worked out," has yielded Dotheboys Hall, the Squeerses, the Crummleses, the Mantalinis, Mrs. Nickleby; the Dodger, Fagin, Bumble; Quilp, Dick Swiveller, Collin, and Short, Sampson Brass, Mr. Chuckster, and the Marchioness; Sim Tappertit, Mr. Chester, Dennis the hangman, Miggs, Mrs. Varden, and Grip the Raven; Pecksniff, Mark Tapley, Mrs. Todgers, Bailey junior, all the American characters, and Mrs. Gamp; Captain Cuttle, Toots, Bunsby, Major Bagstock, the Native, Cousin Feenix, and Mrs. Skewton; Micawber, Traddles, Peggotty, and Barkis; the young man of the name of Guppy, Miss Flite, Boythorn, and Skimpole; Joe Gargery, Pumblechook, Jaggers, all the characters in the Christmas books, all the personages met by the Uncommercial Traveller! For nine-and-twenty years since that criticism was written, has the "worked-out author" gone on producing characters which are household words in English literature and English social life! After this specimen of criticism and its result, I think, my dear Joseph, you will own that you need not feel crushed, even by the tremendous onslaught of the *Tickler*.

While I am on this subject, I cannot refrain from giving a specimen of the Quarterly Reviewer's prophetic accuracy on a social matter. In a notice of Mr. Rowland Hill's pamphlet on his proposed plan of post-office reform, he says, "Whatever may be thought of the abstract advantages of a general penny postage, Mr. Hill's specific plan has broken down on almost every point, both as to the facts on which it professes to stand, and on the results which it promises."

And a little further on the writer is not content with showing up the undoubted commercial failure of this preposterous scheme of p[illegible]y postage, but he shows us the harrowing effects on morality should it be introduced.

"After all, no one [illegible] the low postage will gradually incr[illegible] of general corro-

spondence, and nowhere, we believe, so much as in letters of friendship amongst the middle and lower classes, — a great advantage, a great increase to individual happiness, and in some cases perhaps a preservative from evil by maintaining the family tie; but even this advantage will not be unmixed. *Will clerks write only to their fathers, or girls to their mothers? Will not letters of romance or love, intrigue or mischief, increase in at least equal proportion?* Does any natural mind doubt that there will be on this point of the question a balance of good and evil? And even admitting what it would be hard to prove, that there should be a preponderance of good, can it be shown that the preponderance shall be so great as to compensate the other, as we think, inevitable disadvantages?"

Having quoted this wretched twaddle merely for the purpose of showing you what rubbish was shot into the great Tory organ in what were supposed to be its palmy days, I return to my muttons, — to you, my dear Joseph, and to the sensitive young gentlemen of your class, and beseech you to bear up under what you imagine to be a great misfortune, but what is really none at all. You thought your publisher an unfeeling brute, when, with a great chuckle of delight, he told you that the *Tickler's* review was very likely to call attention to and cause a certain demand for your book. But was not that thoroughly natural in him? The critic had not made any unpleasant remarks about the publisher, who looks upon the whole thing as an essentially commercial transaction, and has no more thought for you in the matter than has the cheesemonger for the dairyman whence he obtains his wares. That the article supplied should be salable is all that is required of the salesmen in both cases. And above all things, I implore you lay aside all ridiculous ideas of revenge, and threats of "unearthing the scoundrel who," &c. If you succeeded in "unearthing" the writer of the notice in the *Tickler*, you would probably find that he was an intimate friend — which would be very unpleasant — or some one whom you had never heard of, or who had never heard of you, until he had your book sent him, — perhaps a deaf clergyman down in Cumberland, and by no means Buster or Slink, or any of the known slashers whom you have credited with the attack.

In Mr. Sala's excellent story, "Colonel Quagg's Conversion," we are told of the wretched religionists who are thrashed by the mighty blacksmith, that "some take it fightin', some take it lyin' down, like lambs." In all cases of hostile criticism, *which is anonymous*, I advise the recipient to take the punishment "like a lamb, lyin' down." He does not know his assailant, he is like one who fighteth the air, he does not know his enemy's weak points, while every writhe and jump which he may give shows that the writer's arrow has gone home, and delights the cynical archer safely ensconced behind the tower. In the case of a criticism being acknowledged by the name of its writer being attached to it, I am rather disposed to advise the adoption of the other course, and "take it fightin'," that is, if you are likely to make any fight of it, and this brings me to another portion of my subject.

Until very recently, English criticism was entirely anonymous, indeed, it is only within the last fourteen months that the "Fortnightly Review" was started, with the avowed object of having all the opinions therein promulgated ratified by the names of the authors. This design has been so thoroughly carried out, that through four and twenty numbers we have had the most self-sufficient, bumptious, and arrogant opinions on all sorts of subjects, forced upon us by gentlemen of whose existence we were hitherto ignorant, and whose names conveyed to us no sort of idea whatsoever. Dr. Livingstone we knew, but who was "Cooley," that he should undertake to point out "Dr. Livingstone's Errors"? Walker Wilkins asks us, "Were the Ancient Britons savages?" and "Buffum" describes his adventures in the Mont Cenis Tunnel. Surely the anonymous system and the editorial "we" were much preferable to any ratification by gentlemen with such unknown and such singular names. Of course this remark does not apply to the editor, Mr. George Henry Lewes. Everybody has heard of him. He has seen everything, and done everything. He is —

> "A man so various, that he seems to be,
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome;"

although perhaps not "in the course of one revolving moon," yet certainly in the course of his life, he has been "chemist, statesman, fiddler ('s critic), and," — well, I don't know, but I think, if I remember rightly, that in his character of "Vivian," contributor to the *Leader* newspaper, he very much resembles the last character mentioned by the poet. One of the best German scholars of the day, an excellent biographer, and an erudite natural philosopher, deeply versed in anatomy and physiology, he has even condescended to translate very badly one very good and one very bad French play (the first, *The Game of Speculation*, the second, *The Chain of Events*, which Jerrold called *The door-chain, to keep people out of the house*), and now, in the periodical under his guidance, he criticises all sorts of subjects with very delicious freedom.

Now I suppose that it will be allowed that praise or blame are most valued when pronounced by acknowledged masters of the subject on which they were uttered. For instance, if Mr. Dickens were to praise my description of middle-class society, if the writer calling itself George Eliot were to blame my sketch of midland county rustic society, or if Mr. Anthony Trollope were to point out blunders in my description of clerical society, I, remembering "David Copperfield," "Adam Bede," and "Barchester Towers," should accept and acquiesce in their dicta. Similarly, when Mr. Lewes, author of the excellent "Life of Goethe," reviews my biography, I bow to his rebuke; when Mr. Lewes, author of the "History of Philosophy," of "Seaside Studies," &c., reviews my philosophical treatise, I purr under his praise, but when Mr. Lewes, author of "Ranthorpe" and of "Rose, Blanche, and Violet," reviews my novel, I cry "question," and ask what the devil does he do in that galley! Of novelists Mr. Lewes is certainly not the rose, though he may perhaps be said to have *vecû près d'elle*. And it is with the view of proving to you, my dear Joseph, that you must not feel yourself "utterly crushed," even when smartly handled in a review signed by a well-known man, that I have read a recent notice by Mr. Lewes of a recent novel, and have hunted up from the "all these at fourpence" box at a book-stall a copy of Mr. Lewes's novel of "Ranthorpe," and purpose offering upon both the following remarks: —

Says Mr. Lewes of the novel under his notice (written by a man whom we will call Mr. Blank), "In judging of a novel, all depends on the point of view. If our standard be high we shall judge Mr. Blank severely. If our standard be that of the library, we shall judge him favorably." Agreed, as

[illegible] of view," and if our standard be high, we shall [illegible] Mr. Lewes severely. If our standard be that of the library, we cannot judge him at all: for "Ranthorpe" was a dead flat failure in its day, and is utterly forgotten in ours.

One of Mr. Lewes's first complaints is against the "slang" which is to be found in Mr. Blank's book, but which I contend, is only to be found put into the mouths of convivial young artists, with whom such [illegible] is [illegible]. But how does Mr. Lewes render the conversation of some medical students in "Ranthorpe"?

"Hallo, Harry, is that you? Well, how are you, old [illegible]?"

"How are you, Oliver? What have you been doing with yourself for the last century?"

"[illegible] up."

"[illegible] of course. I was at the masquerade last night,—[illegible] drunk!" This Harry uttered with the [illegible] which young men often assume when speaking of their vices; and Percy looked up [illegible] but soon continued his search, though [illegible] hearing their conversation.

"[illegible] are you going to the Cider Cellars to-night?"

"Don't know. Short of tin. Spent a couple of sovereigns last night."

Says Mr. Lewes, in his review:—

"We are perpetually having the details of ordinary life thrust upon our notice (and even these details are sometimes preposterously erroneous), [illegible] of reality, in conception [illegible] approaches the fantastic."

[illegible] Now, let us see how [illegible] real is the author of "Ranthorpe" in his conversation between a nineteenth century girl and her lover:

"I must [illegible]," he said, "although I [illegible] it. In London there is no success without [illegible]. Everything is got by interest. [illegible] must be [illegible]."

"[illegible]," said she.

"No, [illegible] in England, elsewhere [illegible] England [illegible] attention [illegible] [illegible] struggling and starving [illegible] and [illegible] seems to have no need of the [illegible] the world [illegible]."

"[illegible] are you not already known? Your poems have been wonderfully successful, and your [illegible] sought by those [illegible] will [illegible]."

"[illegible]," he said [illegible]. "Yes,—yes, [illegible] we know that."

"[illegible]"

"[illegible] dreams [illegible] [illegible] great [illegible] and [illegible] better [illegible] with the [illegible] that [illegible]."

Wonderfully close, is it not? Quite a photograph of society! All that about the "soldiers and the generals," and the "swart shadow of Respectability;" we have all of us said that sort of thing, and heard it said in drawing-rooms, a thousand times!

Says Mr. Lewes: "For example, Mr. Blank undertakes to paint artist life in London, and the life of gentlemen and ladies. I don't pretend to any knowledge of London Bohemia" (O bashful Vivian Lewes! there are files of the leader yet in the British Museum, remember, and old copies in the trunk shops!) "but no one can lay down the book, and imagine he has been shown a glimpse of actual life." Of course not. For that glimpse you must go to "Ranthorpe," and here you get it:—

"By the pencil Isola lived: by the pencil she contrived to satisfy her wants. Small indeed must those wants have been to be supplied from such a source; but she was as prudent as she was diligent, and seldom knew the sharp pangs of hunger, except when she purchased them by a weakness for—art.

"She was a true artist, however humble her talent of execution: she had the genuine feeling and overmastering enthusiasm which only artists know. Whenever she had succeeded in executing a painting of more than ordinary beauty—whenever she had thrown more of her own feelings than usual into any work—she could not prevail upon herself to part with it: and although the need for the money she might receive for it was often very great, yet she could not let prudence overcome her enthusiasm, she could not consent to sell her poetry, to part with her creations as merchandise, so she kept it, and lived upon a crust till another was finished."

Mr. Lewes is far more natural than Mr. Blank. Mr. Blank's artists could not sell their pictures. Mr. Lewes's would not—even when they were starving! This is "fantastic realism" with a vengeance! As to the portraiture of the "lives of ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Lewes is of course infinitely Mr. Blank's superior. A man who makes a young lady in a [illegible] longer [illegible] and afterwards [illegible] is she not [illegible] accurately reproduces the conversation of the highest society.

[illegible] You are not "utterly [illegible]." You are not [illegible]! If you [illegible] your work [illegible] are honest, in[illegible] doing your best according [illegible] appreciated by [illegible] and [illegible] "annihilated" [illegible] who are always [illegible] at the [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] many months [illegible] from [illegible] every [illegible] Ancona. [illegible] Ancona [illegible] Trajan's [illegible] of an[illegible] are quite [illegible] was indeed [illegible] makes one almost

ill, even now, to think of the dirt, and the beggars, and the smells, and the cheating we encountered there.

To avoid spending the night in Ancona, we lost no time in hiring a carriage for Loretto, the first stage on our journey towards Rome. We were charged enormously for it, but it broke down before we were fairly out of the town, and an hour or two was wasted in patching up the broken springs. Whenever we came to a hill (and the road for the first day was almost nothing but hills) our postilions set up a shout, — the first time to our considerable alarm. The shout, however, meant no harm, but was intended merely as a signal to any one who might be ploughing near, and the signal was readily understood. A couple of oxen or cows (as was the case in one instance) were taken out of the plough and harnessed as leaders to our team. Our equipage consisted, at such times, of a very rheumatic carriage, and four still more rheumatic horses, — horses and carriage all being drawn up the hill by a pair of oxen; a conductor and a soldier occupied the box, the former intended as our defence against the postilions, and the latter against the bandits; while the ox-driver, goad in hand, walked leisurely by the side, pricking his poor patient beasts every now and then by way of diversion. And yet, after all, this is the bright side of the picture; for there are no beggars. For example: just at the end of our day's journey we reached the bottom of the hill on which stands Loretto; and full half the town must have been lying in wait for us; men, women, and children, — all were intent on begging. They rushed out of their ambush with frantic cries and gestures, all begging in the same tone, and almost in the same words, always ending, "For love of Maria Madonna." Some tried flattery: "Your Excellency," "Great Prince General," "A halfpenny." Others attempted to work on our compassion: "*Fame, fame!* I have fourteen brothers and sisters, all orphans, and starving. *Date mi qualche cosa.*" The dirtiest of them all, — and no words can describe how dirty an Italian beggar is, — squeezed up close in hopes of squeezing something out of us through sheer disgust. They knew well that the steepness of the hill left us at their mercy, for our horses could not possibly go faster than a walking pace. At length, to our vast relief, we found refuge in the dreary, dirty hotel at the top.

Except Rome itself there is no spot in all Italy so sacred as Loretto. No one need be told the reason, for the Santa Casa, or Holy House, has been heard of by everybody. It claims to be the very building in which the Virgin lived at Nazareth, in which the angel Gabriel appeared to her, and in which the blessed Lord passed His early life; and its claims are sanctioned by all the authority of the Roman Church: yet at Nazareth itself, as might be expected, is a rival Santa Casa, making equal claim to be genuine. The tradition is of comparatively modern date, for it can be traced no further back than the fifteenth century, and it is first (Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," p. 444) recited in detail in a bull of Leo X., bearing the date of A. D. 1518.

The story itself, and the evidence on which it rests, is written in all the languages of Europe round the walls of the cathedral in which the Santa Casa stands. We subjoin the English version from a copy published by authority, which we purchased on the spot: —

"*The Miraculous Origin and Translation of the Church of our B. Lady of Loreto.*

"The Church of Loreto was a chamber of the house of the B. V. nigh Hierusalem in the citty of Nazareth, in which she was born and bred and saluted by the angel and therein conceaved and brought up her sonne Jesus to the age of twelve yeares. This chamber after the ascension of our Saviour was by the apostles consecrated into a church in honour of our B. Lady, and S. Luke made a picture to her likeness, extant therein, to be seene at this very day. It was frequented with great devotion by the people of the country where it stood, whilst they were Catholicks, but when leaving the faith of Christ they followed the sect of Mahomet, the angels tooke it and carrying it into Sclavonia, placed it by a towne called Flumen, where not being had in due reverence, they againe transported it over sea, to a wood in the territory of Kecanati, belonging to a noble woman called Loreta, from whom it first tooke the name of our B. Lady of Loreto, and thence againe they carried it by reason of the many robberies committed, to a mountain of two brothers in the said territory, and from thence finally, in respect of their disagreement about the gifts and offerings, to the comon highway not far distant, where it now remains without foundation, famous for many signes, graces, and miracles, whereat the inhabitants of Kecanati who often came to see it, much wondering, environed it with a strong and thick wall, yet could noe man tel whence it came originally til in the yeare M.CC.XC.VI. the B. V. appeared in sleep to a holy devout man, to whom she revealed it, and he divulged it to others of authority in this province, who determining forthwith to try the truth of the vision, resolved to choose XVI. men of credit, who to that effect should go altogeather to the citty of Nazareth, as they did, carrying with them the treasure of the church, and comparing there with the foundation yet remnat, they found them wholy agreable, and in a wall therby ingraven that it had stood there and had left the place, which done, they presently returning back, published the premisses to be true, and from that time forwards it hath byn certainly knowne that this church was the chamber of the B. V. to which Christians begun then, and have ever since had, great devotion, for that in it daily she hath donne and doth many and many miracles, one Friar Pavi de Silva an ermit of great sanctity who lived in a cottage nigh unto this church, whither daily he went to matins, said that for ten yeares' space, on the VIII. of September two howers before day he saw a light descend from heaven upon it which he said was the B. V. who there shewed her-self on the feast of her nativity. In confirmation of all which two vertuous men of the said citty of Kecanati divers times declared unto mee Prefect of Terreman and Governor of the forenamed church, as followeth the one cald Paul Kenalduci avouched that his grandfather's grandfather sawe when the angels brought it over sea, and placed it in the forementioned wood, and had often visited it there, the other called Francis Prior, in like sort affirmed, that his grandfather being C.XX. yeares ould had also much frequented it in the same place, and for a further proof, that it had byn there, he reported that his grandfather's grandfather had a house nigh unto it, wherein he dwelt, and that in his time it was carryed by the angels from thence to the mountaine of the two brothers where they placed it as above said, to the honour of the ever glorious Virgin."

[illegible] the long street. [illegible] — [illegible] anything [illegible] At the end of the long street stands the [illegible] cathedral, massive [illegible] and flanked by the huge palace of the governor. In the centre of its nave stands the Santa Casa. On the outside it is cased with marble magnificently carved, but within it has all the appearance of a poor cottage. Its size is [illegible] feet by [illegible], and its walls are of dark bricks unplastered. It is fitted up as a chapel, and over the altar [illegible] a little back, is the famous statue of the [illegible] of Loreto, carved, so the tradition says, [illegible] the evangelist St. Luke himself. It is of wood, and quite black, apparently with age. Once it was covered with jewels, and even still it is richly ornamented. The altar is placed a foot or two in advance of the wall, exactly in front of the chimney of the house, and a passage is shut off behind it, in which access is obtained to the fireplace. In the fireplace itself is a sort of [illegible], and to our astonishment every pilgrim seemed to think his devotions incomplete till he had kissed them and uttered a short prayer looking up the chimney.

A hundred and twenty masses are daily said within the cathedral walls. At the Holy House the mass is continually being recited, and it is considered the highest honor [illegible] to officiate there. Round the outside of the shrine may constantly be seen (as was the case when we were there) troops of pilgrims, old and young, high and low, — all [illegible] progressively on their knees, a well-worn track in the pavement marking the route. [illegible] figure of our Saviour. [illegible] their eyes [illegible] by the kisses of the faithful [illegible].

But it was time to be leaving Loreto, for many weary miles and many hours of driving [illegible] between us and our journey's end. Slowly then we kept travelling on, night and day towards Rome. We passed early the vale of Clitumnus, still famous [illegible] for its white oxen. Soracte lay a little to our left, and, just then, unfortunately, having its head white with snow; and Tivoli — golden Tivoli — was glittering in the distance, while the few remains of Veii we passed close by. Then came a turn in the road, and we caught our first sight of Rome. There it lay miles off across the desolate Campagna, with little which we could make out except one great glorious dome, towering high above everything else.

The approach to Rome is impressive from its very solitude. We saw no human being for miles except savage-looking shepherds with matted hair, in long, frowzy brown cloaks, taking care of a few ragged sheep, and followed by lean, fierce-eyed dogs. On the last night of our journey we passed two or three of these men keeping watch by torchlight over the dead body of a comrade.

At length we came to the Tiber, and saw its yellow waters flowing between their low marshy banks, and we crossed by the Milvian bridge. The story is told how from this very bridge the golden candlestick which had been taken from the temple of Jerusalem was thrown into the stream by Maxentius when retreating before Constantine. The story seems to rest on a better basis of probability than most traditions of the kind, and any government but that of the Pope would surely have had its truth put to the test before now.

Another quarter of an hour and we were past the English church (there are no [illegible] on this side of the city), and were within the walls and in another instant [illegible] detained at one of the [illegible] prominent symptoms of modern civilization in Rome, the custom-house.

LORD NELSON'S PROTÉGÉ.

It was a bright morning in spring, and the English fleet lay at anchor in Portsmouth harbor, awaiting the admiral's signal to start out on a cruise. The flag-ship, a huge, formidable ship of the line, with its dark sides bristling with guns, was all in commotion. The admiral, the most famous sailor of the day, was coming off from the shore, and the ship was ready to receive him. Already the guns of the squadron were beginning to thunder forth their welcome, and soon the vessel was wreathed in smoke, and quivering beneath the discharges of her heavy ordnance, as Admiral Nelson mounted her deck, surrounded by a brilliant staff. Standing near the edge of the quarter-deck, and watching the scene with intense eagerness, was a young lad of about eighteen. He was dressed simply but neatly, and his cheeks glowed, and his eyes kindled, as he witnessed the exciting events that were going on around him. As he returned the salutes of the officers, the admiral chanced to observe the lad.

"Who is this?" he asked, turning to the captain of the vessel.

"He's a young lad that came on board a few hours ago," replied the captain. "He insists on seeing you, sir, as he says he has something of importance to say to you."

"Well, my lad," said the admiral kindly, "speak out freely."

"If you please, sir," said the boy, "I've come to ask you to take me to sea with you."

"Is that all you have to say, you young scamp?" asked the captain sharply.

"Let him alone," said the admiral, laughing. "What position do you want?" he asked, turning to the boy.

"If you would take me as your cabin boy, sir," said the lad, "I should be very glad."

"That's a poor chance for you, if you wish to rise above it," said the admiral kindly.

"It will be a beginning," replied the lad. "If you'll give me a start, I'll work my way up, sir. *You* did it; and *I* mean to do so, too."

The admiral gazed at him kindly but searchingly, and then said, with a smile, "I'll take you with me on this cruise; and if you want to rise, I'll give you a chance. What is your name?"

"Edward Lee," was the reply.

"Very well, then, Edward, I take you into my service," said the admiral. "I shall expect you to prove yourself worthy of the trust."

"I'll do it, sir," said the boy, earnestly, as he moved aside, respectfully, to let the admiral pass.

In two hours the *Vanguard* stood out to sea, followed by the squadron, to join Earl St. Vincent at Gibraltar. The young valet of the admiral made a decidedly favorable impression upon the officers of the ship before the completion of the voyage.

"'Tis too bad," said the admiral to his flag-cap-

tain, one day, "that that boy should fill a menial's position."

The captain agreed with his commander, and the result of the matter was, that, a few days after the arrival of the *Vanguard* at Gibraltar, Edward Lee was given a midshipman's warrant by Earl St. Vincent, at the special request of Admiral Nelson.

Then came the famous cruise in the Mediterranean, in search of Bonaparte and his fleet. In the terrific gale which dismasted the admiral's ship, young Lee proved that he merited the kindness his great commander had shown him, and won praise from all on board. Then came the brief halt at Syracuse, the arrival of the wished-for reinforcements, and the departure for Egypt. As the dawn of the memorable First of August revealed to the eyes of the English the tricolor floating over Alexandria, and the French fleet in the bay of Aboukir, Edward Lee was standing by his chief on the deck of the flag-ship.

"There they are," burst from a score of voices, as the distant vessels came in view.

"Yes," muttered the boy; "and we'll be there, too, before night."

Nelson glanced at him approvingly.

"There's a chance for promotion for us all in there," he said, smiling.

He was right. The fearful encounter which carried such sorrow and despair to so many English homes, brought to these two men fame and honor. Through the whole action the admiral's eye was on the young "middy," and all through that long and thrilling summer night it never lost the gleam of satisfaction which had illumined it as he heard the young sailor's words in the morning. The same despatch that greeted him as *Lord* Nelson informed him that his request for a lieutenancy for young Lee was granted.

Steady devotion to his profession, and conspicuous bravery in times of danger, soon made the youthful lieutenant a noted man in His Majesty's navy. The battle of the Baltic was a memorable day to him. It was truly the greatest battle he had been in. Though severely wounded, he refused to go below, and stood at his post until the close of the action. When Sir Hyde Parker gave the signal for discontinuing the fight, Lieutenant Lee reported it to Lord Nelson. The admiral, putting the glass to his blind eye, said, with mock gravity, "I really don't see the signal. Keep our flag for closer battle still flying. That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast."

It seemed that the fortunes of the great admiral and his *protégé* were mysteriously united, for this victory, which made the one a viscount, made the other a first lieutenant, though he had but just come of age. He followed his commander, who had become warmly attached to him, through all the years that intervened, so that, when the great day of Trafalgar came, he was the second in command to Captain Hardy. As the action began, Lord Nelson approached him, and, placing his hand on his shoulder, said, "We are going to have a hard day, Edward. I hope you may pass through it safely."

"I shall try to do my duty, my lord," said Lieutenant Lee. "But," he added, pointing to the uniform and decorations which the commander wore, contrary to his custom, "why does your lordship render yourself so conspicuous to-day? You will surely draw upon you the fire of some marksman."

"I have a presentiment," said the admiral, "that my race is run; so I have put on all my harness to-day. In honor I gained them," he exclaimed, proudly laying his hand on the insignia, "and in honor I will die with them."

The presentiment was realized. It was the last action of the great sailor. As he fell on the deck, in the heat of the battle, the captain and lieutenant of the ship sprang to him, in an agony of grief.

"Go back to your post, Edward," he said, as the lieutenant knelt by him. Then he added, gently, "God bless you, lad."

With a sad heart the young man returned to his place. The fate which had seemed to unite his destiny with that of his commander was fully realized on this day, for, just as the victory was gained, a heavy discharge of grape from a French ship of the line swept the deck of Lord Nelson's ship; and when the smoke cleared away, Captain Hardy saw his lieutenant lying almost in the same spot where the conqueror of the Nile had fallen, with his breast torn open by the terrible discharge.

THE PRUSSIAN "NEEDLE-GUN."

The first impression conveyed by an inspection of the now celebrated Prussian "needle-gun" is, that a clumsier, ruder weapon could scarcely be contrived. The want of finish apparent in every part — in the unbrowned barrel, in the rough stock, in the ugly fittings, in the want of balance and handiness of the whole — is very striking to an eye educated by the beautiful workmanship of our English gun-factories. This rudeness of appearance is perhaps apt to interfere with a dispassionate and accurate estimate of the general merits of the arm, but we are satisfied that no estimate, however dispassionate and just, could fail to be unfavorable to its pretensions. The real imperfections of the arm are not those which appear merely on its surface; they are more deeply seated, and belong to the system of the piece.

The following description, however rough and general, will perhaps convey some idea of the breech-closing arrangement, and may possess some interest at the present time. The barrel tapers slightly, externally, at the breech-end; and is closed, when required, by means of a hollow bolt, the front of which being coned out internally, to correspond with the conical end of the barrel, forms a sort of breech-cap. This bolt can be pushed forward or drawn back at pleasure; its withdrawal opens the end of the barrel for the reception of the cartridge, and when it is pushed forward again, the breech is closed. The arrangement for clamping it in the latter position is exactly that of the ordinary door-bolt. The bolt, it has been said, is hollow, and through it plays the long needle by which the ignition of the cartridge is effected, and from which the gun derives its name. The striking force and action of the needle depend upon a spiral spring within the bolt, which is released by means of a trigger, the needle shooting forward into a patch of detonating composition in the centre of the cartridge. The ammunition is as rude and defective as the arm. The bullet is a small, rough ninepin of cast lead, considerably lighter than our Enfield bullet. It derives its rotatory motion from a papier-maché "sabot," into which its back end fits. In the hinder part of this "sabot" is placed the detonating composition, and behind this again, in a thin paper case which encloses the whole, is the powder. The needle thus has to pass through the powder before it strikes the detonating composition.

The arm is well known to our War-Office authorities, and the trials which have been made with it in

FORGOTTEN NOTES

SIR E. B. B. [illegible] worth, — [illegible]

HITHERTO [illegible] indulging [illegible] government [illegible] horseflesh [illegible] *teurs*, [illegible] the Paris [illegible] flesh [illegible] city; while [illegible] Society [illegible] franes à [illegible] Richelieu.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ has recently received a large and important collection of fishes exhibited in Paraguay [illegible], made by the Emperor of Brazil when he was carrying on war against that country. In an autographed note to the Professor, accompanying the [illegible], the Emperor says: "I have given instructions that the fishes I collected shall be sent to you, — for it was with this thought that I collected them. If so a slight homage that I pay to science, and I shall be most happy if by placing the fishes in your hands you will make better known the rich nature of my country."

A METHOD for rendering that highly dangerous substance nitro-glycerine non-explosive without permanently destroying its properties, has just been discovered. It is not unlike Mr. Cole's method of mixing gunpowder with powdered glass and consists simply in mixing the nitro-glycerine with methylic alcohol, or wood-naphtha. So long as the two substances remain together, the compound is perfectly innocuous and non-explosive. When the nitro-glycerine is required for use, it is separated by washing the mixture in water, by which the naphtha is set free.

HERR MACH, an Austrian, has suggested an application of photography which seems likely to be productive of useful results. He suggests photographing stereoscopically any solid, such as a cube, and placing during the operation another solid, such as a tetrahedron, in its place. The stereoscopic image thus produced shows two transparent

[illegible] to repel the germs of death by congregation."

Mr. J. M. Jones, the author of "The Naturalist in Bermuda," sends the following note to the *Times*: "In a recent number of the *Times* I observe a notice of a species of silk-spider, stated to have been discovered on Folly Island, in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, by Dr. Wilder, of the United States army. As the subject appears to have attracted attention, perhaps I may be permitted to offer a few remarks bearing additional testimony to a fact which is worthy of record in an economical as well as scientific point of view. When I made my first visit to the Bermudas in the summer of [illegible], I became acquainted with the habits of a very remarkable species of spider, which on my return to England was identified by Mr. Adam White as *Epeira clavipes*. A short account of its habits and silk-producing capabilities I gave in my "Naturalist in Bermuda" (1859). Since that time, however, repeated visits to the islands have afforded me opportunities of observing the insect and collecting specimens, both old and young, with cocoons, &c. From such observations I am inclined to believe that this species, which belongs to the same genus as Dr. Wilder's insect, is equally capable of producing silk in a quantity by no means inferior to that of the Folly Island spider. My attention was first drawn to the strength of the silk by coming in contact with the webs as I forced my way through the cedar-groves, when I found the power of resistance to be something extraordinary, and I readily imagined that the information given me as to the capture of the smaller birds in its silky meshes was perfectly correct.

"Having been told by a Bermudian lady that good housewives sometimes made use of the silk for domestic purposes, I thought I would endeavor to procure a sample direct from the insect. Seizing the first specimen that came to hand, I allowed it to fall about half-way to the ground, hanging suspended by its thread. Taking a piece of twisted paper, I transferred the end of the thread to it before the spider reached the ground, and commenced winding rapidly while the insect descended, and I wound away for some time, until at last my specimen seemed disinclined to continue the supply, when, severing the thread, the insect was allowed to escape. Now this thread of silk, which to the eye was of the most beautiful color and texture, during the whole process was never broken, and even when I gave it an extra stretch I only proved the more its strength and elasticity. The cocoons are composed of the [illegible] silk, [illegible] surpassing, I think, that afforded by [illegible] of the Bermudas; while from the abundance of these insects in the Bermudas I have no doubt [illegible] together and kept within proper [illegible] would prove a source of [illegible] to the owners and a benefit to manufacturers of silk material [illegible] strength."

[illegible]

V[illegible]
[illegible]
V[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

By the right of a deathless love,
We have conquered and hold the ground.

We are part of a nameless van
In the battle with might and wrong:
It has lasted — since time began,
It has lasted — but time is long:
We sleep — but around is waking,—
And though we shall never see,
We feel it — the day is breaking,—
We know it — this land is free.

Yes! free — by the dead who lie
Defeated, unblessed, unknown,—
By the living who rush to die,—
By the living who make no moan,—
By the mother whose heart is sore
Of grief for the fallen son.
Yes blesses the people's war,
Yes weepingly bids — fight on.

"The dead ones," ye called us, ye said
The stranger might spoil or save:
We own it — we are the dead,
We sleep in Oppression's grave.
We own it — we fought and failed —
The struggle, the hope were vain —
But the land where the German prevailed
Is part of our country again.

WESTPHALIAN SUMMER SONG.

From the German of F. Freiligrath.

In lightning and in summer-rain,
In noon-sun hot and glowing,
[illegible] of Westphalia's grain,
Are shooting up and growing.
Old Hellweg's [illegible] is fine and strong,
Seven feet and more the stems are long,
How gorgeously just [illegible]

"I grow and ripen fast and strong,
[illegible] yellow
[illegible]
[illegible]
But [illegible] know
That he who [illegible] sow
[illegible]

"[illegible]
[illegible]
With [illegible]
From house and home departing
[illegible] summoned by the drum and horn,
[illegible]
In [illegible]

"Who then, of this year's harvest-home
Will [illegible]
[illegible] the harvest-wreath
[illegible]
[illegible] Death [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. II.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1866. [No. 32.

A MODEL WATERING-PLACE.

IF all that "Our Saratoga Springs Correspondent" of the American papers has to tell be true, English people in search of a watering-place may justly lament that Saratoga Springs are so far away. Three weeks ago the season was just beginning, and it was predicted that "after the glorious Fourth, Saratoga will be in its glory." There were a thousand visitors at the date of the last letters, but by this time there are probably from six to eight times as many. And the charm of the place does not reside in numbers merely. At one of the hotels "there is a very elegant company." "Although," says one reporter, "I do not observe many people who have any claim perhaps to be called celebrities, either in social or public life, nor those whose name is a spell in the walks of fashion, and who guide and control that capricious deity with the magic wand of Prospero, all of whom are no doubt biding their time, yet there are enough of happy people, and elegant people too, to render the occasional hops very charming affairs, and to make a pretty brilliant show in the carriages driving to and from the lake."

This is very skilfully put, because the frequenters of fashionable springs are commonly much less strongly attracted by the prospect of happiness than by what the Americans call elegance. At least it is no slander against our own countrywomen to say, that, in their pleasures as in other pursuits, they are always disposed to put elegance first and happiness second. Of course in America happiness is universal, and may always be taken for granted. "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" are expressly declared in their great Constitutional document to be among the inalienable rights given to men by their Creator. In this country, unfortunately, the pursuit of happiness is an inalienable right often maintained under serious difficulties. However, "occasional hops" with "elegant people," even if they were not exactly celebrities who wield the magic wand of Prospero, and whose names act as spells, could scarcely fail to assist us in this pursuit. Perhaps, after all, the writer's celebrities only correspond to Colonel Diver's American aristocracy. "An aristocracy of intelligence, sir, of intelligence and virtue, and of their necessary consequence in this republic, — dollars, sir."

Besides the occasional hops, "half the pleasure of Saratoga consists in a measure of the unselfish enjoyment of seeing your neighbors imbibing the waters of life and health, to their great bodily improvement, to say nothing of the tender meetings on the slopy swards of the park, the softly-whispered words washed down with saline and metallic beverages, and the pretty faces gleaming out from under anything but pretty hats, which, like gigantic mushrooms, may keep the tender blossoms fresh beneath, but very decidedly spoil the picture." The sentence is so unreasonably long that one is apt to miss the number of attractions which Saratoga has to offer. But a man must have a very cold heart who is not inflamed when he thinks what the picture really is. It almost tempts one to cross the Atlantic to know that when we got to the other side we should be rewarded by tender meetings on slopy swards, though they would be all the more delightful if the tender partners of one's joys abstained from using the word "slopy." Then, besides these exquisite meetings, who can realize the charm of such an unspeakable process as washing down softly-whispered words with a saline or metallic beverage? It is a little uncertain, from the impassioned writer's way of putting it, whether the speaker or the listener washes down the words in this graceful manner, and a scoffer, insensible to the amorous flame and its mysterious nature, may hold that words are meant to be listened to, not to be washed down with beverages saline or metallic. And, as a matter of pure reason, it might have been wiser to represent the nastiness of the beverages as compensated for by the softly-whispered words. But reason is an impertinence in talking of the affections, in which the true principle is the old *Credo quia impossibile.*

We wonder, when George Sand talked about "*tous ces riens immenses de l'amour naissant,*" whether she thought of saline and metallic beverages as being among them. Considering all this, and the slopy swards, we are not at all surprised when the reporter tells us that "of brides we have rather more than a fair proportion." "There were no less than four neophytes in the temple of Hymen at the dance last night, and it was hard to tell which was most devoted to the new worship, the beautiful neophyte or the accompanying high-priest." If the people who whisper soft words use such language as this, we can well believe that they need washing down with a beverage. But it would perhaps be only poor prose in which a newly-married woman was called anything less than "a beautiful neophyte," and a newly-married man than "an accompanying high-priest." Only it will scarcely be a recommendation to Saratoga in the eyes of sober-headed folk that it is the fashion for brides and bridegrooms to exhibit so publicly their emulous devotion to the new worship. However, these graceful philanderings on slopy swards and at occasional hops have a good effect on the marriage market. For "since this house

[illegible] for the season, nineteen brides and as many bridegrooms have been made inexplicably felicitous at the Union Hotel, which is a most encouraging record to start with." Does the writer mean that the [illegible] fact that there have actually been as many bridegrooms as brides, nineteen of each number, is an encouraging record?

Polygamy has been suggested as the only possible means of equalizing in a satisfactory way the supply and demand in English watering-places. It is a [illegible] to those who are interested in the progress [illegible] that in America at least they [illegible] to resort to this barbarous practice. [illegible] Union Hotel," says our social [illegible] this interesting class [illegible]

[illegible]

pensiveness that is "inexplicably felicitous," especially if they have been waltzing together at an occasional hop for one or two nights before.

We agree with our guide and friend, that the huge mushroom hats, although they "may keep the tender blossoms fresh beneath, very decidedly spoil the picture." The mothers of Saratoga ought to take care. This hideous head-gear might disgust the stoutest of lovers. Even the spectacle of nineteen brides and bridegrooms might be robbed of all its infectious charm by a single hat of such monstrous construction. It has the same kind of effect as the sight of one's love hugely over-eating herself at a pastrycook's. A sickly chill creeps over the man's passion, and the assiduous toil of months may readily be undone by a single imprudence of ten minutes. The ill which might ensue to the commerce [illegible] is very slight compared with the disgust engendered by an ungraceful [illegible] hat, which gives a hateful tone to the whole toilette. Yet this is perhaps the one feature of Saratoga life which we are sure to encounter in our own watering-places. However, we shall there [illegible] "beautiful [illegible]" and "[illegible] high-priests" in [illegible] and this result of [illegible] Whether the [illegible] consequences are sufficient to make up [illegible] is a question [illegible] The records of the fashionable [illegible] which is now prevailing in town [illegible] to enable anybody to estimate [illegible] the degree of pressure [illegible] as the [illegible] watering-places. We wonder [illegible] mothers would [illegible] the expenses of three [illegible] the best [illegible] watering-place. Perhaps the [illegible] as [illegible] in Saratoga.

[illegible]

a cough which seemed more likely to result in apoplexy than to be caused by consumption; and she mightly lamented her "premature" and "sinful" end, when every movement of her obese form, every expression of her large, flat face, certified her as a respectable matron of fifty. There was society, but sugar-and-water, dominoes, and Italian conversation had no great attractions for one who had a tendency to hydrophobia, a love of billiards, and a very confused notion of Italian parts of speech. Besides these difficulties, I like to talk to girls (they always understand one's philological efforts, while married women are always *so* talkative or *so* preoccupied), and girls are an unknown quantity in the constituents of an Italian *conversazione*.

I therefore idled away my time at a café in the Piazza, or varied it by sundry feeble and abortive attempts at painting.

The café to which I devoted my spare minutes was a very humble and seedy-looking one. The persons who principally frequented it were the second or third-rate *employés* of the town — the lower bureaucracy. They loitered there over their cups of black coffee till it was time to go to the theatre. After eight o'clock, and until eleven, it was almost entirely deserted, and that was why I gave it the honor of my custom. One other person seemed to have chosen it for the same reason. I generally found him there when I entered, and we usually left about the same time, before it was again thronged after the close of the theatre.

During the hours I sat at the table next his, endeavoring to spell out the news of the "Nazione," I had ample opportunities of observing him. There was a nameless something about him which at once excited curiosity and baffled it.

He was a small, plain man, of common appearance, with dark hair and dark complexion. Dark is not, perhaps, the right word. He was slate-colored from head to foot, like an elongated slate-pencil. The contour of the face was young, and so were the step and bearing. The expression was worn and haggard. A cup of black coffee, a tumbler of water, a small saucer filled with sugar, and one of those oblong rolls called semele — so familiar, even to untravelled eyes, from the various prints of the Last Supper, in which, with entire disregard of the anachronism, they are invariably introduced — were always placed before him. He diluted his coffee as if quantity and not quality were his object, and devoured every crumb of bread and every lump of sugar.

In spite of an air of affected dandyism, caused by his invariably wearing a tail-coat and white waistcoat, I had a conviction that the man was starving. Every time I saw him his face looked thinner, and his whole appearance more poverty-stricken: and there was a sort of hollow appearance about the chest and stomach, which was unmistakable. I especially noticed one fact concerning him, — he was rarely, if ever, addressed by his own countrymen. None of the daily guests at the café ever spoke to him. A stray dropper-in might speak to him; but if their visits became regular, they left off doing so. I saw that he was universally ostracized. At first I suspected he might be a spy, but spies do not waste their time day by day in an empty coffee-room, or keep constant to one alone. Besides, if he spoke little, he listened still less. He would sit for hours absorbed in the newspaper. Once or twice there had been a slight discussion among those present about some incident of the campaign at Naples in 1860; and, after a pause, one of the disputants appealed to him. He started as if he had been brought back from the clouds; but when the question was explained to him, he distinctly and with martinet precision placed the whole scene clearly before them.

"You were there?" exclaimed one of the bystanders. He bowed, a dark flush passed over his swarthy cheek, and he turned away; but I saw that an unwonted light lingered in his eyes for some minutes afterwards. Whatever might be his occupation or calling, it was not (however abnormal) lucrative. I observed he looked paler and paler, that the poor thin tail-coat was more and more threadbare, that the seams seemed to keep together by force of habit, and not through strength of stitches, and the edges of the waistcoat were ragged and torn, and hung like a limp rag over the hollow chest. I had once or twice tried to commence a conversation with him, but his answers were curt and few, and my own stock of Italian words was so limited that I soon ceased that ineffectual attempt. It was impossible to offer assistance when it was not only unasked, but when the whole manner of the man kept aloof all indiscretion and forwardness.

Yet why should a man starve who has sound brains and whole limbs? I looked at him. There was nothing mean or weak in his face. About the veins of the forehead and beneath the eyes there was a certain tension, which bespoke great sensitiveness, and in the expression of the mouth and lips a feminine softness which I interpreted as betokening a great natural recoil from mental or physical suffering; but the other features though sharp and attenuated, were firm and frank-looking. In the sombre, sunken eyes there was sometimes that look of searching wistfulness with which a dumb animal, when in pain, explores the faces around for sympathy or affection, but this was not the abiding look. Usually they wore a kind of dogged defiance, yet helpless withal, as one might fancy the eyes of some poor slave would look while under the lash. I must confess that I had gradually worked up my imagination very romantically about him. I had an instinctive feeling that he deserved interest, and the instinct was a true one.

One evening shortly after I arrived at the café, a violent storm broke over the town. The windows rattled, the rain poured outside, and oozed from under the door, inside. It was a *Libeccio* with a vengeance. It went on, without intermission, all the evening. Instead of going to the theatre, every one remained in the café, which was soon overflowing with dripping umbrellas and reeking coats. Tobacco and damp, rum and perspiration, made the air suffocating.

My friend, if I may so call him, had arrived before I did. I saw him, after the first hour or so, make a move, as if he thought it best to return to his home. He rose, evidently for that purpose; but the noise of the rain was so violent, that he paused, and, with a glance at his thin coat, which would have been literally washed off his back had he dared to brave the aggressive fury of the weather, he sat down again beside his marble-topped table, and took up his newspaper. He was extremely short-sighted, and held it up to his nose. This short-sightedness was of use to him. It prevented his being aware of many looks and gestures which would have been painful to him. Insulting glances and significant signs were often turned in his direction, which made my blood positively boil, but which were happily ignored by him.

[illegible]

After the last had left he turned to the host, and [illegible] "consume." The price of his nightly cup of coffee, and its name. "I shall not return here," he said, and went out. The rain still fell in torrents. [illegible] the door as soon as he did.

"Pardon me," I said, "but as we walk together as far as our way is the same, I have an umbrella which will shelter both."

"Thank you."

We walked on. It was a difficult achievement, as our steps almost [illegible]. Just as we entered the street in which I lived my companion stumbled, and leaned against the wall.

"I must stop," he said, and gasped for breath. [illegible] I had [illegible] strong. Engineer, without [illegible] while he [illegible] thoroughly [illegible] the excitement and pain of the previous [illegible] was [illegible] over by my [illegible] walking and the rushing wind. I went up to him, and saw that if another moment he would [illegible]. I knew his [illegible] mine, and [illegible] his limbs shook, and his [illegible] was [illegible]. I did not pause [illegible] I would a woman — Heaven [illegible] — and carried him to my rooms.

I [illegible] the ground-floor. I [illegible] the door, and opened the [illegible]. There was a light burning on a table, [illegible] I [illegible] this [illegible] I struck a light. [illegible] was the work of a [illegible] and after I had [illegible] in the [illegible] The warmth [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

"Three days."

"How good you have been."

"Not at all; you would have died if you had been left in the street."

"Better so."

There was no rodomontade in the tone with which he said these words. They evidently escaped from him involuntarily.

"You must oblige me," I continued, as if I had not heard his exclamation, "by remaining here a few days; you are not aware how weak you are."

He looked at me thoughtfully.

"It is very hard to accept charity from any one. Yes, it *is* charity for the present, at least; but it is possible to submit to the obligation from *you*, for you are not an Italian."

He sighed heavily as he said this; but I was resolved he should not fret under the idea of being in my debt, and with the impetuosity of my nature, and, I may add, my age, I instantly suggested an expedient.

"If, when you have quite recovered, and if your time is at your own disposal, you could give me some lessons in Italian, I should be obliged to you, as my former master has abandoned me as hopelessly dull, I am afraid; perhaps you may be more successful; at all events, a very few lessons will more than repay me."

"I can teach you," he said; and then he was silent. I had talked of this at once, because I knew that as soon as he was able to get up, he would discover that I had replaced his worn-out garments with more suitable ones; and I was afraid that he might have been offended had I not pointed out a method of payment for the trifling outlay they had cost. I told him that the rain and the scuffle at the café had so damaged his coat, &c., that it would have been useless, and I had substituted others. He thanked me in the same quiet, grave manner, but made no remark.

At last he was able to rise. He dressed, and I had the satisfaction of seeing him sit opposite to me, looking, on the whole, better and stronger than before his illness.

"I wish to speak to you," he said. "The lessons you spoke of may repay the pecuniary part of my obligation to you, but the kindness makes me your debtor forever. It is necessary, however, that I should tell you who I am; if, after that, you share the general feeling against me, I cannot give you lessons, and I must liquidate my debt by economizing still more my earnings. I copy music for the theatre."

There was a dreary matter-of-factness about the tone which was more touching than any complaint.

"Tell me whatever you like," I said; "but I do not think you will lose your pupil."

He began: "My real name is Giulio Fani, though I now go by that of Gasparo Forti. I am a Neapolitan by birth. My father is, as thousands of our countrymen have been in all large cities, a lawyer, an *avvocato*. If a man was not a priest or a soldier, there were then not many careers left open to him in Italy. My father was not rich, but he was very industrious and frugal, and had got together a small independent fortune. My mother I never knew; she died in giving me birth, and bequeathed to me a great delicacy of constitution. For many years I was not expected to live; and I was always called among my companions 'the girl,' from the fragility of my appearance. My childhood was a very dull one, for I was not able to join in the gambols and sports of my young friends.

"For the sheer sake of something to do, I learned reading and writing from an old deaf German who lodged in our house. He was very poor, and knew no one but ourselves at Naples; his daughter, the pretty little Joanna, was my playfellow, and he taught us both. I think my father and he had settled early that Joanna and I should be married. She was a pretty little merry girl; but, as soon as I had mastered the difficulties of my spelling-book, I became a different creature, and thought no more of love or play. I devoured, literally devoured, books, especially Plutarch,—there is a cheap abridged translation of it in Italian,—and patriotism, ambition, fame, were first revealed to me through its pages. What golden dreams I had! and how I must have tired Joanna by preaching to her on matters of which she knew nothing and cared less. When I was sixteen my father made me his clerk. He was a devoted Bourbonite and a bigoted Catholic. From Plutarch, my reading had diverged into still more dangerous channels, and every day I became more revolutionary and less credulous in my opinions, political and religious. I nursed all sorts of rebellions in my heart, but kept my own counsel: I did not even take Joanna into my confidence. At last the events of '48 took place. I ran away from home, found my way from Leghorn to Lombardy, and enlisted as a volunteer. Oh, what days were those! What hope, what promise, what excitement! They were the first and only happy days I have ever known. I had no theories of political regeneration, my one watchword was *Fuori il Straniero*. I had kissed my little Joanna when I left, and told her to be faithful to me: she cried and begged me to tell her where I was going, but our parting was not a very sad one, love and life were not very serious to either of us in those days. When he found where I had gone, my father abjured, disinherited, and cursed me. Joanna's father did not; he sympathized entirely with me, though he was too old and broken down by ill health to join me. I was brave, sanguine, young; I distinguished myself, and won my captain's brevet on the field. Then came Novara and its train of disasters. As soon as all was over in Lombardy, I joined Garibaldi at Rome, with a few others as devoted and enthusiastic as myself. You know the result of that; when it was all over there also, I slowly turned back towards Naples to wait for better times. My father was dead. He had bequeathed his money to priests; I was houseless and penniless. Joanna's father took me into his house and concealed me, for I was a proscribed man. I was too poor, however, for the police to exercise great watchfulness, and I escaped from them for several years.

"Every now and then I had communication with my own party, for I was looked upon, from my courage and recklessness, as of great promise by them; and I was enabled, outcast and outlawed though I was, to perform some trifling services for them, even at that period. You have heard how many abortive attempts were made to shake off the monstrous yoke under which Naples groaned between '48 and '60; in one of these a leader's place was given me. I was sent for and received my orders at Genoa from the chief himself. I returned to Naples; we landed. There had been a traitor among us, we had been betrayed; an entire regiment surrounded us, and most of us were literally cut to pieces. I was severely

[illegible] the [illegible] me. The list which had [illegible] the names of all [illegible] opinions in Na- [illegible] Joanna's [illegible] was at the bot- [illegible] that I had [illegible] men who [illegible] my name. [illegible] that [illegible] their signa- [illegible] that the [illegible] Two were [illegible] afterwards. [illegible] named [illegible] different [illegible] the gallows. [illegible] was Joan- [illegible] the fact that [illegible] had betrayed [illegible]

[illegible] Those who were [illegible] me, and [illegible] My [illegible] was really [illegible] Neapolitan spies. [illegible] me, and [illegible] speak [illegible] which [illegible] Vari- [illegible] experi- [illegible] men. He [illegible] for [illegible] again. [illegible] Naples. [illegible] I [illegible] which [illegible] which [illegible] played [illegible] and [illegible] then [illegible] for this [illegible] life. [illegible] Rome [illegible] this. I [illegible] the [illegible] salvation. [illegible]

[illegible] were [illegible] I [illegible] The worst [illegible] I [illegible] my [illegible] away [illegible] It is [illegible] they [illegible] existence of [illegible] made in- [illegible] Nice lead [illegible] everything.

Suspected by my own party, proscribed by the other, without a friend or relative, with broken health and ruined fortunes, tell me, can you fancy a more deplorable fate than mine?"

I had no answer to make; but he understood my sympathy without any further explanations.

That he and I should remain together was a resolution I made on the spot, and although he resisted me, importunity and sheer physical superiority of lungs conquered him, and he consented to remain with me.

How could I have given back the life I had saved to the living death of that sordid home, with its haunting memories of torture and shame?

With me, in the constant intercourse of daily life, I could give him the medicine he so sorely needed, unobtrusively and spontaneously. Had we met only at intervals during my lessons, my opportunities would be more limited. Now, my thorough appreciation of another man, an appreciation which amounted to sincere approbation, was around him and about him always. The moral atmosphere was changed, and he breathed a fresher and more invigorating air.

After a few months he was a different man. Grave, serious, sad, he was still, — he could never be otherwise; but he was calm and resigned. We were neither of us demonstrative men; but I may fairly say that our affection for each other was closer and dearer than that of brothers. It was "passing the love of woman." He avoided his countrymen much as he had done before, but as we spent our evenings together, instead of at the café, this avoidance was less marked.

It would be difficult, however, for me to describe how strongly I desired that others should esteem him as I did, and that he should be justified in the eyes of all, as he was in mine. Being a "forestiere," I was supposed to be ignorant of his past, and, in spite of my daily lessons, I still bungled too fearfully in my Italian to attempt explanations which would lose all their force and logic, if the terminations of the words were at variance with each other, and if my misuse of tenses and moods, of the active and passive verbs, hopelessly confused and inextricably involved my meaning.

But the gods are always on the side of those who wait. One day, at breakfast, as he was reading the "Nazione," I saw him change color, and give a start which sent our rickety little table spinning over, with all its freight of coffee, and frittate, and costoletti. He went through the ruin as in a dream, and locked himself up in his own room.

I took up the paper, but could not find what had caused his emotion. The most interesting item in the paper was the capture of some brigands, and details of their death. Two of them were said to have made a full confession of their crimes. This confession was to be inserted the next day. After a while, I knocked at his door, and asked him to let me in.

There was a pause, and then I heard him unlock it. I went in, and saw he had been writing. His face was yet convulsed with some terrible storm of passion which had passed over it. It looked as it used to look when I first saw him, but in addition there was a wild, eager gleam of hope.

"What is the matter?" I asked him.

His lips quivered, as he replied, "Some brigands have been captured, and have died. They are the two men who were the executioners of my sentence." No expletives were needful to enforce those few words. Execrations or curses would have seemed weak when compared to the bitter horror of his tone.

"If," he went on, "that confession, wrenched out of them by the fear of death, be a genuine one, I shall know the truth. I have written for a copy of that confession to be sent to me. I have requested one of my fellow-soldiers, who lives in Calabria (he is no friend of mine, but he is a just man) to obtain it."

"But will there not be a copy printed in the paper to-morrow?"

"No; the members of one government rarely expose the infamy of their predecessors. However opposed in policy, and superior in legality, there is a certain solidarity between them which induces them to cast a veil over past turpitude and cruelty. It is wisest, as a general rule, to do so, as it saves much heartburning and useless resentment. But in this case I must know the truth."

He was right. The next day there was no allusion to the execution of the brigands.

But, after the lapse of a few days, a packet came for him. He tore it open, and I left him to read it undisturbed.

When I returned, in about an hour, my friend seemed to have suddenly dropped a mask. The features, the expression, the whole bearing of the man were changed and glorified.

"Look," he said, "they have confessed all, — the forged list, the forced signature; and more," he said, "it was not from my lips that they heard the name of Joanna's father. When they stripped me of my clothes, they searched them. In the breast of the coat a small packet had been sewn inside the lining. Poor Joanna had thought to charm my life and insure my safety by stitching there a relic, and had written a few tender lines on the paper in which it was folded, and signed them with her name. She prayed me to return safe to her father and to herself. That was quite enough. They got possession of the name, but wished to force me to utter it. They sought to destroy me, body and soul. When they found I conquered them, they resolved that, at any rate, I should not have the satisfaction of thinking I had done so. I was to die with this bitterness added to my death, — that I had betrayed my best friend. I did not die then, but I have been dying of that fatal shame ever since. I believed that in the agony of delirium I had done so, and that idea was even harder to bear than the undeserved suspicion of having signed that list. Thank God!"

No hymn of thanksgiving ever bore on its melodious aspirations more fulness of heart-gratitude to God. But as he spoke I saw his head, which had been lifted up with a noble dignity I shall never forget, suddenly droop, his figure swayed to and fro, and then he dropped at my feet as if shot.

He lingered a few days, long enough, however, to send a copy of the document to Garibaldi, and to know that his chief rejoiced with all his heart at this irrefragable proof of his innocence of even unconscious treachery.

In some occult way the contents of that letter became known. Two of the most distinguished officers of the Sicilian expedition arrived a few hours before Giulio breathed his last, and stood by his death-bed.

He recognized them, and smiled. He gave no other greeting, for his hands were clasping mine, and he held them in a grasp which was only unloosed by death.

He died gently as an infant, murmuring the word "Patria!"

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

took a very commonplace view of the matter, and the following paragraph appeared in a prominent place in the next issue of the paper: "The report of the performances of *La Traviata* which appeared in a portion of our impression of yesterday was altogether incorrect, the *Traviata* having been postponed in consequence of the illness of Signor Graziani. We are compelled to confide in the honor of our reporter in all such matters, and therefore we have felt it our duty to at once dispense with the further services of the writer of the pretended critique."

A now defunct literary periodical was guilty of a comical blunder. Just a couple of days before a *Tale of Two Cities* was brought out at the Lyceum Theatre, the *Critic* informed its play-going readers that "the sole event of any moment which has taken place in the metropolitan theatres during the past week, is the production of Mr. Tom Taylor's dramatized version of Mr. Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, but as it has been even more unsuccessful than similar attempts to convert a novel into a piece usually are, we shall refrain from any detailed criticisms;" which was wise under the circumstances. The manageress of the Lyceum thought this prophetic condemnation a little too bad, and gave the public a bit of her mind on the subject through the medium of the daily press; and being a popular actress, her complaints were indorsed by the newspapers, and some rather hard words flung at the offending weekly. The editor of the *Critic*, however, was quite equal to the occasion. In his next number, he explained that his theatrical reporter had left a note at the office running thus: "As the *Tale of Two Cities* has failed me, I have nothing for this week without going far afield; pray say a few words about it." In reading this, the recipient managed to ignore the little word "me," and therefore supposed that the piece had been played without success; the result of this error being the concoction of the aforesaid notice. The explanation was all very well as far as it went, but it certainly scarcely justified the announcement of the supposed failure being made in such very emphatic terms. The editor thought otherwise, or pretended to do so, and actually assumed the tone of a highly injured individual, complaining that so much should have been made of what he delicately described as a "single deviation from accuracy"; while the reporter, whose bad writing was apparently the cause of the original mistake, taking his cue from his superior officer, cool-declared he had only told the truth, "as many wise men have done, a day too soon"; and then hastened to console his maligned editor with the assurance that if he were to devote *his* space to correcting the errors of fact, logic, and language daily committed by his assailants, all the space and time at his command would be occupied with the ungrateful function.

Such critical blunders as these tell their own story, but it is hard to account for the mistakes regarding personal identity into which newspaper critics have now and then fallen. T. P. Cooke must have been inexpressibly delighted to see himself praised for his performance of a part played by another actor; and Miss Faucit must have blushed with pleasure at the unintended compliment when, after playing Volumnia, she saw Miss O'Neill reproached with making the character too youthful in appearance. The playbills in these cases may have misled the critics, and the theatrical "make-up" of the actors have prevented them discovering the truth; but no such excuse is available for the musical critic who abused our great tenor, asserting that he had deteriorated in style, voice, and execution, as the said critic had prophesied he would do, if he persisted in travelling about the country singing commonplace ballads. The proof of the singer's deterioration was the manner in which he sang at a certain performance of the *Messiah*, when it happened — as it too often happens — that the popular tenor's place was occupied by a substitute; and the critic proved that he was short-sighted in more senses than one.

ROSA BONHEUR AT HOME.

[M. Adrien Marx of *L'Evénement* is the least bashful of *chroniqueurs*. There is no place safe from his assaults when he is in want of "copy." The Paris correspondent of the London *Athenæum* gives the following amusing account of M. Adrien's interview with Rosa Bonheur.]

Poor Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur had left the neighborhood of the Luxembourg, and gone to the Château de By, near Fontainebleau, in the fond, vain hope of escaping from the pryings and importunities of travellers and indigenous intruders. She calculated without Peeping Adrien. Her porter may say to people who ring at her gates that Mademoiselle has gone out, and it is uncertain when she will return. This answer may turn away modest people; but Adrien only laughs at it. He has his column in his paper before him, and he has not travelled all the way from Paris to Fontainebleau for nothing. He was convinced by the firm denials of the old woman at Mdlle. Bonheur's gates that the lady was at home. He accordingly brought his "reserve battery" — a letter of introduction — into the field, and said, —

"I am distressed that Mdlle. Bonheur is not at By. I have been sent to her on urgent business by one of her friends, who has given me this letter for her; give it to her, with my regrets."

The gates were closed. Peeping Adrien was left at By, "Where cutlets with anchovy sauce are myths, and where civilization penetrates once daily in the shape of *Le Petit Journal*." Adrien indulged in the following reflections: "I will take a little walk. During this time Mdlle. Bonheur will read my letter, and, finding it signed by an old friend, will scold her servant for having turned me away. On my return to the Château, I shall be told that Mdlle. Bonheur has just come in, and awaits me with impatience."

But Peeping Adrien was wrong. He was refused admission on his second application. The old servant remarked, —

"Mademoiselle has not returned. Sometimes she goes off for a fortnight, without saying a word to me. You know how eccentric artists are."

Now a very young and simple *chroniqueur*, Peeping Adrian tells us, would have given up the pursuit at this point. But Adrien was an old hand. He argued, If Mademoiselle has received the note, she has broken it open. He asked for its return. This was impossible. So Mademoiselle cried out, "You must let in the intruder, who *will* disturb my solitude."

In walked the triumphant Adrien, and he was at once taking notes. He saw before him a little, frowning fellow, shielded from the sun by an enormous straw hat. Stooping, he observed a beardless, bronzed face, lit up by "two brown eyes of ordinary size." The nose was fine, the mouth large, showing "in its hiatus" two superb rows of teeth. Long hair hung wildly upon the shoulders. The masculine figure said petulantly,—

[illegible] They fought [illegible] better than the Prussians, [illegible] when their guns [illegible] give them [illegible] advantage over the enemy, displayed the [illegible] heroism. The glory of the latter is [illegible] greater that they have triumphed, not [illegible] and nothing that our fuller [illegible] of the battle of Sadowa has told us can be considered as in the least [illegible] its character of a [illegible] contest. But it is at the same time to be observed that although the Prussians showed in the battle of Sadowa that they could fight manfully without the confidence which a superior weapon inspires, there is good reason to believe that they would have lost that battle had it not been for the advance of the Crown Prince, upon the rear of the Austrian right, and upon ground where the needle [illegible] play. When the Prussians contended [illegible]trians on ground where they could not [illegible]uperior weapon into play, the dead

were pretty equally divided. But when the Crown Prince engaged the Austrians in the open field, the latter lay dead in heaps, while a corpse in Prussian uniform was rare.

From the military correspondent of the *Times* with the Prussian army we have an account of the battle, dated the night of the day on which it was fought, yet extending over three columns of the leading journal. We shall follow it as briefly as we can.

On Monday, the 2d of July, Prince Frederick Charles halted with the first army at Kommenitz, in order to allow the Crown Prince time to come up to Miletin, a town five miles east of Kommenitz, and to get information of the movements of the Austrians. In the afternoon he sent out two officers to reconnoitre beyond Höritz. Before one of them got to the little river Bistritz, over which the road from Höritz to Königgratz crosses about half-way between these two towns, he came upon a large force of Austrian cavalry and Jägers, and had to ride for his life till he and his dragoons regained the outposts of the Prussian army. More on the Prussian right the other officer found the Austrians in force, and was obliged to retire rapidly. From the reports of both these officers, Prince Frederick Charles determined to attack, and on the night of the 2d he gave orders for the immediate advance of his own army beyond Höritz, and sent Lieutenant von Normand with a letter to the Crown Prince, asking him to push forward in the morning from Miletin, and attack the right flank of the Austrians while he himself engaged them in front. Had Von Normand been taken prisoner on his ride to and fro between the first and second armies, the Austrians might have won the battle of Sadowa, or it might not have been fought. At one o'clock, however, on the morning of the 3d, he reached the head-quarters of the Crown Prince, and three hours later rejoined Prince Frederick Charles, bringing him an assurance of the co-operation of the second army. But before midnight the troops, 150,000, of all arms, had been in motion, and at daybreak they had taken up their position to attack the Austrians, — the main body at Milowitz, a village on the road from Höritz to Königgratz; the 7th division, under General Fransky, at Cesekwitz on the left, and the 4th and 5th divisions at the villages of Bristau and Psauch on the right; while General von Bitterfeld, with the 8th and part of the 7th *corps d'armée*, was sent to the town of Neubidsaw, on the extreme right, ten miles from Milowitz. About four o'clock the army began to advance, and marched slowly up the gentle hill which leads from Milowitz to the village of Dub, five miles nearer Königgratz. At six the whole army was close up to Dub, concealed behind the ridge upon which Dub stands; their cavalry vedettes, which had been pushed forward thus far over night, remaining on the ridge, as if nothing were going on behind them, and the Austrians ignorant of their approach.

From the elevation on which Dub stands, the ground slopes gently down to the river Bistritz, which the road crosses at the village of Sadowa, a mile and a quarter from Dub. From Sadowa, and on the opposite bank of the Bistritz, the ground rises up to the village of Lipa, a mile and a half from Sadowa. Three quarters of a mile down the Bistritz is the village of Dobilnitz; a mile still further down stands the village of Mokrowens. Between Dobilnitz and Mokrowens stands the chateau of Dohalicha. Behind Dobilnitz, and between that village and the high road which runs through Sadowa, lies a large thick wood. Many of the trees had been cut down, leaving about ten feet above the ground, the lopped branches of which were twisted together between the standing trunks of the trees which were nearest the river, in order to bar an entrance into the wood. On the open slope between Dobilnitz and Dohalicha was a battery of twelve pieces. To the left, up the course of the Bistritz, the ground was open between the orchards of Sadowa and the trees round Benatek, a little village about two miles above Sadowa. This village marked the right of the Austrian position. But midway between Sadowa and Benatek ran, for three quarters of a mile, a broad belt of fir-wood. "Above and beyond these villages and woods, in the course of the river, the spire of Lipa was seen; below it a few houses, gardens, and patches of fir-wood; and a little to the left, rather down the hill, were seen the cottages of the hamlet of Cisliwes."

Such was the battle-field on which nearly half a million of men were to contend, — the Prussians, 250,000 strong; the Austrians, about 200,000.

Dr Russell witnessed the battle from the old tower of Königgratz. We will now follow his account of it. We have seen that the Prussians had 250,000 men in the field. General Benedek's army, deductions being made for the baggage guards, the various escorts, the garrison of Josephstadt and Königgratz, the sick, &c., he had probably not more than 190,000 or 195,000 actually in hand. The ground he had to cover from right to left was about nine miles in length. His artillery consisted of about 540 guns, and the cavalry seemed to Dr. Russell the very finest he had ever seen. It prevented the defeat of the Austrian army from being turned into a rout. Some of us have laughed at General Benedek's plea that the smoke kept him from seeing the Prussians. The laugh may be just or not, and certainly the plea sounds oddly. But Dr. Russell says that once the engagement had begun, General Benedek himself could not tell where his troops were. "Notwithstanding the violent wind which prevailed, the artillery and musketry fire clung in the valleys and undulations, and, mingling with the fogs and rain-clouds, at times quite obscured the field." The Austrians for the most part seemed to be posted upon high ground; but the Prussians had this advantage, that they were covered on their proper left by a good deal of wood. In the main, however, the Austrians were better posted for defence than the Prussians for attack. On the other hand the Austrian army had been much marched, and needed rest, which it was now too late for them to get, while some of them had been ill-fed. In the early part of the battle the Prussians were not largely visible, while the Austrians were in full view, except that part of their first line which was engaged in the valley on the extreme right; and that portion of their centre and left which was hid by woods and clumps of trees near Klum, and the low ground near the Prague road. It would appear, both from Dr. Russell's letter and the letter of the military correspondent of the *Times* in the Austrian army, that the Austrians did not cover themselves as they might and ought to have done, though they "could, without much risk of seriously hampering their cavalry and artillery, have thrown up trenches which would have saved the loss of many guns, a sacrifice of their horses, and the battle, and the fate of part of the Austrian army itself; for a few hours' labor on the brow of the second ridge might have stemmed

[illegible] Prussians [illegible] defeat." But, "all [illegible] discipline, and valor."

[illegible] A.M. the Prussian left and [illegible] way, though fighting with [illegible] The right at the [illegible] part of them, had advanced towards Nimon the centre, awaiting the moment to deluge the plains with an exulting flood. But the time [illegible] came. The Prussians, reconnoitered, came up the slopes on the Austrian left and centre, in [illegible] the left, if possible, but in vain. [illegible] and twelve o'clock the [illegible] successful on the centre [illegible] though the Prussians kept up [illegible] perseverance and [illegible] heavy musketry fire was heard [illegible] right, and the Prussians on the cen[illegible] attack with somewhat vig[illegible] their ground, [illegible] against them, [illegible] and made [illegible] So the [illegible] was seen that [illegible] on their [illegible] Prussian movement, [illegible] of [illegible] Sadowa, [illegible] sensation is [illegible] power. A [illegible] who saw [illegible] the [illegible] Prussian [illegible] all [illegible] "[illegible] right." [illegible] ground, [illegible]

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comited, hurry towards the Prague road in something like confusion, and spread alarm among the reserves of the centre and left. The regular lines of the columns below are gradually bulging out, and are at last swallowed up in disordered multitude. Officers gallop about trying to restore order. Some regiments hold together, though they are losing men in heaps every instant. The left wing is arrested in its onward progress. The Prussian generals in front of them and on the left, seeing their enemy waver, throw their battalions against them, and encourage their artillery to fresh efforts, but the formidable Austrian cavalry prevent any hasty or enthusiastic demonstrations on the part of the Prussian right, whose long-continued fighting and heavy capes must have somewhat enervated them."

Dr. Russell thinks that even at this moment the battle might have been gained by the Austrians had they let slip their cavalry on both sides of Klum, crushed the Prussian right and liberated the Austrian centre and left to continue the contest. But this measure expedient was not resorted to. The cavalry was [illegible] to cover the retreat of the army, which [illegible] successfully.

[illegible] has been [illegible] by the Archduke [illegible] man who has [illegible] many [illegible] in Benedek's con[illegible] from [illegible] the battle of Sadowa. [illegible] He seemed [illegible] All [illegible] that. [illegible] near from the [illegible] that when the [illegible] Benedek [illegible] the [illegible]

Mr. Liston's phrase, disappeared, and was doubtless broken into a thousand pieces. The sound of his head, &c., dashing successively upon the projecting masses of the chasm, had such an effect upon the youth Liston, that a serious sickness ensued, and even for many years after his recovery he was not once seen so much as to smile.

The joint death of both his parents, which happened not many months after this disastrous accident, and were probably (one or both of them) accelerated by it, threw our youth upon the protection of his maternal great aunt, Mrs Sittingbourn, whom he loved almost to reverence. To the influence of her early counsels and manners he always attributed the firmness with which, in maturer years, thrown upon a way of life, commonly not the best adapted to gravity and self-retirement, he was able to maintain a serious character untinctured with the levities incident to his profession.

Ann Sittingbourn (her portrait was painted by Hudson) was stately, stiff, and tall, with a cast of features strikingly resembling those of Liston. Her estate in Kent was spacious and well wooded; and here, in the venerable solitudes of Charnwood, amid thick shades of the oak and beech (the last his favorite tree), Liston cultivated those contemplative habits which never entirely deserted him in after years. Here he was commonly in summer months to be met, book in hand — not a play-book — meditating. Boyle's "Reflections" was at one time his darling volume, which, in its turn, was superseded by Young's "Night Thoughts," which continued its hold upon him throughout life. He carried it always about him; and it was no uncommon thing for him to be seen, in the refreshing intervals of his occupation, leaning against a side-scene, in a sort of Lord Herbert of Cherbury posture, turning over a pocket edition of his favorite author.

The premature death of Mrs. Sittingbourn, occasioned by incautiously burning a pot of charcoal in her sleeping-chamber, left Liston, in his nineteenth year, nearly without resources. That the stage at all should have presented itself as an eligible scope for his talents, and in particular, that he should have chosen a line so foreign to what appears to have been his turn of mind, admits of explanation.

At Charnwood, then, we behold him thoughtful, grave, ascetic, from his cradle averse to flesh meats and strong drinks; abstemious even beyond the genius of the place, and almost in spite of the remonstrances of his great aunt, who, though strict, was not rigid; water was his habitual drink, and his food little beyond the mast and beech-nuts of his favorite grove.

It is a medical fact that this kind of diet, however favorable to the contemplative powers of the primitive hermits, &c., is but ill adapted to the less robust minds and bodies of a later generation. Hypochondria almost constantly ensues, and young Liston was subject to sights, and had visions. Those arid beech-nuts, distilled by a complexion naturally adroit, mounted into a brain, already prepared to kindle by long seclusions, and the fervor of strict Calvinistic notions. In the glooms of Charnwood he was assailed by illusions similar in kind to those which are related of the famous Anthony of Padua. Wild antic faces would ever and anon protrude themselves upon his *sensorium*. Whether he shut his eyes or kept them open, the same illusions operated. The darker and more profound were his cogitations, the droller and more whimsical became the apparitions. They buzzed about him, thick as flies, flapping at him, flouting at him, hooting in his ear, yet with such comic appendages, that what at first was his bane, became at length his solace, and he desired no better society than that of his merry phantasmatas. We shall presently find in what way this remarkable phenomenon influenced his future destiny.

On the death of Mrs. Sittingbourn, Liston was received into the family of Mr. Willoughby, an eminent Turkey merchant in Birchin Lane. He was more treated like a son than a clerk, though he was nominally but the latter. Different avocations, change of scene, with alternation of business and recreation, appear to have weaned him in a short time from the hypochondriacal affections which had beset him at Charnwood. Within the next three years we find him making more than one voyage to the Levant, as chief factor for Mr. Willoughby, at the Porte. He used to relate passages of his having been taken up on a suspicion of a design of penetrating the seraglio, &c.; but some of these stories are whimsical, and others of a romantic nature.

We will now bring him over the seas again, and suppose him in the counting-house in Birchin Lane, his factorage satisfactory, and all going on so smoothly that we may expect to find Mr. Liston at last an opulent merchant upon 'Change. But see the turns of destiny! Upon a summer's excursion into Norfolk, in the year 1801, the accidental sight of pretty Sally Parker, as she was then called, in the Norwich company, diverted his inclinations at once from commerce, and he became stage-struck. Happy for the lovers of mirth was it that he took this turn. Shortly after, he made his *debut* on the Norwich boards, in his twenty-second year. Having a natural bent to tragedy, he chose the part of Pyrrhus, in the "Distressed Mother," to Sally Parker's Hermione. We find him afterwards as George Barnwell, Altamont, Charmont, &c.; but, as if nature had destined him to the sock, an unavoidable infirmity absolutely incapacitated him for tragedy.

His person, at this latter period, was graceful and even commanding; his countenance set to gravity; he had the power of arresting the attention of an audience at first sight almost beyond any other tragic actor, but he could not hold it. To understand this obstacle we must go back a few years to those appalling reveries at Charnwood. Those illusions which had vanished before the dissipation of a less recluse life, and more free society, now in his solitary tragic studies, and amid the intense call upon feeling incident to tragic acting, came back upon him with tenfold vividness. In the midst of some most pathetic passages — the parting of Jaffier with his dying friend, for instance — he would suddenly be surprised with a fit of violent horse-laughter. While the spectators were all sobbing before him with emotion, suddenly one of those grotesque faces would peep out upon him, and he could not resist the impulse. A timely excuse once or twice served his purpose, but no audience could be expected to bear repeatedly this violation of the continuity of feeling. He describes them (the illusions), as so many demons haunting him, and paralyzing every effort. It was said that he could not recite the famous soliloquy in "Hamlet" even in private without immoderate fits of laughter. However, what he had not force of reason sufficient to overcome, he had good sense enough to turn into emolument, and determined to make a commodity of his distemper. He prudently exchanged the buskin for the sock,

[illegible] of the most catch-[illegible] little more than [illegible] of these extraordinary phan-[illegible]

We have now drawn Liston to the period when he was about to make his first appearance in London. These details have been condensed from a paper in the *London Magazine*, January, 1824; they are referred to in the sketch of Liston's life written a few days after his death, March [illegible] by his son-in-law, George Herbert Rodwell, the musical composer, and published in the [illegible] *Times*, March 31. There we [illegible] that Liston was born 1776, that his father [illegible] Newcastle Street, Haymarket, and that young [illegible] was educated at Dr. Burrow's Soho School, and subsequently became second master in Arch [illegible] School. Rodwell relates that [illegible] the critical life, Liston went for cheap [illegible] to Newcastle upon Tyne, and was [illegible] for a fortnight; pro[illegible] that Liston was reduced to his [illegible] At Newcastle, through the [illegible] received by Stephen [illegible] in awful state in [illegible] directing a rehearsal. [illegible] before he could [illegible] young man [illegible]

THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

I.

Mark Weston was an unfortunate man. When I say unfortunate, I do not mean that he had suffered any one particular hardship. Mark's trouble throughout life had been life itself. The silver spoon, which, according to ancient tradition some men are born with, was, in his case, of the dullest, commonest, counterfeit Brummagem metal. The snug little farm which his father had left him changed to the Bankruptcy Court, and the Bankruptcy Court to the midnight haunts of a poacher, and these again to the district jail, from whence he had been cast forth in the comfortable possession of—yes, of his unfortunate self. And now he seemed on the high road to a final change from newly-recovered liberty to her Majesty's penal settlements; for, on the autumn night to which I refer, he was lying behind a hedge, waiting for the light to go out in Squire Harpar's windows, before making an attempt on the plate and other valuables within.

It was a dark night, with sufficient fog to make it dreary and damp, and Mark had been for some time wet, cold, and hungry, with an empty pocket and gloomy mind, and he had got cramped and stiff, and his corduroy suit, which had been fumigated and pressed for three months in the jail, while its owner's daily course of duty ran on the treadmill, was [illegible] and suggestive of his late [illegible] At last he [illegible] and as all created things of [illegible] the light be—the most [illegible] towards [illegible] a [illegible] in the [illegible] window [illegible]

[illegible]

sus till her 'pa come. But I can 't stop now. It 's all your fault for not coming before. There 's Miss Jane, I do believe, a opening of the back door, — don't you hear? She 's always after me. Well, you 'll know better nor to sulk another time, Jim. Ay! there she goes!" A voice calling out "Nancy," was here audible. "Come for the beer, dear, in half-an-hour. It 'll be on the sill, and I 'll be there, too, if I can. — Gracious! she 's at it again." And the young lady vanished as quickly as she had appeared, leaving the flavor of Day and Martin still on Mark's lips.

"What ho, my gallant Romeo! Is the charmer fled, and was it my profane approach that lent her wings? Hold out thy fin, honest Jim! Pompey, thy paw!" It was a man this time, and his hand was on Mark's shoulder.

"Well, my gay Lothario!" went on the new comer: "how speeds thy wooing? Fortune favors thee, methinks; but as for me, alas!" and he struck his breast dramatically.

"Dash it!" said Mark; "the place is all cracked, and here 's another lunatic."

"Why, it 's not Jim, after all," said the other, falling back in great amazement.

"No, of course it aint," said Mark, sulkily.

"O faithless woman!" soliloquized the stranger. "Coy and hard to please! Now is Jim most basely wronged. Have you supplanted him, young man?"

"I 'm neither Jim, nor nobody else, but a poor unfortunate beggar, as was going to beg some broken meat," said Mark, doggedly.

"Ah! yes, mum 's the word," went on the other, putting his finger up. "Discreet and close as wax. But stay, — a word will do. What has become of Jim?"

"I 'll not stand this any longer," said Mark, in despair. "I tell you I 'm not Jim, nor don't know him, nor yond' lass either; and I don't want to, — that 's more. I 'm a poor fellow as has had three months for bagging a hare, and is come out, and doesn't care how soon he goes in again."

The stranger stared. "A poacher, eh? Would it were light, that I might scan thy face! I want a felon, — dark, revengful eyes, — coarse mouth, — cropped hair, and beetle brows. The look, — ferocious hate! Young man, I like thee."

"You 're out for once," said Mark, as the other peered into his face. "I growed all the time I was in."

"Did you though?" exclaimed the other, evidently in blank amazement. "Witness sublime to prison nourishment!"

"Hair I mean," growled Mark.

"Ah, yes, I see!" said his companion; "no bristly stubble here. Well, well, we 'll be content: you 'll make a study yet. Friend rustic, confidence is reciprocal. I am an artist, — poet, — painter, too, — to fame not quite unknown. You have a dulcinea; so have I. Yours dwells in yonder palace; so does mine. Yours smiles upon you; mine is somewhat coy. The fact is," continued the stranger, more earnestly, "if you 're the real Dromio, I 've been deceived, — that 's all. There is a lad called Jim, who has imposed upon me as your Juliet's Romeo."

"If you 've got anything to say," interrupted Mark, "say it, and have done. It 's no good speaking fine in that way."

"Well, then, rustic, listen. For the last few days I 've been a dodging a girl I know that has a lodging here, — your Nancy's mistress. Now don't interrupt! Your rival, Jim, was my friend. I told him all, and won his gentle heart with pints of ale. He was to get your Nancy on my side, and through her win me access to my lady-love. Now, since he 's false, or Nancy most untrue, I must e'en change my tactics. Rustic, listen! — you shall be Jim 's successor, if you will, — inherit all the pints and pipes which else had fallen to his share. In one word, will you help me to besiege the fair Miss Harpar, mistress of this heart? Wages, — unlimited credit at the Chequers, rich prospective tips when all is settled, and I happy. Say, is it a bargain?"

"No, it ain't," said Mark; "I 'll have nothing to do with none on you."

"Rustic, be merciful," said the other, pulling him back, "I really am in earnest. I 'm a stranger here, on a sketching-tour. I halted at the village, found the ale was good, and stayed the night. On the morrow Miss Harper passed, and all was over! I 've lingered since about the house, stayed beneath windows, left notes about the grounds, and even thrown one through the bedroom casement. All to no purpose. She has a stern old parent, an immaculate housekeeper, a Spartan butler, — none that I could bribe save Jim, and he 's an outsider, and now no good at all."

"Well, I 'm no good either," said Mark: "the servant comes a kissing of me, but I never seed her before."

"I 'm not asking you, man alive, anything about her. You keep your love-affairs to yourself, as much as you please. You 'll meet the girl again."

"No, I sha'n't!" roared Mark.

"Well, then, you 'll not," said the other, changing his tone; "but you don't object to ale and pipes for nothing, do you? If you don't, will you come a hundred yards with me to the Chequers? A friendly glass — now come!"

"Well, I don't mind that, sir," said Mark.

"Come on, then, without more ado. 'Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!'"

"I tell you what," observed Mark suddenly, "there 's to be a can of ale a-waiting at the scullery window in a few moments, for Jim or any one who likes to fetch it. Nancy will be there, and, if you like, you can go yourself and make the best of it."

"Hold! Here 's an idea! — You are discretion itself, my unknown friend. Not implicate yourself, — not lose the pipes and ale. I see, I see! Rather forego the tender love-scene and drink alone, while I go meet the fickle Nancy. Good! — You go off, and order what you will at the Chequers. Use my name; they know my ways already — Mr. Duval. Now don't forget. Just at the corner down the road, and wait there till I come. Spare not the ale. I 'll go and meet thy Nancy, drink the swipes, and win her over. Don't forget the name, — Duval!"

As Mr. Duval disappeared in the direction of the house, Mark turned away towards the alehouse, and a thought struck him that possibly Mr. Harpar's spoons and forks might rest quietly in their plate-basket for this night at all events.

II.

Miss Jane, the housekeeper and cook, and Mr. Cramp, the footman and butler of Mr. Harpar's establishment, sat in the kitchen, on each side of the fire. Once on a time, it had been "Jane" and "Thomas"; but years had gone by, and they had fairly earned promotion. Miss Jane, with her dress turned carefully back over her knees, sat with her feet in a pair of carpet slippers on the fender, and

[illegible] negus. Mr. Cramp had the other [illegible] and added unto the negus a long [illegible]. Four and twenty years had they [illegible] the fender together night after night. [illegible] the tutelary Lares of the house: and every night did Mr. Cramp smoke a privileged pipe, and he and Miss Jane together imbibe the privileged negus.

Mr. Cramp was a man of few words: Miss Jane was a woman of many. This evening, she had got an idea, — an old one revived with great force. Single blessedness was an evil. Why shouldn't Mr. Cramp marry her? Why had n't he done so long since? Why should n't she give him a gentle hint on the subject? — so she began.

"It's an awful cold night, Mr. Cramp."

"Hum," said Mr. Cramp, assentingly.

"And mortal lonesome, like, — now aint it?"

Mr. Cramp looked at his pipe, and glass, and the fire, and did not assent this time.

"I often wonder what them poor creaturs must do, as don't have no one to look after them," sighed Miss Jane. "I'm afeard there's a good deal o' misery in the world, Mr. Cramp, — a mighty deal more than we knows of," with a sip at the negus.

Mr. Cramp having nothing to say to this proposition, she resumed: —

"That's what I often says to myself, when I see them two young folks up stairs, bless their hearts! a sitting side by side, as I'll be bound they're doing at this very identical moment, a holding of one another's hands, and a planning the marriage-day, and the white favors. I often says, it's a mercy, says I, there'll be no misery in that quarter."

Mr. Cramp rubbed his nose with a meditative expression.

"Yes, and there ain't such a very bad-looking young fellow in the kitchen, is there, Mr. Cramp?" [illegible]

[illegible]

don't know but I might undertake the responsibles of matermony. What do you say to that, Mr. Cramp?"

"I say," replied Mr. Cramp, "with your permission, ma'am, as we've finished our glasses, we'd better try what two more would be like of the same sort." And he went to fetch the bottle.

It was necessary to fire a very big shot indeed. Miss Jane felt this, and rallied all her forces for a last attack. She sipped a little of the hot negus, and waited a few moments. Then she spoke.

"Mr. Cramp."

"Ma'am."

"What should you say if I told you a secret?"

"Can't say, ma'am."

"A very important secret. One I should n't tell everybody; to hardly any one but you, Mr. Cramp; indeed, it ain't quite proper to tell it at all."

"Better think twice about it, ma'am."

"Well, Mr. Cramp," speaking very slowly and impressively, "there's a young man coming after me now."

Mr. Cramp looked earnestly at the door, as if expecting to see the young man appear.

"It's quite dreadful to think on, Mr. Cramp. I'm a prudent woman, and it is shocking to have a young man watching for one, outside, whenever one puts one's face at the winder, and bowing like a real born gentleman."

Mr. Cramp looked attentive, so Miss Jane proceeded with the picture.

"A nice, handsome young fellow, with black hair and white hands and mustachios: and a white cutaway coat with large buttons: and a stick with a gold top to it."

Mr. Cramp listened still more attentively, and hope rose in Miss Jane's gentle bosom. If she could but make him jealous!

"He puts his hand in this way at his side, Mr. Cramp, and bows — so genteel — and I've seen him most every day for a week past, and he's a great [illegible] from London [illegible]."

"Well, ma'am," said the butler, seeing she stopped, "there's not much in it."

"No, Mr. Cramp, there's not much in [illegible]," resumed the housekeeper, getting excited as she went on, "but there's much in messages, perhaps, Mr. Cramp, and in notes, Mr. Cramp, [illegible] in billet-doux like this." Miss [illegible] triumphantly displaying a triangular pink note from her pocket.

"Well, ma'am, it's got some writing inside?"

[illegible] Mr. Cramp, and [illegible] about it, Mr. Cramp, — would you [illegible]

"Well, ma'am, I've no objection," said the [illegible]

"Now, Mr. Cramp," said she, at last, with a show of [illegible]

[illegible]

good deal. You says a good deal, but does n't think at all. And what I have to say is, — it 's spoons, ma'am."

"Spoons!" cried Miss Jane, starting.

"Yes, ma'am, it 's spoons, — spoons and forks, and silver, ma'am, and anything else that can be laid hold of. It 's robbers and breakings into houses, that 's what it is, and I 'm not a going to stand it." And Mr. Cramp walked up stairs.

"Thank goodness, he 's jealous at last!" exclaimed Miss Jane. "Thieves indeed, — a very pretty idea!"

The couple above to whom the housekeeper had referred were not so private in their billing and cooing as to be at all disturbed when Mr. Cramp knocked and entered. I doubt if they even altered their relative positions on the sofa. For Mr. Jones was an accepted lover; the regular orthodox course had been pursued, the proper probation time fixed, and matter-of-course visits were paid every week, involving each of them a *tête-à-tête*, like the one which was now interrupted. Mr. Jones was second master at the grammar-school in Chickenborough, about two miles off. A steady, substantial young man, a young man of fixed principles, who had passed through Cambridge with credit; a young man of whom were prophesied great things, — to be ordained shortly, with rectories and who could tell what in prospect, — in fact, a most desirable match altogether.

Now, at this moment, Mr. Jones's sense of decorum had obtruded itself very awkwardly. It was getting late, and Mr. Harpar had not yet returned from the annual magisterial dinner, and if the county business or the county wine should detain him all night, he (Jones), by staying where he was, would place himself in sole charge of Miss Harpar until morning. This would be awkward and embarrassing. On the other hand, it was a cold, dreary walk to Chickenborough, and he was not partial to the road after dark, and his landlady would be gone to bed, and the fire out. Being, therefore, in much doubt, he took Mr. Cramp's entrance as a hint to decide one way or the other, believing the butler was come to signify it was time to close up the house for the night.

Miss Harpar, on the other hand, who had personally superintended the investiture of the spare bed with clean sheets, had settled that Mr. Jones should remain, as a matter of course. Knowing, also, of sundry cunningly-devised dishes left under the charge of Miss Jane, and shortly to be produced for supper, she, consequently, hailed Mr. Cramp's entrance as an announcement of the same being ready.

It was, therefore, to the astonishment of both that the butler begged pardon, but might he speak to the young gentleman alone for a minute or two, as he had something "particklar" to tell him.

Mr. Jones rejoiced to find the evil day put off a little, smiled, and assented. Miss Harpar remarked that it was a mysterious request, but assented likewise.

The butler led the way to the dining-room, and then with great solemnity informed the astounded lover that he (Cramp) suspected robbers were about the house. He declined to say how he got his information, but it was a fact. They might be about at that moment. The master's being away was favorable to 'em. He was n't a going to stand it. So far from that, he were a going to begin a strict watch there and then. Finally, he had summoned Mr. Jones to obtain that gentleman's assistance in an immediate inspection of the premises.

Mr. Jones was not constitutionally brave, and the character and suddenness of the news were startling; but Miss Harpar's safety was involved, and beside, the chances were that if robbers were about, he might meet them on his way back. On the whole, the house was safer, and he had now a good excuse for staying. So, in some trepidation, he agreed to Mr. Cramp's request.

Meantime, the housekeeper was busy in the kitchen, preparing the supper. Beyond the kitchen was the scullery, mentioned before, and in this scullery were all the boots and knives cleaned. It was Nancy's purgatory, for to that young woman these duties fell, and great were her grumblings thereat. "It wor a man's place, and Muster Cramp ought to do it, so he ought!" Associating the scullery with the work performed in it, she held this region in the greatest abhorrence, and seldom or never entered it, save when compelled. But this evening, to Miss Jane's wonder, Nancy lingered about her work there in a most dilatory manner, found a hundred pretexts for quitting and then returning to the knife-board, "loitering and dilly-dallying," as the housekeeper declared, till the latter lost all patience and ordered her away. The command was obeyed, but with so much reluctance, that Miss Jane's suspicions were excited. Nancy's flirtation was not quite a secret; Miss Jane had vaguely heard of Jim, and, having a similar affair, as she believed, on her own hands, was naturally most indignant at anybody else presuming to follow her example. "I 'll be bound that trapesing vagabond's a coming to the scullery," she mused; "I 'll Jim him!" After which threat she contrived half an hour's occupation for Nancy in another part of the house, and stole quietly to the scullery, herself, to see into the matter.

A moment after, the meddlesome hand of Fate led Messrs. Cramp and Jones, in the course of their tour of inspection, towards the same quarter. Finding the kitchen empty, Mr. Cramp was just about to impart to his companion some fresh ideas, when, all at once, an exclamation in the housekeeper's voice came through the partly open door beyond, followed by a sound of somebody — certainly not Nancy — expostulating in a very low tone. "Now for it, sir," whispered the butler; "I think we 've got 'em!" And they both crept on tiptoe to the door, and listened for a moment.

On the housekeeper's entering the scullery, the first thing that had presented itself to her view was a stone pitcher elevated to nearly a horizontal position by the agency of some invisible power on the other side of the open window. Before she could utter a word the phenomenon was explained. The jug descended, and a sigh of relief was audible from the darkness. It was clearly Jim.

"Why, you owdacious, imperent, good-for-nothing ——" commenced Miss Jane. "Hush, hush!" said a beseeching voice. "'T is the fair Nancy come at last. O, gentle goddess, list!" And the head to which the voice belonged was intruded through the window; a head with black hair and mustaches, with a vision of white coat on the shoulders beneath; the head of no Jim, but of the handsome young man about whom she had been trying to make Mr. Cramp jealous.

"Gracious goodness me!" said Miss Jane. This was the ejaculation which caught the ears of the two men in the kitchen.

"Charming maiden," said Mr. Duval, for it was he; "be not afraid. *He* 's sent me, — *he*, you know (confound it, I forgot to ask the fellow's name,"

[illegible] "your gentle swain. I [illegible] the moment's [illegible] Come near, and let me whisper."

"O dear," panted Miss Jane, "and am I come to this? To hear me. O sir, you must go away this minute. You should [illegible] I shall be disgraced forever. Go away, sir, this moment minute."

"No, no, don't [illegible]," roared Mr. Cramp, [illegible] "now we've got 'em! O you baggage! Open the door, sir, and out on him — I knowed there was something up!"

Miss Jane [illegible] more speechless. Mr. Duval with ready presence of mind, [illegible] up the beer-jug, [illegible] the remaining contents at the intruder's head, and [illegible] in one and the same instant. [illegible] The beer shower [illegible] and came full on the face of the [illegible], completely drenching him and dispersing [illegible] remnant of courage he darted back [illegible]. Mr. Cramp was already out of the [illegible] door, when Miss Jane seized him by the coat-tails. "Help, help, Mr. Jones!" she screamed: "he'll do [illegible] a murder! Catch hold of him! — keep him back! — he's mad! He thinks I'm false. I never asked the fellow: — I don't know him. I don't want to. O, Cramp, Cramp, don't be violent! I'll never tease you again. Help!"

"Will nobody strangle this Jezebel?" roared the butler. "Take her away, will you, some one!"

With a mighty wrench he got free, and immediately rushed off after the fugitive. Miss Jane went into hysterics, and screamed till the house rang again.

And now a new element of discord was added. Nancy, who had a vague notion of something wrong, no sooner heard the uproar, than she sprang towards the scene of action, and met Miss Harpar, similarly alarmed to herself, half-way.

"What's the matter, Nancy? O, what's the matter?"

"Matter, madam," blubbered Nancy: "they're a murderin' of him. O my precious Jim!" And she rushed down stairs.

Miss Harpar only waited to catch the word murder. The housekeeper's screams were ringing in her ears; and instantly conceiving that a wholesale slaughter was going on below, she darted into her bedroom, and closed and locked the door.

III.

MARK went on his way to the alehouse, in anticipation of pipes and beer. Sure enough, he soon found the Chequers, and a blazing fire, and merry company: all of them on a like errand. A civil landlord, too, and pretty barmaid, and casks of spirits, and barrels of ale. So far, so good; but when he gave his order, and stated, as a precautionary measure, his authority for the same, — viz. Mr. Duval, the smiling face of the tapster changed most unaccountably; his fingers which had hold of the beer-pump handle, loosened their grasp, and he curtly informed the astonished Mark that if this was the only money he had to show, he might as well try the shop "t'other side of the way," whereat the company laughed assentingly.

"Why, he told me you knowed him," said Mark, reddening.

"Know him! ay; for a cool, impudent rascal, as drinks and guzzles hisself, and makes others drink, too, and never pays so much as a farthing. I'm not a going to empty my stuff down his throat, or yours either: and all for nothing. And so, Master, you'd better be off and tell him so."

There is nothing so annoying as to be disgraced in the eyes of one's equals. Here was a whole taproom laughing at him, and he without a penny to order a glass with for himself. It was too bad. Mark grew angry, and proceeded to vent his wrath on the landlord. The latter retorted by ordering him off the premises.

Hereupon, Mark defied the whole company, individually and collectively, in mortal combat, and turned away in considerable disgust.

"I say, Master," shouted the landlord, from the steps, "if you want a fight, just go and punch your friend's head, will you? He deserves it bad enough. You're sure to find him at Squire Harpar's."

Mark was in the humor to comply. He was mortally savage with Mr. Jerrat for sending him such a wild-goose chase. Besides, there was the can of ale at the scullery-window. He would go back, at all events. At this instant, a new actor appeared on the scene.

Mr. Harpar was passing by the Chequers, on his return from the magisterial dinner. To say he was an intemperate man, would be false: but certainly, on this occasion, he was far from sober, having reached that state of perplexity which may be called the over-wise. The company had consisted principally of his brother magistrates, and over their wine, they had been discussing the number and increasing percentage of criminals and crimes. Each had proposed some elaborate and infallible remedy, and all had got so wonderfully sagacious, that, by the time they separated, the knotty points of judicature had been finally and satisfactorily arranged, — though, alas! only in talk. At the present moment, Mr. Harpar felt himself more than ordinarily knowing, and was reflecting what a pity it was that he had only to retire to bed, like any other mortal, instead of exercising his superlative stock of wisdom for the benefit of the public. Hearing, therefore, his own name bawled out from the village alehouse, coupled with an intimation that somebody was about his premises, he at once decided that interference was necessary, and accordingly kept as close behind Mark Weston as the wine and darkness combined would permit him.

Thus, when our hero once more neared the scene of action, he was for a third time accosted, and now it was by a fussy little man, evidently half-seas over, with a pompous manner, and a husky voice, who demanded why he was there, and what the — something — he meant by it. "I am a magistrate, sir, — appointed by Her Gracious Majesty, sir, to look after the district. I am Mr. Harpar, sir, — George Harpar, Esquire, Justice of the Peace. I convict you of unlawfully entering my private grounds: consider yourself sentenced to — to — what the deuse is it? Never mind, I'm not going to have vagabonds about my house at this time of night."

"You've got one too many, already," said Mark, "I'm not after none of your house."

"No trifling. Prisoner at the bar, I commit you for contempt of court," said Mr. Harpar, making a lurch towards Mark to lay hold of his coat.

"Here, old gentleman, none of that! If you want a game of that sort, first go and catch t'other cove." A bright idea of bringing Mr. Duval to open shame had struck Mark forcibly. "There's a fellow a dodging about the back door now."

"Eh, what's that? Any more of you?"

"I tell you, there 's a cheating scamp at the scullery now," said Mark, earnestly.

"And you 're after him? Excellent young man. And I had brought you in guilty!" exclaimed Mr. Harpar, suddenly changing his tone. "Admirable creature! I repeal my decision. I see how it is. You 're a special detective. Eh! Men about my house; good gracious! A gang of burglars, eh?"

"I only know of one," said Mark, "and he 's a lunatic."

"Good gracious! worse and worse! Lunatic and burglars! Not an instant must be lost! Constable, you shall be handsomely rewarded. Use your staff: knock every one down. I authorize you, — George Harpar, Esquire, Justice of the Peace."

"I 'll use th' stick, sure enough," growled Mark, thinking of the Chequers, and then of Mr. Duval.

It was at this instant that the first of Miss Jane's screams rang through the air. "I 'm blest if they a'n't at it!" said Mark. "Here 's a game!"

Mr. Harpar rushed on in great excitement, repeating his orders for every one to be knocked down without mercy. "Here 's some one coming; hold hard, sir!" cried Mark, but it was too late. The "some one" was running in hot haste, and in another second come into collision with the worthy justice, prostrating him with no gentle force on a prickly rose-bed. "It is the painter, by the powers," thought Mark, as the assailant staggered back, and he instantly sent him after Mr. Harpar by a well-directed blow of his cudgel.

"Here 's one of them a quieted," said Mark.

"One of them; there were a dozen! a dozen at least! You 're a brave fellow! They would have done for me. Here, give me your arm; help me in. Good gracious, there are more of them in the house! They 're murdering my daughter! Come on! A thousand furies, the fellows have lamed me for life!"

"They 're making noise enough," said Mark, helping him along; "but I think there 's only one man about, sir, and I've settled him for five minutes, anyhow."

"One! there are fifty,—a hundred!" roared the Squire. "You knocked down a dozen of them. I saw you do it. Give it to the villains again."

The "villains" apparently consisted of Miss Jane in screams and hysterics in the kitchen, Nancy sobbing in the scullery, and Mr. Jones with the kitchen-poker, nervously doing nothing. Miss Harpar remained in her room, silent from sheer fright. The three others made a rush towards the squire, as he entered, covered with mud and prickles, with Mark Weston behind him.

"O, sir, where 's Cramp?"

"Jim, sir! O, have they hurt him?"

"Where 's the man, sir? O, thank Heaven you 're here."

"Where are the robbers?" shouted Mr. Harpar, silencing them all. "Where 's my daughter? Is anybody hurt? No! Then what 's all the noise about? Look at me, — waylaid, — assaulted in my own garden. A dozen of them dispersed by this brave fellow. Where 's Cramp? Where 's my daughter?"

"Cramp, sir?" sobbed Miss Jane; "he 's after the man. O dear, dear! he 'll be hurt; I know he will!"

"The man! Why, woman, there are twenty of them. Where 's Miss Harpar? Dash it, everybody 's mad!" said the squire. "Here, Jones, and you, my brave fellow, come up stairs; we must rouse the neighborhood."

There was no need to do this. Miss Jane's screams had been heard at the neighboring cottages. The news spread rapidly that Squire Harpar's house was attacked, and aid came pouring in from every side. Among the first arrivals was Mr. Cramp, led in by two men, with his head broken. This added to the mystery. The news reached the Chequers, and just as Miss Harpar's door was opened, and that young lady received into the muddy arms of her father, came the landlord, with Mr. Duval — of all persons in the world — in close custody, but perfectly whole and sound.

It was an impressive scene. Mr. Cramp was lying on the hearth, getting his head dressed by Miss Jane. The squire, more than half sobered by his fall, stood opposite, attended by Mark. Mr. Duval was indignantly struggling with his captors. Nancy was faintly sobbing, and Miss Harpar was supported by Mr. Jones. An inquisitive throng of villagers filled up the background. Every one talked at once, and the effect was edifying.

"Here 's the man, sir!" said the landlord, lugging forward Mr. Duval; "he 's been knocking about your house ever so long, to my sartain knowledge, and he 's a thorough vagabond. And there, I think, is a partner of his," pointing to Mark. "I 've seen him, too."

"That is him as come to the house," said Mr. Cramp, feebly, pointing to the artist.

"Nonsense!" said the squire, "I tell you there were a dozen of them. This may be one, certainly; but as to my brave fellow,— pooh, pooh! Young man, I shall never forget this night."

"And, if you please, sir," said Miss Jane, "I don't think the other young man meant any harm. Truth is truth, Cramp, and I can't let an innocent fellow-creetur suffer for my sake. I 'm sure I 'm sorry it should have turned out so," turning to the astonished artist, "but this awful night has taught me that my heart 's another's; so I 'm sure you 'll go away, and not knock any one else down."

"What 's she raving about?" asked Mr. Duval, wildly. "Why, I've never seen the woman before."

"You untruthful man," said Mr. Jones; "we found you talking to her in the scullery."

"Just hear me for a moment, all of you," exclaimed Mr. Duval. "I came here this evening on private business. Then did I see that maiden," pointing to Nancy, "in this rustic's arms."

"In *his* arms," screamed Nancy. "O, you story-telling villain! I never seed him afore. I just spoke to Jim, a nice young man, sir, as is a following of me, — with your leave, — I did just speak to Jim."

"That you did n't," interrupted the landlord; "Jim 's been in my room all the evening, till just a while ago, — so, there, now!"

"I don't care," said Nancy, "it was him, and he came to the scullery to see me, and they fell upon him, sir; and, if he did give Muster Cramp a broken head, I 'm sure he never meant to do it."

"It warn't Jim," said Mr. Cramp. "It war —"

"It was one of the same gang who assaulted me," broke in the squire. "You 're all drunk, or mad. The affair 's plain enough. There have been men about the house, and this fellow with the mustache is one of them, and we 've caught him. What 's your name?"

"Henry Duval, sir, very much at your service."

"Duval," said the squire; "not one of the Duvals of ——?"

"Of S——? Yes, sir," said Mr. Duval, con-

descending to speak in prose, "these people have laid hold of me, but I swear I have done nothing."

"Good gracious! — why — I know your father, then! Why, here 's a pretty mistake! You can't be one of these miscreants?"

"I hope not, sir," said Mr. Duval; "I 'm an artist."

"Exactly, exactly! I remember now. All my people are gone mad, with their Nancys, and Jims, and scullery windows. Let 's hear no more about it. The police shall catch the rascals. I 'm stiff and tired. They 've knocked down Cramp, and got bowled over in return, some half dozen of them, by this fine fellow. What 's your name? Weston, eh? and these women have been frightened to death, and they 've laid hold of you, Mr. Duval, for want of some one more likely. There, — disperse, all of you at the door, and get Miss Jane to give you something to drink. Now let 's have supper, and be thankful it 's no worse."

Mark Weston slept that night at Mr. Harpar's. It was a lucky evening for him. Nothing could persuade the squire but that Mark's hand had been the means of his safety. The county papers rang with, "Unparalleled outrage at the residence of a Chickenborough Magistrate. Gallant conduct of a countryman." Mark was quite a lion. Mr. Harpar wanted a man for his garden, and stable; Mark was installed. He proved active and honest; and, as he always held his tongue about the one eventful night of his life, he ever retained his credit, save with Miss Jane and Mr. Cramp, who had their suspicions to the last. The affair itself ever remained a mystery, for the squire positively forbade the different and confused versions to be repeated. Gradually it became a thing of the past; every one concerned having an interest in keeping his own part a secret.

Mr. Duval is a rising artist, and flighty as ever. Mr and Mrs Jones are well known, and highly respected in their parish. Miss Jane and Mr Cramp [illegible]

HORSE À LA MODE

(Paris Correspondence of The Pall Mall Gazette.)

It is a [illegible] in England that [illegible] France. [illegible]

l'Italie. Unfortunately, although prime beef and mutton are to be had in Paris, they are very dear, and the increasing rise of prices in Paris has reduced almost to the vanishing point the workman's allowance of flesh-food for himself and family. And therefore was established the shop for the sale of horseflesh which I visited yesterday.

The new shop, with "Boucherie de la Viande de Cheval" in big letters over the doorway, could be detected at a glance, for surrounding it was a crowd of some fifty or sixty people, the majority being women and all being more or less engaged in discussing the merits of the new "viande." On either side of the shop-door hung two large haunches of horse, looking anything but inviting, and wanting that positive tone of color which a good joint of beef always presents. On marble slabs in front of the shop, with no flowers, however, to set them off, some scraggy-looking ribs and purply-red steaks were displayed. Inside were portions of the buttock, &c., some shin-bones, and a heap of odds and ends, for the trade had been brisk, and more than an entire animal had been already disposed of. The master butcher was very attentive to his customers, the majority of whom were of the very poorest class. It was amusing to see the way they were beset on leaving the shop, — how their purchases were overhauled and minutely examined, then turned over and over, squeezed, sniffed at, balanced in the hand, and then thrown back into the basket again by scores of people, many of whom had come with their own baskets with an intention of buying, but could not quite make up their minds. One exceedingly brown old lady, with a very showy cotton handkerchief tied round her head, encouraged the hesitating ones, and showed them her own purchase. "Why, in England," said she, "all the people eat it. What is their 'rosbif' of which we hear so much? Horseflesh, to be sure." A [illegible] in a purple jacket vowed that the very idea of the thing made her ill. This brought [illegible] the mistress of the establishment, a buxom [illegible] she had just made a hearty [illegible] good. On my [illegible] Madame and two or [illegible] their midday meal at the back [illegible] I was [illegible] horse, that [illegible]

The customers, as I have already remarked, were [illegible] of the poorest class; still, among [illegible] steaks were several well-[illegible] the rank of artisans, also a couple [illegible] with a cluster of [illegible] a [illegible] cheap restau-[illegible] by the dozen. [illegible] a butcher's [illegible] establishment, the [illegible] the new [illegible] The price, so [illegible] per [illegible] prime parts. [illegible] The number [illegible] was not [illegible] proportion [illegible] was [illegible] considerable [illegible] away the same weeks

previously under the auspices of the above-mentioned society. It is proper to state that the horseflesh sold at the establishment of which I have been speaking is all subjected to strict governmental inspection, and that the establishment itself has the sanction of the authorities.

The event was celebrated by a banquet in the evening at Lemardelay's, in the Rue de Richelieu, and at which 182 persons sat down to the doubtful delicacy. The bill of fare comprised horse soup, sausages of horseflesh, sirloin of horse garnished with potato balls, horse *à la mode*, ragout of horse, roast filet of horse, and salad dressed with horse oil, — this last I should mention is almost white, without smell, and sweet in flavor. The chair was taken by M. de Quatrefages, the distinguished French naturalist and member of the Institute, who had for supporters M. Albert Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, Director of the Garden of Acclimatization; Dr. Souberain, Secretary of the Acclimatization Society; the Marquis de Béthisy; the Abbé Dufour; M. Bertrand, the mathematician and member of the French Institute; and M. Ducroix, the energetic propagator of the merits of horseflesh as an article of food. Appropriate toasts were drunk, and songs in praise of the horse, and more particularly of its alimentary qualities, were sung during the evening.

FORCE AND MATTER.

EVERYTHING which we behold around us may be classed into two grand categories; namely, agents, and things which are acted on by those agents. Wherever we look or turn we behold or we feel MATTER; which would be a dead inert unchanging substance, were it not set in motion, transformed, and vivified, by the never-ceasing influences of FORCE. It is Almighty Force, combined with Wisdom and Benevolence, which has moulded the universe into its present state of beauty and regularity. It is the force of chemical affinity which causes the iron to rust, and the leaf to rot, and the rock to crumble into fertile soils. It is the vibrating force of radiation which causes the sun to illumine and the fire to warm us. But for the force of gravitation, the apple, detached from its parent bough, would still hang where it was, suspended in mid-air, waiting for a hand to stretch forward and take it.

The existing state of things is therefore entirely brought about by the combination of agents and of objects acted on. The hand which holds this pen is merely matter directed by a guiding mental force. However marvellously that matter may be organized, however wonderful and mysterious may be the origin and derivation of that force, one thing is certain, — that in every act and motion we have force impressing and influencing the matter. We have the worker and the material; the operator and the subject; the master proceeding according to law, and the passive unresisting slave. All which constitute the majors and the minors both of the visible and the invisible world. Force, and its modifications, is the mighty problem which occupies the profoundest intellects of the day.

Travel in imagination to the vast and magnificent regions of South America called Brazil. Penetrate the thick forests with which its soil is densely covered, and you will fall upon groups of numerous slaves busily excavating the earth, breaking fragments off the rocks, and agitating the morsels in bowls of water. From time to time a small pebble, apparently worthless, is carefully picked out and put aside. Hunting for this pebble, and nothing else, is the constant employment of the workmen, — for the pebble is no less than the diamond, which acquires its value and brilliancy solely through the labors of the lapidary. He cuts all its facets one by one, and so brings out the luminous treasures which the rough stone held concealed.

The diamond is the image both of the human mind, and of the subjects on which it brings itself to bear. Continued efforts elicit light. And, as the diamond is capable of being polished and perfected only through the instrumentality of its own proper dust, so are learning and science the results of the friction and contact of many minds, each laboring to help the other to attain greater clearness, translucency, and faultlessness. This premised, we are reminded that we may call the substance of bodies *matter*, while *force* comprises the diverse causes which produce, in bodies, diverse manifestations, and are incessantly modifying their conditions and their properties.

Matter, then, is the substance of bodies, — that part of bodies which manifests itself to our senses. By studying it, we discover that it is made up of little bits, of excessive minuteness, which are called molecules, or atoms. Bodies, therefore, consist of more or less considerable agglomerations of material atoms; which atoms are grouped together without actually touching each other, leaving between them intervals or interstices, called by philosophers "pores." Would you have this constitution of matter acquire in your eyes the full truth of evidence? You have only to increase, in thought, those intervals indefinitely, at the same time transforming the molecules into so many worlds. You have then before you a planetary system; each molecule has become a planet, each interstice measures millions of leagues in length and breadth.

But the whole system, in its integrity, is nothing but a sort of enormous body whose different portions form one whole. There is the same relation between the exiguity of the ultimate particles of matter and the interstices which separate them, as there is between the planets and the interplanetary spaces. A group of molecules, and portion of a body, may be regarded as a world. Exactly as the heavenly bodies revolve in their orbits round each other, without ceasing to keep together, so do the molecules of matter oscillate around their respective positions, without straying beyond certain limits. It is liberty restrained by law.

Professor Tyndall, in like manner, tells us that imagination must help us to understand the constitution of solid bodies; because the motion of their molecules, communicated by heat, however intense it may be, is executed within limits too minute, and the moving particles are too small, to be visible. In the case of solid bodies, while the force of cohesion still holds them together, we must conceive a power of vibration, within certain limits, to be possessed by the molecules. We must suppose them oscillating to and fro; and the greater the amount of heat we impart to the body, the more rapid will be the molecular vibration, and the wider the amplitude of the atomic oscillations.

It is the vibration of the molecules of a solid which causes its expansion when heat is applied to it. If the molecules, as is believed, revolve round each other, the communication of heat, by augmenting their centrifugal force, may be supposed to push them more widely asunder; exactly as a weight attached to a spiral spring, if twirled in the air, tends

to fly away from the hand which holds it; and, as the speed of revolution is augmented, the spring stretches more and more, and the distance between the hand and the weight is increased.

When bodies are made to give forth any sound, when the fiddle-string trembles beneath the bow, when the bell vibrates at the stroke of its clapper, their atoms move in cadence, like the world in space. Between the imperceptible molecules which move within limits of infinite smallness, and the planetary globes which roll in the firmament, there is no difference. The harmony of the spheres is not an empty word. A cause keeps the molecules of a body together: the same cause prevents the heavenly bodies from parting company. That cause is a force, and it is the same force, in both cases; whether it be called cohesion when it assembles atoms, or gravitation when it groups stars in clusters.

Looking closer into the organization of matter, we shall find that force not only forms irregular aggregations of molecules, but it works with order and symmetry. Witness the phenomena of crystallization, to appreciate which, we need go no further than the freezing of water and the formation of snow. Professor Tyndall deftly and delicately dissects a block of ice, by means of a beam from his electric lamp, pulling the crystal edifice to pieces by accurately reversing the order of its architecture. Silently and symmetrically the crystallizing force had built the atoms up; silently and symmetrically does the electric beam take them down. Here we have a star, and there a star; and as the action continues the ice appears to resolve itself into stars, each one possessing six rays, each one resembling a beautiful six-petaled flower. By shifting the lens to and fro new star-flowers are brought into view; and as the action continues, the edges of the petals become serrated, spreading themselves out like fern-leaves. Probably few are aware of the beauty latent in a block of common ice. Only think, continues our eloquent countryman, of lavish Nature operating thus throughout the world! Every atom of the solid ice which sheets the frozen lakes of the north has been fixed according to this law. Nature [illegible] and it is the function of [illegible] so as to enable us to hear the [illegible] a block of ice may seem [illegible] and beauty than a block of glass [illegible] bears the same relation to glass that [illegible] does to the [illegible] glass [illegible] [illegible] described.

Snow-flakes are not less [illegible] When the [illegible] [illegible]

Our great English lecturer also tells us that snow, perfectly formed, is not an irregular aggregate of ice particles. In a calm atmosphere, the aqueous atoms arrange themselves, so as to form the most exquisite figures. The snow crystals are built upon the same type as the six-petaled flowers which show themselves within a block of ice, when a beam of heat is sent through it. The molecules arrange themselves to form hexagonal stars. From a central nucleus shoot six spiculæ, every two of which are separated by an angle of sixty degrees. From these central ribs, smaller spiculæ shoot right and left with unerring fidelity, to the angle of sixty degrees, and from these again other smaller ones diverge at the same angle. These frozen six-leaved blossoms constitute our mountain snows. They load the Alpine heights, where their frail architecture is soon destroyed by the accidents of weather. Every winter they fall, and every summer they disappear. While they last, they assume the most wonderful variety of form: their tracery is of the finest frozen gauze; and, round about their corners, other rosettes of smaller dimensions often cling. Beauty is superposed upon beauty: as if Nature, once committed to her task, took delight in showing, even within the narrowest limits, the wealth of her resources.

To behold this force in action, you have only to watch the process of crystallization under the microscope, — a most astounding spectacle, especially when seen with polarized light. Although the atoms themselves are imperceptible, you witness the rapid growth of their aggregation. Invisible soldiers form into visible battalions, arranging themselves regularly, as at the word of command. The same troops, that is the same solutions, never perform by mistake the evolutions proper to others. Alum presents itself in a mass with eight equal triangular faces; sea-salt furnishes cubes; the prisms of rock crystal are equally recognizable. Minerals have a physiognomy, which reveals the constitution of their bodies. Chemistry tells us that bodies which are similar in form, are fundamentally similar; that is, if they affect the same crystalline form, they offer a like mode of composition.

Do not these facts betray the action of a force which directs the atoms and subjects them to its laws — a sort of primordial, elementary force, animating matter, sometimes causing a simple aggregation of the molecules, sometimes arranging them in [illegible] according to the conditions in which they happen to be placed. This force, M. [illegible] [illegible] to understand what it is or whence [illegible]. All we can say [illegible] with the Great Artificer of all things.

[illegible] our author passes on [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] This [illegible] matter of our [illegible] and that there is no substance [illegible] which is

not primarily derived from the rocks, the water, and the air.

But then comes the question of Vital Force. We know that there *is* a vital force. Consider a tree, and remember that it sprung from a seed; that from that seed there simultaneously issued, both a root, which of its own accord tended downward, and a stem, which sprouted upward; and then that this root, by the nature of its tissue, is essentially fitted to imbibe the moisture of the earth, while the leaves are equally suited to act as lungs, which is the part assigned to them in the vegetable. You mark the appropriation of the tissue to its object, of the texture of the organ to its function.

Observe now the form of the tree, and you will be struck with its persistence. While the tree is being developed, its form remains constant at every period of its life. During the whole of its existence, sometimes very long, — and, what is more, during a progressive increase, — the form of the tree is faithfully preserved. No change takes place in the shape of its branches, its leaves, its flowers, or its fruits. An ash never disguises itself as an elm; an olive never assumes the costume of an orange-tree. Do men gather grapes off thorns, or figs off thistles? An oak-leaf is always the leaf of an oak, so long as that oak continues to live. It constantly displays an oak-leaf's color, shape, nature, and dimensions. Whether the tree be young or old, and even if the matter of which it is constituted, have been repeatedly renewed, its form suffers no modification.

The limit of stature is no less remarkable than the persistence of form. Take the poplar and the reed, though of quite different build; neither exceeds a certain height. Look at a field of wheat; the level of the surface is scarcely broken by any inequality in the length of the stems. Finally, the duration of vegetable life, the limit of its extension in time, is not less determinate than the limit of its extension in space. There are annual, biennial, and perennial plants; perennials even seem to have each their own special span of life. Some exist for tens, others for hundreds, others for thousands of years.

Nevertheless, let chemists analyze the diverse specimens of vegetable organization, and they will discover the same material elements, namely, those which constitute the world of minerals. The two kingdoms are constantly interchanging the same materials; the same oxygen, the same hydrogen, the same carbon, alternate, make part of minerals and vegetables. It is the same matter, so to speak, which is run into different moulds, clothes itself in divers colors, offers various outlines and dimensions. "Molecular forces determine the *form* which the vital energy will assume. In one case, this energy is so conditioned by its atomic machinery, as to result in the formation of a cabbage; in another case, it is so conditioned as to result in the formation of an oak." But the very same carbon may have entered into the chalk, into a fagot, into a flower, or into a fruit.

Like phenomena are more marked and evident in the organization of animals. The persistence of form is more distinctly traced, the mutations of matter are more completely apparent, the phases of life more strongly characterized. Experiments made by mixing madder with an animal's food, prove that even in solid bone there is continual change of its constituent matter during the formation, the development, and the life of bones. The same takes place in every part of an animal's body. Veins, arteries, muscles, nerves, are incessantly undergoing renovation. All these organs offer the spectacle of a continual change of the matter, which constitutes their substance. An accident to the skin, after a certain time, disappears through the reparative process. During youth, its action is more energetic, and its phenomena are more apparent than in old age. Nevertheless, bones ever remain bones, and arteries continue arteries. In spite of the continual change of the elements which compose an animal's body, the form of its different organs is not altered. Slight modifications may occur; but in the animal as in the vegetable we observe a permanence of form. The characteristic structure remains intact.

The animal grows for a certain time, after which its development is arrested. Every living being has its appointed stature, which varies only within restricted limits. It is subject to a limit of size, like that observed in the vegetable. Finally, the animal lives. It first grows, and then ceases to grow, without, however, ceasing to live. The duration of its existence is intimately connected with the duration of its development; the longer its growth has lasted, the longer will its adult life last. Nature destroys her own handiwork at a rate of slowness corresponding to that which she employed in building it up. We again find the limit of vital duration for the animal as for the vegetable.

Notwithstanding all which, it is not a special kind of matter, but that which has already formed part of minerals, which traverses thus the frames of organized beings; drawn along, as Cuvier expresses it, in a continual vortex or current. This continual current flows in one direction, which, however complicated it may be, remains constant. While these movements of matter are being performed, while the current continues, it is evident that a force is in action. While new materials are being adapted to the body, while worn-out materials are being rejected, a force directs and regulates the incessant change. Matter plays the part of an obedient slave. Each atom is the recipient of the force, until a fresh atom comes to take its place. The permanence of the force, its unity of action, is manifested in the midst of an unceasing vortex. Matter is transient, and passes away; force remains, and is permanent.

This is the grand point to establish. Names are of very inferior consequence. M. Hément, in his lectures on Force and Matter, calls this force Vital Force, holding that it is impossible to confound it with Physico-Chemical Force. The metaphysical gauntlet here thrown down, is hardly worth the picking up. At least as good an authority as M. Hément asks, "Are the forces of organic matter different in kind from those of inorganic?" and answers, "All the philosophy of the present day tends to negative the question; and to show that it is the directing and compounding, in the organic world, of forces belonging equally to the inorganic, that constitutes the mystery and the miracle of vitality."

In meddling with Spiritual, Intellectual, or Mental force, M. Hément takes us out of our depth, and out of his own. He is right in saying that when we endeavor to pass from the region of physics to the region of thought, we meet a problem to solve on which transcends any conceivable expansion of the powers we now possess. We may think over the subject again and again; but it eludes all intellectual presentation. Thus, though the territory of science is wide, it has its limits, from which we look with vacant gaze into the region beyond."

MUD VOLCANOES.

It is not a pleasant idea,—that of a sluggish torrent of exceedingly dirty water, or thin paste, issuing from a crack in the earth, and gradually building up a conical hill of mud of a dirty black color, cracked all over when dry, and too slimy to give foothold while moist. There is in it none of the dignity of danger, none of the grandeur that belongs to a sudden outburst of smoke accompanied by the roaring of subterranean artillery, a *mitraille* of red-hot stones, and a current of white-hot lava threatening to destroy a town some twenty miles distant. A mud volcano is decidedly tame and repulsive compared to a volcano of the ordinary kind. It will not bear comparison with Etna, or Vesuvius, or Santorin, hardly with Stromboli.

And yet a real honest eruption of a mud volcano, and the result seen in a large district where such phenomena have been frequent, and have lasted a long while, is an event worth recording, and not without a good deal of interest of its own. The nearest instances we have of mud volcanoes are in the Apennines, not far from Parma, but they are little known and less visited. Others, on rather a larger scale, are to be seen in Sicily. But all these are very small in their results; and to know what mud volcanoes really are, and what they can do, it is necessary to cross Europe entirely, and visit the eastern extremity of the Black Sea. There is nothing nearer than that which will give any satisfactory notion of the state of the case.

In the wild steppes of the Crimea, and the much wilder *limon* or delta of the river Kuban, as it brings down with it from the Caucasus the mud of a large district and deposits it in the Straits of Kertch, between the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof, we shall find lofty cones, also of mud, but of mud not placed where we see it by the stream. In this part of the world we may learn the history of such phenomena, and how it is that nature has produced some of her most curious contrasts.

I was fortunate enough a few months ago to see the very beginning of one of these odd freaks of nature. I was at Catania towards the close of January, just at the time when some five hundred miles off deep mutterings and growlings were heard, which alarmed the good people of the Grecian Archipelago, and were the precursors of the eruption that has added two or three new promontories to the little Island of Nea Kaimeni, in the Gulf of Santorin. These latter were active volcanic cones of hot lava, thrust up through thirty or forty fathoms of sea: and within a few hours of the time when they began to rise above the bottom of the sea, there was also a sudden crack formed on the outer edge of the lavas of Mount Etna, from which issued a flood of boiling and very dirty water.

A few month ago the case was reversed. Santorin and Chios then growled, and the sea near the south coast of the Morea and the island of Cerigo was upheaved: but it was the turn of Etna to belch forth smoke and ashes. There then poured out of her wounded flank a flood of lava some miles long, whose position is still easily recognized from a distance even in mid-winter. The country is disfigured by a black line where the snows that elsewhere are quite unbroken on the slopes of the great mountain, are melted by the still uncooled lava. From Asia Minor to the Atlantic there is not infrequently a peculiar sympathy of this kind. It is, perhaps, the only way in which Italy, Greece, and Turkey can be said to have anything in common.

The eruption I have alluded to took place in a small plain near a town near Catania (Paternó). At first a column of boiling, dirty water leaped high into the air almost without noise, accompanied by a great quantity of carbonic acid gas. Before long, several more jets made their appearance, and in the course of a week, though the gush was still considerable from the original spring, the force of the eruption had wasted itself in a multitude of small fountains, lazily puffing and bubbling all over the plain. It was in this state when I saw it. The ground was white with a thick tenacious clay, very treacherous to walk over, cracked in every direction, and covered with pools of dirty water of all sizes, on which a thin film of naphtha was floating.

A crowd of people from the town, including a large proportion of priests and women, and a number of idle boys jumping over and into the pasty mud, were of course, prepared to welcome and wonder at a strange philosopher who brought thermometers to test the heat of the water and bladders to collect the gases gurgling up through the mud. There was here no cone of mud formed. The foundation only was laid, and in due time, if the dirty water continues to pour out, there is no doubt that a goodly superstructure may present itself. The work may be tolerably well advanced when this account meets the eye of the reader.

There was much that was interesting and curious in this scene. A spring of cool clear water is common enough; a gush of hot mineral water, loaded with various salts and gases, is not unfamiliar; but a spring of mud, unsavory enough in idea, as well as unsightly in nature, welling up from the soil where a few days before there had been vegetable growth, poisoning the ground and laying the foundation of a mud heap that might grow into a mountain, was not a thing to be seen and passed by without notice. It is not uncommon to find nature clearing away obstacles and irregularities, but here she was at work forming them. We know that all hills must have had an origin, but this kind of origin is certainly exceptional.

Let me place the reader now on the extreme verge of European land, in the narrow channel sometimes called the Cimmerian Bosphorus, sometimes the Straits of Kertch. To the left (or west) lies the Hill of Mithridates, and a long range of tumuli extends as far as the eye can reach. These are the burial-places of the old warriors who dwelt on the Crimea in the time of Greek and Persian supremacy. To the right are many low banks and spits of land, numerous straggling inlets, and a muddy expanse stretching far away and as monotonous as need be. But here, also, are conical hillocks and hills, and ranges of ugly clay hills that strike the English observer as different from what he has seen elsewhere. These hills and ranges of hills are also piled up, but not by the hand of man. He sees before him the peninsula of Taman, originally and still part of the delta of the Kuban, and on it are mud volcanoes, which are on so large a scale as to astonish any one who has not had previous experience of the phenomenon.

One of the most remarkable of these occupies a prominent position, opposite the old town of Tamatarka. It is a perfectly detached and nearly perfect cone, some 250 feet high, with a crater which can barely be distinguished in the distance. No subterranean fires are now indicated by smoke or flame. On

the 27th of February, 1794, a Russian officer was, however, witness to an eruption from this hill, and has described the succession of events with considerable care.

A whistling sound was first heard, and this was succeeded by a violent blast of wind, which lasted only for an instant, and then a noise resembling thunder proceeded from the bowels of the earth. A thick black smoke next rose high into the air, and was followed by a column of flame fifty feet high and thirty feet in circumference. This continued for eight hours and a half, and then, from a fissure that opened, hot mud was poured forth with extreme violence, some lumps of hardened mud being shot out more than half a mile from the place of issue. It was not till the summer was far advanced that it was possible to visit the scene of this singular eruption.

In the spring of last year, seventy-one years after the eruption, I visited this cone and crater. It was now quiet enough, and attracts attention so little, that it was difficult to make the Russian postmaster give the right instruction to his *employés* to insure my being able to reach the spot. Though not very far from the town of Taman, to which there is steam communication from Kertch, it was necessary to make a journey of nearly forty miles to reach it. With Tartar horses and a Russian or Tartar vehicle and driver this is not very difficult. It is true there are no roads, but when the weather is favorable the whole country is one road. When wet it is no doubt impassable, but this simplifies travelling a good deal, and as we selected a fine day, my companion and I were soon dashing along at the rate of twelve miles an hour over the flat plain.

Crossing a wide inlet, at a place where the bottom was hard enough for the purpose, which is not generally the case, we made our way towards the conical hill. It was once called Kaku-oba, or Teleka, names descriptive of that relation to the infernal regions which points to the eruption. It is now known only as Goréla or the Hill. I found it showing marks of recent but very gentle eruption of dirty mud. There was nothing to prevent my walking to the top, where I found a small pool of muddy water. The height was about two hundred and fifty feet. There was little to see and less to talk about. The view, however, from the summit, over the flat delta, broken by groups of hills of singular form on both sides of the straits, was not without interest. The hills were dull, dingy, little cultivated anywhere, and with very little vegetation apparent. But they suggested their history, which is not unconnected with great movements that have wonderfully affected the face of nature in these parts of the world.

From Goréla we drove towards the village of Aktinisorka, of which it would be difficult to say much, as it is a collection of Tartar hovels, about equally adapted for the shelter of the equine and human inhabitants, the former perhaps deserving and enjoying the greater consideration. But near the village is a group of mud volcanoes, large and moderately active. Rising by an easy and uniform slope from the mud soil, we reach, after ascending about two hundred feet, a mud flat. On this there are numerous small cones, and some hollows or craters also filled with mud. The cones are from five to fifty feet high. All was bare and desolate; no object but mud; no sound but the dull thud of one's boots over hardened cakes of mud. Variety there certainly was, for there was mud wet and mud dry, and the tint changed with the color, from ugly and sickly blue-black in the former, to an equally ugly and sickly gray in the latter condition.

Scores of mud hillocks were there, but the description of one will be sufficient, for they are all exactly alike. Out of a small orifice at the top of a cone there oozed out a slimy, pasty substance, sufficiently fluid to run over the edge and down the side of the cone, but not fluid enough to reach the bottom. Numerous little rills of the mud were thus like so many pieces of dirty brown ribbon hanging over the edge of the crater, part of the way down its slopes. It is to the continual additions thus made that the cone is entirely due, and thus it is not difficult to understand how little attractive the result is likely to be. So soon as the cone becomes so high that the column of mud is equal in weight to the force that presses from below, tending to bring it to the surface, so soon of course the flow ceases. Or if, as sometimes happens, the flow is so slow and the mud so thick as to choke the passage, the same result takes place.

But, as there seems to be a continual pressure on some subterranean store of mud, — some vast Augean heap that can never be exhausted, — no sooner has a vent closed in one place than another has opened close by. Thus, though there are seldom many vents disgorging at once, there is always the same desolation, — the same mixture of dry and wet slime, — extending itself slowly in all directions, perpetually buried under its own weight and perpetually rising again with its filthy mantle of sulphurous clay.

A few miles beyond the hills just described and somewhat nearer the town of Taman is a long ridge or hog's back, composed of the same interminable mud. The steep slope of the hills is broken in many places by ravines where the rain has made for itself a passage. These ravines show that the construction of the mud heaps, rapid as it is, must be very powerfully counteracted during rainy weather, for the very heart of the hills is sometimes cut into by the streams that run off and distribute the mud on the plains below. But by relieving the pressure there is additional facility given for the escape of the contents of the subterranean reservoir, and thus the work goes on like so much of nature's work, — ever in the same cycle, obeying the same laws and producing the same result.

On the Kertch side of the straits there is something of the same kind in half a dozen distinct localities, but on a somewhat smaller scale. There too we find, close to the heaps and pools of mud, small springs of naphtha, sufficient in quantity to be the object of serious research. The naphtha and mud volcanoes are mutually related, for the naphtha often floats on the top of the mud as it issues from the vent, and is almost always got from wells dug within a few yards of the place where the mud issues. The naphtha taints the soil and produces an odor which may be detected at some distance. In some places it actually oozes out in sufficient quantity to form pools, and it is well known that at Baku, on the west shore of the Caspian, and in islands on the other side of that inland sea, where there are numerous mud volcanoes in incessant action, the naphtha flows in quantities so large that it has been collected and used from time immemorial for burning in lamps. There are now Russian companies who collect and sell it for this purpose.

Between the actual mud volcanoes of the ordinary kind near Kertch, and the waters of the Putrid Sea, is a long strip of country, throughout which are to be found sulphurous emanations, and occasional

springs and jets tainted with sulphuretted hydrogen gas. This is the gas which renders so unsavory the water in which a foul gun has been washed, or the contents of an egg that has been too long kept. No wonder that a quantity of such gases given off in the stagnant water that separates the Crimea from the steppes of Southern Russia, should give to the Putrid Sea a name so much more significant than pleasant. But the whole country partakes of this peculiar character, and though very unpleasant there is nothing really noxious or poisonous in the smell. On the contrary some of the waters are very salutary, especially for skin affections, and as the people of Russsia generally, and those of Little Russia especially, are apt to suffer from such disorders, and from scrofula, the sulphur waters are eminently useful.

But there are some of the waters much more highly charged with foreign ingredients than others, and among them there is one lake not far from Kertch that has an especial reputation. It is called Tchokrak, a name not euphonious, but perhaps significant, for anything more nasty than the water, more filthy than the mud that settles below its heavy oily surface, or more melancholy than the scenery around it, no traveller would desire to see. It is a small lake, perhaps a mile in circumference, separated only by a bank of gravel a few yards wide from the Sea of Azof. The waters of the Sea of Azof, like those of the Black Sea, are only brackish, especially at the surface. Out of a thousand parts of Black Sea water only sixteen consist of salts or other solids held in solution, whereas more than double that quantity, or thirty-four parts, of the Mediterranean consist of salts. Of the waters of the Lake of Tchokrak, however, one hundred and forty parts out of a thousand remain after evaporation, and much the largest proportion, about one half, consists of salts of magnesia. Thus of the waters of the Lake and Sea of Azof, separated by a few yards of gravel, one contains nine times as much solid matter in solution as the other.

But the difference is not only in the solids contained in the water. Lake Tchokrak has a muddy bottom, and so has the Sea of Azof adjoining. But whereas the large body of water of the Azof Sea rests on a clean mud of the ordinary kind, and on sand and pounded shells, the Lake Tchokrak reposes on a mass of black tenacious filth, such as is hardly to be seen anywhere else.

It is so foul that if the finger stirs it up the skin is stained and dyed. The thickness of it has never been ascertained, but in the middle it is more than forty feet at any rate. It is loaded with sulphur and bitumen, it is black with iron, it is rich (or foul) with organic matter. It is probably the pool of one of the craters of eruption of a huge mud volcano. It looks like the realization of Acheron and a product of the infernal regions.

A very useful purpose however is served, not only by the disagreeable waters of the lake, but by the still more disgusting mud. There are mud baths in Switzerland and Germany, but they are clean and pleasant in comparison with these. On the other hand, while the Swiss and German mud may work cures, this performs miracles. It must have been a bath of this kind that Naaman was sent to, not to be cleaned, but to lose a loathsome disease. The Dead Sea is in some respects not unlike this Russian lake.

There is at Tchokrak a small curative establishment. It is a kind of shanty, containing a dining-room and a kitchen, a few cells, each large enough to hold an exceedingly small bed and one chair, a shed with a few tubs, and a huge caldron to warm water. Outside towards the lake is a long corridor open to the lake, but sheltered by a wooden roof from the sun. It is divided into two parts by a partition, separating the ladies' from the gentlemen's quarter. There are planks enabling the bather to traverse the long slope of slippery mud between the bath-house and the water, and this is very necessary, as there is no foothold, and, when wet, the mud could not be walked over without falling. Such is the accommodation offered to the ordinary bather.

The baths alone are no doubt efficacious, for the water is not only salt, but is very rich in iodides and bromides. But it is the mud that those who resort to this lake chiefly look to. The mudbaths, simple as they are, certainly ought to be efficacious. The bath is a box of rough deal, of the shape and size of a coffin. This box is filled with thick, hot mud, so nearly dry that the weight of the body will only sink very slightly into it. The patient lies upon it, and an attendant covers him up with a foot of fresh mud, which is firmly compacted round him, so that no part is exposed but the face.

All this is done in the open air in a broiling sun. A small pent-house is arranged to shade the face, and the patient is left to enjoy himself. He is thus buried alive and parboiled for a period varying from half an hour to an hour and a half. In an atmosphere of stifling heat, redolent of rotten eggs, in a closely fitting case of exceedingly stiff mud, in association perhaps with half a dozen other victims, ranged side by side, close together, he awaits his cure, — and surely he deserves it.

When his time is up, and the baked crust of mud is broken, he is found floating. He is then removed to a warm bath, and it is said that he comes out clean. At any rate, he is hungry. He has been stewed in his own juices, whatever they may be, and when the meal time arrives he is enabled to do justice to the food provided, which, according to the specimen of it I enjoyed, was rather superior to that generally obtained at Russian hotels of the second order. The boxes from which the patients have been taken retain perfectly the whole form of the body almost as if it had been intended to take a cast from them in plaster of Paris. The mud requires to be removed, and is replaced with a fresh supply the next day. I did not stay long enough to see the miracle effected, but the patients trying the cure at the time of my visit certainly needed some miraculous interference, and expected to obtain it. I hope they did so; but I fear if they did, it was only that they might go home to fit themselves for another visit the following year.

Such are some of the results of mud volcanoes, — results not less extraordinary than the phenomena themselves. Perhaps the strength of the remedy may be necessary to counteract the evil effect of the outrageous trials to which the human constitution is liable, owing to the singular habits of the people who live in the part of the world where the Lake of Tchokrak and its mud are not practically inaccessible.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says that Monte Rosa was ascended for the first time this year on the 26th of June, by an American from New York and two Swiss, accompanied by two guides.

THE noble devotion of the Empress of the French in visiting the cholera-stricken town of Amiens, and

comforting, by her presence and her cheerful courage, the sick in the hospitals, is noticed by the continental journals. Very charming and witty, was the answer which the Empress is said to have made to a marshal who expressed his admiration of her self-reliance. "Monsieur," she rejoined, "c'est notre manière d'aller au feu" ("Sir, it is thus we go under fire.").

M. F. LENORMAND, who was lately sent by the Emperor Napoleon on an archæological mission into Greece, has just returned to Paris, bringing with him a great number of very interesting antiquities. Among them are Athenian vases, painted in various colors, clay figures from Athens, Corinth, Thebes, and the Island of Santorin, and a vase containing upwards of two hundred pieces of lead, each containing an inscription. The latter was found at Eretria, in the island of Eubœa.

VERDI for years past has seemed to be the one composer of modern Italy, and it is a fact that since the first production of Mercadante's "Giuramento," something like a quarter of a century ago, Verdi's have been the only Italian operas brought out in England. It appears, however, that there are still plenty of operatic composers in Italy. How many of them are good is quite a different question; but as regards mere numbers it appears from the *Musical World* that there are as many as nine who expect to have operas produced next season at Milan alone.

PRIOR to the publication of Victor Hugo's last work, a great number of presentation copies to friends, authors, journalists, librarians, and others, were prepared at M. Lacroix & Co.'s house in Brussels, and a visitor who happened to call at the time describes these copies as all having small pieces of paper pasted on the first page, on which was written: "To my friend ——. VICTOR HUGO." It is said that the distinguished novelist "presents" more copies of his works to literary men and to the press than any other author in Europe.

IT is not generally known that the French Government has recently been organizing a most extensive system throughout France for the prompt distribution and sale of one or two halfpenny newspapers. These journals are circulated by the provincial agents of the petty *Moniteur*, which appears every evening under official sanction and patronage. It is said that the scheme has been fostered by the Government for the purpose of keeping within its hands as many readers as possible. Every town and village, and even the mountain districts, have now their newspaper agents, with a regular supply of the latest news and opinion from Paris.

IN the Paris exhibition there is a very curious picture by M. Lambron, "The Execution," which unites the arts of painting and inlaying. A plate of white marble is used instead of canvas, and on this a figure is painted in oil representing a man in quaint costume who has just killed a parrot by beheading it neatly with his sword. The marble floor he stands upon is actually inlaid with little bits of marble of various colors, lapis lazuli, &c., carefully arranged in perspective. The figure is clever, and has a good comic expression. The colors of the marble, too, are well introduced; but the proof that this is mere trifling is that it can only be done in the meanest and most mechanical accessories, such as the squares in pavement, to which a great painter would never condescend so far as to take so much trouble about them.

EVERY war raises a discussion as to the value of old Generals. Sir E. Cust writes to the London *Times* to advise that no general over fifty should ever be put in command of an army, observing that Napoleon and Wellington sheathed their swords at forty-five. Major-General Walpole retorts that to reject a good general because he is old is as absurd as to choose a bad one because he is young, and instances Marlborough, who was fifty years old in his first campaign as commander-in-chief. Turenne won victories after sixty, and Eugène of Savoy defended Belgrade when more than fifty. History is slightly in favor of Sir E. Cust, — no very great conqueror having commenced his career late: "but the main evil is," says the *Spectator*, "not that we take old men for generals, but that we never let a young man rise to that rank. Take an old man, by all means, if he seems ablest, but let a few men of thirty learn how to command a division in the field. As the British army is now constituted, a young commander-in-chief is as impossible as a young premier. We have not even the Continental chance, that a young prince may be a most able leader."

"BEFORE it is too late," says the *Athenæum*, "let it be remembered that whiskers, in the English of all centuries preceding the present, are what we now call moustaches. The dictionaries have never admitted the modern meaning: even down to the sixpenny Walker of the stalls, we have 'hair on the lip.' Of course every one is aware what the whiskers are when we speak of a cat. Nevertheless, it might be difficult to confirm the dictionaries, and the recollections of old people, by a very clear quotation; for the mode in which whiskers are usually mentioned, whether in earnest or in satire, will most often apply to any hair on the face. The following, however, is decisive: it is from the queer *jeunesse* about whiskers in 'Tristram Shandy'—'La Fosseuse drew her bodkin from the knot of her hair, and having traced the outline of a small whisker, with the blunt end of it, upon one side of her upper lip, put it into La Rebours's hand.' This we recommend to lexicographers. The French word moustache is from the Greek. It was admitted into the English of the seventeenth century as a new word." The writer is wrong in asserting that the modern acceptation of the word whiskers has not been adopted by the dictionaries. Worcester defines whiskers as "hair growing on a man's cheeks."

THE regard felt by the friends of the Princess Helena for that amiable bride has chiefly taken the form of jewelry — diamonds, rubies, sapphires, turquoises enough to furnish a West-End shop. The King and Queen of the Belgians indulge in sentiment, having put "Souvenir" in turquoises on their gold band bracelet. So does the Princess Louis of Hesse, who has set her "A. L." in diamonds and rubies in the centre of a heart-shaped crystal locket, and so does Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Mecklenburg, who has put "Salve" in diamonds on the blue enamel centre of a circular gold locket. On the whole, the great people seem to feel as much difficulty and to show as little resource in wedding presents as the small. We once heard a man complain of having a shopful of bronze ornaments presented to him, another of having received twelve dial-pieces, — a good supply for a middling-sized watchmaker, — and another with less opulent relatives, of having the range of six bottles-

[illegible] that the Princess Helena will be persevering and conscientious if she wears all this jewelry once before she dies. The accumulation of the same kind of wedding presents certainly diminishes the gratification to the instinct of property. If the contents of an ironmonger's shop were emptied at the feet of a middle class bride, we do not think her pleasure would be as great as her embarrassment; and there is no great difference between having a vast superfluity of lockets and a vast superfluity of fenders.

American landscape painters now and then get a word of hearty praise from our English cousin. Bierstadt is thus pleasantly written about by the critic of the *Saturday Review*:

"Mr. Albert Bierstadt's large picture of 'The Rocky Mountains,' exhibited separately in the Haymarket, is remarkable for its reliance on a kind of interest which the general chorus of critics has hitherto persistently declared to be insufficient for artistic purposes. The received theory is, that without human interest the materials of natural landscape have no artistic availableness, and that no natural scenery, however beautiful, can affect us in a work of art, unless subtly connected in our minds with associations of history or tradition. Mr. Bierstadt is too true a lover of nature to feel bound by any such narrow theory as this, and his picture is the illustration of a scene which is absolutely devoid of all human association whatever, and which, so far from being familiar to the eyes of tourists, had remained unvisited by white men until an exploring party, of which the artist was himself a member, discovered it in the year 1858. It is true that an Indian encampment is introduced in the foreground of the picture, but the strongest advocate of human interest can scarcely maintain that the wretched existence of those savages confers any [illegible]

material is combined with unusual care and skill in artistic arrangement. This picture is not a piece of mere copyism of nature, but a work of thoughtful and elaborate art. It is evidently not accurate in the topographic sense: the painter has freely used materials combined, it is probable, from many memoranda; this we know at once from the absence of all stiffness and awkwardness in the composition. But notwithstanding this full use of artistic liberty, we receive no doubt a more complete impression of the character of the scenery than any piece of simple topography, however conscientious, would have conveyed to us. It is late summer and evening, an hour before sunset; the slanting sunshine lights vividly a sweet natural pasture, with groups of magnificent trees; this pasture slopes gradually to the margin of an exquisitely beautiful little lake, bounded by rocky precipices to the right and in front of us. Over these pours a white waterfall, and, beyond the waterfall, the eye climbs range behind range of rocky eminences, till it finds itself in the region of glaciers, and on the heights of eternal snow. These Rocky Mountains, it appears, are not less magnificent than our European Alps, and Landor Peak, the central object in this picture, might fairly bear comparison with the Jungfrau or Monte Rosa. Mr. Bierstadt has been so anxious to preserve the large relations of his picture as a whole, that his mountain-drawing suffers a little by some want of detail and sharpness. There used to be a theory amongst our younger English painters that detail proved industry, and the absence of it sloth; but we know too well how easy it is to sacrifice days and weeks over the relations of a few tones where there is no detail whatever, to accuse Mr. Bierstadt of indolence. These Rocky Mountains are not minutely drawn, and, so far as form is concerned, there is even a lack of delicacy; but the extreme care with which the tones are everywhere studied deserves our warmest thanks, and we are the more bound to give expression to them that such care [illegible] other reward than the internal [illegible]. The same [illegible] the admirable gradations of light. Although the effect is a brilliant one, involving [illegible] shadows on the foreground and middle distance with strong contrasting lights, we suffer nevertheless from no sense of abruptness, and the luminous [illegible] of the whole picture is [illegible] passages of tender [illegible] the force of its most striking [illegible]"

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] SWINBURNE.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. II.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1866. [No.

A NIGHT AT ST. VALENCE'S.

"HAVE you made your bump, old boy?"

"Bump! no."

"Nonsense."

"A fact, nevertheless."

And Shirley, the captain of the St. Valence crew, turned sulkily away, and was about to mount the stairs leading to his rooms, when I laid my arm upon his shoulder and stopped him.

Harry Shirley was an undergraduate of the College of St. Valence, in the University of Cambridge. He had been up nearly three years, and was consequently not far from his degree. He was a fine, well-made, handsome, open-faced fellow, and was a great favorite with every man in the place. He had been sent up to Cambridge, not for the purpose of burning the midnight oil, and toiling wearily at the dead languages, not for the hope of gaining a high place in the tripos, or competing for a fellowship, but that he might acquire the last finishing touch to his education, and reap the full benefit of those advantages which a life at the University so fully and eminently develops. He was a boating man, and was decidedly a most favorable specimen of that set. He was beyond doubt the most powerful and effective oarsman in the college; had twice rowed successfully against Oxford, and had for more than a year been captain of his club. Moreover, he was peculiarly exempt from the great failing, indeed the besetting sin of all rowing men, both great and small, viz. that of talking "boating-shop" in hall; and this particular good point in his character never failed to carry its due weight.

It was a brilliant May morning, the last day of the May races, and Shirley's last May term. Several of his friends had come up for the express purpose of witnessing the races, of applauding his prowess, and of hailing the triumph of his boat. Among the ladies there was one who stood to him in the convenient relationship of cousin, whom we certainly expected soon to see bound to him by a closer tie. Shirley, then, was doubly anxious to do well on the river, and he had spared no pains, and grudged no trouble in training his crew, and getting them in good order and condition. For the first four races all went merrily with the St. Valence; from sixth they had risen to second, and on the last day they were to make their grand effort for the supremacy of the Cam. I had been in London the previous evening, and had just come back when I met Shirley; and then I was destined to learn to my utter astonishment that St. Valence, instead of making its bump, and so gaining the proud position of head of the river, had been compelled to succumb to [illegible] pursuer. However, as Harry Shirley hesitated [illegible] answered my question, I said eagerly, —

"How has this happened? How on earth [illegible] the Trinity men manage to keep away from you?"

"Keep away? Without! we were bumped, — bumped by those confounded S—— men. I feel so savage. I can scarcely speak civilly to any one."

"But how did you manage to come to such utter grief?"

"I will tell you. You know Manton has been rowing stroke up to to-day. This morning at breakfast-time I got a note from him to say that he should not be able to row this afternoon. I could scarcely believe my senses. You can easily imagine my dismay. I went up to his rooms directly, and expostulated with him. I begged of him to reconsider his decision: for what on earth could be done? But it was all to no purpose. I could not alter his intention; of course he said he was very sorry, but he declared it was impossible that he should row. I tried my utmost to induce him, but he was inflexible. We had to go down the river with Whitehurst as stroke, and with a new man in the boat. I anticipated disaster, but I showed a bold front, and did my best to encourage and assure the crew. I determined to make a desperate effort at the start, and endeavor to cut down the Trinity men in the first reach. It was just within the range of possibility that we might succeed, but the chances were great against us. We could not catch them; and, though we lasted for more than a mile, we were caught in sight of the winning-post."

I cordially sympathized with Harry Shirley's indignation against Manton. And on that day every boating-man was allowed to indulge in any amount of "shop" in hall. The St. Valence crew, though bumped, had nevertheless rowed most pluckily. At the start they had gone off at such a tremendous pace, and every man had so thoroughly thrown himself into his work, that it seemed as if victory were about to crown their efforts.

But the change of stroke, and the want of practice on the part of the new man, soon told heavily against them, and after a most glorious exhibition of pluck, and an exertion of almost superhuman strength on the part of Shirley and his crew, the hopes of St. Valence were crushed, and they saw the third boat inch by inch overhauling them, and heard the cry of bump raised when they were within fifty yards of the end of the course. Fortunately Manton was absent at Hall-time, or he would have experienced sundry feelings of annoyance, as the unpleasant word was passed along that he had been the cause of the

[illegible] would have been next to an impossibility to repress the opinions of the men. Every one condemned his conduct as most unjustifiable, and he became there and then a most unpopular man. The night was appointed for the boating supper, and there again Manton failed to put in his appearance. The remarks upon his conduct, which had before been somewhat free in the supper room, became violent and angry. He was stigmatized as a selfish, dishonorable fellow, who had, for some hidden purpose of his own, deserted his post.

Harry Shirley was quite the hero of the evening, for, though he had failed to achieve victory, every one was eager to do justice to the energy and ability which he had displayed in the management of his crew, and to his zeal and activity in behalf of the club. When, therefore, his health was proposed, the cheering was enthusiastic, and the shouting terrific.

"Three cheers for Shirley!" were given over and over again with such uproarious merriment as was seldom before heard within the walls of the old college. One or two voices raised the cry of "Manton!" and the groan of execration that followed was loud and significant. There was mischief lurking in the sound. But suddenly a cry of "Shirley, Shirley!" arose, all eyes were quickly directed to one part of the table, and in an instant every voice was hushed, for Harry had risen to reply to the toast.

"Gentlemen, he said, "I have striven to the best of my power to hold the trust placed in me by the members of the St. Valence Rowing Club, and I trust that I have successfully discharged my duty [illegible] I trust that next year you may be more successful, and no one will experience more [illegible] in bringing about success than myself. [illegible] Gentlemen, I have to tender my best thanks to every member of the club for the support [illegible] I am convinced [illegible] Manton [illegible] Manton [illegible]

[illegible] member of the club (groans), who has been the cause of our coming to grief. Now I wish to say ("Yes! three groans for Manton!") that I consider his conduct contemptible ("Gently," from Shirley). I consider that he had no right to treat us so shabbily (groans and hisses). We ought to have an explanation ("Yes! yes!") I beg to move a vote of censure on Manton. My course is irregular: this is certainly only a supper meeting; but I should like a unanimous expression of disapproval of his behavior."

The storm of groans and hisses for the unfortunate Manton that followed this speech, for some minutes drowned every other sound. And Shirley strove in vain to pacify his companions, or to modify their rage. They listened presently to what he said, but were by no means mollified towards the object of their hostile demonstration.

"You are too generous, Shirley," said Wilton, who had decidedly had far more wine than was good for him; "you know you would have been the last man to do such a thing."

"But Manton may have had reasons."

"Then why did he not give them?"

"The fellow should be paid out," said Blackford, one of the wildest and fastest men in the college; a man who was always in hot water with the dons; a daring, impetuous character, and of great experience in all manner of midnight frolics.

His remark immediately provoked a sympathizing shout from those around him; and Shirley, who was the coolest man of the lot, and who had more influence than any one else, at once saw that, if the meeting did not break up soon, there would be some summary method adopted of conveying to Manton the indignant remonstrances of his fellow undergraduates. Now Harry was no more averse to a bit of fun than any one; but in the present temper of the men, and after the vindictive way in which Wilton had [illegible] or twice in the course of the evening spoken of the matter, he feared that if any [illegible] were indulged, it [illegible] and that mischief might [illegible]

[illegible] saw [illegible]

inaudible save to her, kissed her forehead. Then, as one might read of in a novel, he took the Princess's hand, and without again speaking placed it in that of his brother Alexander, which action was at once interpreted by the family as signifying his wish that his brother should bestow on her the throne his own death would deprive her of. From that moment Princess Dagmar did not quit the death chamber till the Grand Duke had breathed his last. She closed his eyes and imprinted a parting kiss on his forehead, and thenceforth the Imperial family considered her as one of themselves."

PUNCH has a deadly rival in *Fun*, an illustrated satirical journal edited by Tom Hood, who, it appears, has inherited a piece of his father's mantle. The following parody from the last number of *Fun* is one of the neatest ever written: —

SELF-CONFABULATIONS.

BY R*B*RT BR*WN*NG.

If you could be — as I think you might —
Some other person, as others are,
I should not muse, as I gaze to-night,
Seeking that distant red-rayed star,
"Another were less bright!"

For when two mingle their beams for aye —
How thoughts will dartle and then grow dim!
You see how my star shoots out a ray,
Now long and brilliant, now faint and slim,
As stars oft have a way!

Well! one star less were a somewhat more,
But what the more is, I cannot tell.
When they shoot, these stars, from the azure shore
(You note where yon crimson trailer fell)
Is their light forever o'er?

And you, if you could (as I think you might)
Be another person, as others be,
Would your present being with all its light
Go out — be utterly lost for me? —
What *is?* and what is right?

THE ancient city where the poet-laureate stood,

"With grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires,"

has acquired a sad interest in the annals of industry. The Coventry ribbon-weaver has suffered greatly from the fluctuations of trade, occasioned, in no small degree, by the caprices of fashion. This has led to great changes in the fortunes of the operative weavers. Towards the earlier portion of the present century, they owned nearly all the looms in the neighborhood, many of the weavers occupying the position of small masters, and employing several hands, belonging chiefly to their own families. During the war with Napoleon, the ranks of the male operative weavers were so completely thinned, that skilled labor rose to a premium. This was the golden epoch of the Coventry ribbon manufacture, but its duration was extremely brief; and when it passed away, a long, continuous tide of misfortune, relieved now and then with illusive glimpses of returning prosperity, set in. Strikes and lock-outs, previously unknown in the trade, became common, and the competition in the labor market was carried on to an excessive degree. Then came the epoch of free trade, culminating in the Commercial Treaty with France, and the unrestricted opening of the English markets to ribbons of French manufacture. At first it seemed as if the Coventry ribbon trade was doomed to annihilation. Relying on the fancied protection afforded by the monopoly possessed by them in the English market, the Coventry manufacturers had scarcely availed themselves of the many improvements which had been introduced into the Continental manufacture. Consequently, when they came into rivalry with the French ribbon-weavers, they found themselves considerably distanced. But the discovery of the aniline dyes enabled the Coventry weavers to equal the brilliant hues of the foreign ribbons; and the introduction of improved ribbon-weaving machines, placed within their reach the means of producing, both cheaply and perfect, the finer qualities of ribbons. The looms are chiefly worked by steam, and here a modification of the co-operative principle comes into play. Many of the streets inhabited by the weavers have an engine-house at each end, from which steam-power is supplied, by means of a shaft running through the houses, to each of the looms, a certain amount of steam-rent being charged on each loom. Thus, the weaving expenses are reduced, and the Coventry weaver placed less at a disadvantage in comparison with his Continental rival.

THREE POEMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ATALANTA IN CALYDON."

I. — RONDEL.

KISSING her hair I sat against her feet,
Wove and unwove it, wound and found it sweet;
Made fast therewith her hands, drew down her eyes,
Deep as deep flowers and dreamy like dim skies;
With her own tresses bound and found her fair,
Kissing her hair.

Sleep were no sweeter than her face to me,
Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea;
What pain could get between my face and hers?
What new sweet thing would love not relish worse?
Unless, perhaps, white death had kissed me there,
Kissing her hair?

II. — A BALLAD OF LIFE.

I FOUND in dreams a place of wind and flowers,
Full of sweet trees and color of glad grass,
In midst whereof there was
A lady clothed like summer with sweet hours.
Her beauty, fervent as a fiery moon,
Made my blood burn and swoon
Like a flame rained upon.
Sorrow had filled her shaken eyelids' blue,
And her mouth's sad red heavy rose all through
Seemed sad with glad things gone.

She held a little cithern by the strings,
Shaped heartwise, strung with subtle-colored hair
Of some dead lute-player
That in dead years had done delicious things.
The seven strings were named accordingly;
The first string charity,
The second tenderness,
The rest were pleasure, sorrow, sleep, and sin,
And loving-kindness, that is pity's kin
And is most pitiless.

There were three men with her, each garmented
With gold and shod with gold upon the feet;
And with plucked ears of wheat
The first man's hair was wound upon his head.
His face was red, and his mouth curled and sad;
All his gold raiment had
Pale stains of dust and rust.
A riven hood was pulled across his eyes;
The token of him being upon this wise
Made for a sign of Lust.

The next was Shame, with hollow heavy face
  Colored like green wood when flame kindles it.
  He hath such feeble feet
They may not well endure in any place.
His face was full of gray old miseries,
  And all his blood's increase
    Was even increase of pain.
The last was Fear, that is akin to Death:
He is Shame's friend, and always as Shame saith
    Fear answers him again.

My soul said in me: This is marvellous,
  Seeing the air's face is not so delicate
  Nor the sun's grace so great,
If sin and she be kin or amorous,
And seeing where maidens served her on their knees,
  I bade one crave of these
    To know the cause thereof.
Then Fear said: I am Pity that was dead.
And Shame said: I am Sorrow comforted.
    And Lust said: I am Love.

Thereat her hands began a lute-playing,
  And her sweet mouth a song in a strange tongue:
  And all the while she sung
There was no sound but long tears following
Long tears upon men's faces waxen white
  With extreme sad delight.
    But those three following men
Became as men raised up among the dead:
Great glad mouths open and fair cheeks made red
    With child's blood come again.

Then I said: Now assuredly I see
  My lady is perfect, and transfigureth
  All sin and sorrow and death,
Making them fair as her own eyelids be,
Or lips wherein my whole soul's life abides:
  Or as her sweet white sides
    And bosom carved to kiss.
Now, therefore, if her pity further me,
Doubtless for her sake all my days shall be
    As righteous as she is.

Fresh ballad, and take roses in both arms,
  Press to the top, and touch her in the throat
Where the last throb prick harms,
  And gathered in thy golden song-net,
Come thou before my lady and say this:
  Rosa, thy gold hair's color burns in me,
    Thy mouth makes heat my blood in feverish rhymes.

  Therefore as many as these roses be,
    Kiss me as many times.
Then I may be seeing how sweet she is,
  That she will, strong herself none otherwise
    Than a blown vine-branch doth,
And kiss thee with soft laughter on thine eyes,
  Ballad, and on thy mouth.

III. RONDO.

Take hands and now will laughter
  Touch lips and now will tears.
Once more and no more after,
  Whatever comes with years.
We twain shall not remember
  The ways that lie in wait,
Nor count the days in sorrow
  From sanguine graves of pain.

We twain, once well in sunshine
  What will the rain reveal?
For hate with me, I wonder,
  Or what for love with you?
Forget them till November,
  And dream there's April yet;
Forget that I remember,
  And dream that I forget.

Time found our tired love sleeping,
  And kissed away his breath;
But what should we do weeping,
  Though light love sleep to death?
We have drained his lips at leisure,
  Till there's not left to drain
A single sob of pleasure,
  A single pulse of pain.

Dream that the lips once breathless
  Might quicken if they would;
Say that the soul is deathless;
  Dream that the gods are good:
Say March may wed September,
  And time divorce regret:
But not that you remember,
  And not that I forget.

We have heard from hidden places
  What love scarce lives and bears:
We have seen on fervent faces
  The pallor of strange tears:
We have trod the wine-vat's treasure,
  Whence, ripe to steam and stain,
Foams round the feet of pleasure
  The blood-red must of pain.

Remembrance may recover
  And time bring back to time
The name of your first lover,
  The ring of my first rhyme:
But rose-leaves of December
  The roses of June shall fret,
The day that you remember,
  The day that I forget.

The snake that hides and hisses
  In heaven we twain have known:
The good of good kisses,
  The joy whose mouth makes moan;
The pulse's pause and measure,
  Where in one furtive vein
Throbs through the heart of pleasure
  The purpler blood of pain.

We have done with tears and treasons
  And love for treason's sake:
Room for the swift new seasons,
  The years that turn and break,
Dismantle and dismember
  Man's days and dreams, Julienne:
For love may not remember,
  But time will not forget.

Life crawls from love in flying,
  Time worries him as rust:
Being all mad things and dying,
  We twain shall not be trust.
When crushed by time's days' pressure,
  Our three days' love lies slain:
And earlier than pleasure,
  And faster than flower of pain.

Beneath rose-tree the ashes,
  Time may be fain will fain:
Unless the soft rose-ashes
  Lift up the lips and weep,
Light leaves extinguished embers,
  Lo, are the rose's tears
For one that you remember
  And for that you forget.

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SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

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SILCOTE OF SILCOTES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY,

AUTHOR OF "RAVENSHOE," "THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

MISS RAYLOCK COMES TO OUR ASSISTANCE.

OLD Miss Raylock (many have forgotten her name, — writers get soon forgotten, unless they are very first-class) wrote three or four very charming, terse, and carefully thought-out stories, a long time ago, at a time when the demand for such tales was nearly as great as now, and when the supply was deficient. They were merely honest tales about social life in its ordinary aspects, but told with a charm and a grace which I could, if I dared, compare with Miss Austen or Mrs. Gaskell. It is to the credit of the time in which she wrote those stories (not far from 1820, rather a Gilbert Gurney, Tom and Jerry time, on the whole) to be able to say that they sold well, and that she came to live in our village, with nearly three thousand pounds added to her previously slender fortune. She is, therefore, not only nearly the oldest neighbor we have, but is also a very old lady. She is as well able to write now as ever she was. We have urged her to do so; but she steadily refuses. She replies always: No, my dear, I had something to say forty years ago, and I said it, and, what is more, my dear, they listened to me. I have nothing particular to say now, and so I shall remain silent. My charming style? Certainly, mine *was* a charming style. But mere style don't warrant a man or woman in writing, if they have nothing to say. But I have something to say! Very likely, but I see George Eliot, and Mrs. Gaskell saying all I have got to say, and a deal more, in a far better style than mine. I'll write no more, please. Talk? Oh, I'll talk to you as long as you like. An old woman is only left alive to talk: she will do less mischief in that way than she would if she wrote after living out of the world as long as I have. Will I gossip? Certainly; there is nothing I am fonder of. You must agree to leave the room, however, if you hear me speaking ill of any one. Will I tell you about Squire Silcote? Certainly. I will tell you all the good I know of him. But if I get on the subject of the Princess Castelnuovo, stop me, or my petulant old tongue will make me say things about her which I shall be very sorry for afterwards. No, no! don't encourage me to talk about that poor woman. *I* have nothing to forgive, but — but she irritates me. And that is so very wrong, — a woman who would give, and who has given, the gown off her back, and the shoes off her feet, for sheer kindly honest good will. I ought to be ashamed of myself. Now, dear, what do you want to know about Harry Silcote? Everything?

Well, the father of the present Squire Harry was a great country attorney, agent for several very great houses, as *his* father had been before him, and was, of course, a very wealthy man. The largest of his agencies, or what you call them, was, however, that of Sir George Denby's estate. You can anticipate me here. All the world knows about the four Miss Denbys. The estate was left to the eldest, who married Lord Ballyroundtower, who gambled away the whole sixty thousand a year, interest, principal, country houses, timber, everything but the bare land, in ten years, and left her a penniless woman, dependent on her three sisters. Silcote's father acted as an honest man from beginning to end of the dreadful business; used his influence with Sir George Denby to prevent the match, without avail; to have reasonable settlements made, not to much purpose; and, after his death, did all he could to stay her infatuation for one of the most worthless men who ever lived.

The story is too well known to dwell on. He debauched away a million or more of her money, and at his death left his countess without a farthing. Old Silcote was not any the richer for the ruin. He loved Lady Ballyroundtower and her family, and he was probably the only honest man whom the Earl saw in the way of money matters during those wild ten years. I glance over this stale old story only to show that the present Squire's money was honestly come by, for folks are superstitious about here, and that ill-gotten money won't wear. Fudge! a lawyer's money is as honestly got as a novelist's, any day.

You and the world know the story I have been telling you quite well, but every one who calls Sir George Denby a fool does not know that he left three other daughters with thirty thousand pounds a piece. Quiet ladies, quite as plain in appearance, quite as gentle, as good, and as affectionate as that most ill-used and unfortunate lady, but a little more wise. Certain little brown ladies of doubtful age, three in number, used for some time to be found in the world behind doors, or going down to supper a step at a time, one behind the other, without any one with them; encouraging one another with little quack-like notes, as of little ducks encouraging one another to take the water: or in the crushroom of the opera in a difficulty about their carriage, waiting, like three timid little quails, until that terrifying bellow of "Miss Denbys' carriage," should shock the ear of night in the Haymarket,

[illegible]

[illegible] *Tom's sister* [illegible] *some one* said that [illegible] *sister-in-law* had *married* a fellow in the [illegible] It was perfectly true, as are not all things which are said in society. Being out of society, as I am, and yet being so intimate with my dear neighbors, who are in society, I hear all the latest news from the world. But it seems to me always all wrong. It seems to me that the girls always [illegible] and contradict their own intelligence in [illegible] a week. I beg your pardon. Yes. It was true that the youngest Miss Denby married a [illegible] and had a little girl. And all their property [illegible] the little girl was the heir [illegible] and there never would have been any [illegible] had not been for the [illegible] always connected with her.

[illegible] Harry Silcote married the already [illegible] was [illegible] years [illegible] of the [illegible] was [illegible] the prevailing [illegible] Silcote's mind is crowded [illegible] but he scarcely spoke a word to any to them. He left Exeter that day, and was [illegible] of it for four years.

At the end of that time his father died, and he [illegible] a member and took possession of the property. His first wife had died above three years before in Italy, and he was married again. By his first wife he had a son, the Rev. Algernon Silcote of Lancaster Square; by his second, now also dead, Thomas, Arthur, and Evelyn.

CHAPTER VI.

ALGERNON.

SILCOTE had a child by his first wife, the niece, daughter, and sole object in life of the two feeble little brown Miss Denbys, and their married sister. That child was represented first of all by a baby, whose specialities were that he was rather paler than babies in general, and had large eager scared eyes; that he took notice sooner than most babies, but kept such deductions as he had made from ascertained facts entirely to himself, refusing to reduce them to practice until he had verified them further; and so, consequently, at three years of age, was the most left-handed, unlucky child to be found, one would guess, for miles round. Not at all a healthy child, a child who did really require a sensible doctor to see after him; who came, by the mother's side, from a family who believed in diseases, and got them, and [illegible] accordingly; and the last of the [illegible] seven. [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

in a body, and telling him that it was they who had done it, but that they did n't know he was a brick, beyond which what could any gentleman desire in the way of satisfaction? He got on with them. Many will remember the way in which he, too gentle to denounce, would quietly and silently leave the company when the brilliancy of the conversation got a little too vivid for him, and men got fast and noisy. He was in the confidence of all in his second year. When the elder Bob got his year's rustication, it was up and down Algy Silcote's room that he walked, with scared pale face, consulting him as to how the terrible news was to be broken to the governor. When Bob's little brother, the idle, gentle little favorite of the college, got plucked for his little-go, he bore up nobly before the other fellows, who wisely handed him over to Old Algy; and on Algy's sofa the poor boy lay down the moment they were alone together, and wept without reserve or hesitation. So he took his modest past degree, and leaving, to the sorrow of every one, from the master to the messenger, was ordained one Trinity Sunday, having a small London curacy for title.

During the three happy years he had spent in concluding his education, he had had but few visitors. He was the only quiet man in St. Paul's, and quiet and mild men of other colleges were nervous about coming to tea with him in that den of howling and dangerous lunatics. The lodge alone, with its crowd of extravagantly-dressed men in battered caps and tattered gowns, who stared, and talked loudly and openly of illegal escapades, who rowed in the university eight, — ay, and got first classes in the schools, too, some of them, the terrible fellows, — was too much for these heroes.

They used to pass, quickly and shuddering, that beautiful old gateway, until the shouting of the encaged spirits became mellowed by distance; wondering what could possibly have induced Silcote's "friends" to send him to such a college. But they always greedily listened to Algy's account of the terrible affairs which were carried on in that dreadful place. And indeed Algy was not sorry to recount them: for the conversation of the set to which his religious principles had driven him was often wearisomely dull, and sometimes very priggish and ill-conditioned. There were but four or five of them as earnest and good as himself, and the others palled on him so in time, with their prate of books they bought and never read, and of degrees they never took, that sometimes, in coming back late to that abode of mad fantastic vitality and good humor called St. Paul's College, he seemed to feel that he was going where he had never been, — home; and was about to get a welcome, — mad enough, but sincere.

So Algy had no more than two out-college visitors all the time he was there, and they were wonderful favorites in the place. Algy's brothers were such great successes, that the brightness which overspread his face on their arrival communicated itself to many others.

They were so utterly unlike him. The first, a splendid young cornet of dragoons, up to anything, bound to uphold the honor of the army by being so much faster than anybody else, that it became necessary for the Vice Chancellor to communicate with the colonel of his regiment, to the intense delight and admiration of the Paul's men, and the deep horror of poor Algy. But, in spite of Tom's naughtiness, Tom was dearer to his half-brother Algy than anything else in this world, and the boy dragoon, though he was fond of teasing and shocking Algy, was as fond of him as he could be of anything.

The other brother and visitor was a very different person. A handsome, bright-eyed, eager youth from Eton, with an intense vivid curiosity and delight in everything, as if the world, which was just opening before him, was a great and beautiful intellectual problem, which unfolded and got more beautiful as each fresh piece of knowledge and each fresh piece of experience was gained; at one time in a state of breathless delight and admiration at hearing some man pass a splendid examination; then rapt in almost tearful awe at the anthem at Magdalen; then madly whooping on the tow-path. Such were some of the moods which expressed themselves in the noble open face of Arthur, during these precious visits to his brother. In its quieter moments, in the time of its most extreme repose, this face had the look of one thinking earnestly. If people began to talk, the lad sat perfectly still, but turned his keen brown eyes on each speaker in turn as he spoke, without any change of feature; but, if anything touched or interested him in the conversation or argument, his eyebrows would go up, and his mouth lengthen into a smile. A boy too proud to applaud where he did not feel, but applauding eagerly enough where he did.

The good and gentle Algernon had never, to his recollection, seen his father, or been home. The little brown bird-like Miss Denbys, his grandaunts, had died very soon after he was born, or, no doubt, he would have been placed in their guardianship; as it was he was consigned to his paternal aunt's care, the lady who was then plain Miss Silcote, with her forty thousand pounds or so, but whom we have already seen as the Princess Castelnuovo. This was the lady who had brought him up; for his father, — although providing well, almost handsomely, for him until he got other provision, — steadily refused to set eyes on him, although he allowed his half-brothers by his second marriage, to be friends with him.

Algy never really had a home, until he got the one in which we shall see him directly. The place in which he spent his holidays and vacations, was, up to a certain time, his aunt Mary's house in Bryanstone Square. She was most devoted and most kind to him, as she was to every one; though he even, before she went to Italy for two years and came back a princess, had time, with his very simple brains, to find out that she was very silly and frivolous at times, very fond of admiration, and sometimes, in her cowardice, as false as false could be, and sometimes, though very seldom, as vindictive as only a real coward can be.

He could remember his mother, — just remember a gentle, kind face, not in the least like (his honesty compelled him to say) the ivory miniature in his possession. He could remember his aunt Mary, as she was at that time. He could remember very well a splendid officer of Horse Guards, red Sir Godfrey Mallory, who used to be much with his mother and his aunt; but he could not quite decide if he had ever seen the father who had so steadily and so strangely refused to see him, — the father whom he heard mentioned once or twice by young fellows at St. Paul's, who came from Berkshire, as the "Dark Squire." He could not remember whether he had ever seen him; but he could call up a certain scene at any time by night or day. His aunt Mary, his mother, and Sir Godfrey Mallory, were together in the drawing-room, and he was playing

on the carpet, when there came in a scowling, wild-looking man, who said something which passed over the ears of childhood unheeded, but which made terrible havoc among the others. All he could remember was that his aunt Mary scolded all parties till she fell into hysterics, that Sir Godfrey drew himself up, and scornfully exasperated the dark-looking intruder by withering words, until the latter struck the former, and, in an undignified and disgraceful struggle, threw him violently to the ground, but the servants and grooms came in and separated them; and that all this time his mother, having caught him up, held him close to her on the sofa, and when it was all over, and they were gone, continued to tremble so, that he, poor little fool, thought she must be cold, and tried to cover her with some bauble of a rug which lay on the couch. He could remember all this; it was all that his childish recollection could retain; and he used to ask himself, "Was the dark-looking man who came in and beat Sir Godfrey my father?" It was his father. Though Algy remembered his actually striking Sir Godfrey, he happily neither understood, nor could remember, the false coarse words with which the blow was accompanied.

There came a time very soon after, he tells us in his simple way, when they told him he could not go to his mother, for that she was too ill to see him; and very soon after a time when his aunt Mary (a true woman, with all her great faults) came to him, and gently told him that he would not see his mother any more. "I took it from her lips like gospel," Algy says in his simple way. "I did n't know she was dead. I did n't know what death was at that time. She said I was never to see my mother any more, and it was the same as a bit of catechism or creed to me; I always believe what is told me. I should believe anything you told me. And I believed her. I did not cry to go to my mother, for I believed my aunt's statement implicitly. The reason I cried myself into a fever is, that I felt that dreadful sense of utter loneliness and desertion, which a child can feel and live, but which drives a full-grown man to the lunatic asylum or to suicide. They took me to kiss her in her coffin, sir, and I complained to them about her dress. Allow me to call your attention to the fact that the most perfect ballad in the English language is built on the neglect and desolation of two children. As a sentimentalist yourself, sir, you are scarcely prepared to deny that a neglected and deserted child is a more pathetic object than an unlucky lover."

His curacy was in a rapidly-increasing neighborhood of the north of London. When he was first ordained the place was a wilderness of scaffold-poles and gravel-pits, with here and there a fragment of a field-hedge, or some country cottage, looking very small and very old among the new houses lying round in all directions; not, however, that the new houses were of any vast size, for the neighborhood was decidedly a middle-class one, composed of thirty to forty pound houses. Before he had been two years in the curacy, Lancaster-Square, composed of just such houses, was finished, and the church at one end had been built also in all the native hideousness of the period. With what pew-rents, Easter-dues, and what not, the stipend of the church would reach at least, one way with another, £300, a large income for those parts, giving the incumbent that *prestige* which it is so necessary for a clergyman of the establishment to have. There was no doubt who was to have it. The bishop inducted the Rev. Algernon Silcote, to the satisfaction of every one who knew him, from Monseigneur Grey to Mr. Hoxworth, the Baptist minister.

Very few clergymen at all events then hesitated to marry upon £300 a year, and to Algernon Silcote, with his modest habits, it seemed to be a very fine income. Mr. Betts, one of the wealthiest men in those parts, a stock-broker, had been the principal subscriber to the testimonial which he had received when he had quitted the curacy; Miss Betts (his only daughter) and he had a mutual admiration for one another, and so they married, and he bade farewell to all hopes of comfort for the future.

She was a foolish woman, an only daughter, pretty, gentle, and utterly spoiled and ignorant. Whether it was his voice, his position, or his preaching, which made her fall in love with this gaunt young curate, it is impossible to say; but she admired him, and gave him every opportunity of falling in love with her. He did so, and to his astonishment and delight, for the first time in his life, found that one woman honored him by a preference above all other men. Some of the young fellows of those parts, who were just getting on so far in life as to think of settling, expressed their discontent at a parson, with half their income, carrying off the best match thereabouts, not reflecting that Algernon discounted his position as a gentleman, and education, for a large sum. In a year's time, however, they congratulated one another on their escape.

She had certainly brought with her an allowance of £150 a year, but she was so extravagant, so useless, and so silly, that it was worse than nothing. She was confined just as the sudden shock of her father's bankruptcy came on them. From this time to the day of her death the poor woman was only a fearfully expensive incumbrance.

The bankrupt father was instantly and promptly received into Algy's house, by Algy himself, with a most affectionate welcome. If there was one man more than another to whom Algy was polite and deeply respectful, it was to this suddenly broken man, whom he had made, by his own act, an ever-present burden to himself. Mr. Betts, vulgar, loud, ostentatious, selfish, and not too honest, but he was in distress, and Algy, simple fellow, knew only of the Gospel.

Algy's health had never been good, and now his wife worried him into a state of permanent dyspepsia, or whatever they call that utter lowering of the system, which arises from worry and anxiety, as well as from laziness and over-feeding. She worried herself to death after her fourth confinement, and left him slightly in debt, with a household in which anything like comfort and management had been banished five years before.

But it was home to them. They contrived to keep their muddle and untidiness to themselves. Algy was always well dressed on Sunday, and, since his misfortunes had begun, his sermons had acquired a plaintive and earnest beauty which they might have lacked before. The more weary life grew to him, the more earnest — sometimes the more fiercely eager — he got, on one point, the boundless goodness and mercy of God. He gained power with his people. The very extreme party, both in and beyond the Established Church, allowed him great unction. His church was full, but there were but a limited nu[illegible]er of sittings, and his four children were growi[illegible] [illegible]e educated. So it came about that [illegible] [illegible] home to him no longer, — that it beca[illegible] [illegible]r him to give

up his last and only luxury, privacy. It became necessary for him to take pupils.

It was his father-in-law Betts who pointed out to him this method of increasing his income. Betts was a bad specimen of the inferior kind of the London City speculator. He had all his ostentation, his arrogance, his coarseness, his refusal to recognize high motives (in which latter characteristic your peasant and your town mechanic are so often far superior to the man who leads him), while he was without his *bonhommie*, and his ready-handed careless generosity. Neither ostentation nor real careless good will could ever make him subscribe liberally; the only large subscription he ever gave was that to Algy's, to his prospective son-in-law's, testemonial; not a very nice man, by any means, — a man who seemed to Algy with his Oxfordism entirely made up of faults with no virtues, a man who grated on his dearest prejudices a hundred times a day, a man sent him for his sins. The horror of his being a bankrupt, the horror of anything connected with dear noisy old St. Paul's having gone into the Bankruptcy Court, was bad enough to make him renounce all communion with his old friends, and keep himself with lofty humility from the world; but after this the man, himself, remained on his hands, a deadly thorn in his side, annoying him all day long by his manners, his way of eating even, his everlasting allusion to his losses, and, more than all, by his clumsy expressions of gratitude, "the more offensive," said Arthur, who had not then been quite cured of priggishness, "because they are sincere."

For Betts's very numerous faults were more those of education and training than of nature; for if one cannot believe that some natures are more difficult to spoil than others, and that the *whole* business is a mere result of the circumstances of a man's bringing up, one would be getting near to believe nothing at all. The man's nature was not a bit changed, because Algy in his treatment of him scrupulously followed the directions given in the Sermon on the Mount. His nature remained the same, but all his old landmarks of riches and respectability had been swept away by his bankruptcy, and immediately after he saw, with his eyes cleared from all cobwebs, while in a state of humiliation, a man who acted on a law he had never recognized, hardly ever heard of, the pure law of Christianity. Not that he ever fully recognized it: perhaps he was too old. To the very last, while alluding to Algy, he would say, "Sir, my son-in-law is the most perfect gentleman I ever saw, and a sincere Christian, sir. Yes, sir, a most sincere Christian, I give you my honor."

When Algy, for the first time in his life, found that he was actually pushed for money; when he found that the weekly bills were increasing, without the means of paying them; that although Reginald might be kept from school a little longer, yet that his darling eldest born, Dora, was growing vulgar, and imitating in her talk the maids, with whom she spent four fifths of the day, instead of him, with whom she spent about one fifth; then he thought it time to consult his father-in-law, whose knowledge of the world, he put it to him, might be most valuable.

"You see," said Algy, "that I am a mere child: I really am. Such small intellectual vigor as I possess" (he used this style of talk to Betts, he would have spoken very differently to a university man) "is used up by my sermons. I ask you, — you will smile at my simplicity, — what does a man in my position do to increase his income?"

"Are you quite sure," said Mr. Betts, somewhat huskily, that you would do better *by* increasing your income."

"It is absolutely necessary, I fear, my dear sir," said Algy. "I must have a good governess for Dora. Our confidence is mutual, I believe, and I cannot conceal from you the fact, that unless Dora has some lady to superintend her education, — well, I will cut it short, — that in fact she will not grow up a lady herself."

"Who the deuse wants her to be a lady? She won't have any money."

"My dear sir ——"

"I brought up my girl for a lady, and she was no good, at least to you. I don't believe in girls, without one tithe of the prospects she had when you married her, being brought up as ladies. Governessing ain't any good, I tell you, they never make one and a half per cent on the money spent on their edication, and the flower-making ain't much good now. They say the women are going to take to the law writing, but a friend of mine in the business says they'll never come it. Try that. But Lord, see the various games I have tried to make a little money, and ease you. And see my success. I am a burden on you still."

"You are no burden, my dear friend. At least, if you ever had been, you could repay the whole of your obligation by pointing out to me the way to increase my income. I *must* have my children educated as gentlemen and ladies, and Reggy *must* go to school."

"Must he? *I* never went to school, but here I am, says you. Well, I won't dispute; but knowing what I do know, I'd apprentice him to a smith. Look here; your education cost two thousand pounds, first and last, and I don't deny that the investment was a good one. Three hundred a year for two thousand *is* a good investment. But then your friends had the money, and you turned out well, and you had luck in getting this church; whereas, in the case of Reggy, you ain't got the money, and he may turn out bad (which is deused likely), and you nor no other man can be answerable for his luck. Therefore, I say, apprentice him to the smith's trade."

"I could not dream of such a thing."

"Of course you could n't. You're a gentleman, and I'll speak up for gentlemen as long as I live. But gentlemen — I mean such as you never do any good — for themselves; you know swells, don't you?"

"Do you mean noblemen?"

"Of course I do."

"Yes, I know a few noblemen; I think I know a good many noblemen. At Paul's we were very intimate with Christchurch, and I was popular in both places; but what then?"

"Why, this: why do you send these swells away when they seek you? Why, the day before yesterday, while I was at the parlor window, and you in your study, up comes the Marquis of Bangor, hunting you out as if you were a fox. And you gave him 'Not at home'; and I heard him say, 'Dash it all, I should like to find him again,' Lor something of that sort. And I went to the stationer's, and hunted him up in the Peerage. Patron of nine livings. And I got the Clergy List, and I found two of the incumbents instituted before Waterloo; and then you come to ask me how to increase your income. Three words of common civility to Lord Bangor would make you a rich man."

"Yes, but," said Algy, "you see I could n't say them, — more particularly now you have told me that two of his livings are likely to drop in. Don't you see?"

Betts could n't see that at all.

I 'll try to explain. I used to know Lord Bangor as an equal. It became my painful duty on one occasion to rebuke Lord Bangor, openly and publicly, for speaking in a way which — which I did not approve of. I never did so to any other man, for my custom was to leave the room when talk began to get fast and wild. That he has respected me ever since is nothing. Is this the man to whom you would have me go and truckle for a living?"

"I can't understand this sort of thing," said Betts. "But you are familiar with other noblemen."

"I am not familiar with any. I cannot bring them here; I cannot."

"Well, you know best," said Betts, I thought swells were swells, and were to be used accordingly. Otherwise, what is the good of them? If you are going in this line, *you* must take pupils. There is the Rev. George Thirlwall takes three, at two hundred a year a piece. There's six hundred for you, barring their keep."

"Yes; but then Thirlwall was a Balliol scholar, and got a double first. He can command such a price. I doubt, as a mere pass man, whether I should get any pupils at all."

"But his edication did not cost any more than yours."

"Rather less, I should think. He got his scholarship and his fellowship. I never got anything better than a good conduct prize. I have not the brains."

"That's a rum thing," pondered Betts aloud. "He ain't half such a good fellow as you, and a stick in the pulpit. Hang edication, I say. I don't see my way to the interest on my money. And I've been a bold man, too, too bold, as your pocket can tell for this many a year, sir. It was the Illinois Central finished me at last, but the Illinois Central seems to me safe alongside of a university education. However, if you are bent against the law writing and blacksmithing, and against the using of swell friends, so strong, you must try for pupils. Unless —"

"Unless; what?

"Unless you would try your father, sir."

"I tried him long ago," said Algy.

"And it did n't do?"

"Oh, dear no; not in the least. Far from it."

CHAPTER VII.

PAR NOBILE FRATRUM.

ALGERNON'S modest allowance of £ 250 a year had been continued through the usual channel, all through the time of his curacy, but when he entered on the duties of his incumbency, he was informed by his father's lawyer that it would be discontinued; he submitted, with a sigh, without remonstrance or remark, and gave up all hope of assistance from that quarter. It was not that he proudly made any resolution against accepting it: it merely seemed to him utterly improbable that such help would ever be offered, and utterly impossible that he should ever ask for it.

But many apparent impossibilities have been done for the sake of children. When he began to see that he was poor, and was getting poorer, the thought of their future was quite enough to set aside any lingering feelings of pride or fear had any such been there. He put his case through his lawyer, and was refused. Old Silcote wished it to be understood that he could hold no further communication with Mr. Algernon Silcote.

Once, not long after this, the children fell ill of measles, or some childish disorder, and a sad time the poor widower had with them, and was still thanking God that they were on the mend, and that he had lost none of his precious little incumbrances, when a message came from Silcotes, ordering the children to be sent there for change of air, until they recovered their health. The message came through Silcote's lawyer, and was done in as ill-conditioned a manner as need be, but Algy had no "proper spirit" whatever. He thankfully sent the children off, and they were kept there for above two months. He was very thankful. "The ban then is not to descend to the next generation," he said. He thanked God for it.

The younger of his two visitors at Oxford, the bright-eyed young Arthur, now grown to be the man we saw him at Silcotes the night of the poaching affray, paid him frequent visits as of yore. It was he who brought the children back from Silcotes, with new clothes, new toys, new roses in their cheeks, and, alas, new wants and a new discontent at the squalid and untidy home to which they had returned. Arthur, who noticed everything, noticed Miss Dora turning up her nose at several things, and heard one or two petulant remarks from her in strong disparagement of the *menage* at No. 20, Lancaster Square, and he said with his usual decision, "I shall stay a few days with you, Algy. Dora, you are tired with your journey, and consequently cross and disagreeable. Go to bed. No, leave your doll here. I want it."

Dora obeyed, reddening. "I 'll stay a day or two, my Algy, and whip these children in. They have been most awfully spoilt by that very foolish aunt of ours. You will require the aid of my influence for a short time, until hers has become a thing of the past. What a noble child that Dora is! Every element of good about her. She has a will, and requires to have it controlled by a stronger one. But she is a sweet child."

"My Dora," said Algy, with perfect good faith, "reminds me, in all her ways, of her dear mother."

Arthur was just going to rap out in his short way, "Lord forbid." But he neither did that, nor do what he felt inclined to do a moment afterwards, — burst out laughing: he had got that tongue of his under command by now.

"Well, she is a very sweet child, and Reggy is another. Reggy is an artist. Reggy will do great things in art. Reggy will be a Royal Academician, if those old dunderheads can ever be got to overcome their inveterate jealousy against anything approaching to talent and originality."

Algy answered in commonplaces, not quite knowing what words he was uttering, for he was confusedly wondering how an undergraduate could have such wonderful intuition about an art of which he was entirely ignorant, as to see a future Royal Academician in a child of nine, whose efforts hitherto had been certainly below the average. But it was only Arthur, he thought again with a smile, — Arthur the omniscient.

Arthur went on. "I love and admire everything you do, but I never admired you more than when you gave up your pride and allowed these children to pay this visit."

"I have no pride, Archy," said Algernon. "And if I had, I could not display it in that quarter."

Arthur turned his frank and noble face upon him, and looked at him keenly, and, as curtly as Rabelais's monk, asked,

"Why?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Do you mean on general grounds, on the grounds that you have no right to be proud to your own father: or that you have no right to stand in your children's right? Or are there other grounds for your not being proud?"

"Ain't you getting — getting — come, a little too sharp, I won't say coarse, in your questions, my dear boy?" said Algy, with the most perfect sweet temper.

"I beg a thousand pardons, old boy. You are quite right. Do forgive me, and don't answer me. I thought I had cured myself of that miserable trick of cross-examining witnesses, and putting everybody in a logical hole. Let us change the subject."

"Not at all," said Algy. "I am going to answer you. The reasons on which I acted in sending my children to their grandfather at Silcotes, were just such as you have suggested: that I had no right to be proud to my own father, and that I should be wicked to stand in my children's light. You asked me then if there were other reasons why I should show no pride in that quarter. I answer that there are. We must understand one another, at least partially, my dearest Arthur, even if that partial understanding aids in our separation. I know that it is to your good offices that I owe this recognition of my children. Utter the question which I see hanging on your lips."

"I'll utter it, Algy, though all the powers of the Inferno shall never make me believe in you as anything but the best man who ever walked. Here it is. Did you, before Tom or I remember, ever — well — make a fiasco?"

"Never! To you I will say the simple truth. Though I'm not strong in brain, and have that want of energy which comes from habitual ill-health, yet, I have lived as blameless a life as any of us poor sinners can hope to lead."

"Then what has caused this terrible injustice of my father towards you?"

"He has not been unjust. He has been most generous. Question on, and let us have it out."

"Has his extraordinary treatment of you arisen from any facts in connection with your mother?"

"Yes. I will now finish this conversation, and we will never resume it. I was put in possession of these facts when I was seventeen. Now ask yourself, but never ask me, what has made me gray at six-and-thirty, and has produced that never-ending thought about self, and distrust of others, which has made him very little better than a lunatic."

"There is more than that in the governor's malady, you know," said young Oxford, then omniscient with good-humored flippancy. "You have n't got to the bottom of that. That was all very well, what you said just now about the 'never-ending self-contemplation' of the governor; but, unfortunately it don't exist. I don't rank the intellectual capacity of either you or the governor very high, and there have evidently been lies told by some one, probably by Aunt Mary. *I'll* put it all right. I'll go bail *your* mother was a good woman. The governor has got that curious eccentricity of brain which is generally acquired by a connection with the aristocracy, and they develop it by marrying their relations, and in some cases doing absolutely nothing for nearly ninety years. It must be evident, even to a third-class intellect, that the pair of you are slightly cracked. Come, *solvuntur risu*. Eh?"

"Not yet," said Algy. "If you knew everything you would wonder why I ever accepted anything at all from him. I should reply to this, that I am not a hero, and that I have only had enough to prevent my being a disgrace to him."

CHAPTER VIII.

On this occasion Arthur pointed out to Dora what he was pleased to call the extreme meanness of her conduct towards her father, in making disparaging comparisons between his house and her grandfather's. Dora received her scolding with perfect composure and silence, replying not one word, but looking steadily at him with her hands behind her back. Though she did not confess her fault, yet she never repeated it. Their visits to Silcotes took place every year after this. The old man ordered it, and every one obeyed it; but Dora, honest little story-teller as she was, always, on her return home, used audibly to thank heaven that she was back in her own place once more, and to vilify and ridicule the whole *menage* of Silcotes most entirely. The other children used generally to roar all through the night after their return, and to be unmanageable for the next week.

Two pupils were got, dough-faced foolish youths, who had made so little use of their schooling, that their matriculatory examination was considered more than doubtful, and so were, with the wisdom of some parents, taken from experienced hands at school, and sent into the inexperienced hands of Algy. That he did his duty by them, and got them through, I need not say; but it was on the strength of these pupils that he engaged a governess.

Miss Lee was a foolish Devonshire young person, whose father had been a clergyman, and, as she always averred, kept hounds. It was quite possible, for he left her entirely destitute, and with no education, and so it became necessary for her to go out as a governess. She was not in the least fit for it, and Algy, of course, could only offer the most modest stipend. So they naturally came together from the extreme ends of England. Miss Lee, in addition to the disqualifications of ignorance and not very refined manners, had another disqualification, considered in some families, and for good reason, to be greater than either of the others. She, like the majority of Devonshire girls, was amazingly beautiful.

Such, in the main, and given as shortly as possible, so as to avoid being duller than was necessary, is the information I had gained from Miss Raylock, Arthur, Algy, and others, about the Silcote family, as they were at the time of the children's third visit, — the time of the poaching raid described in the first chapter. This coincided with the fourth time that Captain Tom Silcote had got leave of absence from duty, for the purpose of coming home, and representing one half of his debts as the whole, and, with a sort of recollection of his Catechism, promising to lead a new life, and be in charity with all men. The debts which he confessed to his father were always paid, for was not he the heir? and he always went back to lead the old life over again, and to hate his unsatisfied creditors with all the hatred of a gentleman living habitually beyond his means.

[illegible]

[illegible] great stretch of rolling woodland four [illegible] points, [illegible] itself so high as to be a landmark [illegible]. The greater and all the nighest [illegible] beech forest [illegible] as you [illegible] to get [illegible] and [illegible] fantastically as [illegible] by [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] where a few solitary cottages stand here and there, [illegible] cottages, generally standing [illegible] for garden ground. As you [illegible] the fields become more frequent and larger, and you are among farms, generally [illegible] in some clusters of dark and noble [illegible] below [illegible] fields steeply down to the level of the broad river meadows, and across the [illegible] of the circle winds the Thames: by day a brown river of silver, in some evenings, when the sun has just sunk behind the dark dim woods of Oxfordshire, a chain of crimson pools.

Dim mysterious woods are those of Oxfordshire across the river; rolling, hedgeless, cultivated chalk down, capped always by the dark short bars of woodland a land of level though somewhat lofty lines, with no artistic incident for miles, in strong contrast to the fantastic freshness of the elm hedgerows of the neighboring Berkshire. A very melancholy piece of country, almost as melancholy as some of the warren lands in Norfolk, or one suspects of Lincolnshire, else why did a Lincolnshire man write

> "Where from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
> On the oat grass and the sword grass, and the bulrush in the pool?"

two of the most beautiful and melancholy lines in our language, more than worthy of Wordsworth. A lonely, dim looking county that Oxfordshire, as that dreaming little shepherd lad, James Sugden, saw it month after month, year after year, in his solitary watch over the sheep among the highest fields of the beautiful Borsey, or from the door of his father's cottage, highest up among the towering beech wood, when merry haymaking and merrier harvest was over, and the September sun was blazing down due west.

The boy had got rather a fine education, I will tell you how presently, though if you are a really kind reader, a reader for whom one loves to write, you will have guessed the mere fact before. Educate a boy lovely, and set him to tend sheep, and if he don't develop his imaginative powers you may be pretty sure he has not got any, and had best, as a last chance, be sent to Cambridge, or elsewhere, to see what he can make of the mathematics. The boy was imaginative enough for a poet, only he wanted wit and application, without which no poet [illegible] [illegible] anything, and he [illegible] about the Oxford [illegible] woods.

[illegible] was a view [illegible] towards Oxford. [illegible] six miles off, almost as the [illegible] and the smoke, on a clear day [illegible] Sidney Godolphin [illegible] Lord Pembroke [illegible] Lord Clarendon, [illegible] Clare Lord [illegible] woods of Clarendon. All this was very fine, but he always preferred the lonelier woods to the west, more particularly when his father had told him one evening, in confidence, when they were eating their poor supper together in the garden, under the falling dew and the gathering night, that just beyond those darkening woods lay the most beautiful city in the whole world.

"How far off?" asked the boy.

"Fifteen mile, across through Ipsden. A matter of eighteen-twenty by Benson and Dorchester."

"Is it as lovely as it?" Of course it is not. But Sevilla is the finest town in the world."

"Oxford beats it hollow, I tell you."

"Have you seen them both?"

"Yes. Leastways, I know one on 'em well, and that's quite enough to give me a right to speak. If you want to know both sides of a question before you speaks about it, everlasting dumbness will be your portion. Whatever you've got to say, old fellow, rap it out, hard and heavy, and see what the other fellow has got to say. If he has the best of it, give in: if he has n't, shut him up. But don't believe that you are in the right, for all that, only believe that he is a greater fool than you. So you see, old fellow, I say again that Oxford is a finer town than the one you named. We'd best get to bed, old chap, had n't we?"

Looking from the door of his father's cottage, he could see the top of the chimneys of Silcotes below him among the trees. A fine old place Silcotes, say 1650, a foursquare place of endless gables of brick, — the great addition made by the present squire's father, who may almost be said to have built it over again, being made in perfect harmony with the old seventeenth century nucleus which he found. These additions had been made so long, that the newer bricks, with the assistance of cunning washes, had toned down to the color of the older building, so that it required an architect's eye to tell new from old.

A most harmonious house, for, in fact, the elder Silcote's architect, with a taste rare in those later years of "the worthless and bankrupt century, which ended by committing suicide," had carefully and painfully fulfilled the original design of the seventeenth century architect, whose work had probably been stopped by the Revolution, and who may, before he patched up and finished, have heard the cannonading from old Basing House, booming up from the S. W. from behind Bearwood.

It was a very beautiful place, and very beautifully kept up. If you went into the stables you would see the master's eye, or his stud-groom's eye, in the very straw plait which edged the litter; a Dunstable bonnet was only a slight improvement on it. If you went to the other end of the *manège*, if you went to look round the flower-garden, you would see the managing eye there also, terrace after terrace of the newest and finest flowers, — dielias, calceolarias, geraniums, and what not, — piling themselves up in hideous incongruous patterns, until, in their sheer confusion, they became almost artistic, and then, above all, the great terrace of roses, which dashed up with nearly a park-like beauty, and then, coming to the house itself, and hanging deep dark purple the only relief in the house, with sprays of Jacqueminot, D'Elsemay, and Dundee Rambler, and there, over all rolling, long magnificent trophies of Blair, No. 2, and Gloire de Dijon, at every point of vantage in the long travail.

"Eight thousand a year in house-keeping, and

no company worthy of being so called ever seen." That was what the Princess of Castelnuovo used to tell Miss Raylock, and the princess should have known, for she was housekeeper.

About the "company" she was undoubtedly right; with regard to the eight thousand a year, why you must generally divide that lady's statements by two, and then be very careful to examine closely the facts on which she based the remaining half of her assertion. There is, however, no doubt, that this fine house of Silcote's, even in these dark times, was kept up with amazing liberality; and the very servants who left him of their own accord would tell you, almost pathetically, that they had never had anything to complain of, and that there was not such a servants' hall as Silcotes for miles round.

For, in spite of the liberality of Silcote's housekeeping, servants would not stay with him. There was no society and no change, — things which servants desire more even than good living. If you think that the footman in plush breeches, or the groom in white, is a mere machine, you are mistaken. If you think that the mere paying of these men's wages, and feeding them well, will secure these men, you are again mistaken. My lord or the squire cannot destroy these men's individuality, when they dress them in the clothes of the eighteenth century. Necessity may keep them quiet; good living and gayety may keep them contented; but if they get fond they will "better" themselves as sure as possible, even at lower wages, and worse beer.

There *is* a way of keeping the best of these people about you: by perfect justice and temper, and by real sympathizing kindness. I know of servants at twelve shillings a week who won't better themselves at sixteen. These people will stay with you, if you care for them, and make them sympathize with the fortunes of your house. If treated as machines they will better themselves. The advanced radicals say that you have no business to have such people about you at all, and, being innocent in this matter ourselves, we may theoretically think that the advanced radicals are right.

However, Silcote's servants never stayed; their formula was, "that a man was not sent into the world to die of the blues," and I am sorry to say that in self-justification they set abroad, through the county, an account of the Dark Squire's eccentricities, a great deal darker than the mere truth.

The ultimate fate of little James Sugden, on the night of the poaching affray was this. His preserver had him plastered and mended as far as was possible, and then, having done his "possible," handed him over to the butler, who proceeded towards the men's quarters to see if he could get him a bed.

Those who were asleep were immovable, and those who were awake objected so very strongly, and in such extremely pointed language, that he did not dare to push his point; at last, getting tired of argument, he used his authority where he dared, and quartered him on the youngest stable-boy. At sunrise James was on the alert, dressed, and ready to make his escape home.

Which was the way, and where were the dogs? His companion told him the way, but could give no information about the dogs. They might be still loose: *he* would not venture beyond the stubble yard for ten pounds till he knew they were kennelled. But the intense wish the boy had to be at home again overcame his fears, and he resolved to go. He had all the dislike which a dog or a child has, at first, to these strange faces and places, and he dreaded seeing any one in authority for fear they should bid him stay, in which case he knew he must obey. He fled. One terrible fright he had; he opened a door in the wall, and when he had shut it behind him, he found himself alone among the bloodhounds. His terror was simply unutterable at this moment; but the dogs knew him and proposed to come with him, and he, afraid to drive them back, was escorted by them as far as a gate, beyond which they would not come. Once out of sight of them he sped away through the forest shard towards his home.

It was late in the day when he was sitting between his father and mother, looking out over the little garden of potatoes and cabbage, of filbert and apple trees, towards the westering sun over the Oxfordshire wolds. Their poor flowers were mostly fading by now, and the garden looked dull; for cottagers' flowers are mostly spring flowers. In the lengthening evenings of early spring, the sight of nature renewing herself has its effect on the poorest of the hinds, to a certain extent, and in their dull way they make efforts at ornamentation, perhaps because they have some dim hope that the coming year cannot be quite so hopeless as the one gone past: will not be merely another milestone towards chronic rheumatism and the workhouse. They must have such hopes, poor folks, or they would madden. These hopes come to them in the spring, with reviving nature, and then they garden. The wearied hind stays late out in the cool brisk April night, and spares a little time after he has done delving in his potatoes to trimming and planting a few poor flowers. But after, when nature gets productive and exacting, she absorbs him, and the flowers are neglected, only a few noble perennials, all honor to their brave hearty roots, — your lilies and your hollyhocks, and latterly I am pleased to see everywhere your Delphinium formosum, — standing bravely up amidst the forced neglect. So Sugden's garden, this bright September afternoon, was not sufficiently gaudy to keep James's eye from wandering across the little green orchard beyond the well, on to the distant hills.

Suddenly his father, badly hurt and still in pain, grew animated. "By Job," he said, "there 's the deer! There she goes. Hi! look at her! There she goes into the Four Acre, making for Pitcher's Spinney. She 'll go to soil at Wargrave for a hundred pounds. They are hunting early this year. Stars and garters! if here she don't come heading back! It 's old Alma* as sure as you are born, and she knows the ground."

They were all out in the garden, looking eagerly where Sugden pointed, expecting every moment to see Mr. Davis, and King, and a noble cavalcade, come streaming out of the forest-ride. They were disappointed; it was not one of Her Majesty's deer which Sugden had seen, but a great dog, nearly as large and nearly of the same color, which now came cantering towards them. They had stared after him so long, and after they had found out what he was, had stood looking at him so long, that some one else had time to come behind them, and, while they were slowly realizing that it was only one of the bloodhounds from the hall, a harsh voice from behind them said —

"He won't eat you. If he did he would not get very fat off you."

* Mr. Sugden's chronology is more than queer. He must have projected his soul largely into the future to name one of the finest deer which ever ran some years before that deer was calved.

They turned, and found themselves face to face with the Dark Squire.

All three were too much surprised to speak, and so they stood a moment or so, and looked at Silcote. A compact, intensely firm-looking and broad-shouldered figure, with a grizzly head, square features, and a continual frown. Dress: gray coat, gray breeches, gray gaiters, square and inexorable boots. The late Mr. Cobbett would have admired the look of him very much until they got to loggerheads, which would not have been long.

He had to begin the conversation again. "You stand frightened at the first sight of me, you sheep. I was saying that if my dogs ate a dozen such as you they would not get fat. You peasantry are getting too lean for mere dog's meat, with your ten shillings a week, and your five shillings off for rent, firing, clothes' club, and the rest of it. You are sheep, mere sheep. Why don't you make a Jacquerie of it? You hate me, and I hate you. Why don't you cut my throat, burn my house down,—unless you want it for your own purposes,—and subdivide my lands? Bah! you have no courage for Saxon population. Cannot you produce a Murat?"

It was Mrs. Sugden who answered. "You seem in one of your dark moods, Squire, that is to say, talking more nonsense than usual. You say you hate us, *cela va sans dire;* you say we hate you, that is completely untrue of us, as a class,—the more particularly about you, who are, with all your foolishness, the justest landlord about these parts. As I used to say to my darling Duchess of Cheshire, 'Don't patronize those people in the way you do. Love them and trust them, and they will in some sort love and trust you. Don't be always loving them in their own houses, and worrying them to death with impertinent inquiries about their domestic matters. They will only lie to you and hate you. Come to them sometimes as *Deus ex machinâ*, and relieve them from some temporary difficulty. You can always do that, for they are always in difficulties. You can buy them up at a pound a head like that, whereas, if you hunt and worry them, ten pounds won't make them grateful.' Now, my dear squire, what is the object of *your* visit?"

Never, probably, was a man so utterly aghast as Silcote. Here was a common laborer's wife, dressed in the commonest print, a woman he had never seen or never noticed before, blowing him up in French and Latin, and audaciously pricking him in the most delicate and most cherished parts of his long-loved folly, and saying things to him which his own petted Arthur dare not say. He looked speechless, and saw only a common laborer's wife, in a common print gown, who laughed at him while he looked.

But she was very beautiful. Silcote had seen peasant women as beautiful, on the same style, in the Pay de Ceux, but never in England. Silcote had never seen the very light brown hair, and the perfectly sharply cut features of the Norman aristocracy among the English peasantry before; and, indeed, one seldom does, unless there is a story which some old postmaster, or old pensioned coachman, will tell you over the pipes and grog, after the cricket club dinner. Silcote stood amazed. He had his suspicions at once,—the man lived on suspicion; but he was a gentleman, in speech at all events.

"I beg your pardon, I was not aware there was a lady here. I beg your pardon."

"There is no lady here; no semblance of one. I am merely an honest and respectable, perfectly honest and respectable, laboror's wife. You may see me working in the fields any day, 'stooping and straddling in the clogging fallows.' Let me observe that you have shut yourself up from the world too much, or you would never have accused me of being a lady. Ladies, as far as I can judge from my limited experience of them, don't speak to gentlemen as I spoke to you just now."

"May I ask you a question, ma'am," said Silcotes, still lost in wonder.

"A dozen, if you choose."

"And get a dozen refusals of answer. Well and good, but will you answer this one out of the imaginary dozen? I will only ask you one question out of your dozen, and I ask it. *Who the deuse are you?*"

"Exactly what I have said before. A peasant's daughter, who worked in the fields, who became dairymaid when her father became cowman; who, in consequence of her great beauty, I believe" (here she drew herself up, and proudly, but frankly and honestly looked at Silcote with the great brown eyes of her), "became lady's maid to Lady Caroline Poyntz, now Duchess of Cheshire. Those Poyntz girls would have everything handsome about them. Then there was a paradise of folly: no, not folly; true love and good intentions are not folly. And then I turned peasant again, and then I went back to my old work, and you passed me the other day, scowling like your old self, while I was setting beans. Now, what did you please to want here, Silcote?"

The Squire finding, after a good many years, some one who was not a bit afraid of him, answered civilly and to the purpose.

"The fact is, that this boy of yours behaved very pluckily last night. I want to better him. I will take him into the stable as a helper, and he will rise. It is a provision for him. These Cockney servants I get from Reading never stay. Tom, who will be my heir, has taken a fancy to him; in fact, brought him home last night. He will be stud-groom, and will be provided for for life. Will you let him come?"

"No. Let him stick to his sheep. I, you see, know more about domestic service than most, and my answer is 'No.' Let him freeze and bake on the hillside with his sheep. Let him stay up late with his team, and then get out of his warm bed at four in the biting winter weather to feed them again at four. Let him do hedge and ditch work on food which a Carolina negro would refuse; let him plough the heaviest clay until the public house becomes a heaven and a rest to him; let him mow, until the other mowers find him so weak that he must mow with them no longer, lest he ruin the contract; let him reap, until his loud-tongued wife can beat him at that, for he must marry,—O Lord, for he must marry,—and in his own station too. Let him go on at the plough tail; among the frozen turnips, among the plashy hedgesides, until the inevitable rheumatism catches him in the back, and the parish employs him on the roads to save the rates. And then, when his wife dies, let them send him to the house, and let him rot there and be buried in a box; but he shall not be a domestic servant for all that, Silcote. I know too much about that. We have tried enough of our own, without requiring yours."

Silcote had nothing more to say,—to her, at least. What he had to say he said to himself as he went home.

"That is a devil of a woman. She is all wrong,

but she puts it so well. She is *en rabie.* I never saw such a deuse of a woman in my life."

So two violent ill-regulated souls struck themselves together in consequence of this poaching raid, to the great benefit of both. The continual opposition of dame Reason to rampant folly, is, I suspect, only suspect, of very little use. One knows so little. Dickens, watching narrowly and keenly, but making no deductions whatever, tells us, in effect, that the American mad doctors allow a patient's folly to develop to such an extent that it becomes folly to themselves. How would it be to allow another patient's folly to become so foolish as to make the saner patient awkward of his crotchets?

[To be continued.]

BATHING WITH AN EMPEROR.

"There we lay,
All the day,
In the Bay of Biscay, oh!"

DOTTED round the coast of Great Britain are innumerable watering-places, the inhabitants of which draw their yearly income from out the pockets of credulous townsmen who, induced by the belief that the sea breezes and fresh shrimps for breakfast every morning are the very things to set them up for another eleven months' toil, make a point of spending a few weeks of each summer at some seaside town or village. Well for them if it is a village they choose, where shingle and sand, tar, fresh herrings, and tobacco, are the staple commodities, for then they do stand a chance of getting a morning dip in the clear green sea, and a pure "sniff of the briny," but alas for them if they choose a fashionable watering-place, where the sea breeze brings with it a cloud of smoke from Victoria crescent, or a rush of "blacks" from Regina square! Alas for them if they select a spot where beach gives way to promenade, and where pepper-and-salt suits are unknown! To walk slowly up and down a gravelled walk, with the sea on one side, a row of houses on the other, and a band at each end, with nothing to do but to observe the costume of your fellow-creatures, and try to feel an interest in the "Mary Anne" of Goole laboring outside the harbor, is doubtless to many more enjoyable than to sprawl on a pebbly beach, and lazily watch the ripples of an incoming tide, wondering vaguely and listlessly how long you may maintain your position without getting wet. But happily for the well-being of the world, every one does not think alike, and kindly railway companies are equally ready to transport me to a wild little Scotch fishing-village, or you, my reader, to the gay and festive Scarborough, at the lowest possible fares.

Our neighbors across the Channel are more given than we are to indulge in promenading. A French gentleman, a good walker, is a rarity, and the French ladies, if they cannot ride, stop at home. A watering-place to them needs no further attraction than that other people go there, that there are some good cafés, and a well-conducted casino. This being ascertained, they will go and spend a few days at Dieppe or Trouville, sitting on chairs on the beach, listening to the band, eating ices, and occasionally sauntering half a mile; but for aristocratic France, the queen of all watering-places is Biarritz, not so much on account of any special beauty in the place or any marvellous conveniences for bathing, but simply because it is patronized by the Emperor — you remember how a certain gentleman raised Brighton out of a fishing-village — and is fashionable and expensive.

Perhaps few places so well known by name have been so little visited by the English as Biarritz. Certainly seven hundred and fifty miles is a considerable distance to go for a sea bath, still, it is possible to reach it from London in forty hours, or even less: and for a fashionable bathing-place, it is the most charming that it has ever been the good fortune of the writer to visit. Its situation is delightful; the views of the Pyrenees, and the numerous inlets of the Spanish coast, the wide-spreading Bay of Biscay, the picturesquely dotted houses and white spired church, as seen from the lighthouse is beautiful; while life and society in this last nook of France is a never-failing stock of amusement to the foreign tourist.

From the sea the town itself is not visible, and Biarritz shows but as a small place, — in truth it is not very large, — with a large white building at one end of the bay, which is the casino, where music, cards, dancing, theatrical representations, and concerts, amuse the visitors in the evening, and at the other extremity a substantial modest-looking red brick house, which is the residence of His Imperial Majesty Napoleon III. when he visits Biarritz, and is known as the Villa Eugènie. It makes little show, and but for the sentry the traveller might pass it by unnoticed.

The town proper is situated in a little valley and contains a fair amount of shops, an unfair number of lodging-houses, a few cafés, and several small hotels, the larger and better being situate where a sea view is obtainable. This one long street of Biarritz is gay and crowded as a fair during a summer's evening. The shops are brilliantly illuminated, and sparkle and glitter in all the glory of jewelry and other prettinesses; outside the cafés every seat is taken, ices are in great demand, and a lightly, gayly-dressed crowd of visitors saunter through the streets, glancing at the jewellers', staring in at the old curiosity shop, where quaint china monsters, inlaid tea-trays, elaborate fans, and antique gems are to be purchased; wondering at the Turkish gentleman who, in the costume of his country, smokes his cigarette at the shop door, resplendent in baggy trousers and crimson fez; marvelling at the "true Chinese," as the notice over the shop door proclaims him to be, who, with pigtail and costume complete, nods with an energy worthy of a mandarin, and strives to look like a native of Pekin instead of Paris; delighting in the performing monkey, on dancing dogs, which some bold speculator has brought so far on the chance of earning a few sous from an open-air audience; and at the same time laughing, joking, flirting, and smoking amongst themselves. In addition to the shops there are stalls erected beneath the trees, where walking-sticks, carved ivory, and other necessaries of life may be bought, and about these cluster masses of the visitors. Crack, crack, crack, goes a long-thonged whip, — "Gar-r-r — Houp — Houp!" cries the driver, and dashing through the crowd comes the last conveyance from Bayonne, just stopping short of running over some twenty or thirty men and women, who stand still and shriek, partly in fear, partly in pleasure. Then ensues a conversation on which you might be led to believe by the earnestness and gesticulation that the life of one of the speakers depended, and after that the driver and his friends adjourn to a neighboring café, the coach is dragged into the yard, the horses are

taken out, and the people crowd round the stalls again.

By this time the moon has risen, the air sighs through the streets soft and balmy, and ever and anon comes the sound of the rising tide as it laps upon the sand or roars in the rocky cavities of the bay. Then faintly in the distance sounds the band of the casino, and towards it flock the majority of the visitors to lounge upon the broad terrace facing the sea, to read the news of the day, to scan the list of fresh arrivals, but above all to see and be seen. What becomes of the visitors in the morning is a mystery. During the early part of the day the streets are deserted, the bathing-places are but little frequented, and the shore has no strollers. The jingle of a piano, or a glimpse of a negligently-dressed lounging figure, however, show that the quiet houses with their closed shutters are not untenanted, however much their dreary look may lead one to suppose such to be the case.

The writer upon one memorable occasion visited one of the best known of Welsh watering-places, in the month of March, and never will he forget the desolate, dismal, deserted appearance of the fashionable town. The chief hotels looked like soldierless barracks, the hot baths were being painted, the lodging-houses were shut up, the bathing-machines and pleasure-boats were stowed away beneath sheds, the railway station was inhabited by a hermit, and the shop shutters were up, giving the idea of a plague-stricken town, which notion was strengthened by the absence of all visible population.

The morning and early afternoon at Biarritz gives a somewhat similar idea, so quiet are the streets, so scarce the strollers, so few the bathers, but the heat is sufficient excuse for idleness, and none but English tourists, salamanders, and negroes, would care unnecessarily to roam about beneath the blazing sun in the early part of the day during the months of August or September in this fashionable southern watering-place. But towards five o'clock the visitors emerge from their shady retreats where they have probably been dozing, skimming light literature, and sipping iced drinks, for five or six hours, and make their appearance on the sands and at the various bathing-places.

The principal of these bathing-places are called the Côte des Basques, the Port Vieux, and the Côte Napoléon. The Port Vieux is a narrow inlet much frequented by swimmers, while the bay known as the Côte Napoléon, is patronized more by those whose powers of natation are limited, but who yet desire to enjoy the pleasure of a dip in the salt sea or a plunge amongst the waves of the Bay of Biscay, which in that spot they can do with perfect safety. At one extremity of the Côte Napoléon stands the Villa Eugénie, while, facing it at the other is the whitestone casino. Down upon the sand close to the casino is the bathing-establishment—a long, low, [illegible] building of a [illegible] Moorish pattern, and [illegible] [illegible] dressed in the very extreme of [illegible] [illegible] a short time in a [illegible] of gaudily-striped [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] gentlemen make their appearance in somewhat similar articles of a striped, [illegible] and [illegible] nature.

It requires at first no little [illegible] to walk thus arrayed for two or three hundred yards, through a crowd of lounging ladies and beaux seated or strolling on the sands, who congregate together and make critical remarks concerning you as you pass: but it is an ordeal to which all bathers, both male and female, must submit before they can take the water at Biarritz: and as use is second nature, the novelty speedily wears off, and the promenade is treated as a matter of course, and stare is returned for stare, and criticism for criticism.

The various methods in which different bathers choose to enter the sea are well worthy of note by all who desire to enjoy a hearty laugh. The smooth sandy shore slopes very gradually, and bathers may proceed to a considerable distance without being out of their depth, though even on a calm day the waves roll in at times with considerable force. In entering the water the favorite style with young France is a skip and a jump, a run, a leap over two or three ripples, a splash, and a retreat, then a cautious advance and a species of wild dance, as if the bather were performing the can-can with a wave for a partner, and finally, a terrific plunge into three feet of water: middle-aged France, conscious of the buoyant nature of fat, walks with elephantine tread some little distance into the sea, throws himself upon his back, and floats placidly and contentedly till a wave washes him up amongst the promenaders on the shore, and leaves him there prostrate, high and dry, when he rises and repeats the performance. Ladies trip lightly down the shore to the water's edge, throw aside the dainty little slippers they have worn over the loose, dry, gritty sand, which, fine and soft though it be, irritates bare feet not a little, and then not unfrequently stand while an attendant empties a bucketful of water over their heads preparatory to their crossing the boundary of King Neptune's domains. A favorite amusement amongst the bathers at the Côte Napoléon is, to form into line, ladies and gentlemen holding each other's hands, and then advance boldly towards the rolling waves. Just as the white crest towers above them, all spring upwards and are borne in by the advancing tide. Naturally some are unfortunate and do not make their leap in time, but the great object is to keep the chain of linked hands unbroken, and those who first regain their feet on the soft, firm sand, assist in righting their less fortunate companions: but should a second wave follow close upon the heels of the first, probably the whole party are rolled ignominiously over, and after a few seconds come panting and dripping to their feet. This pastime is attended with no danger, for the water is shallow and the beach shelving, while, moreover, a boat is stationed throughout the day at a certain distance from the shore, to prevent even good swimmers going beyond a particular point, ready at a moment's notice to proceed to the assistance of any bather who may have imprudently ventured out of his depth.

The scene in this bay any fine autumn afternoon is one of great beauty, especially when the rays of the setting sun lend their glory to the reclining the pine woods, lighting up the picturesquely-grouped houses, and transforming the rocks, but for those who would see as most in all its splendor, there is a mound behind the church from which may be viewed a glorious expanse of sea, and an almost illimitable range of mountains stretching out in dark purple against the crimson-barred golden sky, as the sun sinks into the ocean, making a mist rich, glittering, quivering path of glory across the sea.

The Port Vieux, an inlet of the sea, small in comparison with the bay known as the Côte Napoléon, is the bathing-place frequented by swimmers, and

so crowded is it at times, that a novice stands a fair chance of being jostled out of the water. Here ladies and gentlemen swim, dive, and gambol together like a shoal of porpoises, but the shore slopes somewhat steeply, soon leading to deep water, consequently the non-swimmers do not much patronize this bay.

As the dinner-hour draws near, the sea is deserted; men and women, with dripping, tight-clinging garments, rush in haste to the Moorish shed or the Swiss châlet, to don their land garb; the boats which have tossed up and down all day upon the waves, anxiously longing to proceed to somebody's rescue, are pulled in to shore; the money-takers at the bathing-houses close their little windows and count up their francs; the bathing-dresses are hung out to dry by the hundred; the promenaders go home to their hotels; twilight gives way with marvellous rapidity to darkness, and silence reigns alike in the Côte Napoléon and the Port Vieux, for Biarritz is at dinner.

Bathing, promenading, lounging, eating, drinking, and smoking, pass away the hours of the visitors at the Empress's watering-place, and for those who are content to fill up their days with such amusements, Biarritz is perfection; but in the matter of excursions, walks, or drives, it is decidedly badly off. The railway takes adventurous travellers into Spain in a very short time; and the coaches convey them to Bayonne, where, to all appearance, one half the visitors at Biarritz pass their days, going in in the morning and not returning till dusk; indeed, so sought after are the places in the morning conveyances, that though coaches, omnibuses, and breaks start every quarter of an hour, to secure a seat it is necessary to book it at least on the previous afternoon.

Certainly there is some excuse for this, for there are few towns calculated to impress a traveller more favorably than Bayonne, when seen on a bright, clear, sunshiny day. Half French, half Spanish, its shops and hotels, with inscriptions in both languages; its gay, bright, bustling, busy streets; its crowd of pedestrians, ladies in the latest Paris fashions, Spanish contrabandists, picturesquely-attired priests, soldiers, nuns, and tourists; its splendid Place de Grammont; its venerable cathedral, and, above all, the view from its citadel, with the distant Pyrenees, equalling if not exceeding in beauty the famed panorama of the Bernese Alps from Thun, make Bayonne a far from unpleasant place to visit; while, once free of the town, the calm, fertile landscape through which the river Adour flows, with a background of distant mountains, is exquisitely charming.

No wonder the five-mile ride to this town from Biarritz is a favorite one, the more especially as on French territory the only other interesting excursion to be made is to the lighthouse. Thither, in carriages, on foot, on horse or donkey back, go at least once during their stay all visitors at Biarritz, and there are but few, I think, who, if they choose a clear day for their excursion, can come away dissatisfied. The sea view is magnificent, while the panorama of ocean and mountain looking towards Spain can hardly be surpassed. Further along the coast, in the direction of Bayonne, is a cave, which, in itself, presents no very great feature of interest, though the legend attached to it may please the sentimental. It is called the Chambre d'Amour, and the story goes that in it two lovers were surprised by the rising tide, and were drowned in each other's arms. "Poor things!" say the fashionable visitors, as they seat themselves to picnic near the romantic spot, and the death-agony of two of their fellow-creatures is soon forgotten in the popping of champagne corks and the merry laughter of the happy sight-seers who have gone there for a day's pleasure, and have no idea of allowing any sombre reflections to mar their jollity.

With a good deal of sleeping, a modicum of strolling, a vast amount of lounging, a fair proportion of bathing, and a minimum of real exercise, the fashionable visitors at Biarritz get through the day, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that, while pretending to be engaged in amusing themselves, the day slips by them; still, there are few yawning-bored people amongst the crowd on the beach on an autumn afternoon, for the scene is so gay and lively, the waves so crisp and green, the view so beautiful, the bathers so amusing, and the promenaders so gayly attired, that the most listless lounger can occupy his eyes and the vacuum where his brains should be, in staring at the fashionable crowd and speculating as to who they are, where they have found lodgings, and how many fresh comers the next break from Bayonne will bring in.

Of course, too, there is a never-failing source of speculation and conversation respecting the royal bathers, anecdotes are retailed, true if possible, but better than none, the inventions of fertile brains, respecting the Empress, and never-ceasing stories of the progress of the Prince Imperial in the art of swimming at the Port Vieux, pass from mouth to mouth; and then, when the man who holds the reins of France so firmly in his hands, strolls on the sand accompanied by his wife and child, just as you, Mr. and Mrs. Paterfamilias, do with little Johnny, hats are raised and he passes on his way without state or ceremony of any kind, mixing with the people and talking to acquaintances, sinking the Emperor in the private gentleman. Alas for the explosion of the old ideas that sovereigns never moved without crowns upon their heads, and that trains of velvet supported by pink-legged pages were the adjuncts to empresses, for at least fourteen hours in the day, if they were not permanently attached to them in lieu of those singular appendages which, Lord Monboddo believed, formed a part of man in his natural state! The illusion has all but died out, and kings and queens after all are found to be only men and women.

When Biarritz was a tiny fishing village, before royalty discovered it and raised it to its present position, the Port Vieux, instead of being a public swimming-bath, was an inlet sheltering the few boats the little place owned, now those boats have disappeared; but vessels are occasionally driven by stress of weather towards Biarritz, running always risk of being dashed in pieces on the cruel rocks which crop up from out the water in every direction, — rocks in which the sea has worn holes and caverns, to bubble and boil and surge in, — rocks over which the waves dash in clouds of blinding spray, — rocks which look pleasant and picturesque on a summer's day seen from the shore, with the surf whitening their bases, but which must present a terrible appearance on a tempestuous winter night when seen from the deck of a ship driving before the wind full upon them. As yet there is no refuge for such distressed vessels, but a harbor is in the course of construction close to the Port Vieux.

It is a favorite exercise to stroll round the portion already built, and certainly it is well worth a visit independently of the scenery which surrounds it.

It is formed principally of enormous blocks of concrete, made on the spot in huge wooden cases of fifteen cubic metres each, though stone as well has been largely used. During the gales of last winter the ocean, as if resenting the intrusion, destroyed much of the work, hurling huge broken masses of both stone and concrete back upon the shore; but the defects have been made good, and a white statue of the Virgin placed at the extremity is looked upon, not only as commemorative of the death of four laborers who were swept by a wave from the platform on which they were at work and perished in the sea, but also as an emblem of hope for the success of the undertaking.

Three things are necessary in going to Biarritz, — time, inclination, and money, — but once there, few I think could be disappointed. If mountain scenery be sought after, there are the Pyrenees; if sea view is desired, there is the Bay of Biscay; if novelty, there is an easy trip into Spain; if gayety, there is the beach and the casino.

A pleasant, idle, lounging, ice-eating, coffee-sipping, cigarette-smoking, sea-bathing time may be spent there: a heated, panting, umbrella-covered, thirsty time may be passed there; a merry, jovial, happy time may be frittered away there; and lastly, the lion hunting traveller may have the supreme felicity of plunging into the same wave with royalty, or of watching the kicks and plunges of the heir to the crown of the finest empire in the world, as he takes his first lessons in swimming.

A pleasant run through France, with a short stay in Paris, an inspection of the cathedral at Tours, a visit to the city of Bordeaux, with its fine bridge over the Gironde, its magnificent theatre, and its grand quays and public buildings, a railway trip through the curious department of the Landes, a glance at Bayonne, a five-mile omnibus ride, and Biarritz is gained after a journey which, if not too hurried, will not be the least pleasant recollection the traveller will bring home with him when he returns from his trip to the watering-place in the last nook of France, which the will of an Empress has transformed from an insignificant fishing village to a maritime town, and which, not being a capital, has perhaps been honored by the presence of royalty above all others.

THE STORY OF A BURGLARY.

In October last, I was invited by a friend of mine, whose daughter was about to be married, to go to London to attend the wedding. He had taken a large house in one of the streets leading out of Piccadilly (which I will call Folkestone Street), and was so good as to offer me a room for the marriage-week.

I reached London about a week before the important day: and to those who know anything about weddings, I need not say that this week was a busy one. The presents were numerous, and consisted chiefly of jewelry; the *trousseau*, I was informed, could not be surpassed; but of that I am not qualified, nor is it any part of my purpose, to speak. I am only concerned to state that the presents of jewelry were numerous and valuable. As they were brought in by messenger after messenger from the various jewellers' shops, they were placed for inspection by visitors, with other presents, in the front drawing-room, which, I may observe, had four large windows all looking into the main street.

The marriage was fixed for a Tuesday; and on the Saturday previous, my friend gave a dinner-party to relations on both sides, and a good many people were invited to come in the evening to inspect the presents and the *trousseau*. As it was Saturday night, everybody departed shortly after twelve o'clock; and by one o'clock, every light was extinguished. No suspicion of robbery seems to have entered into the head of any of us, and the jewelry and other valuable presents were left exposed in the front drawing-room all that night. But on the next night, the groom of the chambers did seem to have a little anxiety at having so much valuable property exposed in so open a manner, and he communicated his uneasiness to his mistress. The most costly of the jewels were, in accordance with his suggestion, placed in a large jewel-box, and deposited at bedtime in his mistress's bedroom. So little real anxiety, however, was felt by any one, that a magnificent dressing-case and dressing-bag, both with gold fittings of very great value, were left, with numerous other articles, in one of the back drawing-rooms, without even the key of either being turned in the lock. On that Sunday night, or rather early on the Monday morning, the house was robbed.

It will be well, perhaps, before I proceed further in my narrative, that I should give a general idea of the number and position of the rooms on the three principal floors of the house. On the ground-floor there were dining-room, breakfast-room, and morning-room. On the first floor, there were three drawing-rooms; and besides these, there was, built out of the back, and lying beyond the servants' staircase, the bedroom and dressing-room inhabited by my friend and his wife, and in which the jewels had been deposited. On the second floor were four bedrooms and a dressing-room, occupied by different members of the family and myself.

I went to bed about eleven o'clock, and must have slept soundly for about four or five hours, when I was awakened by the violent barking of a little dog which I had in the room with me. I looked up, and saw the door of my bedroom open gradually, and a bright light shine through it. I called out at once in a loud voice: "Who's there?" when the door was quickly and quietly shut, without an answer being returned. I never dreamed of thieves, for I had been similarly disturbed the night before: my impression was, that some servant had mistaken the room, the house being strange to all the inmates. I struck a light, and, looking at my watch, found the time to be four o'clock. For a time I listened intently, but soon, finding that all was quiet, I turned on my side, and tried to get to sleep again. This, however, proved to be impossible, and I got no more sleep that night. About five o'clock I heard some noises in the next bedroom to my own, and concluded that my neighbor was stirring; and at half past five, I heard somebody stumble over a box in the passage outside my door. But it still never occurred to me to think of thieves. I imagined still, that, in the hurry of preparation for the wedding, some servant had been compelled to rise earlier than usual, and had stumbled in going down stairs in the dark; but as I could not get to sleep, I determined to get up, and at ten minutes to six o'clock by my watch, I left my room to go to another at the end of the passage. The moment I left my door, I saw a man standing ten yards from me. The fellow, who was about [illegible] feet two inches in height, and most powerfully [illegible]e, was listening

at the door of a bedroom close to mine, and had his hand on the handle when I first saw him; but the moment he caught sight of me, he made a rush either to collar me or to get by me, I don't know which; and seeing this, I drew back, and allowed him to pass. The next moment, I gave the alarm, and the household was speedily aroused. An attempt at pursuit was made; but the minute or two which had elapsed enabled the burglars to make good their retreat, and they got clear away without molestation.

The next thing to be done was to ascertain the extent of our losses; and a very casual inspection decided this. Everything of silver or gold in the house which they could lay their hands upon, they had carried off, but only such articles as were very portable: plate they never sought to touch, although some was lying about in the different rooms. They had made a clean sweep of the most valuable of the presents left in the drawing-rooms; they had wrenched off and carried away all the gold tops from the fittings of the dressing-case and the dressing-bag; they had entered two bedrooms on the second floor, and taken valuable property from each, while the inmates were sleeping; but, most fortunately, they had missed the great prize, — the jewels, — to obtain which the burglary had doubtless been planned. They had never imagined that the head of the family would sleep in a bedroom beyond the servants' staircase, and so made no attempt to explore in that direction. They must have reasoned, that the best bedrooms, in which alone the jewels were likely to be, would be those to the front on the second floor, over the drawing-room; and about these they must have hung for hours, in the hope of getting their prize, listening at the doors to the breathing of the sleepers, entering and rifling the rooms of those who slept most heavily, and waiting for an opportunity of safely entering the others. My room, after the barking of my dog, they did not again attempt to approach. But although the jewels were safe, we found, upon inspection, that they had carried off property to a very considerable amount; indeed, the loss, we found, could not be estimated at less than seven hundred pounds.

Of course, the first thing to be done now was to send for the police. This was done at once; and as I was the only person who had actually seen anybody in the house, I received a visit, in an incredibly short space of time, from Inspector Fairfield — so I will call him — of the Q division. The inspector was a tall, fair-haired man, who looked a good deal younger than his real age, but who seemed a capital man of business, whatever his age might be. His first question was: "What sort of man was it that you saw on the landing, sir?" I said at once that I had seen a tall, dark man, but that I had not seen him sufficiently well to be able to describe his features accurately. The inspector mused over my description for half a minute, and then called upon me for a detailed description of every article of property which had been stolen, and its probable value. I had scarcely got half-way through the list, when a knock was heard at the door, and Sergeant Wood, as I will call him, — also of the Q division, — was announced. Had he not been styled a sergeant, I should never have guessed what he was. My idea of a policeman was, that he was tall and stout, and with whiskers that were the objects of the admiration of the servant-maids, and the satire of "Mr. Punch." But here was a little man in plain clothes, very short, very dark in complexion, and with his hair and whiskers cut very close ("So that they may have nothing to hold on by," he darkly whispered to me in a conversation we had some days after). But I suppressed my astonishment, and politely greeted my visitor. In return, Sergeant Wood expressed the usual civil regrets for the occurrence, — which, somehow, one can't think quite sincere in a policeman, — and then had a brief whispered consultation with Inspector Fairfield. What the inspector said seemed to decide him upon some course of action, for, after again asking me to describe the man I had seen, he hurriedly left the room. I then completed the list of the stolen property, and, after accompanying the inspector in a tour round and over the house, to see how the entry had been effected, and after being convinced that the thieves had entered from the back through the kitchen, I bade him good morning, fully convinced that the best plan was to grin and bear our losses as best we might. It was the firm belief of every one of us, that every article of gold and silver was in the melting-pot within an hour after the thieves left the house, and that no portion of the stolen property would be recovered. Nor did we think in our hearts that there was any use in the police exerting themselves; we had not, I am ashamed to say, any belief in their powers of detection in a really difficult case, such as this seemed to promise to be.

Judge, then, of my surprise, when, barely an hour and a half afterwards, I was informed that the burglars had been captured, and every article of property recovered. The manner in which the capture was effected was so ingenious, and the whole affair was so creditable to the police force of the metropolis, that I shall make no apology for describing it at some length.

The burglary at my friend's house in Folkestone Street was not, I discovered, by any means the first of its kind which had lately occurred. A succession of robberies had taken place at the West End during the previous three months, all apparently the work of the same man (for the same features distinguished them all), and the police had been greatly nettled at their non-success in detecting the culprit.

As far back as the middle of the previous June, the house of a great minister of state had been broken into, and a quantity of jewelry stolen. In that case, the thief seemed to have clambered up a very high wall, and then to have "dropped" a great distance on to some leads. This gave him access to a window, through which he entered the house. The jewelry was taken from a lady's dressing-room, and the robbery must have been effected within a very short time after she had left that room, for she did not retire to bed till three o'clock, and the thieves were out of the house by five. One remarkable feature in this case was, that one of the thieves had *washed his hands* in the dressing-room before leaving it. The police used every exertion to trace the thieves, but were unsuccessful; and so mysterious did the affair seem, that they were driven to suspect that there had been some connivance on the part of the servants. For these suspicions, it is only fair to say, subsequent events proved that there was no ground whatever.

A fortnight afterwards, another burglary took place, — this time, at the residence of an ambassador. In this case also, the thief appeared to have "dropped" a considerable height. And here, too, the police were at fault.

A few days after this, a burglary took place at a house looking into the Green Park. A lady was sitting, about seven o'clock in the evening, in her boudoir alone, when she heard somebody walking in the room overhead. She fancied it was her brother, and called out to him to come down to her. No answer being returned, she ran up stairs, and was just in time to see a strange man going up the upper staircase. At sight of her, he quickened his footsteps, and, rushing to the topmost story, shut himself up in one of the servants' bedrooms. By this time, an alarm had been given, and a policeman fetched from the street. He does not, however, seem to have been either a very intelligent or very courageous member of the force, for all he did was to summon the burglar inside to open the door and come out. This, however, he declined to do, whereupon this valiant defender of our homes declined to break open the door without further assistance, and went off to fetch another constable. Of course, directly his back was turned, the burglar resolved upon flight. To the surprise of every one, he was seen to get out of the window, and make a terrific "drop"-leap on to some leads, whence he got into the Park, and was lost to view in the shades of evening. The Park was searched at once, but no trace of him could be discovered. The lady, on being questioned, declared that the man she saw was tall and dark; and that was all the description she could give. The question then arose, Has any man been seen to loiter about the house lately? The immediate answer was in the affirmative. A tall, dark man had been seen by the postman loitering about the house, and the postman had communicated his suspicions that "he was after no good," to the sergeant of police, but had only been pooh-poohed for his pains. The sergeant was immediately questioned, and explained that he had fancied that the man was only courting one of the maids at the house in question. This explanation, however, was considered unsatisfactory by the Commissioners of Police, and the sergeant was suspended; and to this suspension may indirectly be attributed the ultimate detection of the burglar, for the sergeant felt his disgrace so deeply that he determined to leave no stone unturned to bring to justice this tall dark man, who had such a marvellous power of making "drop"-leaps.

Meanwhile, news came of another burglary at Kensington. In this case also, the thief seemed to have shown great activity, and again to have *washed his hands*. Again, a few weeks later, a burglary was committed in Hamilton Place, Piccadilly, and here again the thief washed his hands, even bringing a lemon from the kitchen to aid him in his task.

It now became almost a certainty that all these robberies were the work of one man: and as there was the remarkable fact of his washing his hands in almost every instance, it was probable that this man was of a better class, and of greater refinement than the ordinary run of London burglars. But an altogether new fact, which was likely to aid the police considerably in their efforts to trace him, was elicited during the inquiries which were made with respect to the Hamilton Place robbery. It transpired that two men had been seen for some days loitering about and examining the house, and that one of them was tall and dark, and the other short and fair. But not only had they been seen: the tall, dark man had actually spoken to a *commissionnaire* stationed in the district, and had been observed to have a foreign accent. It seemed most probable, therefore, that the man of whom they were in search was a foreigner, and the suspended sergeant determined at once to follow up this slight clew.

But there are a great many tall, dark foreigners in London, and the sergeant's task seemed one of no slight difficulty; however, he was a determined man, of iron nerves, and he determined to find the right man, if he searched through the whole of London; so he sat down and thought out the whole matter, and decided upon the course he would pursue. He could not help fancying from all he heard, that it was probable the man in question was a discharged Swiss or Italian valet, or courier, or something of that kind; so, following up this idea, he went to call upon a friend of his who kept a very respectable public-house at the West End of the town. This man had been a courier himself in his earlier days, and was well acquainted with all the members of the confraternity, and, indeed, had a *table-d'hôte* daily for them at his house, of which other foreigners occasionally availed themselves. After much consultation with the landlord, the sergeant determined to attend the *table-d'hôte* that day, on the chance of seeing his man. At dinner-time, he accordingly made his appearance, of course in plain clothes, and took his seat with the ease of an *habitué*. None of the diners, however, answered in any way to the description of the burglar, and the sergeant began to think that he had been wasting his time. But scarcely had the cloth been removed, when a tall, dark man, of not unpleasing appearance, came in, and took his seat at one of the little round tables. Upon him the sergeant at once fixed his attention, and when he rose, after taking some slight refreshment, quietly followed him out of the house. For some time, he pursued him without being perceived, but at last the foreigner seemed to become aware that he was being tracked, for he looked round from time to time suspiciously. This, of course, did not look well; for a man who has nothing to fear does not do this, and our sergeant determined not to lose sight of him. However, clever as the sergeant was, the tall, dark man was cleverer still, and, after a long chase, suddenly gave his pursuer the slip. The sergeant was in despair: just when he seemed to have got hold of a most promising clew, he had lost it, and it was more than probable that the foreigner would now take the alarm, and leave the country at once.

But, as good luck would have it, as he was walking, somewhat disconsolately, in Oxford Street that same night, he saw his man again! Again he followed him, and again he lost him, but this time in such a position as to make it nearly certain that he lived in one of three well-known streets in Soho. These streets were accordingly watched night and day, and the tall, dark foreigner was finally tracked down to No. 224 Canon Street, Soho.

But although they had been successful so far, what, it may be asked, had in effect been proved? What was the result of all these watchings and inquiries? Simply this: that a tall, dark foreigner, who evidently did not like followers, lived at 224 Canon Street, Soho. Slight, however, as the clew was, the police determined to follow it up. So much annoyance and excitement had been caused by the numerous burglaries at the houses of great people, and there had been so many comments upon the unskilfulness of the police, that the force

made it almost a point of honor to discover the culprit. Directions were given to certain trusty men; the house was watched night and day; and this perseverance was at last rewarded by a certain amount of success, for, on the Friday preceding the burglary at my friend's house, the tall, dark foreigner was seen to come out, and, accompanied by a shorter man, to go to a marine-store dealer's shop, and purchase some skeleton-keys. On the following day (Saturday), he was seen to purchase some more keys, and with these he returned to his lodgings, and was not seen out again that day. These facts, of course, proved him to be a suspicious person, and justified the police in putting him under surveillance. On the next day (Sunday), he left his lodgings at half past three o'clock in the afternoon, and was seen to return to them at half past eleven o'clock at night; but after that hour, those who were appointed to watch him declared that he did not leave his house that night, and asserted that it was totally impossible for him to have done so without their seeing him.

Now, my friend's house in Folkestone Street must have been broken into about two o'clock on the Monday morning, and the man I saw on the landing certainly did not leave the house till ten minutes to six. It appeared, then, quite certain, that whatever he might have done on other occasions, the tall, dark foreigner of 224 Canon Street had nothing to do with this robbery. When I described my friend on the landing as being a "tall, dark man," the inspector, as I remembered well, had smiled grimly; but he was not then aware that it had been declared by those who had been watching him, that the man in question had not left his house after half past eleven o'clock on Sunday night. Of this fact, Sergeant Wood had given him the first intimation, when they had that brief consultation together in my bedroom to which I have alluded above, and for a moment they must have been dumfounded, — if, indeed, a policeman ever yields to so purely "civilian" an emotion. Apparently, all their labor had been thrown away: the tall, dark foreigner, whom they had so successfully traced to his lair, could not, it seemed, be in any way connected with this last robbery, in spite of the strong presumption which my description of him excited.

Policemen are, however, proverbially slow to despair. One hope still remained, which, slender as it then seemed to us, proved ultimately the right solution of the difficulty. The Sunday night in question had been wet and misty, and it was just possible that the vigilance of the watchers might have been eluded, though, from the skill and ability, and general high character of the men employed, this seemed hardly within the bounds of probability. It was determined, therefore, that the house in Canon Street should be closely watched; and on leaving my room, Sergeant Wood himself repaired to the spot, and made the necessary arrangements.

The sergeant left me at half past eight, and an hour and a half afterwards, the tall, dark foreigner was seen to come out of No. 224 Canon Street, and to walk down the street in the direction of Seven Dials. He was instantly followed, and in a short time was observed to meet, as if by appointment, the same short, fair man who had accompanied him when he had made the purchase of skeleton-keys. This latter man had a small and apparently empty blue serge-bag on his arm. The two men linked arms, and walked on together, having very much the appearance, my informant said, of two master-tradesmen. They were followed by three constables, of whom Sergeant Wood was one, and the question which occupied his whole thoughts was, should he, or should he not, take these men into custody? It must be remembered that he had no evidence against them, — nay, he had evidence which directly exculpated the tall, dark man, and, if correct, made it impossible for him to have been present at the burglary; he had all the terrors of damages for false imprisonment, and serious rebukes from magistrates for exceeding his duty, floating before his eyes. But my friend Sergeant Wood is not a nervous man, and his hesitation was but momentary. In spite of the testimony of the watchers, he had always felt certain that the tall, dark man had planned and actually executed the burglary in Folkestone Street that morning; and he determined to risk everything that might ensue if he made a mistake. He accordingly arrested them; and after a considerable show of resistance on the part of the shorter man, and a great deal of virtuous indignation from the affronted foreigner, added to considerable opposition from a mob of the lowest characters in Seven Dials, the two were safely lodged in the station-house. Of course the blue bag was examined at once, and this apparently innocent receptacle was found to contain a large housebreaker's "jemmy" or crowbar, a bottle of aqua-fortis for testing gold, and finally, a small gold toothpick, which had been taken from the fittings of the dressing-case in my friend's back drawing-room, and which had apparently been left in the bag by mistake, having got stuck in the lining. I should like to have seen the grim smile of my friend Sergeant Wood when the toothpick was produced from the blue bag. I think that at that moment he could almost have forgiven the watchers, whose negligence had so nearly led him astray.

The next thing to be done was to search the lodgings of the tall, dark man. This task Inspector Fairfield undertook, and he proceeded at once to Canon Street. After some opposition on the part of the landlady, who stoutly denied that any such person was lodging or ever had lodged in her house, the inspector at last got admittance, and proceeded to search the house (which was a very large one), commencing from the attics. On reaching the second story, on his way downwards, he inquired if any foreigner lived in any of the rooms upon it; and to this the landlady, whose memory seemed to have been much improved by intercourse with the inspector, replied, that a foreign gentleman, who was a highly-respectable wine-merchant, had a bedroom on this floor looking to the back. She did not know much of him, she said, but he was very regular in his payments, and very quiet in his habits, and for her part she did not wish for anything more in a lodger. The courteous inspector requested permission to have one look, merely as a matter of form, at the distinguished foreigner's bedroom; and to this the landlady acceded. Unfortunately, however, the door was locked; and, as the landlady had no other key than that which she had given to her lodger, and which he had doubtless in his pocket at that moment, the inspector was compelled to do violence to the feelings of a worthy woman, and break open the door. There was nothing remarkable in the bedroom in any way. It was a thought small and airless for a "wine-merchant," perhaps; but then he might be a trifle eccentric, — many greater men have been guilty of more striking ec-

centricities, and yet not a word has been breathed against their respectability. But there was one thing which seemed to surprise the landlady, though not perhaps the inspector,—her lodger seemed to be about to make a journey, and the room was disordered by preparations for departure. Above all, in the middle of the room stood a magnificent portmanteau, brand-new, and of the best workmanship. The inspector lifted it, and found it heavy; he tried the lid, and found it locked. Fortunately, he had upon his bunch a key that fitted the lock; and with many apologies, he proceeded to open the portmanteau. Within it he found every article of the property stolen from Folkestone Street, with the single exception of the gold toothpick found in the blue bag; but besides this, the inspector found in the portmanteau some of the property which had been taken from the houses in Hamilton Place and Kensington. It was clear, therefore, that they had been right in their conclusions, and that the tall, dark foreigner was the planner and perpetrator of all these robberies.

Little more remains to be said. The first examination of the prisoners was taken that afternoon before the magistrate; and the landlady identified the tall, dark foreigner as her lodger, and the owner of the portmanteau. A policeman swore to having seen both prisoners loitering near the mews at the back of Folkestone Street on the Sunday evening between eight and nine o'clock; and so the chain of evidence was complete. Evidence was also given that both prisoners had been previously convicted, and then they were remanded, in order to complete the depositions before committal. But before the day of final examination, the tall, dark man, in utter despair as to the result of the trial, and dreading a sentence which, at his age (he was fifty-five), would probably be tantamount to penal servitude for life, committed suicide by hanging himself in his cell at the House of Detention. The younger man was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude, and is now working out his time.

At the inquest which was held upon the foreigner, some curious particulars relating to his life were disclosed. He was a Frenchman, and of very respectable family, his father having been agent to a French nobleman. He seemed to have had respectable friends in London, who had no idea whatever that he was a burglar. He was thought by them to have an independent income, and to travel about for his pleasure. At what time of his life he took to burglary, seemed to be quite unknown, but there was no question as to his talent for that profession. The police considered him a most skilful and dangerous thief, and regarded his capture as an important event. His manners and language were remarkably good, and his appearance was such, that, if he had been met in a house, he would have been supposed to be some gentleman's foreign servant. There [illegible] doubt that the burglary at my friend's house was only one of a series; indeed, among his papers, a list of houses of the nobility was found with full particulars of access to each; and [illegible] was every reason to believe, would have been plundered in succession, had not his career [illegible] by the police.

THE THEORY OF FLIRTATION.

By this word we in no way allude to the easy flow of [illegible], or that harmless repartee and interchange of [illegible] or nonsense between the sexes which is so often misnamed flirtation, simply from the accident of a man taking part in it, and which is as compared with the genuine article "as moonlight is to sunlight, and as water is to wine,"—nor do we mean that genial mirthfulness and laughter which are as a matter of fact quite as often to be witnessed between women only as between men and women, and might be so entirely for any point or significance to be attached thereto; we are speaking of that intercourse between the two sexes which is habitually distinguished by those actions, operations, and expressions that by dimly discerning eyes are regarded as the provocations of love, but which may be more truly termed the provocations of the spirit, and which require to be initiated, regulated, and intensified, prolonged, sustained, or abbreviated by one or two of the acting parties, and whether that party be man or woman is wholly immaterial to the discussion: bearing these distinctions well in mind, we propose to consider the necessities, conditions, and privileges,—in short, all the things which go to make up a genuine flirtation.

To a well-developed affair of this order the aids of dress are perhaps the most common and the least noble, but they are almost all that some people have to rely on or can hope to possess, so they must needs be mentioned, though we assign to them the lowest place. Fashions come and go and reappear in their stubborn vitality, and each trick of dress has in divers ages had its separate potency in conquest. "To what end are these crisped false hairs, painted faces, such a composed gait, with not a step awry?" demands an ancient satirist. "Why," asks Lucian, "all these pins, pots, glasses, ointments, irons, combs, bodkins, setting-sticks?" Why, indeed? for we ask ourselves, Could Lucian possibly have put such a question had he lived in our day? Hierome somewhere thus describes a woman: "She walks along, and with the ruffling of her clothes makes men look at her . . . her waist is pulled in to make her look small. She is straight girded: her hairs hang loose about her ears. Her upper garment sometimes falls and sometimes tarries to show her naked shoulders; and as if she would not be seen, she covers that in all haste which voluntarily she showed." "If women were bad, men were worse in tricking themselves up," says Seneca; they go beyond the women, and do not walk, but jet and dance." However, we have changed all that, and now a woman will sit motionless all perhaps except her eyes; and so far from "jetting and dancing" in their gait, men lounge into their chairs as if they were dropping into their coffins, and can hardly force their muscles to articulate their speech. But the first represents a leopardess *couchant*, and the second a lion *rampant*, whence it arises that in these days the most finished and perfect examples of flirtations are initiated and conducted to their end chiefly by the courage and genius of women, whereby men earn a fitful and inglorious repose and lose more than need here be described.

No doubt coarse and meretricious arts in dress are rarely or never displayed in the nineteenth century, at least in England, where in many respects we are not as other people are: but whenever they are practised it springs from a taste neither artistic nor ambitious, but greedy, clamorous, and undiscerning,—one which prefers to gather a large tribute in copper from the multitude rather than accept a single jewel from a critical and instructed observer. Personal appearance stands by some degrees higher than dress. "Fair sparkling eyes, white necks,

coral lips, rose-colored cheeks, are of themselves potent enticers"; and when to these are added "a comely well-composed look and pleasing gesture and carriage," Montaigne deems them far more forcible than such articles as "curious needlework, spangles, pendants, tiffanies." As for gestures, they must be used in moderation; they are but the dumb show and prognostics of greater things. "'T is not the eye but the carriage of it that causeth effects." The eye is the silent orator, the secret interpreter which wounds, heals, questions, explains, affirms, denies, and promises. It opens negotiations, makes appointments and annuls them, signs treaties, sues for peace, proclaims war; and many a capitulation has been offered and accepted by a glance of which the most observing bystanders remained in profound ignorance.

Laughter should be rare, for flirtation is not a subject for mirth, but a high exercise of capacity; nor must smiles be too frequent, but when exchanged should be full of intelligence and suggestion. They are, as it were, the password, without which no counter-signal can be returned, but therefore not to be perpetually offered for the information alike of friend and foe. It is impossible for the expression of the features to be too highly refined and significant, and for this reason men who wear beards, or as an old writer puts it, "who now do clothe their pretty mouths with hair," are bereft of one half their power, and retain only the preaching of the eye. The mouth is one of the most characteristic and important features of the face, but all that it can indicate of power, persuasion, firmness, content, or displeasure, is entirely lost and unproductive. If men like the hero of certain novels rely much on biting their lips, writhing their mouths, and setting their teeth, so far as effect is concerned, they may as well set these last, as they do their razors, in the privacy of their own dressing-room.

One peculiar distinction which belongs to flirtation, as compared with love-making, is the condition of reciprocity. With the last indeed it often occurs that there is *un qui baise et l'autre qui tend la joue*, — it is required that one must be bridled and saddled, and the other booted and spurred: but flirtation, when seen in perfection, is a race, a contest, a tournament which develops and tests the capabilities of the two concerned in it. In some degree it is in the nature of a warfare, for blows are given and taken; severe cuts and thrusts are interchanged; the combatants take their punishment well or ill according to their temper and breeding: some bleed inwardly and make no sign, others even in the very moment of defeat will, by a Parthian shot, win back all they have lost, and change a retreat into a triumph.

Diversity of age is no bar to flirtation, provided it does not pass a certain point of maturity sooner reached by women than men, and a few years' advantage on one side often confers a certain power; but the line must be drawn just within the boundary when, though the knowledge and experience necessary are at their highest point, the inclination to do mischief or to confer benefits and instruct youth begins to fade. It is, perhaps, fortunate that the blood of seventeen is rarely united to the wisdom of sixty. *Ah, si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait!* It may be added, that any benefit which superiority in age is supposed to give is precisely the one which most feminine flirts would part with if it were possible. One of the first conditions to the particular relations which we are discussing is a certain amount of equality in social position; or, in default of this, some great and counterbalancing quality must not only exist, but be plainly apparent on the side of the party where the deficiency occurs. Without this, there is always a degree of condescension in the one, and a servility or at least embarrassment in the other, which is fatal to a full and free exercise of their best powers. Their conversation or interchange of sentiment is apt to degenerate into the badinage of a gentleman with a serving-woman, or the insincere and peremptory affection which a well-born and zealous wife displays towards her husband's constituents when an election is imminent.

For this reason, though as a specimen of sedulous flirtation and the success to which it may ultimately attain, nothing has ever been written like it, the provocations of Jane Eyre with Mr. Rochester have always struck us as being of a faulty and degraded type. That gentleman was indeed, as Methodists express it, "greatly exercised" by Miss Eyre, but there was too much attitudinizing as master and servant, or employer and dependant, to make it an example to be recommended for the guidance of others. When that remarkable book was in process of demolition by those reviewers whose predestined fate it was to have to eat their words, the most sensible remark about it was made by the wife of a Scotch minister: "The only grudge I have against the book is, that since it was published all the governesses have taken to imitate Jane Eyre, and the plainer they are the more they do it." "What are the signs?" we demanded. "Keeping diaries, speaking in monosyllables, and addressing all gentlemen as 'Sir.' Watch, and you will see." We watched, saw, and were convinced. Discretion is a vast power, for the draught of air which would blow a spark into a flame, will, if too vigorous, extinguish it altogether. There are, however, indiscretions which, so far from being attended by loss, are capable of being turned to advantage by a prompt and happy presence of mind.

A little time ago, at a French country-house, not many miles from Paris, there was in a *salon* a lady whom we will call Madame V., and a gentleman well known as an admirer of the sex. The conversation took a tone partly gallant, partly tender, and M. de L. was in the act of kissing the lady's hand with more *empressement* than was necessary, when there passed by the window, which opened into the grounds, Madame de B., who at a glance saw all that there was to see. She had a little *malice* in her disposition, the two had been, nay, were, rivals, and the *qu'en dira-t-on* presented itself instantly to Madame V. "Allez, je vous en prie, Monsieur; c'est une méchante, une rapporteuse, faites votre possible qu'elle se taise, ou ne revenez jamais chez moi." M. de L. went, and returned shortly with an air of satisfaction. "Rassurez vous, Madame; elle a bien tout vu, mais elle sera discrète; je lui ai imposé silence d'une telle manière qu'elle se taira sur cette petite affaire." "Qu'est donc que vous lui avez dit?" "Je ne lui ai rien dit," was the reply. "Je l'ai baisée aussi, — et sur les lèvres. C'est tout simple c'était une bonne idée qui m'inspira." It is said that Madame de B. did in this instance keep her word.

Egotism is above all things to be avoided; it is fit for lovers, not for flirts, and is such an act of boredom that the first attempt to inflict it should be to a well-regulated mind an instant and final cause of rupture. It is unnecessary to remark that the miserable and illegitimate fashion, which at present rep-

resents women as being favorably influenced by listening to the shameless self-complacent and ungenerous details of histories about other women, is as untrue to nature as it is false and treasonable to good taste.

To say of any one, *C'est un homme qui parle*, is as decisive a blow to the reputation of a man among women, as it would be with men to state that he cheated at cards. Self-assurance, again, is not inconsistent with that modest demeanor which is, when possessed, such an admirable quality; but there is a certain air, *capable et compose*, which is of itself exasperating to humanity. There is of course a fussy and ostentatious, and a quiet way of doing all things. Silence is often more eloquent than speech, and a sigh will say more than a smile; but it may in general be affirmed, that the woman who flirts with least sign or action, and the man who does the same thing with the smallest appearance of it, are the people who effect the most, and obtain the greatest enjoyment from their pastime. Some women can sit immovable and motionless while they flirt with half a dozen men at a time, but there is a looseness, even a want of a decorum about this proceeding which we are not prepared to commend. It dissipates the mind, and prevents that purity and concentration of purpose which is inseparable from the attainment of great results; it likewise attracts attention and creates enmity; but they are quiet flirts after all who are, as the phrase is, the most dangerous, or as we should term them the most skilful and meritorious. Temper, whether naturally good or otherwise, should at least be kept well in hand: real storms ought never to be indulged in, they are only picturesque to witness when we are ourselves sheltered from their fury; and a too electric condition of the atmosphere is absolutely fatal to the pleasurable intercourse which we are describing.

Between two persons who are flirting there should be entire loyalty and union in defence of each other, and great promptness in making any third party effectually repent of any kind of interference. However much they may chastise, aggrieve, or contend with each other, they should permit none else to do so. With regard to their mutual operations, there can be no limits laid down. Tantalizing up to torment is not only allowable but often advisable. A little cruelty is what the grater is to the lemon: but, whatever degree of pressure or even torment is exercised, there should be the utmost generosity observed in concealing the victory from the world. Manner should be courteous, significant, and suggestive. It must be, when needful, reverential on the part of a man, admiring and appreciating in a woman. It should never be too earnest or too heartless, for earnestness is apt to become embarrassing, and when a man is urged to that point he is apt to look awkward, which sometimes brings about a vexatious reaction; while a woman rarely forgives one who causes her to feel *embarrassed* [illegible]. The heart may not, nor is it desirable that it should be, seriously engaged, yet there should be a decorous appearance of consulting it, though not in a too searching fashion. As much sentiment should be indicated, and no more, as can be safely ventured on in case of a repulse; otherwise a retreat may be turned into a rout. A German diplomatist, when no longer young, was paying court to a very charming Englishwoman, and with the cumbrous gallantry of his race, besought permission to kiss her hand. The lady languidly assenting, resigned her hand, and the German mumbled at it for a minute or two. The ceremony over, came the question, — "And that really gives you pleasure, Monsieur?" to which he replied with much effusion of sentiment and a rapturous assent. "I wish I could say as much!" was the almost pathetic exclamation of the lady. In most well-studied and carefully-adapted flirtations, infinite patience is required on the part of the strongest, and the same tact should be employed in ascertaining preferences and aversions as a skilful physician practises towards his patients. Questions are put so insidiously and indirectly, that not even the invalid suspects the importance of the inquiries or the consequences of his own admissions. Perseverance is called for against passive resistance, courage and decision against open mutiny or revolt, dexterity in attack, promptness in according pardon, especially when, as often occurs, it is not the aggressor who demands it. All this and more is required to conduct a flirtation to its possible perfection. With regard to the conversation of a man under these circumstances, it should be brilliant and incisive, if nature has gifted him with sufficient wit to make it so; and on rare occasions, — if they do not arise, he must create them, — serious. It must be most frequently intensely personal and monopolizing; but sometimes it may turn on abstract subjects, in which emotion or the appearance of it may be permitted. Tenderness is allowable in the manner of speech, but not in the matter or subject of it.

A sure sign of advance in intimate understanding is when, without apology or introduction, conversation begins at once at the exact point where it left off before; but it is a proof of mature growth when the parties concerned find that their mutual presence is indispensable for their comfort and enjoyment; that, in fact, they are incapable of putting forth their best powers or sustaining even their usual reputation, without the stimulus, support, and sense of protection which the sight and countenance of the one affords to the other. We need hardly observe that two thorough and resolute flirts who thus exercise themselves in mutual provocations and the science and practice of flirtation from considerations of an exclusively moral and intellectual kind, are sure to be misjudged and libelled by the outside world, to which equally they will be too high-minded to pay any sort of attention. It will be said that they are making love. Unjust accusation! for where love-making begins real flirtation ends. Love involves passion, sincerity, earnestness, often selfishness, and even a barbarous and savage jealousy which flirtation does not; not that it is or need be insincere, but that sincerity is irrelevant to the whole proceeding.

To be accused of intending to marry because a man proposes to flirt, is as hard as if, because he tries to see a landscape from the best point of view, he is to be taken as giving an order for a picture of it. There are some people who always mistake the preliminary canter for the actual race, but time, and the decay which time brings with it, generally convinces the world of its error in confounding flirts with lovers. And this leads to the melancholy reflection that the most admirably-conducted and highly-finished flirtation, even when based on the most philosophical of systems, is not perpetual in duration. It may live forever in the memory, but in actual life, "quand le félicité humaine est arrivée à son apogée, déjà elle touche à sa fin." The best fate we can desire for it is, that it should decline into

that inanimate and cordial friendship which is so wrongfully stigmatized as Platonic; the saddest it can ever deserve is that it should be entirely forgotten.

In our analysis of the nature and object of this admirable and elevating game, we have been careful to combat the current faith that the aim of it is or ever need be marriage. But our words would be to many of our readers more acceptable if we could add that its tendencies are all that way, and that in the majority of cases such is the final result. But this would be to encourage enterprise altogether illegitimate, and theories essentially demoralizing. Besides it would not even be true. Many people, both men and women, who have in their day flirted, and flirted well, are like certain books. We study them diligently, we read them until we know by heart every word and sentence in them, we underline a few passages, turn down one or two leaves; they have impressed themselves unmistakably on one portion of our lives, but we do not purchase them. From the circulating library they come, and to it they return. In a certain sense they have been and still are morally and in the abstract our own, but sometimes the reader parts from his book without any interest even in the marks made during perusal.

CHOOSING A HOUSE.

Newly called to the Bar, about to attend the Home Circuit, and on the point of marrying, I wanted a neat cottage (two sitting-rooms and, say, five bedrooms) about an hour's journey from London.

A love of good scenery made me select Berkshire or Surrey. I wanted (being an inexperienced dreamer) a little Paradise, semi-detached, with small Eden of flowers and vegetables, for forty pounds a year exclusive of taxes, — or inclusive, if I were lucky enough. Afraid of the dearness of things in the charming and well-known villages on the Thames, I went to the chief London house-agents, Messrs. Tyler, Meddleham, and Trap, and obtained their lists of eligible houses. What a bright dreamland lay before me! I stood like Columbus on the edge of a boundless and golden continent — deer-parks, pineries, lakes, conservatories, butler's pantries, hard and soft water, loose boxes, coach-houses, grouse shooting over forty thousand acres, were all before me where to choose. I had only to dip my hand in the lucky bag and draw a prize.

That sour fellow Fungoid, at the Sarcophagus, had told me it was a most difficult thing to get a cheap cottage that was worth occupying, if the neighborhood were a popular one. Stuff and spite of Fungoid's, — all said to vex me and Lizzie. What did he know about it, with his legs always on a sofa at the Sarcophagus, dozing over a blue-book on the game laws? Large mansions might be hard to get; but the "cottage orny" (as the house-agent called it when expatiating to me) was quite another thing. Here they were on the lists by dozens. "Very elegant semi-detached villa residence, at Little Bookham, — good fishing"; "Cottage, with six bedrooms, — gas, — good garden"; "Delightful residence, at Cheatham, — five minutes from railway station." Plentiful, indeed! Is sand plentiful on the sea-shore? Are buds plentiful about the first of May?

As I am not much of a business man, my future mother-in-law insisted on writing me down a list of questions, — a catechism for landlords. They were not complimentary to my judgment, but they were still essential, as Mrs. Masterman pithily observed. They ran somewhat in this way: —

"Rent?
Number of rooms?
If a store-room?
Mind the coal-cellar.
Ask what taxes.
Look at the gas.
Try the bells.
Feel all the walls.
Stamp on the floors to see if they are strong for dancing.
Make a note of the wall-papers.
Who are your neighbors?
Turn on the water.
Look at the kitchen grate.
Is the house dangerous for robbers? (Bad grammar, Mrs. Masterman.)
How long since occupied last?
When built?
If lumber-room?
Go on the roof.
Look down the chimneys.
See if the wine-cellar is damp.
Observe fastenings.
Measure all the rooms.
Ask rent of neighboring houses.
Price of meat, poultry, and fish.
Price of wages?
Size of hall?
Number of stairs?
If main drainage?"

"Why, Mrs. Masterman," I remarked, "it would take a surveyor a week to answer all these questions."

"Edward," said that august and terrible personage, laying down her cards (we were playing whist at the time), "if you love Lizzie, and if you love me, you will not neglect a single question."

The first house I went to was one at Perdleton, — extraordinarily cheap, — about twenty miles from Swindon and eighty from London. I started very early from London, dozed in the train, awoke in the fresh chilly air of early May, and found myself gliding on among the cold green fields of Berkshire, and not far from Perdleton.

We sprang through a tunnel, and were there. I asked the station-master if there were any house to be let in Perdleton?

"Well, sir," said he, oracularly, "there was a week or two ago. Here, Jim" (he called a porter who was cleaning lamps), "Captain Jones is going to stay, after all, is n't he, at Place Farm?"

"I think he is," said the porter; "but Mr. Harvey will tell the gentleman. He's the draper, sir, opposite the Berkshire Yeoman, — every one knows him, he'll know, — straight up the hill, sir. Leave your bag, sir?"

Up the hill I went; a long, dull hill, with a villa here and there, and looking back, I had a broad distant sort of view of a fine valley and wooded hills. The scenery was featureless, but not restricted, and it might have been worse. I felt prepared to like it. I looked at "the houses and the village church, and the cottage by the brook," in that sort of friendly way that one does when making an acquaintance of a place that is to be one's future home.

I found the main street narrow and dull, one, two, or three mean shops, several cottages, and two inns. I went first to the Berkshire Yeoman, and asked for Mr. Harvey. They pointed me out a dreary-looking shop opposite, with two pairs of

boots and a red comforter in the window. Mr. Harvey was a hearty red-faced man, like a farmer. I asked for the house I had heard of at Perdleton. He proved to be its agent. "There it is?" said he, with a rueful look. He stood at the door of the shop, and pointed in a melancholy way to a cottage opposite; a long low-browed cottage, with a little green door, three stone steps, a small strip of turf, a low box-hedge, and a wall between it and the road. A more forlorn and sorrowful house I never saw, and my heart sank within me, until it leaped up again on learning that the annual rent was only twenty-five pounds.

A sudden courage seized me. I would see the house. Its cheapness attracted me. It had the best garden in Perdleton. A doctor had once lived in it. There might be good points; its inconveniences might surely be borne with for the sake of its cheapness. But why was it so cheap? Are good things ever cheap? Perhaps it was cheap, merely because it was old-fashioned, in a dull and forsaken part of a retired Berkshire village, and opposite laborers' cottages. The door jarred open. What a place! A dark-stoned paved hall, the paper in a white efflorescence with damp, and here and there stripped off in large dark shreds. The rooms, with low oppressive ceilings that weighed down upon me like a nightmare, small and badly lighted rooms, looking out on the dreary road and the unchangeable box-hedge. The drawing-room — a gaunt chamber, rather lighter, and, in a solemn old-fashioned way, more cheerful — had a broad lattice-window looking out on a great square garden and a paved walk, some steps, and a dismantled little terrace, where the dry stalk of a last year's sunflower shook its withered head disconsolately, as if grown idiotic with a long-continued pressure of misfortune. The garden only wanted rows of white tallies as tombstones to complete its identity with a cemetery. A huge dead pear-tree faced the bedroom window. Even in the cold spring sunshine and full daylight, I could fancy ghosts in trailing and rustling sacques, pacing along that doom-stricken terrace; faces in powder and patch looking through the latticed panes, little ghostly fellows in cocked-hats running out from the doors, or being chidden from the windows. The gable ends bore the date 1710, and every odd nook and angle spoke of Anne and Marlborough.

"Now for the bedrooms, Mr. Harvey," I said, in desperation. I proceeded to carry out Mrs. Masterman's suggestions. I danced on floors, I essayed the dangerous and giddy passes of the roof at the risk of my life, I looked down chimneys. The best bedroom was pretty well, and looked out on the garden; but the smaller ones were detestably sordid: a small wooden partition dividing one from another, the windows looking straight down on some mean and dirty cottages.

Could I see the attics? Up we went again, up a set of rickety unfinished stairs, with the light showing through them. These opened at once without a landing into a large tent-shaped room under the tiles, with a sloping roof, glimpses of light here and there, and a chattering overhead of ruffling starlings and impudent sparrows. An airy room it certainly was, for a hardy maid-of-all-work; perhaps rather a rheumatic room; but that could be remembered in the wages.

Once more in the shop, and Mr. Harvey, cheerful and lively behind his counter, I put to him several bold questions not to be swerved from. I held him down (metaphorically speaking) as I asked him. I fixed him with my glistening eye, like the ancient mariner.

"Why was so good a house," I propounded, "to be let so cheap? Was the drainage bad, or was there anything special against it?"

"Not a wink," said Mr. Harvey, after looking very hard for a minute at a knot on the floor, and making a vain attempt to whistle a popular tune to show indifference both to me and any question I could or would ask. "Not a wink; only the best dining-room looked out to the garden instead of on the street."

"O, that, I said, I preferred. Nothing else?"

"No, not a wink, except that the rooms were rather low, and some people liked 'em high. Old Mrs. Goldweight lived there seventeen year and died there."

I took a measurement of the rooms and left. When I got to London and told my solicitor, he said, "What? Perdleton? Why, the lawyer there is an agent of mine. I'll write to him."

He wrote. The answer knocked me down.

"Perdleton is not a healthy place. There is always typhoid fever in the low grounds, and the people are not remarkable for either honesty or morality."

Instantly my vision of the place turned coal black. I pictured processions of hearses up the long dull hill. I fancied that jovial wretch Harvey watching the doctor's daily visits at my door, until at last the blinds were drawn down slowly, and a low voice by my bedside said, "He is gone!"

But, in point of fact, Mrs. Masterman had long before sternly said, "Edward" (she had a way of tolling my name out), "Edward" (another tocsin), "I will never allow my child to be sacrificed in low rooms for the sake of a few paltry pounds."

Plangdon was the next place I visited. It is a market town in Berkshire, very accessible from London, — a large dirty place, with all the alleys and filth that it is possible to accumulate in a given number of centuries. A deep-sunken damp town, with pretty suburbs. I went to the chief house-agent's, opposite the market-place clock, and found a sporting sort of man nibbling a quill, and treating business in a contemptuous playful way.

"Were there any cottages near Plangdon to let?"

"John," said the sporting auctioneer to one of two giggling clerks, who seemed to be allowed to be impudent to every one but their master: "look and see what there is in the book. There 's Laylook House, three hundred pounds; and Mrs. Bevan's place; and there 's the Thompsons', fourteen bedrooms."

I cut the fellow in two at once. "What I want," I sternly remarked, "is a small cottage at about forty pounds a year, a mile from the station, small garden, five bedrooms."

This intelligence so disgusted the sporting auctioneer, that he looked at his gold hunting watch, lighted a cigar, and at once strolled into the town, leaving me to the two impertinent off-hand clerks and the great red insolent-looking reference-book.

"Yes there was one small cottage, semi-detached, on the Maggleton-road, five bedrooms, small garden, fifty pound rent, had been ninety, but half the house was now cut off and turned into separate residence. Would I see it?"

This was really a nice place, "Havelock Villa," well built, plate-glass windows, good porch, good front door. The only drawback was, we could not

get in. The workmen had gone. In vain we rattled the door, rang the bell, tried the windows, got on the back kitchen roof, looked down the chimney. No one being in the house, it was very natural that no one should answer. No one answered, and nothing could be done.

It would have required a stout heart to have daily splashed through that miserable rat-haunted town, threaded that vile suburb, and scrambled over rubbish heaps, to that dark, unlighted, last street of Plangdon, to find one's wife and servants murdered, and the plate-box gone. Such a garden, too, — a passage of rough turf, four lignum vitæ trees and a laurel.

Whish—h—h! Whish!

"Why, what's that?"

"That, zur?" said a native urchin. "That's the train to Manglebury."

I took a few steps and looked over the hedge. There was a deep railway cutting about twenty yards from the bedroom window. Trains all night. What a pleasant, retired, quiet residence; and Mrs. Masterman a bad sleeper, too!

"Boy, what's the first train to London?" I exclaimed, indignantly, and shouldered my umbrella with fierce determination. I began to hate the petty miseries, the disappointed hope, the mirages, of house-hunting.

The only comfort I got from Mrs. Masterman was: "She could have told me at once that Plangdon would never do." Lizzy looked sorry.

My third pilgrimage was to a very different sort of place, Harrington. I got to that sombre Berkshire market-town, by a little branch railway from Brindleton. We ran down from the open country into a valley stretching downward to the Thames. The town consisted of four streets, of queer gable-ended pent-housed buildings, debouching in a market-place, the chief feature of which was the bow-window of a large inn. Beyond this the street ran straight to a huge pile of stone, surrounded by acres of dim churchyard, thick set with head-stones.

The house was shown me by the parish clerk, for it belonged to the clergyman. The clerk was a small tradesman, stout, rubicund and smoothly respectable, deferential, and with a second-hand clerical manner, which was not exactly hypocritical, but looked rather like it. Again I saw the shuttered windows and dusty walls of a house to let; again the key opened a jarring and echoing tenement. A little quicker, and we should have come on revelling fairies or a sleeping Brownie. As it was, we saw nothing. It is hard to steal a march on fairies. The house had been a doctor's. There was not much to say against it at forty-five pounds a year. Good rooms — up and down, plenty of store-rooms, large cellar, great out-houses, disused coach-house, mouldy doors, detached wash-house; altogether, the place where a murder must have been, or certainly would be, committed; large dark yards; with one dim latticed window looking on a paved court, every stone in it cracked across. The garden, a little damp enclosure, with gouty-jointed trees hung with cobwebs, was across the road, and open to every one who passed.

"That churchyard makes a very bad look-out, clerk," said I. "I should mope to death here."

"Sir, you know there's no burials now in the part opposite your windows."

"My windows? No. It won't do," I said emphatically, to the bland clerk; "very dull, and no view. My compliments to Mr. Harker, say it's very nice, but does n't quite suit me."

"Try Surrey, dear Ned," said Lizzie, on my return, as she stuck a lily of the valley in my button-hole, so constituting me her delighted and daring knight-errant for the day. "How cruel it is of ma making my poor Ned take all this trouble."

"Stuff and nonsense," said Mrs. Masterman. "What *can* be more important, my dear, than the choice of a house? It would not be too much if Edward spent six weeks looking for a desirable residence. I am not going to let you inexperienced young creatures put up with any avoidable inconveniences. Edward, try Surrey. What do you say to Crayton or Northgate?"

To Northgate I went. Curious old town, with an up and down street, and a fine old Elizabethan palace at one end, out of whose gateway one almost expected to see old Doctor Donne emerge, or excellent Mr. Evelyn. The High-street seemed to end in a green field at one end, and a rifle drill-shed at the other. A river ran across Northgate, fine wooded hills girded it in. One old church lay broadside on to the quaint High-street, and another gloomed down on it from a side opening, like a fortress built to command it in times when the citizens were factious and turbulent. Facing this there was an inn with plate-glass windows and an air of snug comfort that made the beef and ale most palatable.

The house-agent was a little chirpy red-faced man with a great deal of white hair, and an after-dinner manner of such intense chuckling enjoyment at his own importance and success, that he seemed longing every moment to burst into a laugh. His wife, a pleasant neatly dressed old lady, with flying lilac ribbons, stood at the office door, in equal good nature, and with equal importance and bustle.

"Not a house to be had in Northgate; great demand; people coming from Crayton and snapping up everything; ain't they Mrs. Dawkins?"

"To be sure they are, Mr. Dawkins."

"And land dear, and not to be had. Is it, Mrs. Dawkins?"

"Not a rod, Mr. Dawkins."

"But I'll see. Why, is n't there that house on the Nortyton-road? Old lady died only on Monday last, and next day they sent here to tell me to put the house up to let. Did n't they, Mrs. Dawkins?"

"To be sure they did, Mr. Dawkins."

Then the jolly old couple looked at each other, and laughed and chirped at the very thought of an old lady dying on Monday, and they having to put "To Let" up in the window the day after. I did not see the joke.

The house was a little trim building, one of a row of six, with a little garden in front, and a low wall of pierced stone-work. The front windows commanded a view — pleasant? Well, not so varied as it might have been, — a huge square flat field planted with cow-cabbages. The back windows stared on a small parallelogram of garden, now a heap of rubbish. There was a little mean front room, and there was a handsome but dull drawing-room, and five or six little binns of bedrooms, like those you find at sea-side lodging-houses. I left dissatisfied.

I had only Crayton to visit. When a man goes house-hunting he is apt to become superstitious, and to look around him for auguries and omens of success or failure. He tries to discover whether the

place he is visiting is or is not to be the place which Providence has chosen for his next halting-place in life's march. He tries to get the place into focus, and to consider whether such an outlook, such a road at the back, such neighbors, such an aspect, are supportable or insupportable. He looks at the gate, to see if it be the sort of gate at which he would like to make his exits and his entrances. He poses himself in the dining-room, behind an imaginary rank and file of decanters, and speculates if he could be witty or comfortable there — or both — or either — or neither? I had tried those mental pictures at Northgate, and they had come out damaged photographs. I had still to try them at Crayton.

I shot down there one morning,— hour and a half from Waterloo Bridge. Pretty station, rolling hills quite alive with the passing shadows of clouds and glimpses of glancing sunshine. Higher on a huge knoll, a big mansion, like Aladdin's palace modernized; and deep down in a valley among these hills behind, intersecting green waves of trees, the town, dotted white here and there with villas and mosaicked on its edges with bright green meadows, and red-dotted groups of cattle, and whiter specks, which are sheep, and long dark lines of Scotch firs, and broken banks of rice-colored sand. The Surrey hills, then, do really exist? I had always thought they were imaginings of London lodging-house keepers.

The town one long street, with gray hills for its horizon. Its pavement, a high terrace on one side; a stationer (also a druggist), a haberdasher, several inns, a tobacconist, and wine-merchant, its most noticeable tenants. The house-agents, two gentlemanly young red-whiskered men exactly alike, and their father, a pleasant rosy old man of a bygone age, portly and courteous. They told me of a cottage on the Downton-road, towards Oxberry-hill, — five bedrooms, rent forty-five pounds, gas laid on, good supply of water, nice small garden, good repair. Would I see it? Their clerk would get the keys and show it me.

Off I went, and with good omens; sky blue, day pleasant. Lizzy, perhaps here is to be our nest. My dear Mrs. Masterman, perhaps I may even yet appease you. About half a mile's walk led us to the borders of Crayton. Past builders' yard, past small suburban shops, past gardens seen through grated doors, past schools with noise and chatter oozing from every window, past half country roadside inns, with sign, trough, and outside benches, then up side-roads encumbered with rubbish, and heaps and piles of bricks, and preparations for building more raw new houses, such as those that already lined half the road. Then a pretty lane, and a corner cottage, gable-ended, Swiss as to its wood-work, with a pretty projecting porch, and a little high green platform of lawn. I liked the place at once; so bright, snug, and cheerful.

The smart boy from the auctioneer's reasoned with the lock for a moment, then threw open the front door. Yes, all good. Pretty hall, two cheerful rooms, with gay but not vulgar papers, handsome marble mantel-pieces, high square rooms with plenty of window. Yes, there my bookcase could stand, there my chair, there Lizzy's fantasies and piano. Yes, it would do. The bedrooms, too, were good, and commanded fine views of the hills. Excellent cellar, neat bath-room, useful kitchen. Only one blotch on the paper in the drawing-room dimmed its white and gold. What was that blotch?

A slight stoppage in the roof; spout where the snow last January had lodged and worked in. That should be at once put right, — in "perfect repair," was what the landlord, Mr. Mosser, promised, and he was a man of his word. I think it was the lawn, after all, that decided me; for, as Mrs. Masterman observes, I am so unpractical a man. There was a charming view from the lawn; a park across the lane, on one side; before it, the town and the hills.

So I took the house, and proud I was when Mrs. Masterman consented to come and stay six weeks with us, and when I led Lizzy into the house on our return from our honeymoon tour in Switzerland. We have been at Crayton now two months, and we like it. The second day we were there, the baker's man informed our servant, to our great delight, that a nightingale every year built in the ivy of the second elm from the lamp at the corner of our road, — the lamp, in fact, that glimmers over the corner of our lawn. We have since had reason to doubt the baker; still, the information gave us pleasure for the time, and there was no reason to doubt it until experience proved the contrary. But our greatest triumph was on the day of our arrival, when we first saw four brawny gray horses emerge from a cloud of dust and advance up a sandy lane facing our house, straining every sinew, and dragging after them the huge van stored with our furniture. Then Lizzy and I felt that we were housekeepers, and were launched into life. And so we were; and moreover we had Mrs. Masterman in attendance, to guard us, as she observed, "from a thousand deceptions." The chief feature of Crayton, for the first week, seemed to be the perpetual whirling of tradesmen's light carts to and from our door, and the incessant calling of butchers and bakers for orders. But we hope to live through all this, having Mrs. Masterman to take care of us. I like to be taken care of, and so does Lizzie. But perhaps six weeks is rather a long while to be taken care of, at one time.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

In the midst of war tidings which scarcely left room for a thought of peaceful victories, the Atlantic Telegraph has been safely laid. In its own way this enterprise has called forth an amount of skill and courage which could not be surpassed by the proudest achievements of armies, and it may turn out that even the results of the German struggle will be less potent in their influence on the future progress of the world than the success of a bold commercial venture which promises to revolutionize the relations between Europe and America. It is not necessary to indulge in the hackneyed commonplaces of the annihilation of time and distance, in order to do justice to the value of the link which has just been completed between the Old and New Worlds. In commerce, the experience of the working of the very defective telegraph system between England and India has taught us how entirely the new mode of intercourse must supersede the tardy movements of steam-engines by sea and land. All the great Indian trade is now virtually absorbed by the telegraph, and written communications are used only to confirm and amplify the instructions transmitted through the wire. The influence thus exerted upon trading intercourse has, in some instances, as notably in the case of the unlucky Agra and Masterman's Bank, intensified panic and disaster, but the broad result has been to eliminate from commerce one of its most formidable risks. So long

as weeks and months intervened between the giving of an order and its execution, the most cautiously tested intelligence often failed to avert the most serious dangers. Every purchase had to be effected on the faith of reports which might wholly misrepresent the trading and financial position at the time when the commission was executed; but with the aid of the telegraph, if less scope is given for some great *coup* dependent on individual foresight and speculation, the field for prudent enterprise is proportionately enlarged.

What has happened in the trade with India will be even more conspicuous in the more important trade with the United States and with British North America. Nor will the political advantages be less than those secured by commerce. Rapid intercourse would, on many recent occasions, have been of inestimable value. The near approach to war at the time of the *Trent* dispute might have been altogether avoided by an easier and speedier interchange of communication between the governments of England and the United States. As it was, the interval consumed by the double passage of the Atlantic was sufficient to work the two great communities concerned in the quarrel into a state of opinion which made the news of our preparations, when it did arrive, jar violently on the feelings with which the Americans had contemplated the exploit of Captain Wilkes; and the intelligence of the serious indignation of England was not received until the people of America had committed themselves to an extent which made it only not impossible for their government to retrace its steps. Nations which are placed in immediate neighborhood are seldom surprised into war, although their propinquity exposes them to a multitude of differences which can scarcely arise in the relations of more distant countries. The telegraph removes the special danger of surprise, without introducing the conflicts which are apt to arise from too close propinquity; and as by far the greatest risk of collisions between this country and the United States arises from mutual ignorance at critical moments of each other's sentiments, the Atlantic Telegraph may without exaggeration be described as a security for peace in a sense which would be wholly untrue as regards almost any other similar enterprise that can be imagined. Nor is it only in the relations between the merchants of Liverpool and New York, and the governments of London and Washington, that the telegraph will be an engine of enormous utility. Almost at the very moment that Ireland and Newfoundland are mechanically united, the great scheme of the Confederation of British North America is approaching its consummation.

Among the first tidings that we may expect to receive through the telegraphic cable is the report, now imminent, of the absolute agreement of all the provinces to the project of union; and the final arrangement of the details of this important transaction will be incalculably facilitated by the opportunity of constant and immediate intercourse between the governments of England and her colonies. The tardiness of the communications between England and Canada has been felt by the colonial authorities to be one of the greatest bars to the maintenance of wholesome relations, and a not unimportant party in Canada has made the establishment of more perfect intercourse, by means of a perpetual Committee sitting in England, the corner-stone of its policy. The necessity for this clumsy contrivance will be in great part obviated by the facilities which a direct telegraph will afford, and it is not unlikely that the increased knowledge of what is going on from day to day in our North American Empire will do more than anything else could do to cement the union between the mother country and her colonies.

The obvious benefits to be hoped for from the success of the enterprise are not the only grounds for congratulation. The Atlantic Telegraph is a thing for Englishmen to be proud of. If the first audacious experiment had been successful, there would have been less to flatter a legitimate national complacency than there is in that triumph of perseverance over repeated discomfiture which has at length rewarded the boldest of modern commercial ventures. As a mechanical and scientific achievement, the laying of the cable is, indeed, scarcely to be compared even with the unsuccessful attempt of last year. We learned then the possibility of picking up a rope lost in the utmost depths of the Atlantic. This year's expedition has fortunately as yet had no such lesson to teach or to confirm. It was confidently believed that the machinery provided to repair any accident would have proved far superior to the very defective appliances employed on former occasions, though even now it is probable that the perfection of engineering skill has not been reached. But, happily, the sufficiency of these precautions has not been put to the test. So far as can be judged from the information supplied, and from the regular progress of the expedition from day to day, no hitch of the smallest consequence occurred. Everything went smoothly and merrily. Yet even in this there is no less ground for admiration than in the most skilful or daring struggles against unexpected obstacles. It is a wonderful feat to have manufactured 1,800 miles of a cable to which the minutest defect would have been fatal, and to have laid it at the bottom of the ocean without a flaw. The vigilance required in the construction, and the ingenuity and skill with which the testing operations were devised and conducted, are themselves among the highest triumphs of scientific engineering.

For the first time a long deep-sea cable has been laid in perfect order. The remaining portion of the expedition will amply test the sufficiency of the new means devised for recovering and completing the half-finished work of last year. This is by far the most arduous part of the task, but there is no reason to despair of a successful issue. It is proved that a cable may be grappled at almost any depth, but it remains to be seen whether it can be brought safely to the surface. The failure of the attempts made immediately after the accident proves nothing against the feasibility of the present attempt. The Atlantic Telegraph engineers can now afford to admit that the appliances used in 1865 were altogether unworthy of the greatness of the enterprise. The truth seems to be that so little confidence was felt in the possibility of using any picking-up machinery with effect, that no sufficient attention was paid to this part of the undertaking to give it a reasonable chance. Much, though perhaps not yet enough, has now been done to facilitate the operation; and whether it succeeds or fails on the present occasion, there is no good reason for doubting that it is within the powers of modern science. We know that it is not impossible to find and seize the cable. It is certain that the silt of the Atlantic will not, by the accumulations of a single year, appreciably increase the difficulty. The ropes to be used are amply strong

add that these nuptials come a little too soon upon that death of Léopold in the province of Biskra."

Gourgeon made a sign to Fitz-Moore, and took up the reply for him in a rather more friendly tone. "I understand you, Brunner. Such friendship, devotion, and regret are among the most honorable of emotions; but do you require that life shall keep up forever the grief of death? The friend that you regret, — that we without doubt should have regretted, had we known him — "

"O yes."

"The friend, I say, that you saw expire, ended his suffering two years ago. Do you think it just that all his family, — or that it can profit him if they — no, no; I go further than that, and say that such a sacrifice would not be acceptable to him."

"It may be so. But oh! the thankless souls! My poor friend, their son, their brother, — he was forgotten while he lived. It was an atrocious act. I have not spoken of it to a single being; but since the first word is out, and Fitz-Moore defends them, — since what I know almost suffocates me, the truth shall be known. Listen!"

I.

We knew each other at Biskra for a year, but were only intimate for the last four or five months of that period.

A new-comer, about whom one is always curious, was expected in the person of a sub-lieutenant from St. Cyr, — a count beside. Some conjectured that he was a *protégé* sent among us for more rapid promotion in the native Sharpshooters. Others were determining to carry a high hand with him, if he should presume too much on his rank. Four or five young bloods, graduates of Parisian life, were preparing to welcome the new recruit, in the hopes of being able to establish among us an offshoot of the Faubourg St. Germain. "You are pretty fellows," said I to them, "to imagine a count, if he were worth a sou at home, would seek to strand himself on such a sand-bank as Biskra." We got tired of such anticipatory comment, and other things were engaging us, when one fine morning he arrived.

I saw him on his horse, one of our Turkish horsemen in front, and a sumpter mule following him. He was neither grand nor handsome, and had the air of a sorry fellow. His cadaverous little face was guiltless of the least down; and a moustache wanting, his nose looked doubly long. He could hardly stand when he alighted. His friends led him, or rather bore him along, to the lodgings which had been taken for him. He took a bath, went to bed, and was not seen again that day.

The garrison found him the source of considerable amusement, offering as he did such a ludicrous contrast to the wild lascars that he was destined to command. Every day at the café, in our mess, in the street, we ran against each other with, "Have you seen the *Tiger*? What do you think of the *Tiger*? — a funny fellow, is he not?" The name stuck to him for life, that is, for a year. Finally, his servant found it much easier to say than Gaudeloux, and so used to address him respectfully, *Sidi Tiger*.

He gained on a second impression; and the garrison, which always finds the hours hanging heavy, soon learned to know him better, which was to appreciate him. His politeness was cordial, neither patronizing nor superfluous. He joined at once in our way of life, and refused to keep himself apart with the gilded and ungilded of the youths. It was soon seen that he brought among us a good disposition and fine military acquirements. Entering as fiftieth at school, he had graduated among the first twelve. He had himself preferred service in our native troops, when a staff position had been offered him. He did not mount his horse like those who have learned all from the riding-master, but like a man who had ridden from his babyhood. The soldiers of his company, after a trial of his quality, at once discovered that he carried a firm hand, and so obeyed him as they ought. Finally, at the end of six weeks, he was the most steady-going among us. The young scamps of his rank in life only wondered, that a fellow of his birth, at liberty to squander an income of twenty-five thousand livres, had nothing to tell them of certain Amandas, Ninas, and Lobelias at Paris. In this way he seemed unsophisticated, or was at least very discreet. I discovered once a kind of connection between him and a dancing-girl of the tribe of Ouled-Nayl, but I doubt if it lasted long, or if he had much heart in the matter. His heart was here, and strangely set about, as you shall see.

Our friendship began over chess, which he played with skill. I am by no means weak in that game, but he used to give me the rook. To vary our diversions, sometimes we would mount together and either chase the wild boar, or else push out towards the tomb of Sidi Og'ba, or the ruins of Zaatcha. Another time we would lounge about the town in our fantastic dress, — a long gown of silk falling to our heels, a pair of slippers, and one of those straw hats peculiar to the chiefs of the South, — this and nothing more. When it was very hot we would bathe in the canals, along by the roots of the palms. I possessed, in common with nine or ten of my mates, a kind of cage, perched upon the tops of three palms, twenty metres from the ground, to which we used to climb by a rope ladder, on coming out of our baths, and there stretch ourselves like the spokes of a wheel, feet at the centre and heads at the rim. Here we luxuriated, notwithstanding the heat, and indulged now and then in a fresh draught from the water-coolers; while if there was any breeze stirring we got it. In the evening we would take a stall in some Moorish café, or join the officers in that marvellous *cercle d'Amath*, where the gazelles, the ostriches, and other strange products of the desert flourished even better than at Paris. Indeed, a pleasant garrison is Biskra, if only the water were not so bad!

What pleased me most, however, in his conversation was, that I learned something from him every day. One is apt to think he knows something if he has spent ten years at college; but this boy, who had not known what it was to undergo such a training, astonished me, and even humiliated me not a little. Not that he was a man to make any boasts. On the contrary, his impulse was to conceal what he knew; and he always needed some occasion to unloose his tongue. A double inscription in Latin and Greek on the shaft of some shattered column would employ him half an hour in deciphering, restoring, and translating it into his note-book. As for me, I had hands to work with. I could have unearthed the treasure, but the devil if I could have made out a word of it.

He had a brain full of the most curious knowledge; and little by little he initiated me into the arcana of history, botany, and I know not what. He knew Africa to the depths, and far better than I did, though I had been there five years, — a captain three of them. One day he explained to me

that the great desert was nothing but a dried-up sea-bed, and that the water would return to it sooner or later; and that it could even be made to flow there at will by some such works as are contemplated at Suez, since the Sahara is twenty-seven metres below the shores of the Mediterranean. Did you know that? As for me, I was transported; my imagination was rampant; I dreamed all night of some grand project of making this interior sea, which should isolate our Algerian colony, while it offered a barrier to the nomadic tribes, and opened Biskra as a port like Oran or Philippeville. Beside this, what a convenient highway it would be for our explorations into tropical Africa. I was feverish with the idea. The next day, when I made him a proposition to embark in such an undertaking, he only smiled and asked me if I wished all manner of evils to the Swiss and the Scotch. So, next, he enlightened me on a most curious theory, — that the glaciers of these mountainous regions required the winds from the desert to melt them year by year, otherwise they would gradually block the country up with perpetual winter, and even injure the climate of France. You see, he knew everything about it; and I found the whole matter laid out subsequently in a book, just as he had propounded it.

After he came among us, he read but little or nothing. The Gazettes had no attraction for him, and his library consisted of only nine volumes. But he wrote much, for his stock of paper ran out in four months, and he often went to Giovannis to replenish it. As he remained shut up in his chamber one day in the week at least, conjectures were rife, — some accusing him of an amorous correspondence, others of being a poet or anonymous journalist, and still there were those who thought him subject to fits of melancholy. As his friend, I made it a point to respect his mystery, whatever it might be. In fine, I should never have discovered it, if it had not been for a deplorable circumstance. Now mark the sequel.

At Biskra, a courier from France arrived every week, and his coming was signalized by a clarion, when we all ran to the quarters to see him open his saddle-bags of benedictions. It is not for me to boast, for sometimes happiness comes to the least worthy, but I had many friends and relatives. I wrote seldom, owing doubtless to poverty of ideas; but a society-man will get letters nevertheless. I got five or six every week, and sometimes nine or ten, when the family correspondence came in. When the harvest was a good one, I would withdraw grandly, reading over Mamma Brunner's epistle first. Let the foundling throw the first stone at me!

One morning in September, the fourth, — I shall remember it all my life, — I got seven or eight letters. My dear old woman had sent me a bill for five hundred francs. Man is not perfect, and the tribe of Ouled-Nayl — well — well; but, furthermore, they wrote from home that they had sent me some hams, sausages, wine, Kirsh-wasser, — enough to keep me supplied for a month. I was happy. But, having caught a glimpse of the handwriting of Cousin Gretschen, and other of my old friends, on the remaining envelopes, I stole away to enjoy the reading in the little hall, at the east end of the parade. (Gourgeon has been there, and knows the spot.) I entered, and found the *Turco* tearing off the wrapper of a paper, with a strange air about him.

"Well," cried I, carelessly, "what are you doing here? You did not attend the courier. Have you no letters to-day?"

He leaped at my throat like some wild beast, and exclaimed, as he strangled me: "*You* insult me! What have *I* done to you? You know very well that nobody writes to me. O Charles, Charles!"

He jumped out by a window, without giving me time to express my surprise, and fled in tears. Thank God, it is not much of a leap from the ground-floor.

I stood stupefied. I was his superior officer, and he had raised his hand against me. If any one had seen us, it must come before a council of war; but I only thought of that, next day. My first motion was to crowd my letters into my pocket, and run to his quarters, and find out the reason of this strange offence. A hussy with blurred eyes shut the door in my face. That was the way I got wind of his liaison.

The next day I was sleeping uneasily under my mosquito-bar, with my doors and windows open, when he woke me by calling my name. I put on a *gandoura*, and went out to meet him. He embraced me, he wept, he hurried out a multitude of vocables, among which now and then I perceived the word "pardon."

"You do not know," said he, "you cannot know; but I must tell all. Charles, I am the most unhappy of men. There are those I love with all my heart; but they do not often think of me. It is the very hell of Dante." I have since learned that Dante has pictured a hell without fire.

He told me the story of his life with a full heart. Alas for the man that has kept all to himself so long! It is like a cannon into which charge upon charge has been daily driven for years, and now some one is going to touch it off. Listen to the report in this case. It will make you shudder. A youth more delicate, more tender, and more emotional could only Alsace and Germany unite in producing; and such as he never to have either father or mother!

His father, M. de Gardelux, was no father at all. He was a mere sporting man, — nothing else. He had his stables at Chantilly, a dancing-girl at the opera, was something or other at the club, — treasurer or president, perhaps; in fine, Parisian life had so completely absorbed him that the twenty-four hours rarely found him at home. His wife, married at fifteen, a mother at sixteen, had neither nursed, educated, nor known her son. (As for me, I clung to Mamma Brunner till I was four; and if you were to see her, you would not think she was the worse for it.) With us, women are at their prime for marriage at five-and-twenty. These early children are always rickety. Thus, the sister of Léopold, his junior by four years, has a superb physique. If you doubt it, you have only to go to the church to-morrow. It is not two steps from here, is it, Fitz-Moore?

All men are not fashioned out of the same cloth; for I am free to say that plenty of people have been born and have lived in much the same manner as this unfortunate, without experiencing the least inconvenience from it. They got him a Burgundian nurse of unexceptionable condition. His baby-linen was made at the most fashionable shops, and they weaned him according to the rules of art. They procured him a crowd of governesses from foreign parts, that he might take in the German, the Italian, the English, without learning them. At seven, as is the case with princes, he was taken away from the women's care and put under the charge of a fair-spoken little Abbé, who addressed him as M. le Vicomte.

A poor specimen was this Abbé, in spite of the literature and virtues which the seminary had crammed into him. Filled with humility, he was always congratulating himself, and telling it to others, that God had taken him from the plough to put him under the roofs of the great. Now consider the condition of this poor boy, without parents, without mates, and with no earthly companion but this stupid and reverential Abbé. Paris was very likely to be entertaining under such circumstances! It is true the child passed six months at the chateau; and this was the most supportable part of his life. They let him run, dig in the garden, climb the trees, and gallop for hours, with the attendance of a trusty valet, the Abbé was not the man to follow him in this career. At the chateau, Léopold made some acquaintance with the family. Once in a while he dined at the table. They sometimes even called him into the *salon* to amuse the guests in rainy weather. His awkwardness, his wild air, and his strange replies furnished sport to Madame la Comptesse and her friends. If the little fellow gave a cutting edge to his pleasantry, he was sent forthwith to the Abbé. Léopold told me that as early as five he had dreams of suicide. Mark you, when it comes out in the papers that some child or other has hung itself or cut its throat, perhaps you may think it wrong to reflect on the parents, — as for me, I would throw them at once into prison, — and we shall see.

What saved Léopold was his love for little Hélène, and, more than all, the arrival of a new tutor. A true man this new-comer was, and our poor *Turco* spoke of him as of a father. His name was Pelgas; and he had been driven from the university, because of a novel and bold theory he had promulgated for reforming our methods of education. Ten years later, perhaps, this same work would have opened the way to the ministry, — such is the value of timeliness.

I know not what came of the book or its method; but this I know, that the results which I saw were superb. It seemed as if this new tutor invested his pupil's mind on all sides, and he roused every faculty, just as the hotel servants wake the sleepers down a long corridor by rapping at every door. One study was contrived to relieve the fatigue of another; and the boy could work without weariness from morning to night. At Paris they attended the public lectures, frequented the collections and museums, and discoursed to one another upon all matters with the frankness of two friends upon subjects of common interest. In the country they studied the heavens and the earth, plants, animals, agriculture, rural economy. They found likewise [illegible] of reading. This was [illegible] the child felt itself growing [illegible] as he acquired [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

love of a martyr, for that cloud of lace and gauze of Chambéry, which flew away behind a pair of horses every day from the grand portal of her hotel. He was determined to find out that undiscoverable heart which a child's caresses, its tears, and its sighs had never been able to conquer. This was his ambition, — only this. It was the ultimate bourne of his hopes and toils. And this determination, kept within the secret recesses of his soul, was only known to his little sister, Hélène. M. Pelgas, to whom he usually told everything, had no share in this confidence; for he was ashamed to interpose a stranger's sympathy within the pale of his family secrets. The sister was now twelve, just that age when girls are so like the angels in Gothic cathedrals.

"That's it!" cried she to her brother. "Be a great man. Conquer mamma. . . . . But you will let me share her?"

There is one thing I have thought of myself, but I never said a word of it to the *Turco*, which is, that young women do not like to see their children grow tall. What account does the world make of your being married at fifteen, when it sees you leaning on the arm of a big boy, and says, "There 's a young woman who is to wake up a grandmother one of these days."

The education of Léopold was far enough advanced to be left to himself when his tutor, M. Pelgas, was called to the Isle of Mauritius. Some rich Creoles, who had been his pupils, offered him the control of an important college in that island, so obstinately French as it is. Thus was this poor man's future assured, and even a fortune guaranteed. He hesitated for a long time about leaving his dear disciple, the adopted son of his mind: but this son, —would he not be obliged to leave him some day?

The way for an independent life was clear. The Count, generous in his indifference, furnished for Léopold a handsome bachelor's apartment, and Madame ordered a phaeton at the first maker's for Monsieur le Vicomte. In fine, everything conduced to that situation, when a young gentleman just escaped from his masters falls so easily into the hands of his mistresses. M. Pelgas felt it a duty to give some direction to these preliminary instincts. He accepted the trust at Mauritius only on condition of not reporting for duty till the beginning of the new year. Having thus written, and despatched the letter of acceptance, he sought Léopold, and said to him: —

"I leave you six months hence. You are seventeen years old, — an age for nonsense in Paris, for disinclination towards all usefulness: and when such a fortune and liberty as you have is in the case, there is almost a certainty of dissoluteness. I do not wish that in losing me you should lose yourself. The muse is not a mistress quite stable enough to restrain you seriously. What can one say in verse, or even in prose, unless after having lived and loved, and suffered? Love first; busy yourself in something. I have been thinking of a military life for you. Discipline and danger can only develop a manliness in you. You are fit to pass the examination at St. Cyr, if you only revise your history a little and I touch up your mathematics. You can draw, and you know the languages better than is necessary. So much said, my dear child, let us embrace. To-day for our affections, to-morrow let us begin work."

The young man did not decide quite so readily, however. [illegible] and [illegible] hung about for days. It ended, however, with the sway of reason, and the

marking out of a logical life. Two years at the school, and ten in service, would bring him, in all probability, at twenty-nine to a captaincy and a decoration. At thirty, he would resign, take a wife, and perpetuate his race, after he had thus strengthened his constitution, and completed his education in the school of the world, perhaps meanwhile honoring his name. It would be then time enough to rhyme, if the little blue flower (as M. Pelgas called it) had not withered in the world's air.

Some months later, when M. de Gardelux was packing his trunks for England, he had a call from Léopold. "What! is it you?" he cried, seeing how pale and nervous he looked. "What do you want? My purse is open, my child, and I am ready to meet all your debts."

"O, sir, could you suppose —"

"But such a question has no offence, I hope. Youth will be youth. Come, what is it? Make two words of it, for I sup in London."

He was going to see his favorite *Caldron* run, — the colt that promised so well, and performed so poorly. I don't know whether he was engaged for the Derby or the Royal Oaks. Léopold, in still greater perplexity, said that he only wished to solicit his permission to present himself at St. Cyr.

"What the deuce is all this?" cried the Count. "Are there not examinations and conditions?"

"M. Pelgas hopes that I can pass them."

"Ah, well, be it so, my dear child. But you astonish me. I thought you would begin life with studying Paris a little, and finding out what good there is in it. A booby of seventeen going to school! Amuse yourself first. Have I ever denied you anything? Anybody with your name can enter the cavalry at twenty-five, and take a turn in Africa, when the government will be only too happy to give you a commission. What say you? No? Well, be it so. Follow your own choice. Fill out the papers. I will sign all you desire."

Madame saw in this only a childish freak. She thought the uniform bewitched him, and wished he had taken any other turn, since epaulettes are not admitted in "our" *salons.*

But young Hélène spoke quite differently. "I shall love you still more when you become a fine officer. Besides it will end in keeping us together through life."

"How so?"

"I have thought it all out. You will find a friend in the best officer of your regiment, and then I can make him your brother; and then we can keep company the world over. I shall have a white horse; you will get victories; and the enemy, seeing you have a lady with you, will never draw trigger on such."

Would n't that be fine! She was hardly thirteen when she uttered such wise things. Women are born good; it is only education which spoils them!

The first time that Léopold came home in the uniform of the school, Madame uttered a singular cry for a mother who had not seen her son for two months. "Lord! what a sight! Have you seen this puppet from Versailles, Hélène?" I know very well that the dress at St. Cyr is not becoming, and spoils even better shapes than Léopold's; but ought a Frenchwoman to speak thus of a uniform that — suffices?

That day Mademoiselle Hélène was more than usually tender. "My dear Léo," said she, "I know that you have not yet got your epaulettes; but go on, poor chrysalis: I love you just as much as if you were the most brilliant of butterflies."

When fortune is against one, what evils can crowd into a couple of years. Léopold lost, one after the other, M. Pelgas and his other father, M. de Gardelux. The poor professor took a fever on reaching his post, lingered a few months, and met his fate with philosophical resignation. His last letter (I have it) is a long and touching adieu to one whom he was to leave wretchedly alone in this world. He filled four pages with a treatise of consolation worthy Cicero or Seneca, but I am not sure that these would have written with poor M. Pelgas's equanimity, in the face of death. There are some proud, brave people, who devote themselves to clearing up our young people's brains; and I don't know that the world is quit with them when it has given them their ten louis a month.

The duel of M. de Gardelux with the Marquis of Kerploët made less noise than many another. The papers did not breathe a word about it, save in one or two instances, with mysterious initials. Would you believe that two gentlemen, fathers and husbands of two of the handsomest women in Paris, would cross swords for some forty-year-old fright? The proofs exist. M. de Kerploët withdrew for eighteen months to Brittany; the Gardelux family buried their dead; — and that was all.

Léopold felt the loss of his father more sensibly because he had just begun to know him. The Count's vanity had been touched by the accounts he heard of his son's promising abilities; and latterly he had manifested considerable interest in him. He had invited him to dinner several times, and had even once gone to St. Cyr to see him, — one day of the races; for the school is not far from Satory. A month before the unfortunate affair which separated them forever, the father had presented his son to some of his club friends, at a breakfast, where they had drank to his future success, and pictured him gayly forth as a lieutenant of hussars, rushing, according to their notions, into all sorts of debauchery, women, and play, chastising the unmannerly, and altogether cutting the proper figure for a French cavalier. M. de Gardelux had always a passion for the sword, — he was a dilettante in points of honor.

It was an evil day when he staked all upon the sword, and lost all. The failure of his colt *Caldron* to win had been the beginning of his troubles; and when he died, his fortune was no longer great, — scarcely a million of francs for his children to share. The widow was rich in her own right, and did not seem to regret her loss much. You might say that it was not for her he risked his life. Very true, but a genuine woman would have preserved appearances for her children's sake.

These grand strokes of death are apt to make breaches in the heart, for any to enter who can find the occasion, which was not to be found, however, by Léopold. He was unable to conquer his mother's indifference. When he came back from the burial, he rushed to her apartment to mingle his tears with hers; but the door was closed, and the order given to admit no one, not even her son. Hélène heard his voice, rushed to him and led him to her chamber.

"Come," said she, "mamma does not wish to cry now, because she has a headache. But we two can sob as much as we wish. Poor father, — alas! poor father."

If anything could console my friend, it was the tenderness of this child.

One day he heard that Hélène had left with her mother for the Lake of Neufchâtel. Do not fancy that it was mere heart-burning that caused Madame to do this. It was something much more simple. She had found out that, for a woman of her age and condition, the part of a disconsolate widow was a horribly difficult one at Paris. She invited her son to join them as soon as he passed his last examination. I think he remained two months with them, and then escorted the family back to Paris. The month of December was now passing, and he left on the first of January for Africa. During these hurried days, the last that he was to spend in France, he made several desperate efforts to gain from his mother some token of her maternal heart, — a tear, a caress, a benediction, or I know not what. He felt the need of something of this sort to be his support on his journey, — perhaps he even divined that it was to be his final journey. He lost his time and his pains.

Madame de Gardelux, on returning to the world, let the world find an entrance to her without much ado. She never named her day for receptions, but everybody got to know that she was at home all the week. The amiable buzzing of worldly gossip rendered her deaf to the melancholy Léopold. She had almost loved him at Neufchâtel; but was ice at Paris. The world had got her back.

The morning of his departure the unhappy youth thought he had come upon the long-wished-for opportunity. He stole lightly into her boudoir, where he found her, back to the door, looking at his likeness. At last, felt he, she gives me some share of her thought; she has feelings yet. So he rushed, threw himself at her feet, and cried in tears, "My dear mother, clasp me, — bless me. Do let me bear away some affectionate remembrance of you."

"You are mad," she cried. "Why will you frighten any one so? Get up, child; put on another look! You make me sick, — nervous. What do you want with me?"

"That you love me, mother."

"I love you as much as it is proper to love one's family in the world we live in. Remember, we are not of the common sort, God be thanked. I don't know but it is this M. Poulgas, or Pelgas, who has put these notions into your head. They are not presentable, and you will do well to get rid of them. Even my daughter, by contagion, has been as ridiculous as yourself. You are no fool. You can bear yourself well. You have a certain degree of manners, and are altogether not unlike a gentleman; but all such qualities as I would not be unjust towards are spoiled by a sickly sentimentality. Now, beware."

Such was the parting in store for him. But his little sister had some consolation for him. She accompanied him to the railway-station, with her governess; she soothed and fondled him; dried his tears, and almost softened that poignant grief which was eating into his very heart. Assuredly Madame had calumniated her daughter in thinking she had cured her of this precious sentimentality. The two agreed to write to each other once a week. Hélène slipped into his hand a golden locket with a likeness of herself, which Madame Herbelin had painted for her. I marvelled at this wonderful miniature, six months with him, and eighteen without him. You shall know how.

Finally, when the bell sounded for the start, she took his head and whispered in his ear, "You know my commission, — don't forget that." He seemed to grow two years younger at this specimen of unsophisticated love, and replied, smiling, —

"Shall that project hold good forever?"

"Forever!"

"Then comes the important question, — blonde or brunette?"

"As you please, but I should prefer a blonde. You are fooling me!"

"Adieu."

"Till we meet!"

[Continued in the next Number.]

THE GAME OF CROQUET AND ITS LAWS.

In *London Society* for July, 1865, it was stated that the time had wellnigh arrived for taking vigorous steps to settle the laws of croquet. It was suggested that a Croquet Committee should be got together, to consider and decide on the rules of the game; so that, instead of the existing anarchy and confusion, there should be one recognized code, occupying the same position in the croquet world as the laws of the Marylebone Club do in the cricket world, or the decisions of the Jockey Club in the racing world.

The suggestion was easy enough to propound; but the outset difficulty in working it was to procure players of sufficient authority to bind those beyond their own circle. This difficulty has, we think, been solved by the editor of *The Field*. He succeeded in bringing together a Committee of players, to whom, in his opinion, the task of composing a code of laws might be fitly intrusted; and the result of the deliberations of the Committee was laid before the public in April last. The code, however, was only provisional. In a leading article, discussion on it was invited; and thus a large circle of readers, numbering many thousands, was in fact made to participate in the final issue.

Here, then, was a croquet parliament, large enough in all conscience. It is true every reader could not have a vote; but careful attention was promised to all communications; and the Committee virtually bound themselves to "stand or fall" — this is the correct parliamentary phrase — by the verdict of their critics.

In consequence of the correspondence that ensued, several modifications were made in the original code; and the amended one is now published in book form.*

It is quite certain that this code will be extensively adopted. It must, therefore, interest all croquet players to have it subjected to a thorough examination. This it is our intention to do in the present article. But, before proceeding to that part of our task, we have a few general remarks to make.

The members of the Committee were selected, firstly, in consequence of their practical knowledge of the game of croquet. That the views of these gentlemen are entitled to respect will, we think, be admitted by any one who carefully peruses their prefatory statement, respecting the implements used in the game, the modes of setting out the ground, and so forth. We proceed to remark on some of the more important of their recommendations.

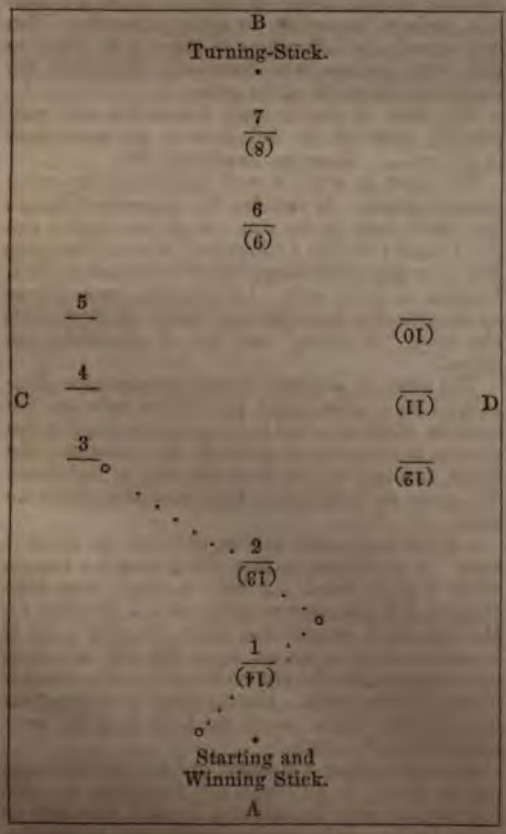
In their opinion, the best number of players for general purposes is four, two playing against two; and for matches, six. The game of eight unquestionably takes too long to play. Even a game of

* Croquet: its Implements and Laws. Hurst and Blackett, 1866.

six, with good players, occupies the best part of an afternoon. Where there is only one ground, and more than four desire to play, we have found it a good plan to divide the candidates into two sets, one set commencing at the starting and winning stick, the other at the turning-stick, so that what is the starting-stick to one party is the turning-stick to the other. The two games go on simultaneously: the two sets of players interfere scarcely at all with each other. Occasionally a ball belonging to the other game lies in the way of a stroke, when it must be taken up while the stroke is made; or the striker in one game has perhaps to wait a moment, while the striker in the other game makes his stroke. But this does not happen often; and the slight inconvenience resulting from it is far outweighed by the increased excitement attending the shorter game.

As regards the ground, it often happens the best that can be obtained is small, inconvenient, and anything but level. In such cases, all that can be done is to make the best of a bad job. But where space can be got, and money is "no object," the ground should be level, and of well-mown and well-rolled grass, not less than thirty yards, nor, for general purposes, more than a hundred yards long, and from twenty to sixty yards wide. This proportion of five to three between length and breadth is the one most approved. The ground should have its boundaries well defined before the play begins.

The hoops may be arranged, as every one knows, in various ways. The plan of the original game is as follows: —



This plan is still much used, and, being less difficult than the improved arrangement, with a hoop, stick, or cage in the middle, is recommended for beginners, or where it is desired not to lengthen the game.

Difficulty is sometimes experienced in setting out the hoops. The following directions will be found to simplify matters: —

A and B are intended to be the exact middle of the breadth (shorter side) of the ground. Measure the distance from A to B, and cut a piece of string one tenth of the length. Thus, if the ground is fifty yards long, cut a string five yards long. This bit of string will serve to fix every hoop and stick accurately at the required distances apart. From A to the starting-stick should be precisely the length of the string; the same from starting-stick to hoop No. 1; the same to hoop No. 2. Similarly arrange the turning-stick and hoops Nos. 7 and 8, at the other end of the ground. The only hoops now to fix are the side-hoops. These should be parallel to the centre line, and two strings from it on each side, the string falling at right angles to the length, or longer sides (C and D) of the ground. The easiest way to get the side-hoops in position is, when taking the first measurement from A to B, to mark the point half-way between. Then the hoops 4 and 11 can be at once placed two strings from the half-way point, in a straight line towards C and D; and the hoops 3, 5, 10, and 12, each one string from 4 and 11.

The numbers appended to the hoops show the order in which they are to be run. This explains itself without comment.

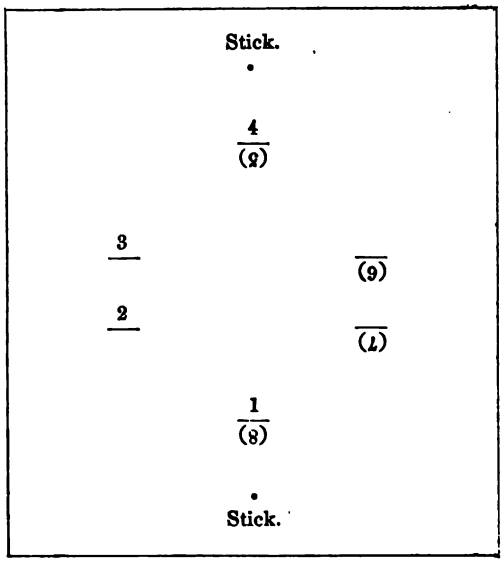
The "improved" arrangement, as it is called, is set out in much the same way; but the hoops 4 and 11 are taken out, and at the central point of the ground a hoop, cage, or stick is placed. (See diagram.)

Here the order of running is three hoops and a stick, four times repeated. The game, played in this way, has the disadvantage of being longer than the other; but it is more scientific, and more in accordance with the spirit of the game, as it brings the balls more frequently together at the middle of the ground, leads to more croqueting, and gives the players who are behind a better chance of improving their position.

The disadvantage of this plan, to our thinking, is that it lengthens a game which is already too long. Popular games, such as whist and billiards, derive a portion of their interest from the rapidity with which they are brought to a conclusion. The excitement culminates towards the finish of the game. If a player knows it will be three hours before he reaches the winning-stick "in order," it naturally follows that his interest in the game is not so great at starting as it would be were the result less distant. For this reason we are inclined to give up "stick in the middle," at all events in domestic play, and even further to shorten the game by removing some of the hoops. This innovation will doubtless be regarded with all proper horror by the well-constituted croquet-playing mind, which, being to a great extent, certainly more than half, feminine, is essentially conservative. To croquet conservatives we say, "Do as we have done; try the game with fewer hoops, and if you do not like it, return to the old plan."

With a view to shortening the game, we have instituted a series of experiments, and we assure our readers that a most interesting game results from six hoops, or even four. For four balls, two being

partners against two, we recommend six hoops, thus disposed: —



We find that the game played on this plan by four good players averages three quarters of an hour, which is quite long enough.

This plan, too, has an advantage where the ground is small, and especially where it is short, as the length of six strings (see explanation of setting out the hoops, p. 227) suffices in the place of ten.

For six balls a capital game may be played with only four hoops: hoops 2 and 3 (see last diagram) being taken out, and a hoop placed half-way between them; the same with hoops 6 and 7; so that the four hoops correspond to the four corners of a diamond. And, where time presses, or where others are waiting to play, this plan is well adapted for four balls, the game lasting about half an hour.

We now proceed to the second reason for choice of members of the Committee. In the second place, then, they were selected on account of their having given much attention to the laws of sports and pastimes. This consideration is of more importance than at first sight appears. Drawing up a good code of laws is a most difficult literary feat. It requires an intimate acquaintance with the subject, unusual clearness of thought and expression, and a foresight, as to what may or may not happen in practice, almost superhuman. It consequently follows, that however carefully a code is framed, cases will not unfrequently occur which are but imperfectly provided for, and which must be referred for decision to some player. The referee should be, if possible, a person of clear head and sound judgment, and one well versed in the principles by which decisions should be guided. If he happen to be a good lawyer, so much the better; for cases often arise not unworthy a lawyer's practised acuteness, and of the habit which his profession gives him of weighing right and wrong.

The following outline of what we conceive to be the principles which should guide decisions may, we fancy, be found useful by many who are called on to do duty as umpires. By keeping such principles well in mind, and construing the laws by their light, the arbitrator will find himself materially assisted.

1. The first object of the laws of games is to prevent an unfair advantage being gained by any one.

2. There should be a penalty for all errors or irregularities by which the player (or his side) may profit; but there should be no penalty for errors by which he who commits them cannot *possibly* gain an advantage.

3. Penalties should be proportioned, as nearly as possible, to the gain which might ensue if the offence were allowed to pass unchallenged.

4. No player should be allowed to profit by his own blunders.

5. Each case must be judged, not by the intention of the player interested, but by that which might have been the intention of a person disposed to avail himself of an unfair advantage.

6. Where two or more players are in fault, it should be considered with whom the first fault lies, and how far it induced or invited the subsequent error of the opponent.

7. Disputes as to questions of fact (where there is no umpire, or where the umpire professes himself unable to decide) should be decided in favor of the player, he being entitled to the benefit of reasonable doubt.

8. Questions of law should be decided liberally. The application of the law being doubtful, it should be interpreted according to the spirit rather than the letter. Nevertheless, the umpire should bear in mind the extreme general inconvenience of a lax interpretation of laws, and should insist on the game being played strictly.

9. Lastly, there are in all, or almost all games, *leges non scriptæ*, to the infraction of which it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to apply a penalty. The only remedy for infractions of these is to cease to play with persons who habitually disregard the established etiquette of the game.

The laws of the croquet Committee are very properly preceded by definitions of the terms used in the game. These are fortunately few.

The term *in order* is well understood by every croquet player. It signifies the sequence of hoops, &c., which have to be run. A player having run No. 1, must take No. 2 "in order," that is, if he takes No. 3, or any other hoop, before having taken No 2, he gains no point by it. Of course the game is won by the side that first drives all their balls through all the hoops "in order," and hits all the sticks "in order."

The terms *in play* and *in hand* present more difficulty. As a great many nice points turn on the question whether a ball is 'in play' or not, it is important to comprehend precisely the meaning of the terms, and they are by no means easy of definition. We quote the definition of the Committee, which we think very clear.

"A ball is 'in play' as soon as it has run the first hoop. It continues in play till it makes a roquet, when it is 'in hand.' A ball 'in hand' must take croquet, and can score no point until it has done so. Having taken croquet it is again 'in play'; but it is not permitted to roquet again the ball or balls it has croqueted for the remainder of its turn, unless it makes another point. Having made another point, it is 'in play' again to all the balls as at the commencement of its turn."

As a ball is either "in hand" or "in play" throughout the game, the privileges and disabilities of every ball are, or may be, affected by this definition at every stroke. It is very important, then, to consider this definition in relation to its consequents, [illegible]

doing this, however, we must distinctly understand the technical words which occur in the definition, viz., "run a hoop," "roquet," "take croquet," "point," and "turn."

Running a hoop means, as everybody knows, sending a ball through it by a blow of the mallet. It must be run "in order," and in the right direction, and the whole of the ball must go through, or the hoop is not "run." If the ball remains under the hoop, and it is doubtful whether the ball is *quite* through, the question is decided by applying a straight-edge behind the hoop, the hoop being of course perpendicular. If the straight-edge (the handle of the mallet is commonly used for this purpose) touches the ball, the hoop is not "run."

Roquet is made by the striker driving his own ball, by a blow of the mallet, against another ball. If he is "in play" to the other ball, the "roquet" gives him the privilege of a *croquet* off the hit ball.

People frequently confuse between roquet and croquet, evidently not understanding what a roquet means. We constantly hear such expressions as "I have croqueted your ball," instead of "roqueted" it. The two terms "roquet" and "croquet" must be carefully distinguished in the player's mind, and especially in the arbitrator's, or his decisions will be valueless.

Croquet is taken in this way. The striker places his ball in contact with the one roqueted, and strikes his own with the mallet. After the croquet, the striker is entitled to another stroke.

Croquet may be taken either with the striker's foot fixed firmly on his own ball while he strikes, when it is called a "tight" croquet, or without the foot, when it is termed a "loose" croquet.

Loose croquet may be varied in several ways. The two balls may be placed directly behind one another, so that they and the long axis of the head of the mallet are in the same straight line when taking the stroke. This is "loose croquet" proper. The

Relative position of balls and mallet in taking loose and rolling croquet, causing ball or balls to roll in direction of A.

effect of a quick, sharp stroke under these circumstances is to cause the striker's ball to remain almost stationary, and to drive the other forwards. Where the striker wishes to keep his own ball perfectly still, and yet not to take tight croquet, he may accomplish his object by striking his own ball below the centre, the effect being similar to that of putting on sufficient screw to stop one's ball when playing for a "slick" hazard at billiards. At croquet this is called a "dead" stroke. Another way of playing loose croquet is to roll the balls on together. This is called "rolling croquet." In making this stroke, the balls are placed directly behind each other, as before, but in striking, the mallet is allowed to follow the ball, and this causes the two balls to roll on in company. Yet another way, called "splitting croquet," is to place the balls, not in the same straight line with the long axis of the head of the mallet, but at an angle to it. This causes the balls to fly in opposite directions, or to split. A splitting croquet may be taken with as little disturbance as possible of the striker's ball. On some grounds it has been the custom not to insist on any movement of the second ball, provided the two touch; and hence this mode of taking splitting croquet has received the name of "taking two off." It

Relative position of balls and head of mallet in taking splitting croquet, causing balls to split in directions of B and C.

is still disputed whether moving the second ball should be compulsory or not. In the opinion of the Committee the non-striker's ball should "be made to move, however slightly, to the satisfaction of the captains or their umpire." This seems to us to be a practical giving up of the moving. The striker will always contend that the ball did move "very slightly"; and surely a captain or an umpire, who is at least several yards off, cannot be so well qualified to give an opinion as the player who is close. The umpire, therefore (for of course the captains never agree on a disputed question of fact), will, with the power of observing only at a distance, have constantly to pit his eyesight and judgment against that of the striker. If he is severe, disputes and ill-feeling will often arise; if he is lenient, the rule as it at present stands comes, as we before said, to taking "two off" in the strict acceptation of the words, that is, without making any perceptible split.

There is another objection to insisting on a motion that is only just visible, and that is, that it leaves to the judgment of the umpire, or players if there is no umpire, that which might be settled with equal fairness without such appeal. *Slight* movement being the test of the fairness of the stroke, the most delicate appreciation of a motion only lasting a second will be required in every croquet captain or umpire. The adverse captain will have to judge in a moment of excitement whether or not a ball moved "however slightly," and the umpire will have to give the casting vote. This is a strain to which we should not like to subject ourselves; but were we ever so unfortunate as to accept the post of umpire in a croquet match, we should always decide that the ball *did* move to our "satisfaction."

In domestic croquet, where there is no umpire and only an apology for a captain, should a dispute arise as to the fact of moving, it should be remembered that it is only A's assertion *versus* B's, and that the player should have the benefit of the doubt, in accordance with general principle No. 8.

To return to the definitions.

A *point* is made on (*a*) running a hoop, or (*b*) hitting a stick, or (*c*) running a cage, each, of course, "in order."

We have already stated what constitutes "running" a hoop. A stick is hit when the striker's ball is seen to move it, or when the sound of the ball against it is heard. It has been suggested that a bail should be placed on the top of the stick, and that the stick shall not be deemed to be hit unless the bail falls. But in practice it seldom happens that there is any question as to the hit, and a bail would be a complication. It is a question,

the other hand, it is argued that it is a presumable disadvantage to the player to slip his ball, as he has the option of loose croquet, and the fact of his electing to take tight croquet shows that he considers it his best game to remain where he is. There is much to be said on both sides; but as the Committee have decided to retain the penalty, we hope, for the sake of uniformity, that their view will be indorsed by the public.

There is a point connected with this penalty that should, we think, be legislated for in a note. It is this. Suppose a rover, in taking tight croquet, slips his ball against the winning stick, is he "dead"? We should decide that he is, on the ground that he cannot claim exemption from a penalty which accrued in consequence of an illegal act. If he rolls against the winning stick by his own irregular act, we think he should suffer for it.

If a ball while rolling is touched or stopped by the player or his side, the player ceases to play for that turn. If by the other side, the striker may at his option take his stroke again, or, if entitled to another stroke, may proceed with the balls left where they stopped.

If the striker croquets a ball which he is not entitled to croquet, he loses the remainder of his turn, and the ball or balls moved are to be replaced. If the error is not discovered before the player has made his next stroke, the croquet is valid, and the player continues his turn as though no error had been committed. Similarly, if the striker, while in the act of striking, hits a ball other than his own, he loses the remainder of his turn, and the ball improperly hit is to be replaced to the satisfaction of the adverse captain.

With all deference to the Committee, we are inclined to think this is a double penalty, and that it would be sufficient to give the adversary the option of replacing the balls, and of allowing the striker to play the stroke again, or of compelling him to lose the remainder of his turn, the balls being left as moved.

If a player makes a second hit (as, e. g. seeing that the first is not hard enough) he loses his turn, and the balls are to be replaced.

Playing out of turn with the right or wrong ball loses all benefit from any point or points made in the turn played in error, and the balls hit are to be left where they are, or are to be replaced where they were at the commencement of the turn, at the option of the adverse captain, and the person who ought to have played takes the turn, as he would have done had no error been made. If the mistake is not discovered till after the next striker, either in or out of turn, has played his first stroke, all strokes made in error must be allowed to stand and to count, and the rotation proceeds from the striker who is playing. In this case, if the previous striker had used the wrong ball, his ball and the one he played with are to be transposed, and the points made by the previous striker count to his ball.

If a player in his proper turn plays with the wrong ball, he loses his turn and all benefit from the stroke, and the ball or balls moved are to be replaced; but if he has made a second stroke before the error is discovered, his strokes are valid, and he continues to play with the wrong ball for the remainder of that turn. At its conclusion the striker's proper ball and the one he played with are to be transposed, and in their next turns the players play in rotation with their right balls.

If a ball is moved in taking aim it should in strictness (e. g. in a match) count as a stroke; but in ordinary play it is sufficient to let the ball be replaced to the satisfaction of the adverse captain.

So much, then, for the laws of croquet. We think the Committee deserve the hearty thanks of all croquet lovers; and though on some minor points we do not altogether coincide with them, nothing would give us greater pleasure than to see their rules universally recognized.

GETTING AWAY FROM LEIPZIG.

"The Prussians are coming! the Prussians are coming!" Such was the cry that for some time past reverberated in the ears of us English in Leipzig. *Nous autres*, as the French have it. There was a lull during the holding of the conference; that is, during the period when the conference ought to have been held; but for weeks before it, and for the short interval of peace succeeding it, the anticipatory cry never ceased. Then came the false alarms, numbers of them, that the Prussians had arrived, throwing the hitherto flourishing town into consternation, and its inhabitants into a fever of apprehension. One morning a rumor arose, and spread everywhere as with a lightning flash, — the wicked Prussians had *come*; a whole battalion of them; they had taken forcible possession of the Magdeburg Bahnhof — or railway station — demanding the keys of Leipzig. Some of the enraged natives had offered resistance in their humiliation, and the result was a pitched battle, going on then, number of killed and wounded on either side uncertain. Workmen forsook their shops, clerks their counting-house stools, — which stools are made on the principle of our music-stools, and go up and down at will, — inhabitants generally their houses, and rushed up to the station, to find the rumor a Saxon canard, and to be greeted with an amazed stare from the unconscious railway officials, who wondered what the commotion could mean, — a commotion that was welcomed for a change, for a suspension of railway traffic somewhere else was rendering these officials gentlemen for the moment: trains were stopped, nothing was arriving, animal, vegetable, or mineral: and they took their ease on the platform all day, pipe in mouth, with nothing to do but to speculate on what would be the next move.

The following morning Leipzig was greeted with another alarm. *Thousands* of the enemy had arrived, had stolen a march on the unsuspicious town while she slept, and taken crafty possession. Out we rushed, slenderly clad, and found a practical exemplification of the boy's story, "Our cat and another." Five Prussians had come into the town in the night, had reconnoitred a little, and as quietly left it again. All these false rumors, and there were many, weakened the effect of the true one. It was the old fable of the shepherd-boy and the wolf. When the Prussians were really on the town, no one believed it until the sound of their music (drums and shrill whistles) and the tramp of their march fell on the supine ear. Then did our brave hearts beat faster: and the "Frauen," making a merit of necessity, sallied forth with inward groaning and lamentation to buy blankets for the soldiers that would be quartered on them. "The poor Prussians!" cried they, alive to the expediency of meeting the enemy with a welcome, at the same time giving the blankets sundry revengeful pokes; "it is our duty to make them comfortable if we can." One dealer of blankets took leave of all his stock, to the extent of two

thousand thalers, and in the plenitude of his good fortune nearly took leave of his senses with them. And so the Prussians came in to the tune of their music, and reigned in Leipzig. I wish some of you had been there only to hear this music; you 'd never have forgotten it. It was quite horrible to Leipzig, with its taste for sweet sounds and correct harmony. The whistles are terribly shrill, the drums harsh; those bagpipes, of which our Scotch neighbors are so proud, are melody in comparison. "Schrecklich!" cried the indignant frauen, their cheeks and ears alike flushing crimson; "Schrecklich!" and closed their windows with a bang. "If the Prussians must take possession of us," cried one to me, "they might at least not outrage our ears with *that*." Music and Prussians, we had to put up with all; and the town keys were delivered out of his faithful and long keeping by the respected Bürgermeister.

And there we were, under Prussian rule. I must say they treated us well, with kindness and courtesy, as they had been ordered to do. Better than we treated them — if staring may be counted amidst maltreatment. They took possession of the different government offices, posting sentinels; the one on guard before the general post-office being particularly conspicuous. From daylight till dawn this sentinel was the attraction of a gaping crowd. About a hundred and fifty natives were assembled continually around him, at a safe distance at first, gazing at him as if he had been a wild animal from some foreign country, great in zoölogy. The unhappy sentinel did his best to comport himself naturally and unconsciously under the gaze of the audience, but did not succeed; scowling fiercely and grinning amiably by turns, and occasionally making faces, fixing his eyes and dropping his jaw. It was of no use: the gazers only stared the more at the Prussian man and the Prussian uniform; and when they had taken their fill, were replaced by other gazers; and so the day went on. Some bolder than the rest would creep up and walk round him, and touch his coat, and venture a timid finger on his musket; all with the utmost caution, and preparing for a spring, should such retreat be necessary, just as a boy touches a tiger through the bars of his cage. Once the sentinel took advantage of their temerity and timidity: he shot out the point of his bayonet suddenly upon them, and the terrified crowd turned tail and flew off with a yell, rushing pell-mell into the scaffolding of the new Stadt-theatre. A while given to the gathering of assurance, and they filed off one by one, rather humbly, taking any direction except that of the general post-office. This successful thrust was not tried a second time (we thought the sentinel might have received an admonition on the point), and the crowd of spectators gradually gathered again, and resumed their inspection in triumph. The clothes were the attraction, no doubt, not the man; for many of the Prussian soldiers had but recently been peaceable citizens of this same town of Leipzig.

Ah! one's heart bled for them! Summoned away from their occupations, some from a wife and children, at a moment's notice, will ye, nill ye! a cruel blow. To see a wife clinging to a husband who, in the chances of war, she might never see again; to see some of the men stealing away without even wishing their friends, wives, sweethearts good by, lest courage and manly fortitude broke down, was almost enough to make one cry out, "Let those who cause these poor, unoffending men to take to the sword, perish by the sword!" One day, going to the *Sophien-Bad* for my usual douche, I missed a well-known face. It was that of one of the attendants; a fair young man, with quiet manners, pale face, and mild blue eyes, who had won upon people by his civil and obliging ways. His fellow-assistant came up to me with a sad face.

"I am alone," was his greeting.

"Alone!" I returned; "where is Johann?"

"Gone," was the brief answer.

"Gone! gone where?"

"Gone to be a soldier, mein Herr. He was a Prussian, and they have taken him."

It was sufficient explanation, but I was very sorry.

"Did he go willingly?" I asked.

"Nay," replied the man, shaking his head, "that he did not. He had been here a long time, and should he ever return to Leipzig, his occupation will be lost to him."

"What will he do then, in that case?"

"What he can; here his place will be filled up to-morrow; if the new one gives satisfaction he will remain." It was but one case out of many. Johann was, I am convinced, anything but fitted for long marches under a burning sun. If neither killed nor wounded in battle, the chances are that he will come back to his old resting-place out of health, requiring months perhaps to re-establish it. Who is to keep him?

After this, the town became very unsettled; worse than it had been, which need not be; more warlike in its appearance, with fresh detachments of Prussians marching in or out of it. Of an evening the Promenade was filled with blue-coats, sauntering leisurely, smoking pipes, singing songs, making love to the smiling handmaidens of the place. The scene would be lively; the inhabitants, obliged to sally forth for air in the cool of the evening, for the weather was intensely hot, filled up the spaces and benches left vacant by the soldiers, showing stiffened backs and noses elevated, and glancing askance at these intruders: who, however peaceful, could not be otherwise than eyesores to the faithful Saxons. "Ein glass kohlensaures Wasser," would cry a parched civilian! but half a dozen Prussians, stepping up, would take possession of Mamzelle and the Trink-Halle; and the indignant civilian would stride off to the *Bettel-Brunnen*, to quench his thirst, and his rage, with a draught of cold water fresh from the bowels of the earth. How much better they manage these things in Germany than in England! At Leipzig, in various parts of the town, stands a small, neatly-constructed edifice, half booth, half shop, where, for the sum of a half-groschen (ten groschens go to a shilling), you may have a glass of almost any refreshing drink you please, spirituous liquors excepted. This small erection is termed a Trink-Halle, and it is indeed not only a boon to the town, but a source of great profit to the owner, or company, as the case may be.

But excitement partially calmed down, and we got accustomed to the Prussians; had to do it, for they continued to come in; the result, more quarterings. On Saturday night, the 23d of June, I was returning from the Rosenthal, with a couple of German friends, about eleven o'clock, when, before quitting the quiet pleasant wood for the town, the stillness of the night was broken upon by what I thought to be the sound of a train, what my friends took to be the sound of drums. We were both right: the noise of the puffing engine ceased, giving place to that martial whistling, shrill and delectable, and to the

increased sound of the drums. "More Prussians!" we simultaneously exclaimed, and started off with quickened steps towards the Berliner Bahnhof, from which station the sound seemed to come. There they were! a large body of them; and my companions received many a nod of recognition from acquaintances, who but a short time before had possessed their homes, their daily occupation, their world, in Leipzig. It was a fine sight, interesting and imposing; and, in spite of the abominable music, we felt inclined to shoulder a musket also, join their ranks, and go to seek death and glory upon the battle-field. The soldiers disappeared; their measured tramp died away in the distance; and with it died our martial ardor, leaving not a wreck behind, like Shakespeare's baseless fabric of a vision.

But unhappily the war will leave many a wreck behind it. Will? ay, has left such already. Masters and men will alike fall. Said a publisher to me, a gentleman well known in England and in Germany for a man of honor and integrity: "We have orders, but we cannot execute them; we send them forth, but they lie waiting at the stations." Said another: "Let us pray that it may please Almighty God to turn from us the evils that are drawing nigh. We are now eating the fruits and profits of fifty years' industry, and it is very hard." Hard, indeed! My heart bleeds for them all. Some will weather the storm: they have riches enough and to spare; but many as worthy and deserving as those above will fall, perhaps to rise no more, because they have not a capital to draw upon. A large number of workmen have, for some time, been out of employment; at every moment would come a ring at the door, — a workman begging for bread. The [illegible] feared almost daily that a riot would break out, placing the town in jeopardy.

"When [illegible] the war [illegible] come here?" cried [illegible] [illegible]

personal extravagance, but to social economy as well as social improvement: a learned man, knowing, they say, fourteen languages fluently; an accomplished gentleman; and, what is better than all, — for himself and for the nation, — a king who fears and serves God.

Of course we English had thoughts for ourselves. "Are we safe?" cried we, one to the other. Some said Yes, some said No; while our friends the Germans declined as a rule to express an opinion either way. Tears, amidst the gentler sex, grew rife: mysterious rumors arose, like a gust of wind. The Austrians were marching upon Leipzig, and on the Prussians. Battles would be fought; trains would be stopped; communications cut off on all sides; the town would be burnt, the people spiked. Back went memory to the Indian mutiny, and the blood with it, to many a heart. The British consulate was besieged; but what could the consul do for them? One lady went round the town on the run, settled her bills, packed her trunks, and took leave of her friends, and then — did not go after all. Either her courage to go failed her, or her courage to remain came back to her. "Let us *try* and get to England," implored some. "Let us go off at once to Switzerland," said others; and many started with a speed that seemed to intimate a fear of the enemy being at their heels. On Sunday, after service, — which was held in a concert-room at the *Gewand-Haus*, on the third floor, — a knot of English congregated outside the doors to hold a consultation upon the state of the nation; and, as usual, some thought one thing and some another. "What think you?" asked one fair lady of me. "Much for sorrow, little for fear. It is not likely that danger will come to Leipzig." "Not so sure," was the retort, delivered with a keen nod at the future: "next week I go to Switzerland."

This day brings to my mind a slight circumstance [illegible]

W[illegible]

temerity not to return!' Now you see what a life of suspense we are leading. It 's all very well for mamma to say she trusts to your judgment to do the best; but if you can come away you ought."

Missives such as this, some from authority direct, arrived for me as they did for others. Letters were taking three days home, and three days back again, — six, — so there was plenty of time for the mandates to be repeated, and for the home fears. One came at last, short and peremptory. "Come home, and don't talk nonsense about a walking tour, or our joining you in Switzerland. Come off at once, if you can get away; never mind Harmony, or luggage, or anything else; but come."

I was already "coming." The heat had grown more intense; to me unbearable. I can stand healthy heat with anybody, but there is a relaxing influence in the air of Leipzig, especially enervating. Many Englishmen have been unable to live in it; some, tied to the town through business, are always ill. The Germans, in kind reassurance, told me it was a particularly healthy place, and that I should get used to it in time. Very likely, as the eels do to skinning. Some nights I did not attempt to go to bed, but lay on the sofa in my clothes. If I felt *that* heat, said the Germans, what should I do when July and August came in? which was more than I could say. They have gauze windows in summer, as a protection against the numerous insects indigenous to the place (but they are no protection against the fleas), wasps and else. Clouds of dust arise in all parts of the town, and the natives call them sand-storms.

The getting away was the next thing, and with sorrow I found my stay really drawing to a close. In spite of the mass of rumors, some fearful, most of them undefined, this excitement was very interesting. Each day brought with it something fresh, and no one could tell how novel or how important might be the next day's events. Came the question, which was the best route to take for England? Some insisted on one, some on another; the most contradictory opinions were stated. In the dilemma, I determined to go to the head-quarters of the enemy, and ask the opinion of the Prussian Stadt commander. Seating myself in a *droschke*, I desired the sleepy man to drive thither; and on my arrival and request to see the general, was immediately ushered into the presence of the officer in command. I explained in my best German that I had called upon him to request his signature to my passport, and to ask his advice as to my best route. In reply to my former request, I was assured the signature in my case (an Englishman) was not necessary; but with great courtesy it was given; the officer adding a few lines in writing, desiring that I should be allowed to proceed on my journey unmolested. As to the route, that via Hamburg was considered the safest, and the one most likely to be free from interruption.

Then came the farewells to the kind friends I had in Leipzig, — some of them only recently made. They all wished me God speed, but not a few prophesied that I should never reach England; that if I got to Magdeburg, there I should be stopped, and either be shot or eaten by the Prussian cannibals. Away I came, at six in the evening, luggage and all, and reached Hamburg without the slightest molestation, except a few hours' stoppage at Wittenberg, — *not* caused by the enemy, but by the exigencies of the rails. And at Hamburg I went on board the steamer for England.

May the fine old town of Leipzig be speedily delivered from fears! May its worthy inhabitants flourish still, and the same good feeling continue between them and their forced visitors, so long as the latter remain! And may those of my fellow-countrymen who leave it, and those who stay in it, be kept in safety, remembering the great truth, — "*Sola Deus Salus.*"

GARIBALDI CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from *Le Soleil.*]

IN 1862 I was at Naples. While there I received in the Chiatamone Palace a visit from the Duke of Sutherland. He was at Naples with the Duchess and a large suite. He called on me to ask for a letter of introduction to Garibaldi, who had retired to Caprera after the campaign of Sicily and Calabria. At this period of time, the battle of Aspromonte had not been fought. I was consequently on the best terms with Garibaldi, for our coolness dates from the prediction of the issue of that deplorable campaign, which I made in *L'Independente.*

The Duke of Sutherland bore too illustrious a name for me to dream of taking the liberty of giving him a letter of introduction. He, however, insisted upon it, as much perhaps to have one of my autographs as a letter of introduction to Garibaldi. He invited me to call on him at the Victoria Hotel, where he lodged, as he wished, so he said, to present me to the Duchess. I gave him the desired letter of introduction. It consisted of two words and my signature: —

"Amicus amico.

"ALEXANDRE DUMAS."

I paid him a visit, and had the honor to be presented to the Duchess of Sutherland. The Duke travelled in a charming steam-yacht, which paled with its luxury and hid in its smoke my poor yacht Emma, which was lost some time afterwards.

The Duke of Sutherland's visit to Chiatamone Palace, and my visit to Victoria Hotel, made people believe there was an intimacy between his Grace and me which did not exist, and led to a demand which was indiscreet, for it was refused.

Padre Giovanni called on me. Everybody knows Padre Giovanni. He was and still is Garibaldi's chaplain. He filled near Garibaldi the functions which Ugo Bassi discharged during the campaign of Rome. I hope the former's end will not prove so unfortunate as the latter's. Padre Giovanni — who has been judged in a great many different ways in France, and about whom I can speak better than anybody — had rendered great services to Garibaldi, and consequently to the Italian cause during the campaign of Sicily and Calabria.

This is the way Padre Giovanni and Garibaldi scraped acquaintance. The day after the disembarkation at Marsala, and the first day of the march on Palermo, while Garibaldi was letting his horse drink at a fountain hard by the village of Salerni, a monk of the Order of Reformed Franciscans with an intelligent face, bright eyes, and short, curly hair, elbowed his way through the soldiers until he got near Garibaldi. Then he fell on his knees and exclaimed, "O God! I thank Thee for in that Thou hast allowed me to live in these days! From henceforth I swear to lay down my life, if it be necessary, for Garibaldi and for Sicily."

Colonel Turr was there. He instantly saw the advantage they could obtain from the presence of a young, eloquent, and patriotic priest in the midst of so superstitious a race as the people of Sicily; and he said to the priest, "Will you join us?"

The monk replied, "It is my sole desire. But I do not want to join you alone. Give me four-and-twenty hours, and I will reinforce you with one hundred and fifty men."

In four-and-twenty hours the monk brought two hundred men to Garibaldi: Padre Giovanni never quitted Garibaldi after this day, except to go with me to negotiate the surrender of Naples. He did not quit me except to return to Garibaldi to tell him all was over.

Padre Giovanni was in Naples on a mission when the Duke of Sutherland visited the city. As he belonged to a mendicant order, he had not a cent to pay his passage to Caprera. Hearing the Duke of Sutherland was on the eve of sailing, and that his yacht would touch at Caprera, Padre Giovanni came to me to beg I would ask the Duke to give him a passage on board the yacht among the Duke's suite. I was sure the Duke of Sutherland would be delighted to do this slight favor to Garibaldi's chaplain, and I gave Padre Giovanni a letter of introduction to his Grace.

The Duke sent me word he would gladly give Padre Giovanni money enough to enable the latter to go to Caprera, but he could not take him on board his yacht. As his Grace requested an answer, I replied that, if the only question was who should give a little money to Padre Giovanni, I insisted upon the privilege of being his creditor. So the next day I gave Padre Giovanni the money he required to reach Caprera.

The Duke of Sutherland sailed in his beautiful yacht, touched at Caprera, was entertained by Garibaldi as hospitably as Garibaldi could entertain anybody, and when he quitted the hero of Calatafimi and Melazzo he made the latter promise to accept his hospitality whenever he visited London. Some months afterwards Garibaldi did go to London. Everybody remembers the reception he met there, and that, according to promise, he stayed with the Duke of Sutherland. The Duke had received from Garibaldi the hospitality of Cincinnatus. — Garibaldi received from the Duke the hospitality of Attalus.

One day after dinner, while the gentlemen sat at table to smoke and drink coffee and liqueurs, Garibaldi — who never smokes except at bivouac, never drinks anything but water, and never touches coffee or liqueurs — felt the Duchess of Sutherland slip her arm in his and lead him to the state drawing-room where the ladies were assembled. There a splendid constellation of the young feminine aristocracy of England grouped themselves in a circle around him, and they began — despite Garibaldi's aversion to talking about himself — to make him relate his romantic exploits in America: his shipwreck on St. Catharine's coast in Brazil, his fight at Salto San Antonio, and his battles of Palestine and Velletri.

And at once, the Duchess of Argyll said to him, "General, everybody is asking you to relate the admirable incidents and the noble deeds of your life to applaud them. I, on the contrary, wish to blame you. Come now, tell me what is the action of your adventurous life which has left most regret in your bosom, what is the deed which gives you most self-reproach?"

The General seemed to have expected the question, for he did not hesitate a moment, but replied at once: "May it please your Grace, it is an act of injustice of which I was once guilty."

"You guilty of an act of injustice!"

"Yes indeed, I myself."

"And pray to whom?"

"To a dog."

A peal of laughter greeted this confession, and the noble company pressed still nearer around him and begged him to tell them all about it. Whereupon Garibaldi (the most picturesque of narrators), mixing with his story a description of the diversified landscapes of Sicily and the Calabrias, told them the following story.

"You know, my ladies, when I set out on my Neapolitan campaign, I had around me representatives of all the nations in the world. England was represented by Pearce, Dunn, and Seyton Burgh; Hungary by Turr, Dunioff, and Turkery; France by Alexandre Dumas, Paul de Holte, and Maxime Ducamp. The hero of my story is Seyton Burgh, or rather his dog. This dog served me as a spy, as a postboy, as a reconnoitrer, as an *aide-de-camp*, as a purveyor, and he saved my life. His name was Mustang, which is, as you know, the name given to the wild horses on the Pampas of South America. He was a bloodhound. He was a dog of ordinary size, but vigorous and well built. His hair was a light fawn-color, except his head, which was black. Bloodhounds, like bulldogs, never relinquish their hold when once they have seized anything with their teeth. You may kill them; even after death their teeth keep as stout hold as in life.

"The whole race is said to be intelligent, but Mustang was certainly the most intelligent dog of the race. No sooner did his master give him an order in English, with some particular instructions, if the order was a complicated one, than Mustang went off; and the order was executed with a rapidity, courage, and intelligence which would have reflected honor on a great many of those bipeds called men. His master was a young man of nineteen or twenty years old, a native of Exeter, very tall, very slender, rather consumptive-looking, and devoted to his dog, with whom he had contrived to establish a complete understanding, which enabled him to explain all his thoughts and wishes to his faithful four-footed companion.

"The first time I had an opportunity of appreciating Mustang's talents (I confess I had not paid much attention to him previously), was about half an hour before the battle of Calatafimi. The Neapolitans had marched out against us as far as Calatafimi, which they occupied. When we reached the summit of a mountain we perceived Calatafimi, and in front of the town three hills occupied by the Royalists. They were busily engaged preparing their breakfasts. As I was opposed to leading hungry soldiers to fight well-fed men, I gave my followers thirty minutes to enable them to match their adversaries. Ranks were broken at once, and every man drew from his bag the provisions it contained. My breakfast, as usual, consisted of a piece of bread and a glass of water: and I had put myself in th most comfortable position to enjoy my meal. Th first mouthful had scarcely passed my lips [illegible] Seyton Burgh came up and offered me his wel[illegible] nished bag. I declined.

"He said, 'I dare say, General, you w[illegible] fer eating one of those chickens which [illegible] tans are roasting on their r[illegible]

"I replied, 'Indeed I should, merely for the pleasure of bearding them with one of their own chickens. Had I one of them I should abandon my frugal habits.'

"'Well, then, nothing is easier, General. Here, Mustang! Here! Poor fellow! Poor fellow!'

"Mustang came running up wagging his tail. Seyton Burgh took the dog by the ears, turned his head towards the Neapolitans' roasting chickens, gravely talked to him in English, made him, as it were, smell the odor of the chickens roasting on ramrods, and ended all by exclaiming vigorously, 'Go now!'

"At this command Mustang darted off like a greyhound, and crossed the valley; when he came to a small stream he stopped to drink, in order to throw off their guard (so Seyton Burgh told me) those who saw him leave our camp, and who might consequently have distrusted his intentions. He followed the course of the stream for a hundred paces, and then began to ascend the opposite hill. He moved cautiously, made circuits and approached gradually, but still approached, the enemy's bivouac.

"I exclaimed, 'I declare, your dog takes his own time about it!'

"Seyton Burgh gravely replied, 'He does so to give the chickens time to cook. The minute he sees one done brown he will run off with it.'

"All at once we saw him make his appearance near a bush, and some twenty steps from a group of officers. He acted like a well-bred, respectful dog, by sitting at a distance, licking his chaps, and inhaling the odor of the roasting chickens. Touched by the well-bred bearing of this parasite the Neapolitan officers called him. Mustang advanced with feigned timidity, allowed one to caress and another to kick him, watched, spied, and kept getting nearer and nearer the ramrod which served as turnspit. When he saw a soldier remove from the fire a ramrod in whose middle was a nice young turkey cooked perfect and of a beautiful brown, — suddenly, and when the officers expected it the least, Mustang jumped at the ramrod, seized it by one end, and darted off like an arrow towards his master, who had gone to meet him almost within musket-shot of the Neapolitans.

"The moment they recovered from their surprise the officers discharged their revolvers at the bounding dog. One ball went through the fleshy portion of his thigh, but did not slacken his speed, and five minutes afterwards I was carving the Neapolitan turkey, and helping Turr to a wing and Bixio to a drumstick. Seyton Burgh had taken out his campaigning medicine-chest, and after satisfying himself Mustang had no bones broken, he bathed the wound with brandy and water, and said to me, 'General, when you have picked the bones clean, please give them to your purveyor.'

"Mustang had the bones, and although our surgeon pretended that in wounds by fire-arms it was absolutely necessary the patient should be strictly dieted, Mustang rapidly got well. He entered Palermo in triumph with us, and, saving the scar which remained visible as a glorious token of his courage, Mustang was completely cured."

"Hurrah for Mustang!" exclaimed the Duke of Sutherland, who had returned to the drawing-room and had heard the last part of the first story.

"Go on, General! Go on! You have not told us all," cried the ladies with one voice.

"Willingly, my ladies," replied Garibaldi, "although the remainder of the story is not to my honor. At Reggio it became very desirable to send a message to the Neapolitan commander. He had brutally declared he was resolved to blow up the fortress and everybody in it, sooner than surrender; and he added, he would hang every bearer of a flag of truce sent to him, as such banditti and rebels as we were had no right to invoke the law of nations. If we believed his own menaces, to send him a man was to sentence this man to certain death. I was extremely embarrassed, when Seyton Burgh came up and said: 'General, if you will give me your proposals in writing and signed by you, I will undertake to transmit them to Don Bernardo Marini.' This was the name of the terrible governor.

"I wrote: 'The lives of all spared. All officers promoted one step. Ten ducats for each soldier. Provided the fortress be surrendered without combat. If I take it by assault, every officer and man shall be put to death.' I signed it.

"Seyton Burgh took it, slipped it in a tobacco-pouch which he fastened around Mustang's neck, and put in Mustang's mouth one end of a white handkerchief leaving the other ends floating in the air. At the same time I ordered a white flag to be hoisted at the vanguard, and made a trumpeter sound the flag of truce flourish.

"The Neapolitan sentinel, seeing a dog coming towards him with a tobacco-pouch around his neck and a handkerchief in his mouth, determined to make himself master of pouch and handkerchief by ripping open the dog with his bayonet. But Mustang perceiving — unfortunately a little late — the hostile intentions of the sentinel, jumped aside. Nevertheless, the sentinel's bayonet hit the poor dog in the eye and destroyed it; but Mustang was not a dog to stop for one eye more or less. He did not even yell, for fear of dropping the handkerchief, but ran around the sentinel and entered the fortress.

"The commander of the fortress, informed that a white flag was displayed at my vanguard, went to a window, and seeing a dog with a white handkerchief in his mouth advancing towards the fortress, understood a portion of what had taken place. To discover the whole truth he went out himself to meet the messenger, took the tobacco-pouch, read my missive, assembled a council of war, discussed the question, sent back his reply by Mustang, and surrendered the fortress that same night.

"I heard with the greatest regret the accident which happened to my bearer of the flag of truce; but remembering Philip of Macedon lost his right eye in battle, and Hannibal lost his left eye in another battle, I consoled myself, and mentally placed Mustang on a level with the most illustrious one-eyed heroes of ancient and modern times. Moreover, when I entered Naples he was completely cured, and it was for him the famous saying, 'See Naples and die,' came near being the truth.

"Mustang followed me, or rather followed his master, to Caserta. I need not relate to you an account of the battle of Volturna, which decided the fate of the Neapolitan monarchy. It was fought from daybreak, and about one o'clock of the evening it was wellnigh lost to us. Nevertheless, I had at Santa Maria about one thousand men who had taken no part in the fight. It became extremely important to handle in the best possible manner this last resource.

"At one o'clock I went to Mont St. Angelo, accompanied by an *aide-de-camp*. I climbed half-way up the mountain, to get a general view of the whole battle-field, and see our true position. After an examination of ten minutes, I went down the hill to

regain my carriage, which I had left at the foot of the hill. The ambulance was half-way between the two places. Seyton Burgh was at the ambulance, sick and wounded; but feeling the battle coming near him, he could not resist his desire to take part in it. I saw him firing on the Neapolitans with a long-range rifle from his carriage. Mustang was lying on the front seat. I cried to him as I drove by: 'Good morning, Seyton Burgh! We have won the battle. I expect you to supper at Caserta this evening.'

"'Hurrah for Garibaldi!' he exclaimed, while Mustang, whom he had taught to bark whenever he heard my name, sprang to his feet and began to bark lustily.

"I kept on my way. As I turned around the hill a battery of Neapolitan artillery, which had secretly been posted in a clump of trees, opened fire on me. I thought for an instant I was in the midst of an eruption of Vesuvius. One of the horses of my carriage fell dead. My driver tumbled from the box, mortally wounded. The ordnance officer, who followed me on horseback, had his arm broken. In the very height of all this confusion fifteen Croat horsemen charged on us. They surrounded my carriage in the twinkling of an eye.

"As usual, I unfortunately had no offensive and defensive arms except my sabre. I used it so well that two horsemen fell. Meantime my *aide-de-camp* did his best with his revolver. He killed one man and dangerously wounded another. Still there were twelve horsemen against us three, and we should have had the greatest difficulty in getting rid of them, had there not fallen from the sky allies we were far from expecting.

"When Seyton Burgh saw us attacked by fifteen horsemen, he drove his carriage towards us as fast as he could urge the horses. Suddenly he charged those who were attacking us, and knocked down with his pole and wheels men and horses, while with his revolver he killed a Croat who was about running his sword through me. Another raised his sabre over my head, when Mustang leaped from his master's carriage on the neck of the Croat's horse, and from hence to the Croat's. The cries of the Croat strangled by Mustang brought a comrade to his assistance. This second Croat gave Mustang a stroke with his sword which cut off one of the latter's ears, and laid his backbone bare. Mustang, however, did not let go his hold until his adversary fell a dead man from his saddle. He did not lose sight of the Croat who had wounded him, all one-eyed as he was. The moment the first Croat fell he sprang on the second and strangled him. Meanwhile I felled a third Croat. My *aide-de-camp* and Seyton Burgh fired right and left with their revolvers. We breathed again. Eight or ten Croats lay in the dust: the others took to their heels. My *aide-de-camp*, I, and Mustang got into Seyton Burgh's carriage. Seyton Burgh mounted the box and drove the horses to Santa Maria as fast as they could go. I met the reserve of one thousand men: I put myself at their head. We charged the Neapolitans; we broke their centre. The battle was won. We supped at Caserta, as I had said to Seyton Burgh we should do."

"Hurrah for Mustang!" exclaimed the Duke of Sutherland.

"Well, your Grace," said Garibaldi, laughing, "I was guilty of gross injustice in not making Mustang a colonel."

"What, General!" said the Countess of Derby, "make a dog a colonel!"

"O my lady," replied Garibaldi, "I have made men generals who never so much as saw the enemy, and others, who when they did see the enemy were so scared they could scarcely keep their saddles."

"But why did you give such cowards such high places?" asked Lady Lennox.

"Because, my lady, we wanted to attract all men to our flag. Promotion attracted officers, and for one poor officer I got ten good ones by this means."

"And what became of Mustang?" inquired the Countess of Moreton.

"Alas! my lady, I cannot tell you, and therein lies my ingratitude. When I left Naples in November, Seyton Burgh was still an invalid at Castellamore. Mustang was with him, and I hope his wounds were cured. I had so many things to do I did not once think either of master or dog. But when I reached Caprera, and remembered how people were a little ungrateful to me, I remembered I too had been ungrateful to others."

"Only to a dog, General!" said the Countess of Derby.

"I believe God looks upon the crime as great as if I had been guilty of it towards a man instead of towards a dog," said Garibaldi.

BUSILY ENGAGED.

A PLOT FOR A FARCE.

"It must be done, Dick, my boy," said my uncle, mournfully, as he filled his glass, and pushed the claret to me. "Come, now, make up your mind; off with you to-morrow, and success attend you."

"My dear uncle, once more let me — "

"My dear nephew, you have done it so often that repetition is useless. I am not a harsh relative, or I should simply say, 'Dick, go and be married'; or, as my theatrical prototype — especially if wealthy — was wont to express himself, 'Don't talk to *me*, young sir. Off, puppy, and be married, or never see my face again.' No, my dear Dick, I belong to a race of civilized uncles, and I confine myself to a line of argument which ought to weigh more with you than any commands of mine. It was the desire of your good father that you should marry before you were twenty-six."

"But I am *not* twenty-six, and — "

"You will be in a month," returned my uncle, with wonderful recollection. "Why, there's not a day to lose."

"Well: but, my dear sir — " I began, with some consternation.

"I'll cut this matter short," said my uncle. "You remember what the great Duke said to that other strong-handed veteran, — when India was in sore need, — '*You* or *I*.'"

"Perfectly. By the by, now, what do you think, sir, would have been the result, supposing Napier — "

"We will pursue that branch of the subject on a future occasion," said Sir Richard, dryly. "In the mean time, go where love, if not glory, waits you, together with, I should imagine, about eight thousand pounds."

"It appears, then, that my wife is already found."

"Found, yes. Selected, no," said my uncle.

"There is more than one candidate for my affections?"

"There are — let me see," said my uncle, calculating — "nine."

"Nine?"

"My old friend and college-chum, Bob Crowdie," said Sir Richard Purkiss, "has nine daughters. One — a sweet, charming girl — is unhappily deformed. Out of the remainder, Crowdie is anxious — and so am I — that you should select the partner of your life, and, my dear boy, since I have never known you express anything but an indifference, almost amounting to contempt, for the entire sex, I trust you will the more readily fall into our views."

"I know so little of these good people — "

"Don't call them 'good people,' sir, as if they were fishwives," said my uncle, a little warmly. "If you don't know them better, the fault s your own. They like *you*, Dick. Come, I may say that — and — and — I fear I am telling tales; but I am by no means sure that you have not (unintentionally of course) somewhat compromised the peace of mind of Miss — of *one* of them, already."

"I am glad it 's only one," I said, laughing. "But are you serious? If so, you should at least tell me frankly to which of these young ladies you refer."

"There, you must excuse me. That I cannot do," said my uncle, mysteriously. "No. Were I to indicate Miss Crowdie, I might be doing an injustice to Miss Sophia, or, by pointing, however indirectly, to Miss Lucy, I might divert your ideas from my pretty Mattie, whose claim, without prejudice to Ethel, might only be exceeded by my little Laura Jane. In short — "

"Enough. Let the doubt remain. It gives a mysterious charm to the expedition. But there is still a difficulty."

"*I* see none," said my uncle, impatiently.

"Supposing, among so many, I should find it impossible to make my selection?"

"O, is *that* all?" said Sir Richard, much relieved. "I think that obstacle might be easily overcome. Let Crowdie choose. He is the best judge of his own children. Yes; I am clear you could not do better than refer it entirely to him. And I think I can promise you, Dick," added my uncle, cheerfully, "that he has already made up his mind."

"I am sure he is very kind," said I. "But, uncle, *to-morrow?*"

"As I have already observed," returned Sir Richard, "*you* or *I*. My brother's earnest desire was that there should be a direct heir in our family, and he named twenty-six as the latest age to which he could wish your marriage deferred. You have neglected to make your choice, and hang me if I think you ever will. Now, mark me, if you don't, I *shall*. I am told men do marry at sixty, — generally some chit of eighteen, — and I know a pretty little thing of the sort (she 's at school, not a hundred miles hence), whom, as your aunt, you could not fail to revere. As for my testamentary intentions, Dick, I have never made a mystery of them. You are my heir. But, if I marry, my wife and my children will take away the bulk of the fortune I would fain have had descend upon you. Come, Dick, set me free from this responsibility. Go and visit these good friends to-morrow, and let your first letter announce to me that you are engaged."

The kind old man extended his hand. I pressed it in acquiescence, and the next day departed for the residence of Mr. Crowdie.

Not being quite certain whether my uncle had prepared the family for my visit, I thought it expedient to give it the appearance of a morning call, and, accordingly, leaving my luggage at the village inn, I strolled up to the mansion. The whole family were in the garden, and thither I proceeded.

The party assembled on the lawn was of appalling dimensions. About eighteen young ladies and one young man were engaged at croquet; while Mr. and Mrs. Crowdie, with Alice the deformed reclining on a chair couch, looked on. Six of the players eliminated themselves from the company, and came to greet me.

"Now comes the question," thought I, "of which of these fair-cheeked maidens have my dangerous attractions and assiduous attentions proved the bane?"

Miss Mattie, with the brown, frank eyes, was quicker than the rest, and gave me her hand.

"It is n't *you*," I thought, and dismissed her gently back to her game.

Miss Crowdie followed, laughing gayly. She had a wide but handsome mouth, and pearl-white teeth.

"Nor *you*," I thought.

"Just in time, Mr. Purkiss," cried Miss Laura Jane, shyly offering me a mallet.

"Doubtful — ha!" was my reflection.

Miss Sophy gave me neither hand nor word, but just lifted eyes of the color of a forget-me-not, and dropped them again, while a slight but rich blush passed over her smooth cheek.

"*Aha!*" I whispered to myself.

Mr. and Mrs. Crowdie now joined the group. The lady was quiet and reserved, and wore a sort of astonished look, which was said to have been not always habitual with her, but had increased with the advent of each successive daughter, until the birth of Laura Jane placed her in a condition of permanent amazement, to which no language was apparently adequate; for she never spoke, except in answer, or in faint disclaimer of the replies and observations perpetually attributed to her by her facetious husband. The latter was a bluff, plain-spoken man, *so* plain, indeed, that to mistake him for vulgar would have been a pardonable error, had he not prided himself upon that very bluffness, esteeming it an essential characteristic of the good old country squire.

"Ha, ha, ha!" was his greeting, with a poke in the ribs, which I cleverly dodged. "Here you find us at our daily sports, and precious finikin stuff it is. No bowls, or leap-frog, or single-stick now. Croquet, sir, croquet is the game. It 's imbecile in principle, and absurd in practice. It tends, I am told, to softening of the brain, but, by a wise provision of nature, those most devoted to the game appear to be endowed with a less proportion of the organ."

"What I see before me somewhat contradicts your theory, sir," I said.

"O, my daughters are no fools. I don't mean that. They play because they have good ankles. Mrs. Crowdie often tells me she never saw a string of wenches with cleaner pasterns."

"O Philip!" said Mrs. Crowdie, "how *can* you?"

"And how is my good old friend, hey?" continued Mr. Crowdie, putting his hands behind him, and looking as burly as he possibly could. "Not married yet? Faith, I expect to hear it every day. As Mrs. Crowdie observed to me, he 's just the jolly old boy to do it!"

"O Philip, really — " protested Mrs. Crowdie.

"Come, Dick the younger, if I may call you so, for hang me if your uncle does n't look as young as you, go and take a club or mallet, or whatever they

call it, with those impatient hussies, and, when you want to be refreshed with rational conversation, come back, as my wife always says, to *us*."

"O Philip!"

"Stop one moment. Here's a girl of mine you have hardly ever seen. Mr. Purkiss, my darling," he added, tenderly leaning over her.

Alice raised herself a little, and smiled. Such a smile, soft, bright, saint-like, — as if rather yielding than seeking pity. I bowed, mechanically, lower than my wont, and, next minute, found myself absorbed in the imbecilities of croquet.

The game, as it chanced, came to a premature end, — if, to such a sport, such an end be possible, — those ladies not belonging to the house having to seek their respective homes. The rest dispersing in different directions, it so happened that I was left alone with the pretty Sophy. I was really astonished at this girl's beauty. Why had I never noticed it before? Her sweet yet timid manner perfectly captivated me. I was angry when the dressing-bell announced that we must part.

To my great surprise, I found a room prepared for me, and my portmanteau — surreptitiously sent for from the inn — unpacked. This was a good sign. I hurried my dressing, thinking all the time of Sophy's eyes. A change was coming over me. I had always abhorred the thought of marriage.

"Sir Hugh," said my host to the dull young man, who had been playing croquet all day, and looked as if he had done nothing else all his life, "take Miss Crowdie. Richard, bring Sophy. My wife and I always trudge in together, like Punch and Judy."

(There was a tradition in the family that by this, his favorite expression, Mr. Crowdie meant Darby and Joan.)

I saw more of Sophy's long lashes that day than of my own plate. To my great surprise, I was actually falling in love with the girl, and that at express speed. Dinner passed away like a dream, and the chair beside me was vacant. The cheery voice of my host aroused me.

"Come up here, my dear fellow. Hugh — Sir Hugh Sugrenove — had to leave us, as they have a party at home."

I saw we were alone.

"Hark ye, my dear Purkiss," continued my host, "I'm going to speak to you like a kind old fellow as I am. Fathers have shrewish eyes. I observed your manner to-day, and I think I can make a shrewd guess what has given us the pleasure of your company. You know my plain way, and will pardon me if I anticipate what should certainly have been allowed to come from you. You are interested in my little Susan."

"My dear sir," I answered, promptly, "I am greatly indebted to you for your correct estimate of my feelings. I am, indeed, — as shows your own expression, — interested in Miss Sophia, and, with permission of those to whom she is so deservedly dear, —"

"Pick, my boy, say not another word," — my dear future father-in-law grasped my hand, — "and be off. Take her. She's yours. I give my girls each their eight thousand, interest in my life, — remainder after. So much for that. You will hear from me more formally to-morrow."

"Certainly, my dear sir. But — about — the — young lady —"

"Bah! I forgot that," said my impulsive host.

"Well, I think you may be pretty sure. Still, as you say, it might be as well, — just excuse me a moment." And he bustled out of the room.

I had hardly collected my ideas when he was back again.

"All right. Some more wine? No? Well, then, just go and see how you like our new orchids in the conservatory. There's the door."

I went in. It was growing dusk, but I could detect a fairy form moving among the shrubs. I followed it, and gently took the little pendent hand. It was not withdrawn. What I said I certainly shall not write. Let everybody propose for himself. The murmurs that responded to mine were eminently satisfactory. My happiness was only equalled by my astonishment at the whole matter. Both were profound.

A little difficulty now arose. It behooved me to plead for an early day for our union. I had been so slightly acquainted with the family, that I had positively never exchanged a dozen words with this beloved of my soul. It might be almost said, I had not known her at all till within these three hours. How, then, can I fitly introduce the subject of my intense impatience? Shall I leave it to my plain-spoken papa-in-law? No. Here goes.

"And now, *dearest* Sophy (ah, that sweet name!)"

"Sweet enough, but it's not *mine*," retorted my affianced lady.

"N-not — yours!" I stammered, a strange misgiving stealing over me.

"Certainly not," was the reply; and, as she turned to the light, I beheld the face of Miss Crowdie.

"I — I — eh — why, what is this?" said I.

The young lady burst into tears, and hid her face in her hands.

"Mamma t-told me, — you w-w-wished to speak to me," she sobbed.

I hate to see a woman weep. And *she* weps so prettily!

"My dear Miss Crowdie —"

"Call me Su-su-san."

"Well, Susan, dear, let me wipe off that falling —" I was gliding into the old song, and, as strange as it may seem, into a degree of interest in the fair weeper hardly compatible with my previous engagements.

I scarcely know how it chanced that one of her pretty brown silken curls had got entangled on my button. While engaged in disentangling it, and murmuring words of comfort more or less coherent, Mr. Crowdie's broad face appeared at the window. To my surprise, he merely laughed merrily, adding: "Dick, I wish you. Come here a moment."

Miss Crowdie vanished, and I, leaping out of the window, joined my host.

"Dick," he said, taking my arm, "have I made a false mistake. My wife, I must tell you, [illegible] persuasive tongue. It is her fixed idea that if the eldest of a family of girls does not marry, the chances of the rest will be unlucky. Within reason, for which I certainly should not have [illegible] her credit, she sent Susan in Sophy's place — or — to you mind much? She's good, — is Susy. Come, what d'ye say?"

"Sir, my dear friend, Miss Sophia —"

"Eh? I make *that* all right. Thank [illegible] you have made us very happy." [illegible] said.

"Mr. Purkiss, Mr. Purkiss, we [illegible] moonlight now on the lawn," [illegible] from an upper casement, and p[illegible]

a bevy of damsels, in the centre of whom I recognized my present betrothed, Miss Crowdie, walking with the timid assurance of a bride, and looking, in the moonlight, I must confess, fair and graceful as Diana's self. It seemed to be an understood thing that I was to give her my arm; and thus it came to pass that, in the walk down to the lake, we were left together, an arrangement to which (I noticed with some relief) Miss Sophia's exertions greatly contributed.

They were really a charming family, on the best terms with themselves, each other, and all around them. We had a very merry row, and were in the midst of an Italian barcarole, when Mr. Crowdie's jovial voice hailed us from the landing-place.

"Let 's put in *here*," said one of the party, pointing to a bank, on which we could see glowworms sparkling.

As we neared the spot, several of the party rose at once. The boat gave a sudden lurch, — there was a shriek, — a plunge, — a gurgle, — Miss Laura Jane had toppled overboard, and gone down into the deepest part of the lake! I tore off my coat, and plunged after, catching her, I imagine, as she rose to the surface, and bore her safely to the bank. The poor child, though much frightened, did not seem materially injured by the shock. She was put carefully to bed, and all seemed going well, when, somewhat later, the housekeeper beckoned Mrs. Crowdie out of the room.

A little after, Mr. Crowdie received a similar summons, and it became known that Laura Jane was not in a satisfactory state. She had become feverish and delirious, talking wildly of the accident, and of her rescue.

Mr. Crowdie came down with an anxious look on his broad visage.

"We think, Purkiss, that she wants to see *you*."

"Me, my dear sir?"

"Yes. Would you mind stepping up? My wife will be greatly obliged to you."

In a minute or two I was beside the poor girl's couch; her mother and the nurse standing opposite, her father at the foot. Her cheek was flushed, and her eyes, bright and restless with fever, rolled eagerly from face to face, till they dwelt on mine. Then a sudden change came over her. She became calm, stretched out her little hand to me, and, closing her eyes, seemed as if she would sleep, still keeping my fingers prisoner.

"Who shall sit up with her, my dear?" asked Mr. Crowdie. "Stop! Her lips move. She knows us. She 's trying to speak. Ask her, Dick, who shall sit by her."

I repeated the question.

"*You*," was the embarrassing reply. And the little patient sank into a refreshing sleep.

As soon as I was able to release my hand, without risk of disturbing her, her mother supplied my place, and I returned to the drawing-room. All the fair company, however, even my newly-affianced Susan, had disappeared. But I was not long left alone. Mr. Crowdie soon rejoined me. His manner was embarrassed.

"Purkiss," he said, "the child whose life you saved is very dear to me. Ahem! You do not desire to embitter the existence you have preserved?"

I emphatically disclaimed any such intention.

"Then listen to me, Dick," resumed Mr. Crowdie. "My wife and I have arrived at the conclusion that your noble act has left an impression upon our dear girl's mind, stronger than mere gratitude, — to be effaced only with life."

"My good sir," I gasped.

"One moment. You are about to refer to Susan. Banish that anxiety. She is a sensible, affectionate girl, and has (I may as well mention) already assured us that no claim, no predilection of her own, shall — You understand. Permit us to welcome your alliance as the husband of my Laura Jane, and our happiness is complete."

What could I say? My affections were manifestly regarded as transferable, and they *were* transferred on the spot. I had the pleasure that very night of shaking hands with Mrs. Crowdie as the betrothed of Laura Jane!"

"Humph!" I thought, as I lay down rather tired, "three engagements in one day will satisfy my uncle that I have not been idle!"

I was up with that bird which is erroneously supposed to be the earliest of fowls, because he makes most disturbance about it, and enjoyed a glorious plunge in the limpid lake. On my way back from the bathing-house, towel in hand, I encountered Miss Adelaide. She was, I think, the third daughter, and reputed, by many, the beauty of the family, having a small classic head, regular features, and large dark eyes, into which there came, at intervals, a peculiar gleam. Like her mother, she was reserved. I hastened to greet her, and then eagerly added, "And now, pray tell me of our dear invalid? She has rested well, I hope?"

"She has rested well. And 'dear' she is, indeed, Mr. Purkiss, to all our hearts."

"You need not tell *me* that," I replied, significantly. "I can only say that, if the most devo—"

"But —"

"The most unalterable attachm—"

"Stop, I beg of you!" cried my companion. "O my dear Mr. Purkiss, I have something — to explain. There 's a mistake."

"No — really? *Another!*" I muttered.

"You noticed that my dear sister clasped your hand." (I bowed gravely.) "And, when invited to say who should watch beside her, what did she reply?"

"*You* — meaning *me*."

"So my father thought also, dear friend. But the sound deceived you both. She said 'Hugh,' — not '*you*,' and, — and forgive me, she meant Sir Hugh Sagramore, to whom, it appears, the warm-hearted child has become attached."

"The sound is *not* dissimilar," I owned, a little disconcerted. "Still —"

"If you knew how sorry I am to tell you this," said the pretty Adelaide, laying her fingers on my arm. (They were white, and beautifully carved at the taper points.) "Dear Mr. Purkiss, take comfort."

"I shall endeavor to do so," I replied, in a hollow voice. "It is a blow."

"There is a balm for every wound," said Miss Adelaide, gently.

"But what kind hand shall administer it?" I asked.

The large, lustrous eyes turned upon me for a moment, and were as suddenly averted. My companion was silent. She was drawing something on the gravel terrace with her parasol, and, to my eye, it took the form of a human heart, with a perforation in the larger valve. I accepted the omen.

"Miss Crowdie — Adelaide! —"

She gave a little start.

"Can I, dare I, hope that *you*, who knew so well how to alleviate the pain of this announcement, will enable me to forget it altogether?"

As I believe I have hinted before, such dialogues are confidential. I shall merely remark, that Adelaide and I returned to the house together, and that I whispered to my sweet companion as we entered the breakfast-parlor,—

"I shall beg an audience of papa after breakfast!"

The bluff squire saved me the trouble, however, by inviting me to come and inspect a remarkable pig.

"By jingo, as my wife says," he added. "I never feel that I've done my morning's duty till I've been the round of sty and stable!"

On the way I broached the subject nearest my heart. No sooner had I mentioned the name of "Adelaide," than my host's gratified smile gave place to an almost shocked expression. He sat down upon a railing, took off his broad-leafed hat, and fanned his agitated face.

"Purkiss," he said, "were you aware,—did not your uncle ever refer to—eh—my poor Ady? Don't you *know?*"

"Know?—know *what?*"

"Dick, have you never observed a singular, an almost wild, glitter in that girl's eyes?"

I assented.

"It indicates, when frequent, an accession of a peculiar form of insanity, called 'kleptomania.' Have you your purse about you?"

"Purse, my dear sir! Of course.—Yet, no. Why, bless me, I am sure I put it in my pocket."

"And *she* took it out," remarked Mr. Crowdie, mournfully. "No matter. It will be restored, with everything else she may lay hands on, in the course of the day. No, my dear boy, *here* the unhappy child is safe,—harmless,—understood. But she must never leave our roof. Console yourself. My wife shall talk with her, and make all square. Yet, hark ye, I cannot give up the hope of calling you my son, because our plans have n't gone smooth. Dick, I offer you the prize lamb of my flock,—my little Lucy. Just you come and look at her; chat with her if you like, and if you don't lose your heart in ten minutes—"

Lucy was engaged with a class of little rustics, and being unable, for the present, to come out and be engaged to me, we went in and joined the class.

Lucy was correcting on the slates what she had been previously dictating.

"'Ireland is famous for Peter Tim.' Pray, Peter Burberry, who is 'Peter Tim?'" asked Lucy.

"Please, teacher, you said 'Peter Tim!'" retorted Master Burberry, forcing a brown knuckle into his eye.

"True," said the young lady, smiling. "So I did. But, the next time, suppose you spell his name 'pete, or tim!'"

Mr. Burberry executed a backward kick,—meant to express, at a blow,—from which my sums narrowly escaped, and the lesson closed.

"Look, you young ones," said the bluff squire, "I've got to take a sweep round the premises. Get you home together, and order lunch at half past one. Off you go!"

Miss Lucy was rather shorter than her sisters, and possessed a perfect cloud of rich golden hair. Her manner was particularly frank and sweet, and she had a sense of humor which spoke intelligibly in her laughing blue eye.

"Papa is so funny!" she said, as we walked towards the house. "Do you know what he expected? Ha! ha! Then I won't tell you. Come in."

A sudden resolution seized me.

"I *do* know what he expected, my dear young lady," I said, firmly; "and, so far as it rests with me, he certainly shall not be disappointed. You look disturbed. I entreat you to hear me. I was about to speak, when—in short, you were to have become my sister. O let me have the joy of bestowing upon you a far more precious title. Be my wife!"

We forgot the lunch altogether.

When Mr. Crowdie returned, we were still lingering under the trees. He walked up straight to us, looked in Lucy's blushing face, and, placing our hands together, simply remarked,—

"At last. My best hopes are realized."

My Lucy, a little agitated with all that had happened, was dismissed to lie down for an hour, while I, who had been affianced a good deal more, felt also that a little quiet meditation would restore the tone of my nerves. I accordingly sought out a little moss-covered seat, of which I knew, and there fell into a train of thought, which—owing, I take it, to the lulling whisper of the trees—ended in slumber.

Merry voices aroused me. The party had commenced croquet. Half fearing that Lucy would miss me, I hastened to the lawn. She was not there. Smothering my disappointment, I accepted a mallet and a partner—Mattie—and was soon hard at work. In one of the innumerable disgusting pauses of the game, I asked where was Lucy?"

"Lucy!" exclaimed Mattie, opening her brown eyes to their widest. "Don't you know? She 's gone."

"God bless me! Gone?—gone whither?"

"To Aunt Mompesson's. For two months."

"But, I—I—surely—"

"We sent to look for you, my dear Mr. Purkiss," said Mrs. Crowdie, who had quietly approached, "but the messenger found you so comfortably asleep, that he would not disturb you. We make a practice of never contradicting Mrs. Mompesson. She *would* run off with Lucy,—so there 's an end."

"But your daughter,—Did she—Didn't she—"

"She would have liked to say good by, but my aunt would wait no longer, and Lucy begged me to say that, if she might suggest, all that passed this morning might as well be considered as forming part of the dreams in which she heard you were indulging in the arbor. But here's Crowdie, who can tell you more."

My best bestie laid up, and took me by both hands, saying, with much feeling,—

"Purkiss, my good fellow, I am at a loss to express the sense I feel of your flattering and most persevering offers to ally yourself with my family. Believe me, I shall never forget them. But, my dear boy, I have four girls yet, and it, and the first—"

"The most is," I answered, with a smile, "some fatality seems to attend upon my love for fair dames in high place. Always, in fact, most charming. If it were not wholly out of the question to submit such a young ladies to such an arrangement, I would almost venture to propose that those who deem a prize like myself worth the pains, should,—ahem!—forgive me,—draw lots for it."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the squire. "A capital idea! But they need n't *know* it, eh? Wife 'll write their names, — that is, Mattie, Ethel, and Leonora, — my poor Alice is out of the race, — and we 'll decide it where we stand."

Absurd as was the plan, — for I had only meant it in pleasantry, — Mr. Crowdie insisted on nailing me to my own suggestion. The names were written, the lots drawn by Mr. Crowdie himself, and Mattie was the winner.

"My dear Dick, I congratulate you!" and he caught my hand. "Believe me, you have been most fortunate."

I glanced at the unconscious Mattie, who, deserted by me, was battling away at croquet on behalf of both, and wondered what was next to be done.

"Will you," — said Mr. Crowdie, — "ahem! — or — shall I?"

"*You*, by all means, my dear sir," said I. And while I strolled with Mrs. Crowdie among her azalias, I saw him detach Mattie from the game. Presently, and quite unexpectedly, we met them at the turn of a path. Mattie's brown eyes were a little wider open than usual, but she was apparently resigned to her lot.

"Here, Dick," said Mr. Crowdie, "I give you the light of my house. And, let me tell you, it is not every one who should win her from us so easily."

I felt that I had no right to complain. Nothing could well exceed the simplicity of the process by which I *had* "won" her.

The *tête-à-tête* which shortly followed was not a prolonged one. It was, however, long enough to convince me that my new betrothed was likely to prove a pleasing, gentle wife; and it was with the sort of relief one feels in sitting down, after a hot and weary journey, under fresh green trees, that I accepted this new fortune. Making my way to the quiet deserted drawing-room, I resolved to write at once to my uncle.

I thought it just as well to say nothing of previous disappointments. It was best he should suppose that, after careful observation, I had selected Mattie as the most eligible wife and niece-in-law of the whole party. As I wrote, I began to think she *was*, and had commenced an almost lover-like description, — "My Mattie is," — when the door softly opened, and Ethel Crowdie, a little sylph-like thing, with violet eyes and large brown eyebrows that met, stole into the room. She had a rose in her hand, which, as she approached me, she picked to pieces in an embarrassed manner.

"Mr. Purkiss — O Mr. Purkiss! — I want to — to tell you a secret."

My mind misgave me. The pen dropped from my hand.

"A secret, Miss Ethel? *Me?*"

"Yes, you, dear Mr. Purkiss, for no one else can help us; and O, you are so good-natured! Mattie told me of your engagement, and asked me to break it to him; but, oh! I could n't. It would kill him!"

"Kill *him?* Whom? Pray explain."

"Mr. Lowry, the curate. Such a good creature, but shy. Mattie never knew how much he loved her, but *I* did; and now — O Mr. Purkiss! you have n't seen much of Mattie — could n't you, if you tried very much, like somebody else instead?"

"Answer me one question first. Did your sister authorize this appeal?"

She inclined her head.

"Enough," said I, calmly. "I not only resign my claim, but, if I can in any manner forward the views of my fortunate rival, pray command me."

"O, how good you are! Thanks, — a thousand thanks. But it will be difficult. Papa likes you so very much."

Flattery is at all times sweet, but when it proceeds from a beautiful mouth, accompanied by a bewitching smile, who can resist?

"Perhaps," I said, "some — ahem! — device might be hit upon, that might at once meet your sister's views, and preserve to papa the connection he is so good as to desire. Do you, my dear young lady, see what I mean?" (The damsel hung her head till I saw the white parting quite to the back.) "I see you do. Ethel, for your sister's sake, — what say you, dear one?"

A few minutes later, I finished the letter to my uncle. It was not difficult. I carefully erased "Mattie," and substituted "Ethel."

I had little difficulty with the worthy squire. So long as he secured me (he was pleased to say) for one of his dear girls, he was comparatively indifferent which; and I saw that Mr. Lowry's suit was gained.

All now seemed smooth and happy. My intended father-in-law was yet expatiating on the peculiar fitness of the choice I had eventually made, when his wife entered the room hastily, with a letter in her hand.

"Mr. Crowdie — Philip! — I must speak to you directly."

I made a movement to withdraw.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Purkiss, — I did not see you. Pray remain," said the lady; "this concerns you."

"Upon my word this is most singular!" ejaculated Mr. Crowdie, after glancing over the epistle. "It would hardly be believed! Purkiss, I scarcely know how to tell you. Spifflicate me (as my wife frequently observes)" — ("O *Philip!*" said the lady) — "if here is not *another* spoke in our wheel! Mrs. Mompesson, whom we never contradict, writes me here, in confidence, that, seeing a young stranger (yourself, Dick) here, and not knowing what his intentions might be, she had stopped on the road to send me this intimation that she had promised her influence with me in reference to Ethel — who is her great favorite — on behalf of Sir Edward Tottenham, who has been eagerly desiring to improve the acquaintance he made with her at the county ball. Now, my dear Dick, to offend Mrs. Mompesson is — "

"Just so, my dear sir. It must not be. To say the truth, until you fairly presented one of your fair daughters to me at the altar, I should not regard my happiness as secured."

"O Dick, this must not end *so!*" said the squire, with genuine regret and feeling. "After all, there 's Leonora."

"The eighth attempt, sir, may be more prosperous," I replied, rather bitterly; "let it be so. Do with me as you please. My affections have been so perpetually nipped, that I don't think they ought to be expected to bud again without some assurance that they will be allowed to blow."

"Come, that is but fair," said the squire. "Hark ye, Dick. My Leonora has no will, no fancy, except what is mine. Will you take *that* assurance? She is a dear good girl, and, though she is at this moment out for a walk, you may — yes I am *sure* you may — consider yourself as engaged."

I bowed, and remembered, with some satisfaction,

that my letter to my uncle was not yet gone. Of the fair Leonora I knew little, — had never, in point of fact, addressed a single observation to that young lady. But I felt sure that I should like her. I had remarked the beautiful acquiescent disposition of these young people. Moreover, the selection had assumed that character which has immortalized the late Mr. Hobson, — Leonora, or nothing. We shook hands (as before), and, subject to the young lady's approval, the matter was arranged.

Mr. Crowdie was still speaking, when Alice, the invalid, was wheeled into the room. Her father's voice and manner always, I had noticed, underwent a softening change in the presence of this his favorite child. Kissing her tenderly, he intimated to her the connection I was about to form with the family, and then, leaving us together, hurried away with his wife to meet Leonora.

I glanced at my companion. The pure and spiritual beauty of her face was marred by an expression of pain.

"I fear you are suffering," I said.

"In mind, yes," said Alice, "but not in body. I am, in reality — Heaven be praised for it! — much better."

"Indeed. Believe me, I rejoice to hear that there is a possib — "

"I see," replied Alice, with her bright angelic smile, "that you partake the impression that has gone abroad, — that I am deformed. It is not so. Patience and a change of climate are all — so says my doctor — that I need, to regain a certain, if not robust, health. But it is not of *this* I wish to speak," she added, hastily. "O Mr. Purkiss, what are you about to do? Is the human heart a toy, to be passed from hand to hand — given, retaken, crushed perhaps at last — without one compassionate scruple for the treasures of true and abiding love that might have flourished there? I have seen all that has passed. You have a kind, easy, — perhaps susceptible nature. The deference we girls have been accustomed to pay to our parents' wishes, and our fond attachment to each other, have co-operated with this, and led to much of what has occurred. You have scarcely seen Leonora, never spoken to her. In spite of a cold temperament, she is a good, sweet girl, and you may doubtless win her; but to do so in a manner that would satisfy a generous, kindly nature, will require more time, and a far more delicate procedure, than you seem to consider needful."

"I accept the censure," said I, feeling rather ashamed. "I have but to say, in extenuation, that, having lived up to this advanced period of my life, perfectly fancy-free, — a fact which somewhat negatives my 'susceptibility,' — I found myself surrounded by so many charms at once, that my judgment became bewildered, and proved unequal to the situation. Now, I see clearly. Ah, that I had had such a monitor before."

"Nay, it is not too late," she began, eagerly.

"I know it is not too late; for Leonora, I recall my absurd pretensions. They would be little short of insult. But, O, in opening my eyes, you have shown me too much for my own peace."

"What do you mean?"

"Had I known you sooner, your wisdom, your sweetness — O, if even now — "

"Hush! Mr. Purkiss. You are mad."

"I have been mad hitherto, but now I am sane — and wretched. See, — I am going to leave you; for how can I plead? Why should you believe me? Yet, Alice, I love you, — you only. I may never deserve you, sweet angel; but no one else shall ever be my wife. Farewell; and when you hear that I have made another choice, despise, — forget me!"

* * * *

"My dear Dick, — Are you engaged?

"Yours impatiently,

"RICHARD PURKISS."

(Ans.)

"My dear Uncle. Busily engaged. I have been affianced to eight of your fair friends, and have now to seek your blessing on my union with the beloved *ninth!* Your dutiful nephew,

"DICK."

The marriage-feast passed off admirably. I was not alone in my glory. Sir Hugh Sagramore and Mr. Lowry found brides the same day. Adelaide and the rest were bridesmaids. A diamond bracelet, thirteen laced pocket-handkerchiefs, two fans, and a silver spoon, were mysteriously missed, and as mysteriously restored, at night, to their owners.

My wife and I returned to England last week. Alice is in perfect health, and little Master Dick is to be christened on Tuesday.

TOUCHING THE OYSTER.

A DIRE calamity is said to be impending. There is the authority of an active naturalist for stating that the public are seriously threatened with an oyster famine. Mr. Frank Buckland, when giving evidence as to the natural history of the oyster, stated to the Fishery Commissioners that, if a large fall of "spat" did not speedily take place, the time would soon arrive when an oyster would become a curiosity for preservation in a glass case! The same prophecy was at one time uttered as to the salmon, and, had it not been uttered, and thereby become a means of directing public attention to the fast-failing supplies of that valuable fish, it is not unlikely but that some day the prophecy would have been fulfilled. Let us hope then that Mr. Buckland's prediction may be the means of directing peremptory attention to the case of the oyster, for a failure of the oyster crop would be a more serious calamity than the decline of the salmon supply: not so much because many more people eat oysters than salmon, as because the cultivation and collection of that bivalve for the market forms a means of subsistence to a very considerable body of people. The oyster-trade is a branch of British commerce which is much more extensive than is generally supposed by those not conversant with it; it gives employment on the shores of Kent and Essex, and at other places as well, to a large number of dredgermen, some of whom are banded together in joint-stock, or rather co-operative companies, which are at present very profitable, and have afforded for a long series of years a comfortable income in return for exceedingly light labor. One of the oyster companies sold, in season 1862–63, "natives" to the value of ninety thousand pounds, and the stock of the same company (at Whitstable) has been valued at the handsome sum of four hundred thousand pounds! There is no individual salmon fishery so valuable as this oyster-farm: but, of course, the oyster is, emphatically speaking, a stationary animal, and even if one were to breed millions of salmon and send them off to the sea, there is no valid security for their return, whilst the oyster, once laid down, may continue to breed and flourish on the same spot forever, or at any rate till some serious calamity shall uproot the

scalps, or destroy the breeding power of the animal.

Oysters have, all of a sudden, become scarce and dear, the price per bushel (wholesale) having been more than doubled during the last two years. The want of a supply of oyster-brood is, for the present, the chief hindrance to an unlimited supply. A fall of what is technically called "spat" (that is, the young of the oyster as it exudes from the shell) is of the last importance to the dredgermen of Whitstable and the oyster farmers of the Colne, for when a full or general fall of spat does take place, which is only once in seven or eight years, or, according to Captain Austin, once in ten years, or, as has been experienced by many dredgers, once in thirteen years, it furnishes a supply of brood for growing into marketable oysters that will last for several seasons.

The business of the oyster companies of the Colne and Swale, which have just been alluded to, is to grow oyster spat from its most infantile stages into a marketable commodity; in other words, to transform raw material, that may be originally worth ten shillings, into double that number of pounds; to convert, in short, twenty thousand pounds' worth of oyster brood, bought in 1859–60, into ninety thousand pounds' worth of salable oysters for the markets of 1862–63. Oysters were lately selling at the rate of six pounds per bushel; in other words, sixteen hundred natives cost one hundred and twenty shillings! The ratio of oyster growth is according to the following scale: While the bivalve is in the state known as *spat*, a bushel measure it is thought will contain 25,000 of these infant oysters; at the next epoch of its commercial life, the oyster is known in the market as *brood*, in which condition the measure in question will contain 5,500 individuals; when the oyster grows into *ware*, which is the next stage of its cultivation, a bushel measure will hold 2,000; and, in the final or marketable stage of the oyster, when the animal is about four years old, 1,500, or at the most 1,600 will fill the same measure.

Some innocent folks may think that all that is necessary for the insuring of a plentiful supply of oysters in our markets, is to throw down a few bushels of brood and just let it grow: in a sense, that might do very well, and in the natural beds of the Firth of Forth, which, unfortunately, are not cultivated nor much cared for by any person, the spat just gets leave to grow where it falls; but such a mode of farming would never produce "natives." These much-prized bivalves are nourished on the London clay in the bed of the Swale at Whitstable, and the ground must be favorable and the feeding good to produce such an excellent oyster, for it is large in flesh and of succulent flavor. Oysters at once take on the flavor incidental to their surroundings. A vessel laden with petroleum having foundered in the Bay of Portland, Maine, every oyster taken there for a long period had the flavor of coal-oil; the hungry bivalves having fattened upon the oil of the Pennsylvanian wells, just as consumptive patients do on the oil extracted from the liver of the cod. Many persons do not like the oysters which are sold in the London shell-fish shops and taverns, and it is but telling the truth to say that they are sophisticated, being fed and cooked up in appearance by means of oatmeal, &c., but what they gain in fat they most assuredly lose in flavor. Tastes differ as to oysters. A Scotchman, accustomed to the delicious "pandores" of Prestonpans, on the Firth of Forth, thinks natives are rather "wersh" in flavor; an American again likes his own large, rich, and unctuous "Shrewsburys" better than the Colchester oysters, which he avers taste of copper; then your Australian colonist cries, "Give me the oyster of Rose Bay, at Port Jackson; *it* dissolves in one's mouth like a clot of Devonshire cream; it is far better than your bearded 'red banks' or your famed colossus of Leith roads." As to the amount of flesh contained in an oyster, there is no doubt the natives bear the palm; they are full indeed when compared to the oyster of most other places, not excepting even the much-praised and finely flavored "whiskered pandores" of Prestonpans, which of late seem to have become rather consumptive, especially those sold in the Edinburgh taverns.

During all the stages of its growth the oyster ought to be assiduously cultivated or tended by the dredgermen; it is by close attention to this rule that they have gained their fame at Whitstable. The ground there is divided into large fields, each of which has oysters in a certain stage of growth; in one field the oysters will be of very small size indeed, the nearest stage to spat; at another portion of the farm they will be considerably larger, and so the range of size will go on increasing from one-year-olds, up to those which are on the market-ground. The men of Whitstable are constantly at work arranging their beds, and clearing away the enemies of the oyster, which are numerous and require to be constantly watched to prevent them from accumulating.

To enable men to engage with success in oyster-farming, it is necessary that they should know a good deal about the natural history and habits of the oyster. It is pretty certain that we are not just so ignorant of the natural history of this mollusk as we are of the natural history of some of the other animals which inhabit the sea, although there are many problems of oyster-life which have yet to be solved. Naturalists, for instance, cannot come to an agreement as to whether an oyster rests on its concave or its flat shell; but the grand mystery which, for the present, hangs over the oyster-beds, and which has hung over them for some years past, has been the failure of spat; a failure which cannot be explained, and which has been pretty general on all European oyster-grounds, except those of Ireland. In good, — that is, as is supposed, at any rate, by some naturalists, — in sufficiently warm seasons, the oyster sickens in June or July, and then begins to brew and emit its seed, or rather its young, for each little oyster is perfect in shape before it leaves the parental shell. Another point of oyster controversy is whether or not the spat ascends or descends at the period of its emission. Mr. Buckland says that the spat never comes to the surface of the water, but according to other authorities it does so rise to the top, swimming about for a time, and then falling at the place to which the wind or the watery current may have carried it. On the chance that it falls on an appropriate place depends the future of the oyster; if the spat have the good fortune to fall on a gravelly or rocky bottom, or, better still, on the culch of an oyster-bed, then all is well; but if, on the contrary, the spat falls on a spot of mud, then the infant mollusk will assuredly perish with great rapidity.

When a favorable spatting year occurs, the yield of young, as may readily be supposed from the known fecundity of the oyster, is enormous, and, along with the partial spats of other seasons, supplies, as the reader already knows, brood for many years.

Each individual oyster is supposed, by practical men, to spawn once a year, and it may do so under favorable circumstances, giving forth, it is calculated, about a million of young! In unfavorable seasons only a small number of young will be emitted; and in all seasons the destruction of the spat by enemies is enormous, so that only the merest percentage of it is saved for the benefit of the oyster-farmer. The spat, unfortunately, does not always fall on the bed from which it is emitted, but, as has been already hinted, may be carried far away by either the wind or the waves; and we can thus easily account for the new oyster-beds which are being constantly discovered in the English Channel and elsewhere, by the spat from some old bed having been wafted to the spot, and there having found a good holding-on place; for, unless the infant oyster obtain a good resting-place, some "coigne of vantage," they are lost. A good deal has been said and written as to the best bottom for an oyster-bed; now, it is certain that the most proper ground for the reception of the spat of the oyster is the culch incidental to the scalps, *i. e.* broken shells, &c. A good, clean, and smooth oyster or mussel shell is best of all. There need be no doubt whatever on this point of oyster economy, as dredgers frequently find as many as twenty juvenile oysters clinging fast to an old oyster-shell. Much praise has, of late years, been awarded to various foreign contrivances for receiving oyster spat, as tiles, fagots, frames of timber, &c., but such receptacles are not required where there is a bed of natural culch or where culch can be laid down, and all along the coasts there are shell middens sufficient to bottom any number of oyster-beds. It is only on such oyster-farms as those on the foreshore of the Ile de Rè that tiles and other artificial contrivances are required, and there the tiles fortunately serve a double purpose, as they can be so laid down as to form channels for the running of constant streams of water over the beds, which are useful in washing away the mud that has a tendency to gather there; doubtless these tiles, and all other artificial contrivances, will be superseded whenever a natural culch is formed. None of these contrivances for the artificial capture of spat have as yet succeeded to any extent on the British oyster-beds, although at the oyster nursery of the Baie de Forêt in France, all kinds of tiles and artificial contrivances have proved very effective.

The failure of the spat during these recent years, and also at former periods, is a riddle that many have been trying hard to solve, although without effect. Captain Austin of Whitstable, who has a practical knowledge of oyster-farming, has a theory that the increasing dirtiness of the Thames has something to do with the prolonged failure of the spat. He says the necessary conditions for obtaining a good fall are clear water and quiet weather, and that these conditions cannot now be obtained on the Thames, in consequence of a muddy deposit, which thickens the water and so hampers the cilia or swimming apparatus of the young oyster, that it is killed, so to speak, almost before it has time to live, or, at any rate, before it can get anchored to a bit of culch or smooth pebble.

The Captain, from experiments he has made, does not think that the heat of the weather has anything to do with the question of a good or bad spat, but in that case, how about other oyster-beds? The spat has been equally scarce in France during late years, as it has been in England or Scotland, and on oyster-beds where the water is both clear and quiet. To show the reader, however, how doctors differ on this as on all other questions, it may be stated that there are men who pooh pooh Mr. Austin, and who go in so strongly for the heat theory, that it has been proposed, by one enthusiast, to erect furnaces and steam-boilers in the neighborhood of a newly laid down oyster farm to keep the water at a proper spawning temperature! Would it not be well worth while to investigate systematically the natural history of the oyster, and the other food-giving products of the sea as well, putting the expenditure connected with the investigation down to the national account? Large sums of money are often expended on matters of less moment. The success of our fisheries depends, or rather, to speak correctly, ought to depend, on our exact knowledge of the birth, growth, and periods of gestation and reproduction of the various animals fished for, whether these be shrimps or salmon; but we have always legislated for our fisheries without such knowledge, which yet should be the basis of all legislation bearing on the economy of our sea food supplies.

ALLIGATORS IN ENGLAND.

"ALLIGATORS in England! Come, come, Major, is not that just a little too — eh?"

"Well," cried the Major, throwing himself leisurely back, and taking a long puff at his cigar, "I would tell you why I think so, but that the telling would involve something of a story which might not, perhaps —"

But he was interrupted by a chorus of voices, "A story! What! a story!" as if that were not the very thing our ears were all thirsting for. Thanks to our friend's generosity, and the goodness of a most exemplary landlord, our other thirst is in the fairest way of being gratified. A comfortable room, lots of easy-chairs, an open window to admit the most fragrant of evening breezes from the bluest of seas, glorious wine, and more glorious good-fellowship; there is nothing wanted but the mellifluous accent of some Hassan or Mejnoun, like yourself, Major, to send us all into the seventh heaven of rapt attention; and what narrator can resist so fair a promise? Besides, you must not underrate stories; now-a-days everything is done by appropriate stories. Setting aside education in general, and our beloved magazines in particular, see what has been done, and will be done with them too. Is n't wine-bibbing and drunkenness put down by pretty little stories in pretty little books, and sins more heinous still eradicated by anecdotes compiled by line and rule, and fitted to our requirements with the nicest scrupulosity? Shall we not hear stories in one place how that mercenary Tom was bribed to vote, and that noble Dick resisted the temptation? and, in another place, how — But, faith, if I go on longer I shall be in the position of spurring a noble steed, eh, Major? and at the same time keeping the door barred against his egress. A thousand pardons; but stories — egad, I am not sure but that I should say to the "varsal world," as little girls do to an obnoxious playmate, "O you big story."

"Well," said the Major; "what I have to tell you certainly does look vapor[illegible] enough now it has passed, but there were awkward bits of granite in the events themselves which [illegible]d, at whiles, grate sharply upon my meditati[illegible] remind me that the circumstances, *quorum* [illegible], have not been

all of oil and roses. When I was some twenty years nearer to the beginning of all things than I am at this present" (here followed a lengthy puff), "I was staying at the house of an old friend of my father's, in one of the northern counties of England. The squire himself, our host, was advanced in years, and we saw little of him, save at those times when the master of the house is expected to stand somewhat prominent in doing its honors. The greater share, however, even of this kindly duty devolved upon his heir, his only son, a fair average specimen of his class, gentlemanly, well-informed, rather retiring in disposition; and, I often thought, more likely, if left to himself, to shut himself up in his studio or laboratory for the instruction and benefit of mankind than to interest himself actively in the rough-and-tumble of life. He was not, however, without an occasional stimulus from his father, who, as the representative of an ancient and well-endowed family, deemed it incumbent upon himself and his heir, amongst other duties by no means neglected, to extend the hand of good-fellowship to his neighbors, and of hospitality to every deserving individual (ahem!) who came within the quiet sphere of his influence.

"Thus comfortably and satisfactorily things went on with us, till the near approach of a day of considerable importance to the family of our worthy entertainer: nothing less, in short, than the marriage of his heir to the daughter of a neighboring proprietor; a match in every way suitable and full of promise for coming generations of Westertons, for such is the name we will now know them by.

"The family estate was strictly entailed, and, in case of the death of the younger Westerton, would go to a distant cousin, then in the army and on duty in India. The old gentleman had, in his youth, suffered some rather severe love disappointment, and was long supposed to have taken an irrevocable vow against any further dealings with the traitorous sex; during this period it was that he had his nephew and heir to live with him; and the young man, seeing the fact of heirship reflected on every side, naturally came to look upon his ultimate accession to the property as almost a thing of course, and when his uncle 'shook off the dew-drops from his mane,' and provided himself with a wife, and, in due time, a direct heir to the estate, felt no doubt a deep amount of chagrin and disappointment. He had, however, no after-reason to complain, for his advancement in life was as carefully looked to as if he had been a younger son; which, I take it, is all that, under the circumstances, could reasonably be expected. There was not much cordiality, I fear, but a certain amount of all-very-well sort of intercourse kept up between them, their relative positions being well understood and appreciated on both sides.

"There was some troublesome war or other on hand just at the time I speak of, and we were accustomed to look over the news of the day with the sort of interest one is expected to take in the relatives of one's host, — a kind of lazy curiosity to know whether they are going to be made field-marshals, or, in American phrase, had already gone under, — when we were startled by the arrival, totally unexpected, of our cousin himself. Ill-health formed the plea for his arrival in England; the contemplated marriage, heard of on his landing, for his presence in the north.

"He did not come alone. A wonderful collection of Oriental curiosities accompanied him, from the wing of a butterfly to the handkerchief of a Thug; curiosities which were under the especial charge of a Hindoo retainer, Gholab, and a retainer's retainer, who, if they were not Thugs themselves, looked, I could not help thinking, eminently well qualified for the dignity. That he should have brought these worthies with him excited our surprise; but that he explained by informing us of their devoted attachment to himself, for some vital service rendered to them in India. I think it was the saving Gholab's life; but whether from a tiger, a bullet, or the gallows I will not undertake to say.

"Both Gholab and his master were much occupied about the museum of curiosities before mentioned. In truth, I think I never came upon the former but that he was rubbing, polishing, or in some way working upon some queer, uncouth-looking object or other. Once I came suddenly upon him in a plantation at some distance from the house, and, as my curiosity had always been somewhat excited on his account, I stood for some moments observing his labors before advancing upon him. You know what bangles are?"

"To be sure. Indian ornaments for the ankles."

"Just so. Well, our friend was busily engaged in altering and shaping what appeared to me to be an ornament of this description, adding to it a strong-clipping spring, and a link or two of chain. He started up when he became conscious of my vicinity, with a greater appearance of fright and more wildness of gesture than I deemed the occasion justified, though he was an Oriental, and we were in a plantation at a short distance from an English squire's hall; and in reply to my simple question of what he was about, uttered some unintelligible gutturals, and gesticulated in a manner meant possibly to be explanatory, but which had, to me, an appearance wonderfully resembling the passes of Herr Presto, the conjurer, when especially bent upon a process of bamboozling.

"But this and many other smaller matters besides, which have since acquired significance, passed away from my mind, — at least from the surface of it, — to lodge themselves, however, in those mysterious receptacles where I do believe every atomic affection on our sensoria, at any time experienced, is indestructibly lying, and still capable of being made prominent, either by some mental magic beyond our research, or by some sympathetic and appropriate combination of external circumstances.

"We shook ourselves down with our new arrivals as best we might, and returned to our diversions, among which swimming must be reckoned one, especially with the younger portion of our party. I don't wonder at it, as there was a beautiful lake in the grounds, with smooth grassy margins along the rich meadows, and shallow enough to be safe to all, but winding off into some thick plantations on high ground, where it became of corresponding depth, and where several rocky islets broke its surface, and rendered it, if somewhat gloomy, exceedingly picturesque and solemnly beautiful. Young Westerton was an excellent swimmer, and especially delighted in the refreshing exercise, so much so that he would not unfrequently spend the greater part of a summer afternoon in and about the lake, striking off boldly from the more open parts, and revelling, like a very Triton, amongst the rocks and sunken trees of the deeper and less accessible portion. Sometimes he would lie passive on the surface of the water, floating almost motionless, or gently paddling hither and

thither in the full enjoyment of youth, health, and vigor.

"In amusing contrast with young Westerton's love of the water was the extreme horror always manifested by the Hindoo Gholab, whenever he was compelled to approach its banks. Nothing less than the most positive orders of his master ever brought him near, and it was ludicrous to see the speed with which he hastened from its vicinity as soon as, having discharged his service, he received his master's permission to retreat. The latter accounted to us for this striking dislike by relating an incident which occurred in one of the Indian rivers, near which Gholab's childhood was passed. He was one day, in company with another youth, paddling about in the stream, when suddenly a large alligator rose close upon them, seized his companion, and disappeared with him in his jaws. The shock was so great that the poor fellow, who was sincerely attached to the unlucky victim, never quite got over its effects, but retained the picture of that horrible incident in his memory, to be freshened and intensified by any combination of wood and water at all resembling the scene of the sad catastrophe, 'a wonderful resemblance to which,' said Cousin Westerton, 'some parts of my uncle's domain do certainly exhibit.'

"We were now within a fortnight of the projected marriage, and I was one day out on a shooting expedition, when, happening to pass near the turnpike-road, I saw a gig rapidly approaching from the direction of the Hall, and soon heard myself hailed by Cousin Westerton. I felt that, under ordinary circumstances, he would hardly have taken the trouble to greet me, as we somehow had not grown to care much for each other. It was, therefore, with some curiosity that I went up to the gig, which he had drawn to the roadside, and in which he was standing in evident expectation of my approach.

"'I have stopped to say good by,' cried he, eying me keenly the while. 'I am called off by business of the very last importance, and should not be surprised if I find myself tossing on my outward voyage to India, instead of dancing at my cousin's wedding. By the way, what o'clock is it? My watch has stopped. Can you give me the exact time? Very provoking, is it not? I mean having to leave just at this particular juncture. What jolly days of it you will have. Half past twelve, you say. Thank you. My uncle quite sees the necessity for my going. Good sport, I hope. Which way do you return?'

"I pointed in a direction which was *not* towards the lake.

"'Ha! I see; through the finest covers on the estate. Well, I must not detain you. Half past twelve, you say. Good by, good by.'

"And so he broke off his almost soliloquy, which, either the impatience of his horse or his own excited manner, leading to repeated checks at the bridle, only to be balanced by compensating touches of the whip, had made a decidedly uncomfortable proceeding. He was soon out of sight, and I on my rounds.

"After a while I dismissed the keeper and his dogs, having determined to saunter quietly back alone. It was a lovely afternoon, with warm, balmy breezes just fanning the trees and hedgerows into graceful animation; the rich corn-lands lying luxuriously in the vale, with their fringed robes of autumn-tinted woodlands drawn irregularly and negligently about them, and in the distance the slope and swell of many undulating hills, whose varied curves of beauty stood out in the rich blue sky in endless variety of loveliness. Westerton Hall, with its well-ordered gardens and plantations, stood in the mid-distance, and I was just wishing for some bit of active life to give more human interest to the scene, when from its gates emerged a single horseman, who galloped not merely swiftly, but, as it seemed to me, frantically in the direction of the town. Of course I hastened at once to the Hall.

"A strange dread came over me, and my thoughts settled with involuntary tenacity on the agitated manner displayed by Cousin Westerton when I met him on the road; but he, I reasoned, could not have been cognizant of any unusual occurrence, or he would at least have informed me of it. Besides, might I not be needlessly alarmed? Not so, however, for when I reached the house I found that young Westerton had just been brought in dead, — drowned, as it appeared, in the deepest part of the lake.

"No one had witnessed his death. His companions on this occasion, as had often been done before, left him when they saw him strike off in the wilder and more secluded parts, where none of them cared to follow, never doubting, however, that when tired of exercise and exploration, he would return as usual, and join their party when evening drew nigh. Before this, however, accident revealed the body to a keeper who happened to be passing. It had got entangled amongst some roots or branches, and, but that it was lying over one of these, it is probable that the discovery would not have been made so early, as, from being thus caught, as it were, it was prevented from sinking into the depths of the lake. Life was quite extinct.

"'At what hour,' I asked, 'did he leave the house?'

"'At one o'clock; after lunch-time.'

"'Where were the Hindoos?'

"'In their master's apartments, packing up and preparing to be gone.' One of the house-servants had seen them busily engaged in doing so; indeed, so fully were they occupied with their task, that they plainly showed him they wished his absence, and, immediately after he left, locked their door, and so had kept it ever since. I went at once to the rooms, impelled by some shapeless suspicion, of what I scarcely knew. The door was now unlocked, and I went in to find them both eagerly engaged in the manner represented to me by the servant, and as, to all appearance, they had been ever since his visit. I left them to themselves, though I declare I think a shepherd's dog, who suspects, but is not quite certain that some vagabond curs have been worrying his master's sheep, and longs to fly at their throats, must feel very much as I did.

"An inquest was duly held. All the ordinary indications of death by drowning were of course exhibited, and there was nothing more, with the exception of certain bruises about the right ankle-joint, which might have been occasioned by striking against the rocks or stubs in the lake, though, as one of the jury casually observed, they presented a remarkably circular and band-like appearance. I was myself present, and a good deal struck at the time by the words. They escaped, however, without comment, and as I could not connect them in any way with anything leading to suspicion of foul play, nothing further was said, and the circumstances passed from my mind, to return, however, with terrible distinctness and meaning thereafter.

A sudden seizure of cramp was taken as the cause of death, a verdict returned accordingly, and young Westerton, just about to step into the arena of active life, was laid stark and disfigured in the vault of his forefathers.

"If this were an ordinary tale I am narrating, I ought, I suppose, in this place, to descant upon the dreadful shock (though that for a while it certainly was) this sad event occasioned to the bereaved bride, — to send her with dishevelled hair into the woods, or to find her lying lifeless at the foot of some frightful precipice. There rises, however, in my mind's eye the vision of a still comely dame, not without sundry olive-branches springing around her, which quite precludes the propriety of that usually orthodox termination. Not that his intended wife was heartless or unfeeling. No; whilst she mourned for him, she mourned for him sincerely; but time, with its alleviations, tempered, though it might not obliterate, the smart, and his remembrance faded into one of those gentle sorrows which we must of necessity cause to stand apart from those active duties life still brings with it. As to the heart-struck and hopeless old father, let us draw over him the veil of deep and silent sympathy.

"More than two years now passed away, and I was on the banks of the burning Ganges. My duties carried me to one of the lesser towns on the river, where time soon began to hang rather heavily on my hands. Occasionally I would, out of the merest idleness, turn into the court of justice there, but was seldom rewarded in my quest of adventure by anything more than the most petty illustrations of the doings of the Indian Themis. At last there came a change, and of so startling a character, that neither during the remainder of my sojourn there, nor for a long time after, had I anything to complain of in the way of listlessness or apathy. It chanced that I one day entered the court-house at one door just as a mixed group of guards and offenders were leaving it by another. I had just time to recognize amongst them the, to me, unmistakable features of the Hindoo Gholab, but whether there as a custodian or infractor of the laws I was then unable to make out. It mattered little, however, as I knew where to obtain easy and certain information of any and everything connected with the administration of justice.

"On my return to my quarters, I found that the very men whom I wished to meet with were there, and were then discussing with some brother officers the details of a crime of an extraordinary nature, which had just come to light in that district. Several Hindoo girls had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared under the waters when performing their ablutions in the sacred stream, drawn under and devoured by alligators. Such was the general belief, until the body of one of them chanced to be picked up lower down the river, totally unmutilated, and deprived of certain valuable ornaments, which the young devotee was known to have had on when she went in. For a good while justice was completely at fault, but these ornaments having been traced to the possession of two men, over whose doings the strictest watch was preserved, the result was, that they were apprehended in a covered boat moored in the centre of the stream, almost in the act of despoiling one of their victims. It was supposed that a skilful diver, watching the opportunity of one being separated from the rest, rose through the waters, fixed a strong ligature to one of the lower limbs, and then dived off, whilst a confederate in the boat, by means of a rope and hold or purchase of some kind at the bottom of the river, drew the struggling swimmer irresistibly down, when death soon put an end to all efforts to escape.

"Whilst these particulars were being narrated I became more and more agitated, until I could no longer keep my seat. 'Why, Major,' said one, 'you seem disturbed; can there be anything in the doings of these wretches of sufficient pungency to quicken —'

"'Stop,' said I, for I saw he was about to quiz my equanimity, 'don't treat this matter lightly. I confess I am not a little agitated or a little confused at present, but, — I have heard all you say, and, what is more, I have seen —'

"'What have you seen?'

"'I have seen the face of a man whom I never thought, and certainly never desired, to meet again.'

"'Of whom do you speak?'

"'Gholab.'

"'Why, that is the name of one of the villains accused, as I have just informed you.'

"'Great Heavens!' I exclaimed; 'but no, no, it is impossible; he could not approach a running stream, much less — and here, here, of all places; his dread of water, his pitiable shrinking away from its vicinity —'

"Something very like a burst of laughter from all assembled in the room here greeted me.

"'My good Major, dread of water! Pitiable shrinking away from its vicinity! Why, this fellow Gholab is one of the most (if not *the* most) daring, skilful, and enduring divers of the East.'

"In a fever of agitation I demanded to be shown the remains of the latest victim. I was taken to where they lay. The attendants were about to disrobe the upper part of the body, but I pointed to the feet, and bade them uncover it there. They lifted the mat with which it was concealed, and there, round the slender ankle, was the circular band-like mark, the exact counterpart of that which I had beheld long before, when the happy home of one of my dearest friends was turned into a house of bitterest mourning.

"Unknown to the accused, I was present at the trial. Gholab — the other was hardly a sane being — in turn accused the alligators, many of which monsters infested the stream, and vociferously protested his own innocence, even when the bangle-like fetter, chain, and rope, which had been the instruments of murder, and which, as well as the ornaments of the poor victim, had been traced to his possession, were laid on the table before him. When these things were produced, I came from my station somewhat in the rear of the accused, advanced towards the table, keeping my face averted from them, and then taking up the chain and fetter, turned slowly round and confronted them with the evidences of guilt in my hand.

"For a few seconds the gaze of Gholab, though piercing and intense to the last degree, was evidently more of wonder than alarm; but, suddenly, recognition shot into his brain, and may I never again behold such terror and despair in the depths of a human soul (for in his glowing eyeballs it seemed all unveiled), as were then opened up like a vision into Hades before me. He stood rigid, immovable, and when the trial went on spoke never a word again, though so fiercely animated before. Still the trial went on, and the judge was about to pronounce sentence of death, when, starting suddenly from his seeming trance, Gholab threw up his arms, and with

a wild cry, fell back. The unspoken sentence of a Judge more potent had not only gone forth, but had been executed too; the man was dead."

"And you think the circular abrasions round the ankle of young Westerton were —"

"The marks of the alligator's teeth."

"And what became of the other, — the cousin?"

"He did not live even to inherit. The old Squire dragged on a broken life for some time, evincing little interest in anything, and rarely showing himself beyond his own doors, never beyond his grounds. One day, however, he seemed suddenly to have formed a strange resolution, which was neither more nor less than to drain the lake; he summoned a large body of laborers, and set them to work to perform the almost impracticable task. His nephew, who had not been near the spot since the catastrophe which restored him to his old position of heir to the Westerton estates, as soon as he heard of the old man's doings, urged either by apprehended damage to the property, or by apprehensions of a far more formidable character, — namely, lest something might be revealed, — hastened down at once, first to use his influence with his uncle, and, that failing, to stop the work on his own authority. As to the old man, he could not be prevailed on to consent to do so, steadily refusing at last to utter even a single word on the subject of his nephew's complaints, but quietly persevering with his design. In fear and rage the latter hurried to the workmen, and ordered them to desist. The foreman, however, having heard how matters stood, refused to stop without the direct orders of the Squire himself; a refusal which so enraged Westerton that he seized the man by the throat, and a personal altercation and struggle ensued, which ended in the former being thrown back into the water. Of course he was quickly extricated, but through the neglect of proper precautions, a severe cold and fever ensued, which, passing through the stages of a delirium, in which he uttered words now best forgotten, finally led to his death. Who shall say whether retributive justice did not show itself in this? At all events, whoever they were who participated in the death of my friend, they are gone where the shortcomings of human justice are unknown, and, let us add, where the limits of human mercy are far exceeded."

FOREIGN NOTES.

The cholera has entirely disappeared in Egypt, Syria, and Palestine, but is still prevalent in Moldavia and the southeastern provinces of Russia.

A detachment of Prussian troops found some valuable booty in a Benedictine convent at Braunau, in Bohemia, — four thousand bottles of Tokay and Malaga.

The Mahometan inhabitants of Mazanderan, in Persia, massacred a great number of Jews in that town during the festival of the Moharrem, and have compelled the rest to adopt Mahometanism.

Two of the lions by Sir E. Landseer for the Nelson Monument have been cast in bronze; a third is nearly finished. These are now in Baron Marochetti's studio at Brompton.

The French paper [illegible] recently offered a copy of Victor Hugo's last work to all subscribers who should put their names down for the year. In one week they found themselves called upon to supply [illegible] copies, and it was necessary they should be delivered within forty-eight hours. The publishers, Messrs. Lacroix, had sold the entire edition to the printers. Messrs. Lahure & Co., undertook the contract, and performed it to the time agreed upon. A French writer remarks, that the three volumes contained sixty-two sheets of sixteen pages each, which multiplied by 7,700 copies, gave 477,400 sheets, and 7,638,400 pages.

A story is told, in some of the Continental journals, of a Prussian sentinel stationed on the steeple at Troppau, and left behind there when his company retreated. The citizens attempted to take him prisoner, but the Prussian easily defended with his bayonet the narrow, winding stair by which alone access could be gained to the steeple. They then decided on reducing him by famine, but the Prussian, having with him a good supply of cartridges, announced that unless he was regularly and well fed, he would shoot every one who passed in the streets around the church. The good soldier thus contrived to maintain his position for two days, when Troppau was reoccupied by the Prussians, and he was relieved and, we trust, rewarded.

A new musical instrument of striking power and sweetness, and at the same time extremely simple, has been recently exhibited at Paris, where it called forth great admiration. It resembles a piano with upright strings, except that the latter are replaced by tuning-forks, which, to strengthen the sound, are arranged between two small tubes, one above and the other below them. The tuning-forks are sounded by hammers, and are brought to silence at the proper time by means of dampers. The sound thus produced, which resemble those of the harmonium, without being quite so soft, are extremely pure and penetrating. They are very persistent, yet instantly arrested by the use of the dampers.

The rich aromatic perfume so commonly possessed by many of the orchid family is well known, but hitherto vanilla has been the only article of human consumption they have contributed to commerce. The leaves of the *angræcum fragrans* of Thouars, an epiphytal orchid of the island of Bourbon, where it is known under the name of Faham, have, however, recently been introduced in Paris as a most agreeable beverage. This new description of tea is already become a regular article of trade, and, if we are to believe the enterprising French firm by whom it has been imported, "Faham" is destined to become a household word. The leaves are simply dried, not shrivelled, by heat, like those of tea, but as flat as the contents of an herbarium. The infusion is of a very light color, and many will probably prefer its fragrance to the aroma of tea. The perfume from the teapot is certainly very agreeable, and is an undoubted novelty in Europe. Faham, however, is by no means a new production. From time immemorial the natives of the islands of Reunion and Mauritius have preferred it to tea, and every traveller has participated in this preference. George Sand having eulogized it thirty years ago in an eloquent description of the isle of Bourbon. It combines the tonic and digestive qualities of tea without its tendency to produce sleeplessness.

Barry Cornwall's new "Life of Charles Lamb" has at length been published. The Preface opens thus: "In my seventy-seventh year, I have been invited to place on record my recollections of Charles Lamb. I am, I believe, the only man now surviving who knew [illegible] the excellent 'Elia'

Assuredly I knew him more intimately than any other existing person, during the last seventeen or eighteen years of his life." And this is the last paragraph of Mr. Procter's introductory page: "No harm — possibly some benefit — will accrue to any one who may consent to extend his acquaintance to one of the rarest and most delicate of the Humorists of England." A glance at the table of contents shows the "new matter" contained in the work. Anecdotes of Southey, Coleridge, Jem White, Charles Lloyd, Dyer, Manning, and all those friends of the "gentle Elia" with whom Talfourd has made us acquainted in his delightful "Memorials," crop up in every page. The very quaint, full-length portrait of Lamb, by Brook Pulham, is mentioned in the course of the work. It was rather before 1827, when Lamb moved into a small "gamboge-colored house" at Enfield, remarks Mr. Procter, "that a very clever caricature of him had been designed and engraved ('scratched on copper,' as the artist termed it), by Mr. Brook Pulham. It is still extant; and, although somewhat ludicrous and hyperbolical in the countenance and outline, it certainly renders a likeness of Charles Lamb. The nose is monstrous, and the limbs are dwarfed and attenuated." Lamb himself, in a letter to Bernard Barton (10th August, 1827), adverts to it in these terms: "'T is a little sixpenny thing: too like by half, in which the draughtsman has done his best to avoid flattery." Very amusing is Mr. Procter's account of poor George Dyer's mishap in walking in broad daylight into the New River. Our author happened to call in Colebrook Row an hour after the accident.

ACCOUNTS from Bohemia describe as one of the most heart-rending sights imaginable the crowds of women, both of the highest and lowest classes, who, having rushed to the scenes of carnage from all parts of North and South Germany, were seen wandering over the battle-fields, through lazarets and hospitals, looking for their fathers, husbands, brothers, and lovers. The terrible cries that every now and then struck the ear when one of these heart-broken creatures had suddenly discovered her dearest friend among a heap of slain, or dying on the battle-field, or among the thousands of the sick, are said to have shaken even those most hardened against all forms and expressions of human misery. It was chiefly in Turnau, where the thousands of wounded of Sadowa at present were housed, and tended by the numerous Sisters of Mercy and Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, that these scenes occurred. Many of the poor ladies had to return to their homes without finding those they sought, and, the ordinary means of communication being very much interrupted, they thought themselves lucky if they obtained a small seat on an ammunition wagon, or a vehicle filled with convalescent soldiers rejoining their corps. But they were everywhere treated kindly and courteously.

APROPOS of public libraries, *Trübner's Literary Record* remarks: — "New York possesses the magnificent Astor Library, containing about 100,000 volumes in every department of literature, open freely to the public for reference every day from nine to five. It has also a City Library free, open daily from ten to four; an Apprentices' Library, — established solely for the use of apprentices and females in the employ of mechanics and tradesmen, and open freely to this class from eight in the morning till nine in the evening; a Medical Library, free, open from ten to ten; a Printers' Library, containing more than 4,000 volumes, also free; and now there is every prospect of another free library being added on a large scale. Boston, by a Special Act of the Massachusetts Legislature, in 1848, was provided with a free public library, and had granted from the city funds 5,000 dollars a year for its maintenance. Immediately on its establishment energetic citizens contributed largely in books and money towards the preliminary expenses, and a citizen of London (Mr. Joshua Bates), connected with Boston by business and personal ties, presented a sum of £10,000 sterling for the purchase of books. Throughout the United States, libraries — readily accessible to all in search of knowledge — are numerous, and one result is that in intelligence, in acquaintance with literature and knowledge of the best writers in their language, the American people are unequalled in the world. But it was not left for democratic institutions to set an example in this respect, — France possesses more than 100 public libraries, open freely to all comers, without distinction of person, rank, or country; Austria and Prussia together have nearly 90; Bavaria has 17; Belgium 14; and other European kingdoms have a fair share.

"Until the passing of Mr. Ewart's Act, in 1850, for enabling town councils to establish public libraries and museums, England had the unhappy pre-eminence of being without a single strictly free public library. Paris now possesses seven perfectly free public libraries, Vienna has three, and Berlin two. The library of the British Museum was, and is still, we think, properly available to readers only under certain restrictions. The libraries of Sion College and of Dr. Williams also were and are subject to restrictions which prevent their free use by the public. These three libraries, however, are, at the present moment, notwithstanding the activity of provincial towns, the only libraries available for the inhabitants of this great city of London, and the restrictions to which we have referred, including the hours during which they are open, render them totally useless for the man of business, the clerk, the mechanic, and the artisan. Many smaller towns and cities throughout England have voluntarily taxed themselves, under the provisions of the Act of Parliament referred to, and have established libraries, most of which are rendering immense service to the cause of education. London, which of all other cities in the world owes most of its position to the intelligence, education, and activity of its citizens, stands, to our thinking, degraded and disgraced for its apathy in this matter."

A SURGEON of some eminence in his profession at Ghent has recently published an account of a method of treating wounds with dressings of sheet-lead. From the 1st of January, 1864, to the end of May, 1866, Dr. Burggraeve has treated two hundred and thirty-six cases in this manner, and only eight deaths have occurred. His process is exceedingly simple. It consists in washing the wound carefully with lukewarm water, and then covering it with pieces of sheet-lead, which are secured with adhesive plaster. Most of his patients have been workmen injured by machinery, and were too weak to undergo operations owing to the impoverished state of their blood. "The wound," says M. Burggraeve, "whatever may be the amount of contusion, crushing, or laceration, is first washed carefully without detaching or cutting away any portion of flesh, since in the state of torpor it is impossible to say at once

which will mortify and which may be preserved, and one runs the risk either of cutting away too much or too little. It is next surrounded with thin slips of lead, retained in position by sticking-plaster. From time to time a jet of warm water is injected under this armor, if we may use the expression, so as to remove the ichor and refresh the parts." In order to watch the progress of the wound, each sheet of lead may be removed independently of the others. The contact of the metallic lead with the flesh causes no irritation, and the rigidity prevents friction, and excludes the air, — a very important point. Besides the mechanical action of lead, Dr. Burggraeve thinks that it may also be attended with some physical action, and quotes the well-known effects of Goulard's extract. The author enlarges on the value of this method of treatment in military surgery, where operations must, at least in active service, be somewhat hurried, and many a limb which, under ordinary circumstances, might have been preserved, is sacrificed in consequence. Gun-shot wounds, he says, have much analogy with injuries caused by machinery, and we may reasonably assume that the results will not be dissimilar. Whatever the theoretical objections to lead bandages may be, they appear at all events to have had a fair trial, and to have been productive of good results.

LYRICS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ATALANTA IN CALYDON," "THE QUEEN-MOTHER," ETC.

I.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasons
And tears of night and morrow
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady,
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

II.

These many years since we began to be,
What have the gods done with us? what with me,
What with my love? they have shown me fates and fears,
Harsh springs, and fountains bitterer than the sea,
Grief a fixed star, and joy a vane that veers,
These many years.

With her, my love, with her have they done well!
But who shall answer for her? who shall tell
Sweet things or sad, such things as no man hears!
May no tears fall, if no tears ever fell,
From eyes more dear to me than starriest spheres
These many years!

But if tears ever touched, for any grief,
Those eyelids folded like a white-rose leaf,
Deep double shells wherethrough the eye-flow peers,
Let them weep once more only, sweet and brief,
Brief tears and bright, for one who gave her tears
These many years.

III.

Nor less of grief than ours
The gods wrought long ago,
To bruise men one by one;
But with the incessant hours
Fresh grief and greener woe
Spring, as the sudden sun
Year after year makes flowers;
And these die down and grow,
And the next year lacks none.

As these men sleep, have slept
The old heroes in time fled,
No dream-divided sleep;
And holier eyes have wept
Than ours, when on her dead
Gods have seen Thetis weep,
With heavenly hair far-swept
Back, heavenly hands outspread
Round what she could not keep,

Could not one day withhold,
One night; and like as these
White ashes of no weight,
Held not his urn the cold
Ashes of Heracles?
For all things born one gate
Opens, no gate of gold;
Opens; and no man sees
Beyond the gods and fate.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. II.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1866. [No. 36.

THE TURCO.

BY EDMOND ABOUT.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from the *Revue des Deux Mondes.*]

PART II.

YOU must not suppose that the *Turco* told me all that I have said at one sitting. It was but a moment's work to break the ice; but the stream of events, recollections, and confidences only came along with months. We were both happy; he, in opening his heart to some one; I, in finding a friend so confiding.

There are, even in such friendships, some barriers that are not passed. For example, we pretend to an equality at school. Well, when I was a student at Schlestadt, I was like a brother to the eldest son of the sub-prefect. We shared everything: all that I had was his, and his, mine. But when we left on Sundays, he to go to the Prefecture, I to my uncle Felrath, the baker, he hardly recognized me on the street. He would bid me good day distantly, as if he was ashamed of acknowledging my acquaintance. If his father asked him who I was, he perhaps reddened and replied, "Nobody but one of our scholars." Thus we kept everything in common but our parents. And why? Because he believed he was better than I. A sub-prefect with us is almost a noble, and papa Brunner was only a vine-dresser. It is true he had thirty odd thousand francs income, while the prefect had only his place. That mattered not. It would have been losing caste to give me a seat at his table.

It is much the same in the army, though equality is at the base of all our regulations. We sleep in the same tent, drink out of the same glass, risk our lives for one another; we love and pet one another, are brothers, — brothers in arms. But I have never made the acquaintance of the mother, sister, or wife of my brother, should such a person chance to come among us. The revolutions have toppled over many things, but not this folly. I have known very intimately more than a score of high-born fellows; I even saved one of them from great danger, who, I am sure, would die rather than harbor a thought against me; but when we met in Paris, though he threw himself on my neck, took me to cafés, and feasted me at the most expensive restaurants, he never offered to present me to his wife, and I did not even find out where his establishment was. Is not this all true? Then you perhaps comprehend why any poor Gardelou was dearer to me on three months' intimacy than many could have been after ten years of it. It was his common sense that pleased me, considering the rarity of the thing.

Such was our intimacy; or rather, to speak clearly, we were but one. I knew all his thoughts and he knew my history, which has not been eventful, thank God. We gazed together at the miniature of his sister, and, in speaking of her, we always spoke familiarly of Hélène. He drew for me a sketch of Madame from memory. We spent days in reasoning on her coldness, and on the kindness of the sister. These memories, good or bad, expanded that poor soul. They pleased me also. When you find yourself in the middle of the desert, with a waste of sand undulating away before your eyes, out of sight, you cannot be hard pushed for a matter of talk, when every suggestion of France is a romance. Your mouth waters at the thought.

I did not allow myself to dwell on his miseries, nor let him recount them too often. He had a little box, and in it were several gloves, some dried flowers, bits of dresses, — relics of some amour, and four or five letters, which his sister had written to him since their separation. They were very vapid, these epistles of a girl of fifteen, but they had something of the pungent flavor of green fruit. Their tiny scrawls were a long time before my eyes. I pondered to weariness over their half-formed and unpunctuated sentences.

When Léopold lamented that a correspondence begun so well had ended so suddenly, I found him unjust toward Hélène; and so I used to defend her, recalling a thousand occupations to prevent her attention, which must make up a Parisian life. "Write," I would say to him, "you have twenty-four hours' leisure in the day. Tell her about your life, your walks, your pleasures, your friends, your enemies. Then who knows but she will get interested in the hundred and fifty thousand palms of Biskra, and give you a reply."

He would usually let me read the letters he wrote home, two every week. How much affection! What a style! With his sister particularly he had more ease, and entered into more detail. When I chanced to be with him I could raise an objection or suggest a thought. One day I put into his letter a water-drawing of his room, showing both of us in it, smoking our chibouks. I had the sealing of that letter, and, when I lighted the wax, I perceived my hand trembled. There you see the vanity of the artist! I suppose all the painters, when they send their pictures to the Exhibition, have just these emotions.

For five months we lived this kind of life. I had thought it impossible that any new traits could be laid bare in him. He was keeping a surprise, how-

ever, for me, and it came one night, as he said, when he left me. "Do you know that I rhyme every night? If it were not for dislocating your jaw, I would regale you with my complete works. I have enough to make at least two volumes."

I easily knew, in spite of his seeming contempt for his productions, that he valued them, and regarded them with some anxiety. I followed him to his lodgings, and insisted that he would lend me the first volume.

"What volume?" he replied, with a forced smile. "I have told you of two boxes stuffed with papers. Here's one. Take it if you please, and light your pipe with its contents as soon as they weary you, or rather sit down on that lion's-skin while I read you a page or two. No! you will only go to sleep. There, my old friend, take it, — be off."

I ran like a thief. I read, without stopping, three hundred pages, confused, interlined, and sometimes illegible. I had never found such poetry, not even in Victor Hugo, Lamartine, or Musset; but friendship works wonders, I know. Nevertheless, such verses! His family have done wrong not to print them. There was something sublime about them; perhaps a little obscurity in some of the philosophical pieces, like *Le Doute*, *Où vais-je? Au premier qui porta la Croix*. The description of the desert was brilliant, the pictures of Arabian life quickening and just. In *La Fantasia* one could hear even the dust speak; *La Diffa du grand Chef* was treated as freely as a page of Rabelais. And how heartsome were such pieces as *A ma Mère*, *Quand j'étais tout petit*, *Tu m'aimeras!* But the flowers of all were half a dozen little idyls, reveries, caresses, rhymed for the eye of the young lady who is to be married to-morrow. *Hélène*, *Beaux Jours*, *Notre petit Jardin*, *Fratri futuro*, were the titles of some of these little pieces, which I read and re-read through my tears. When I had finished the collection, I went back to him, determined to wake him and get the other volume. There was no occasion, for I found him sleepless. A new poet is on the rack when he knows any one is reading his verses to form a judgment. My faith! I had judged him, and told him squarely, You are a man of genius. I think it pleased him, for he offered to read the second volume himself, aloud. This only made them seem far more beautiful still, for he was a splendid reader. And judge how pleased I was to find the last poem addressed, at full length, to Karl Brunner! If I ever lay hands on these verses again I will have them cut in gold, put on marble; but the family took all, and probably burnt all. This was their right, as his heirs.

The night was spent in reading, and when the dawn broke we felt more like taking the air than going to bed. All this that had passed made a commotion in my head. "Look here," said I to him, "you have possessed *me* since last night, but *you* shall belong to me to-day. Let us take horses and push out into the plain. I wish to see if the first rays of the sun are as sweet as the last rays of genius. When we return we will take a bath and breakfast at my lodgings. Then you can go and take a nap on the three palms, while I arrange for a feast for the evening. I wish with the wine of Champagne to baptize solemnly the great poet of Biskra." The poor fellow laughed at my enthusiasm, but I think his own head was as much turned as mine.

My programme was carried out. During the day I secured ten comrades to fill the table. An old Spaniard, noted for his cook and his complacency, let us have his house, and himself peppered the ragout. I made requisitions upon all the wine-vaults of the oasis. I invited some of the most blooming of the dancing-girls of the celebrated tribe. A month's pay remained to me, — so much the worse, — for I was determined that this feast of friendship should be an epoch in history.

It was in the first days of the *Rhamadan*, that season of license in the midst of Lent, and I was determined that the most magnificent of sheiks should not outdo me. From five to nine we ate and drank, as if the absinthe had made a huge cavity in our stomachs to be filled. Finally came the punch. The bowl was set on fire, and the lamps and candles blown out. Then the mother Méného filled the dozen glasses, and said to me in her patois, *Señor, las niñas estan aqui.*

"Attend!" cried I; "I have a toast. Gentlemen, the *Turco* has finished a great work. What is it? You shall know presently. But you must take my word for it now. There is glory coming out of it. The health of the *Turco!* an excellent comrade! The glory and immortality which awaits him!"

My companions were too much warmed by their punch to discover any weak enthusiasm in this. A general cheer followed; and when they clicked their glasses, one of them broke. It was the *Turco's*. I see even now its standard held within his long, slender fingers, and his own meagre figure lighted up with the lurid glow from the punch-bowl's flame.

At the same instant the door opened, and Roland, of the "Zephyrs," put his head in and cried, "Come, gentlemen, the muster is to sound. We are going to mount."

A tumult of questions followed; and he told us that the tribe of Beni-Yala had revolted, had refused the impost, had killed three of our Turkish horsemen, and plundered a convoy. Perhaps it was merely a temporary ebullition, come of the feast of *Rhamadan:* but, nevertheless, the thing must be nipped in the bud, and the revolt crushed, without granting them time to organize. By the General's orders we should move in an hour.

So it was true. We were in for a campaign. Surprise and joy half sobered us. We congratulated one another, and grasped hands. The candles were again lighted, and everybody set his person in order. Roland emptied a chance glass, and each went his way. "Come along," I said to the *Turco*, who sat nailed to his chair, and pale. I had to set off about my own matters, and gave him no further attention then.

The whole camp was in motion, and, what was more strange, noiselessly. The soldiers were running about; the Arabs getting their camels and asses in order; and the orderlies were passing with the mules that had been detailed. I took but one bound to my room, where my servant, the faithful Baudin, had already got my trunk in the middle of the floor. The packing was done: the canteens stuffed: the baggage put upon the mules: the edge of my sabre attended to: my revolver prepared; my belt clasped: my gaiters buckled, — and an hour had passed before I knew it. Have you ever noticed how the clock speeds on when you have just risen from a good dinner?

We were eight hundred men on foot on the parade. The clock struck ten. The silence was not broken except by the stamping of a mule or the neighing of a horse. The roll was called, in low tones, by the light of a lantern. Such were the precautions taken for surprising the enemy, who are

never surprised, as they always have their spies among us.

I took my post near the General. He was mounted in the midst of us, — whip in hand, cigar in mouth, and as calm as if he was making the circuit of the lake in the Bois de Boulogne. He dictated an order that the adjutants wrote, and then the captains hastened to read it to their men. You know the usual patriotic strain: —

"Soldiers! The rebels are on foot. Your comrades are murdered and betrayed. The power of France is threatened. The honor of the flag is to be defended. Your general is proud to command you, and your country depends upon you."

It is always the same air, and the same words; but the air is proper, and the words fit, and their effect will not be lost while France is France. The soldiers took it all eagerly; and, though discipline prevented any cheering, there was a murmur going round which showed the troops were not deaf to such appeals. Straps were adjusted, buckles fastened, and the musket thrown to the shoulder, and all was ready.

I have said our column numbered eight hundred, and we left four hundred at Biskra. We had two companies in the centre, — one of Sharpshooters and one of Zephyrs; one hundred cavalry, part Chasseurs and part Turks; forty artillery with their train. The general was with the advance. He had thrown away his cigar, for example's sake, for, in a night march, fire and noise were to be guarded against. I was near the chief, and the *Turco* was not far from me, for his company was in the advance.

On our march, I went to his side. "Well," said I, "here we go. You are content, I hope."

"Yes, it is a catastrophe like the other, and I wish it over at a stroke."

"Over! Are you mad?"

"It is my wish. You know me. I am not a man of presentiments; but the order came inopportunely, just as you were speaking of immortality, and I was thinking of death."

"Pooh! Visionary! As for me, I predict that you will stand fire superbly, and come back covered with glory. But who knows if we shall have any enemy to fight, after all. These revolts of the *Rhamadan* are mere fires of straw. We set out to extinguish it, and find nothing but ashes."

"As you please."

"Cheer up, then! What if I were a soldier of your stamp?"

"I am better, thank you. I was only a little under the influence of the letters I have just written."

"As for myself, I never write but one on such occasions. I say: 'Mamma Brunner: We start for the field. Don't know how long we shall be gone. You will hear nothing for three months. Don't worry. I give you my word of honor, nothing shall befall me!'"

He replied: "I have left a will of four lines, and two letters, which you will please deliver yourself, you understand, — one to my mother and the other to Hélène."

You all know what a night march into the enemy's country is. It is neither gay nor picturesque. The column rolls itself out like a blackish ribbon upon a blacker ground. The fine uniforms are undistinguishable. All the merry sounds of an army have given place to a silence broken only by murmurs, by the steady tread of the troops, and the jar of the weapons that caution cannot provide against. Perhaps a stone rolls, somebody stumbles, a suppressed oath is heard, and that is all. Instead of seeming like heroes going to the field, the detachment is more like a procession of monks. I have read, that if battles were fought at night, brave soldiers would be rare. There is some truth in it; not that courage has anything to do with vanity, but that a man is not quite himself unless he has all his faculties about him. There must be no clouds when we are to go gallantly into danger. Man is most disposed to sacrifice his life, when life is something to him. It is when life and day are full of light that we can rush the easiest on a battery and brunt a charge.

It was near an hour before midnight; the moon had gone down early in the evening, and the stars only served to make the darkness appreciable. The apprehensions of the *Turco* took some hold of me as I marched beside him. Up in the unseen hills, towards which we were approaching with every step, were deadly weapons, and no one could feel sure our column would return without loss. Who was to draw the luckless numbers in that lottery? Léopold? myself? both of us? There are some confiding spirits who think they are going to turn a ball's course with a prayer. But our training left us little consolation of that kind.

I will not say that I gave myself up to fear, for it was my ninth campaign. Nevertheless, I set to thinking of the thousand dear things that I might never see again. I called to mind Mamma Brunner, with her silver-bowed spectacles, her knitting-work, her elbow on the window-sill, the old house with its red-painted walls, and the date 1640 upon the key-stone of the arch, the little inn of *The Three Kings* on the other side of the way, the church, the little apothecary's shop, whose master had such a pretty daughter and so many wonderful little boxes. I saw again our garden arbor, and lived over the vintage of '58, the last that I had labored in with Gretschen, — Marguerite Moser, I mean, my cousin of Barr, and a genuine little hussy was she. In fine, it was all manner of sports my memory played me; and I would have given a hundred sous to have heard the sharp report of an Arab gun, just to have had something certain to think of, and not to be tormented about nothing.

At midnight the General ordered a half-hour's halt, to wait for the teams and rearrange matters. I soon finished my part of the duties, and sought out Léopold. He had gone a little one side, and I found his man pouring the contents of a can over his head.

"Ah," said I to him, "making a toilet for the evening."

"You here?" said he, going on with his operation. "There is small chance of coquetry in an affair like this. It is my health that concerns me. These wretched wines almost split my head, and as it may be necessary soon to use our eyes — well — well — I think I feel better."

The effects of that unfortunate banquet had not only passed off with me, but I had wellnigh forgotten it. It seemed to me six months ago, when it was only three hours. I felt some compunctions at having put so uninured a head to a test that we were much better able to bear. If any harm should come to him out of it! But he seemed to be better for his bath, and I did also.

About two o'clock we reached the ascent of the hills. A gorge opened before us; it was the first station of the enemy, and was guarded by five or six structures of Roman masonry. The General piqued

himself somewhat on his archæological knowledge, and had visited these ruins; but he did not remember if from the foot of the mountains the villages of the Beni-Yala could be seen. Do you understand? The point with us was, whether the enemy were warned of our coming and showed any watch-fires. An Arab guide pointed out a summit on the right, clearly visible, and said that the villages lay there, and were quiet. One of the Beni-Yacoub swore with a great oath that the villages lay behind two hills, and that it could not be told for an hour yet whether they were prepared for us or not.

As a precaution, the General ordered another halt. Alas! we were not now in Europe, where the railways do everything, even to moving of armies. Everything went slow with us, and you must excuse that quality in my story. Guns were charged, everything again ready, and at half past two on we moved.

A stream coursed down through the depths of the ravine. We took it, that is, followed it up by the mule-paths, which zigzagged from one bank to the other. We got wet; we slipped; we picked ourselves up; but we never stopped. The whip kept our animals to the work, — a sense of duty ourselves; and so we went on a good hour with lips closed, eyes watchful, and nose snuffing for danger. Suddenly a flash on our right, a sharp detonation, and then a cry of anguish. It was a Turco of the advance guard, — the same who but just now was bathing Léopold's head. A ball had shattered his shoulder, and he was yelling like a thousand jackals. Twenty men were set to beating the bushes thereabouts, but not an Arab could be found. Nothing was more likely. The first one who reached the plateau saw in the horizon three villages, lighted up as for a ball. The enemy were on watch, and it was ourselves who were surprised.

"Halt!" cried the General. "Soldiers, we have no longer need of secrecy. They await yonder, and we have only one precaution to take, which is, to be as fresh as possible when we reach them."

He threw out a line of skirmishers about the rocks where we were, to guard against surprise, and then told the rest of us who needed it to take rest, or to dry and warm ourselves, to make our coffee, smoke our pipes, unsaddle and feed our mules; and every one to hold himself ready for the advance at seven in the morning. When I had seen to the execution of these orders, made my report to our chief, and soaked half a biscuit in my coffee, it was six o'clock and full daylight. I visited the wounded man, who was still moaning, though Marcou, our *aide-major*, thought he had dressed his wound to perfection. I had him placed in an ambulance, and ordered it back to Biskra, together with some sick and a disabled mule. While I was about it, Léopold came running up to bid his poor Bel-Hadj good by and to slip some money into his hand. He seemed to me to have cheered up amazingly. Was it some sleep, or perchance a cup of coffee, that had done it? You have seen a soldier when he has nerved himself up to the danger, — how he steps firmly, his eyes glisten, and his nostrils quiver.

"Well," said I to him, "how 's the headache?"

"Gone! Never felt so well in my life!"

"You seem like an old soldier, who has but one remedy for all ills. Do you divine?"

"Powder?"

"Bravo!"

"Well, 't is a good remedy for all sore hearts. The muse won't cure you: it only conjures up your trials; it is a compact with grief; only a bed of roses for a few men to lie on, and say to the world, 'Come and pity me!' Prayer has, they tell me, an infallible effect. But to pray one must believe; and no half-way belief will do, such as our hesitating and troubled generation evinces. No, I have not the strong faith to make my peace with God. To do that would require the silence of my intelligence, the suppression of my better being, and the sacrifice of that half of me which thinks to the other half which weeps. Friend, give me rather war, and its glorious consolations. Danger purifies life, like the north wind in the heavens sweeping off every cloud."

He said all this with little emphasis; but I believe you would have enjoyed listening to him. He leaped bluntly from one idea to another, just like a colt who had broken his tether. "Do you know," said he, "that without war our profession were an idiot's?"

"But you forget," said I to him, "that without war one would never have thought of inventing soldiers."

He discovered that he had slipped out a blunder, but was not the man to be disconcerted. "Don't you know," he inquired, "that we would be the most unhappy and ridiculous of men, but for what we are to have after these few minutes have passed? The last time I dined with my father, what did he do but to amuse himself with making this life of ours the butt of his sarcasm, telling me it was all brushing one's self up and dancing attendance: now for a bit of gold lace, now for epaulettes, then for a ribbon, next for seniority; after that, for the notice of our superiors, then the good-will of the Marshal and Madame his wife; waiting, too, for some bullet or other all the while; and when one can do it no longer, after thirty years of this kind of thing, to wait for the hour of retirement, when you can plant your cabbages, and finish life just where you began it. Yes, I said to him, but there comes a time when we have our pay for all this wearisomeness and distaste; when, instead of brushing ourselves, we brush the enemy; when, in place of awaiting glory, we run against a thousand deaths; that day, my dear father, the soldier you rail at is the equal of the gods! I was right, Brunner, and the coming hour will show it."

Poor little Turco! He had such faith in his enthusiasm, and these whiffs came from so warm a heart, that I did not know how to contradict him. He disarmed criticism. I found him, all at once, terribly young, and so I was moved. I tried to tell him that we were rather the equals of nine or ten millions of braves, who have stood fire for their country since France was France, — nothing more.

Do you suppose Léopold accepted the correction? He? Never. He was as firm as possible in the faith that the first volley made gods of us. For, said he, to be gods, is only to serve mankind without their knowing it, without disclosing ourselves, without recompense; and that is just what we are going to do this morning. Does France see us? Does she know that Charles Brunner and Léopold de Gardelux are laboring for her honor in these files. Suppose she should discover as much [illegible] day, can she pay us for the risk we run for [illegible] challenge her to do it. Very well! We [illegible] to such a fight as the paladins need not [illegible] ashamed to engage in under their l[illegible] nearly seven o'clock. France [illegible] stretching her arms. The l[illegible]

his plough, the mason to his yard, but my mother, my sister, and all the pretty women in Paris, have still got their noses buried in the pillows. Messieurs of the club, and even the shopkeepers, are not yet out of their beds. Of all the thirty-six or thirty-seven millions that people that beautiful France of ours, there are not perhaps two who give us a thought; and we are going to break our bones, to prove that Frenchmen are great, puissant, invincible; to make the name and domain of France an object of terror and universal respect, — to make that tri-color the recipient of the world's honor. Then tell me that we are not gods, will you?"

I perceived that the nerves had a good deal to do with this overflowing gayety, but I could not tell him so. Gayety, even exaggerated, makes a good headway in affairs of this kind. With an old soldier, courage has a right to be calm and even sad; but I like to see it seem a little wild in the baby of twenty. "Come," I said to him, "I have business with the General; you are still in the advance. Go to your men. I will meet you up yonder at the first Arab village. Good by till night."

"Up there," he replied, pointing to the village, "I shall cut me out a man's garment with my good sword."

Ever something rhetorical! What would you have? The heroes of Aboukir and Marengo were just as ridiculous as he.

The column began to move at seven o'clock with the usual precautions. The General ordered us to avoid the stream, and to follow the lowest sides of the valley, where it widened before us. Once in a while we halted to regulate our skirmish and flanking lines. With this fatiguing part of the proceedings we were occupied until noon. Shall I own that my eyes closed at intervals? I had had no sleep for forty-eight hours, and a night of marching had come very inopportunely upon a night of revelry. The sun poured down hotly, — he is an Arab at heart, this old sinner of a sun! Our men wiped their sweating brows with their sleeves. They would have rushed into a fight with eagerness; but they would much rather have been carried to the scene of it. There was not a sound in the ranks. You could have cut the silence with a knife. The Arabs on their side were making ready. Their three villages, which were in and out of sight according as our road turned, did not show, however, any signs of life. The General used his glass in vain. Suddenly he stopped and said to me, — "Brunner, I believe we are hard upon them. Let no one stir; I am going to reconnoitre." So, without any escort but his bugler, he entered a grove of cork-trees which crowned the ascent where we were climbing. We rested midway up, seeing nothing, and completely hidden ourselves. Ten minutes later there were single shots heard, and presently quite a rattle of musketry. Our good General was right. The native tribes were already engaging the enemy.

The General was not long in descending. His eye was brilliant and his cheeks red. I was assured that everything was well. He ordered arms stacked and soup made. Some lay down, some cooked, some ate; while the volleys were still ringing. Our outer guard had no time to be idle while we were eating our breakfast to their health. I finished a bowl of soup which a soldier handed me, and seemed to feel better for it. You have often heard that sleep is as good as food; I have as frequently proved the converse is true. While our General got together the trains under the guard of a company, I climbed the height, and could survey our field for the fight. The three villages were opposite, lying one behind the other. The first was protected by a simple abatis of olive-trees. When we had taken that, there were still two others before us. We would have to descend about a kilometre, over a space where the fire had swept off the old growth, but a young forest of myrtles, locusts, and lentisks was springing up. There was no serious obstacle until we reached the bottom of the valley, and our men had swept the path. I saw a hundred or so of our French and allies brushing down there with the skirmishers of the enemy. The land was a long strip of meadow, with clumps of trees, where, in one or two and sometimes more, men lay covered. Our Turks and Chasseurs surrounded the fellows and soon made a clean sweep of the spot. The Turcos were already ascending the opposite side of the valley. Just picture to yourself a terraced hillside, blocked up with stone-walls, and marked off with orchards, and Arabs behind every tree. Discipline is not their forte. Here they grouped themselves, there they scattered. One could see the flying white masses where our troops gained ground. We changed position every minute, and point after point came into our hands. I could not see the Arab women, but I heard them encouraging their warriors, "*You, You.*"

Our troops were now divided into two columns, the howitzers put in battery; and we were all in for a field of glory. You may well think, my dear friends, that I am not the man to tell you the whole story in detail. You, who have been in the Crimea, and fought at Magenta and Solferino, may judge the taking of Djebel-Yala to be very much like the distribution of prizes at some young ladies' boarding-school. Nevertheless, there were sabres here to cut, balls to make gaps, and bayonets to do their work. One Arab, less of a fool than the rest, perceived that my horse was somewhat of a nuisance in scaling the hill, and did me the honor to kill him under me. Then you might have seen me play the monkey at feats of climbing with all the rest of the martyrs. If sleep had fallen upon me just then, I should never have forgiven it; but just think of sleeping in the midst of music that might put to shame the cacophonies of Wagner. The shells went screeching over our heads and burst among the enemy; the musketry rattled; the balls hissed and chipped the rocks all about. The bugles sounded the rally and the charge, and Arabs of both sexes were doing their best to frighten us with all sorts of cries, if cries can have any effect upon French soldiery.

I remember traversing one village, then the next, and seeing both burn behind me like so much dry corn. The soldiers were preparing to fire the third when the General came up, cigar in mouth, on his little black horse. Where the animal had found a way, I never knew. The General told them that if they burned these *gourbis* they would have to sleep under the stars. The fact was, our tents were full two good leagues behind.

Here we encamped at five o'clock that afternoon, on the summit of Djebel. The position was good and easily protected. I organized the posts, set the guards, and then, when my cares were over, threw myself down in a corner for sleep. I had scarcely closed my eyes when the thought of Léopold startled me. What a selfish fellow I had been to have taken my rest without knowing whether he was

alive or dead? I was angry at the thought, and rushed out of my cabin. The village swarmed with the men, some eating, some smoking, others sleeping, — each following his particular wish. I met a Turco who was carrying a bottle of oil, a bunch of onions, and a young kid.

"Eh! lascar! do you know your lieutenant, M. de Gardelux?"

"*Sidi Turco! besef!*"

"Is he wounded?"

"*Makasch.*"

"Is he dead?"

"*Makasch morto.*"

"Where is he?"

"*A Casa.*"

"What is he doing there?"

"Sleeping."

Then he is neither dead nor wounded, thought I: and so I satisfied myself I was warranted in seeking a little rest. I tried once more to fall asleep.

[Continued in the next Number.]

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

He who succeeds in persuading himself that he has found out the secret of Shakespeare's Sonnets — always supposing the existence of a secret — may fold his arms, and consider his mundane work done. For him there are no more worlds to conquer. Such is Mr. Gerald Massey's happy situation.* He is perfectly satisfied that he has found out the secret. He goes further: he is perfectly satisfied that nobody else ever had an inkling of the mystery; that, in short, the Sonnets were "never interpreted before." Nothing short of so thorough a conviction could have enabled him to build up a monument of six hundred weighty pages to a problem, upon which the ingenuity of a legion of speculators has been already expended in vain.

All readers who have dipped into the lumber of annotation under which Shakespeare has been buried, are aware that this question of the Sonnets is old ground; and it would be sheer waste of time to recapitulate the theories which have been advanced by Schlegel, Coleridge, Hallam, Farmer, Drake, Brown, Gervinus, and a dozen others, down to the latest strains of the rack by Philarète Chasles, who traced both the Earls of Southampton and Pembroke in the Inscription, and Herr Bernstorff, who discovered in Mr. W. H. no less a personage than Mr. William Himself. We have here to do only with Mr. Massey's theory, which claims the right to standing alone. In his introduction Mr. Massey puts all previous interpretations coolly out of court, and proceeds forthwith to develop his own.

Passing by a [illegible] of minutiæ details and tortuous [illegible], its main features may be briefly stated. Mr. Massey arbitrarily divides the Sonnets into two series, one of which he assumes to have been written for the Earl of Southampton, and the other for William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. He regards the Sonnets as a [illegible] of which the [illegible] Sonnets were [illegible]. Shakespeare, [illegible] Dramatic [illegible] the Sonnets [illegible] Shakespeare [illegible] the persons of other people [illegible]

* Shakespeare's Sonnets never before interpreted. By Gerald Massey. 1866.

support these conclusions, Mr. Massey revolutionizes the order of the poems, and presents them in a new distribution; while he still further begs the question of interpretation by affixing titles to them, such as "Southampton in Love," "Elizabeth Vernon's Soliloquy," with a view to forestall the judgment of the reader. The critic would be justified in stopping the inquiry at this point, on the ground that there is no case to go to the jury. The Sonnets as exhibited to us by Mr. Massey are clearly not the Sonnets as they were printed in Shakespeare's lifetime, with, we are quite warranted in assuming, the knowledge and sanction of the poet. It is a manifest perversion of the evidence to break up the order of the poems into fresh combinations, and then to argue upon the imaginary results thus obtained. By a similar process, any theory, however absurd, might be made to acquire a certain illusory coloring of probability: and Mr. Massey's results are not so feasible as to compensate for the violent means by which he arrives at them. If we are to have interpretations of the Sonnets, let them at least be founded upon the Sonnets as they have come down to us. But granting Mr. Massey free range and license to shuffle the Sonnets as he pleases, let us see what is the story he extracts from them.

The first group relates to Southampton. Shakespeare is here supposed to have become acquainted with the young Earl immediately after he came to London. Southampton was then eighteen years of age, and Shakespeare twenty-seven. The Sonnets addressed in the first instance to the Earl begin by advising him to marry. The great object Shakespeare, it seems, had in view was to get his young friend married, and Mr. Massey is of opinion that the Sonnets were commenced solely for that purpose. The Earl is specially in a way to gratify the poet's wishes: he falls in love with Lady Elizabeth Vernon. The Sonnets now run in different channels. The poet is taken into the confidence of the lovers, and writes "dramatic" sonnets for them, to represent the shifting phases of their courtship. Sometimes it is the Earl pouring out his passion to the lady; sometimes it is the lady, who has become jealous of her cousin, Lady Rich; occasionally it is Shakespeare himself on various topics, including ruminations upon his own death; and finally, after many sentimental evolutions, comes the marriage, crowned by a sonnet written for the occasion. All these circumstances are supposed to be traced consecutively in the group as selected and disposed by Mr. Massey. Admitting the arrangement to be feasible, and that the sonnets have allowed representing the exact order in time in which the Sonnets were written, the evidence of the intention of the poet is purely internal. There is not a particle of external evidence extant to show that Shakespeare was ever acquainted with Lady Elizabeth Vernon; that she ever confided to him her love affairs, her [illegible] of her romances, that she ever engaged [illegible] the Earl of Southampton ever [illegible] the [illegible] of Mr. Massey's interpretation [illegible] be fairly [illegible] other evidence [illegible] and that the meaning which he believes to have lurked in the poems should be mentally [illegible] the reader which [illegible] pointed out to him. [illegible] Mr. Massey's luminous [illegible] ordinary intelligence will merely [illegible] a trace of the circumstances, namely Mr. Massey sees so plainly mapped out in his groups.

It is not possible, within any reasonable compass, to produce adequate proofs of this. It would require as big a book as that before us to follow Mr. Massey through his details, and unravel his fine threads of speculation. But a single example will show upon what slender grounds he sometimes assumes his facts. The marriage of Southampton, which crowned the object for which the Sonnets are alleged to have been written, and which brought the Southampton group to a close, is the most marked and distinctive incident in the whole. Mr. Massey tells us that Shakespeare wrote a particular sonnet "in celebration of the happy event." Here, at least, where the poet is commemorating the accomplishment of his friend's felicity and the termination of his own vicarious poetical labors, we have a right to expect that the evidence should be reasonably plain and explicit. This supposed nuptial sonnet is that numbered 116 in the original series, which begins, —

> "Let me not to the marriage of true minds
> Admit impediments."

Mr. Massey could hardly have been more unfortunate had he picked out as an epithalamium one of the Sonnets on Death. The witness he has called into court answers in an opposite direction. There is absolutely nothing relating to marriage, or remotely suggestive of marriage, in the sonnet from beginning to end, except the word "marriage" in the first line, and there it is used in a figurative sense. Had Shakespeare intended to celebrate a marriage in these verses, especially a marriage which he is supposed to have been singing in advance for six or seven years, he surely would not have taken such pains to conceal his purpose.

Similar instances abound. The want of agreement between the text and the explanation is felt in almost every page where the text is quoted. We are everywhere conscious of being subjected to a critical pressure against which our judgment rebels. The screw that is put upon the poems to make them fit the theory constantly jars upon us. Other modes of getting up evidence, so to speak, are equally open to objection. Thus, for the purpose of proving that a close friendship existed between Southampton and Shakespeare, Mr. Massey quotes the famous Southampton letter, the authenticity of which lies under an ugly suspicion that need not be further characterized here. In such a case he was bound to furnish some reasons for assuming the document to be genuine; but he furnishes none. He tells us, indeed, that he "feels it to be genuine," and that it "has a touch of nature, a familiarity in the tone, beyond the dream or the daring of a forger." But I submit that the authenticity of a document, especially when it comes to be used in evidence, is not a matter of feeling, but of proof; that it is not safe to set limits to the imagination or the audacity of a forger; and that it is not consistent with experience to suppose that forgers cannot be as natural and familiar as other people.

Again, as to Southampton's gift of £1,000 to Shakespeare. Mr. Massey thinks that help, including money, may have been given "when the poet most needed help, to hearten him in his life-struggle." This is a view of the Earl's patronage which is no doubt very honorable to the patron; but if we admit the tradition at all, we are bound to take it as we find it. We must not modify or square it to our own notions. The story comes down to us from Rowe, who had no great faith in it himself, and who had it from somebody who was supposed to have had it indirectly from Sir William Davenant. It runs to the effect that Southampton gave Shakespeare £1,000, not "to hearten him in his life-struggle," but "to enable him to go through with a purchase he had a mind to"; so that if it ever took place, it was not in the days of want, but in the golden time of profitable investments, in which, for all we know to the contrary, Southampton himself might have had a beneficial interest.

Smaller artifices pervade the manipulation of the poems. Resemblances are found in passages between which none exist, or at best only such flitting and superficial coincidences as are incidental to verse of all forms and periods. The inferences drawn from premises so vague are valueless. Sometimes passages are taken from the plays and contrasted with other passages taken from the Sonnets, and by affixing arbitrary dates to both, certain conclusions are arrived at, which Mr. Massey sets down as facts. But facts got at in this way have no more solidity than card-houses. They tumble down at a breath. The chronology of the plays and Sonnets is pure conjecture, and, in most cases, conjecture groping in the dark. The dates ascribed to the Sonnets are governed exclusively by the convenience of the argument, or what Mr. Massey would probably call the internal evidence, which, in a matter where there is nothing to be proved but a scheme of imaginary circumstances, is really no evidence at all. And where this internal evidence does not fit the occasion, it is made to fit by a subtle and complex interpretation. Thus, Sonnet 138, in which the writer avows himself to be old, is made to supply proof that he is young, by being relegated to a period when "a new element" had entered into the Sonnets, and they had "become playful and ironic." This was one of the two sonnets which were published surreptitiously by Jaggard in 1599; "therefore," says Mr. Massey, "it must have been written when William Herbert was in his nineteenth or twentieth year"; that is, it must have been written in 1598 or 1599, William Herbert having been born in 1580. But why must it have been written in 1598 or 1599? We are the more justified in asking satisfaction on this point, seeing that the other sonnet, 144, published by Jaggard, which comes before Mr. Massey under precisely the same conditions, is assumed to have been written about, or immediately after, 1595. The amount of diligence and ingenuity bestowed upon the working out of these results is prodigious; and no one who examines the book attentively can fail to perceive that Mr. Massey is thoroughly in earnest, and that he implicitly believes in the integrity of the processes by which he shapes his means to his end. All that can be said upon that head is to deplore that his labor has not been more judiciously laid out.

The popular notion that Southampton and Shakespeare were intimate friends is drawn from the dedications of the "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece." There is really no other evidence to show that they were even known to each other; and it is necessary, for the sake of accuracy, to recall the reader's attention to the fact that "Venus and Adonis" was published in 1593, and dedicated to the Earl, who at that time had not completed his twentieth year. There is nothing in it to warrant the supposition that they were then personally acquainted, or that the poet had been specially noticed by his lordship. The dedication to "Lucrece," in 1594, is in a different vein. It indicates personal knowledge, and we gather from it that in the interval Southampton had bestowed some favors

on Shakespeare. Five years afterwards, in 1599, we learn from Rowland White's letter to Sidney, that Southampton seldom went to court, and spent his time chiefly at the playhouse; but that was after his marriage, and at a time when his share in the Sonnets, according to Mr. Massey's interpretation, was at an end. Throughout his whole life he was very little at large in London, so that the opportunities of cultivating such a friendship were few and brief. Mr. Massey has examined the whole subject in two exhaustive chapters, — one devoted to a life of Southampton, and the other to the "personal friendship" of poet and patron; and the fact that he has not added a single authentic item to the scanty particulars previously known, shows that if the close intimacy which he has assumed really existed, the proofs of it are yet to be discovered.

But what are the favors his lordship conferred upon Shakespeare? Rowe's story is astounding. That Lord Southampton, who is said to have been a "liberal encourager of poets," although we have very little evidence of the fact, may have conferred upon Shakespeare some marks of his "protection," according to the wont of patrons, is not improbable; but that he bestowed upon him at one time, or in a series of benefactions, a sum equal to £5,000 of our present money, is a legend of munificence which may be dismissed to the social statistics of that happy time when houses were thatched with pancakes and streets were paved with gold.

Upon the whole, I suspect that Lord Southampton is under heavier obligations to Shakespeare than Shakespeare was to Lord Southampton. Were it not for Shakespeare, in all likelihood, we should never have heard of his Lordship. His fame rests mainly, perhaps exclusively, on his accidental relations to the poet; nor is there much in his life, except its waywardness and strange vicissitudes, to impart any interest to his biography. He seems to have been of a rash and impetuous temperament, and utterly deficient in judgment. His career was a violent coil of disasters and delinquencies. He was perpetually getting into quarrels; and spent half his life in prison, or under the displeasure of his superiors. His courage was unquestionable; but it was sometimes displayed so unjustifiably as to bring down the censure of the service in which he was engaged. His ebullitions of passion amounted to a kind of frenzy. After having violated the etiquette of the Presence Chamber, he struck the officer in waiting who remonstrated with him in the discharge of his duty. He had personal quarrels with the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Grey, and Lord Montgomery, which in two instances led to open outrage. He was tried with Essex for high treason, found guilty, and condemned to death; but his sentence was commuted to imprisonment in the Tower where he was kept, till, with other state prisoners, he was liberated by the death of Elizabeth. Several writers [illegible] him as a patron of letters. [illegible] his bounty. [illegible] was his pensioner. [illegible]

[illegible]

doubtful by the fact that he left his widow and children in very distressed circumstances.

The hero of the second batch of sonnets is William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. That Herbert bestowed some patronal kindness on Shakespeare may be gathered from the dedication of Heminge and Condell; and that is all that is known concerning their intercourse. Mr. Massey fills in the meagre suggestion with ample inferences from the Sonnets. Herbert came to London in 1598. He was then in his eighteenth year; Shakespeare was thirty-four, an age at which Mr. Massey says he was "getting past his sonneteering time." Southampton was out of England, and, as he was married about this period, his poetical connection with Shakespeare had ceased. Herbert, consequently, had the field to himself, and he soon found occasion to employ Shakespeare's pen in precisely the same way as it had previously been employed by Southampton. He, too, fell in love, and, of all people in the world, with the very lady who had just before disturbed the repose of Southampton, and awakened the jealousy of Elizabeth Vernon, the beautiful and notorious Lady Rich. This discovery, however it may have dawned upon Mr. Massey through the Sonnets, comes upon the reader with a startling effect. Lady Rich, the sister of Essex, the Stella of Sidney, and the mistress of Mountjoy, was seventeen years older than Herbert; she had been married to Lord Rich about eighteen years when she is supposed to have enthralled Herbert; and at that time, or very soon afterwards, her *liaison* with Mountjoy, of which there had been broad symptoms three years before, was a matter of public scandal. There is no reason why a woman like Lady Rich might not throw a boy of eighteen into a state of delirium; but remembering the notoriety of her character and position, and especially the part she is presumed to have played in the previous batch of sonnets, it is rather too much to ask us to believe that, under such circumstances, Shakespeare would have lent himself to Herbert, as he had lent himself to Southampton before, to commemorate an infatuation so utterly discreditable to all persons concerned. Yet this is the theory of the second series of Sonnets, as they are here interpreted. Herbert, in short, becomes Southampton's successor as a "begetter" of sonnets in the brain of Shakespeare, and adds to the collection a few of his own. Mr. Massey being clearly satisfied, "for various reasons," that at least four of the sonnets published as Shakespeare's in Shakespeare's lifetime, with Shakespeare's knowledge, were written by Herbert himself. Having thus got up a fresh set of equivocal love-verses on his own account, Herbert conceived the idea of publishing the whole, including the Southampton series. To carry out this design — which showed a lofty indifference, if not to public opinion, at all events to private feelings, considering that all the persons implicated in the business were still living — it was necessary to obtain the assent of Southampton; but there was no difficulty in that quarter, for Southampton, as we may easily imagine, was not likely to [illegible] on such a point. Nothing now remained [illegible] the sanction of Shakespeare, who [illegible] at once. "Then," says Mr. Massey, "if Southampton did not object, it was not for Shakespeare to resist." The Sonnets were accordingly handed over to Thorpe, the bookseller, and committed to the press. This brings us to the [illegible] dedication. Mr. Massey adopts the [illegible] frequently discussed before, that "Mr. W. H." was

William Herbert, an assumption which is disposed of by the awkward fact that Herbert had succeeded to the title of Earl of Pembroke nine years before the dedication appeared. Facts, however, are not considered "stubborn things" in such cases, and Mr. Massey gets rid of this little obstruction by suggesting that the inscription was left to Thorpe, "with the injunction that the present title of Pembroke should be suppressed, and initials 'alone used.'" As the title was to be accounted for by some means, this frank mode of cutting the knot was, no doubt, as good as any other.

Whatever may be the ultimate reception of Mr. Massey's interpretation of the Sonnets, nobody can deny that it is the most elaborate and circumstantial that has yet been attempted. Mr. Armitage Brown's essay, close, subtle, and ingenious as it is, recedes into utter insignificance before the bolder outlines, the richer coloring, and the more daring flights of Mr. Massey. What was dim and shapeless before, here grows distinct and tangible; broken gleams of light here become massed, and pour upon us in a flood; mere speculation, timid and uncertain hitherto, here becomes loud and confident, and assumes the air of ascertained history. A conflict of hypotheses had been raised by previous annotators respecting the facts and persons supposed to be referred to in the Sonnets, and the names of Southampton, Herbert, and Elizabeth Vernon flitted hazily through the discussion. It has been reserved for Mr. Massey to build up a complete narrative out of materials which furnished others with nothing more than bald hints, and bits and scraps of suggestions. Unfortunately the tree that has been reared with so much care does not bear edible fruit. All readers who approach the inquiry from a logical point of view must reject Mr. Massey's conclusions. His theory is unsatisfactory, partly because it reflects discredit upon Shakespeare, which most people will be unwilling to accept without better warrant, but mainly because the kind of reasoning by which it is made out will not bear the test of examination. The very fulness and minuteness of the details tell against the probability of the whole story; for whatever general inferences might be reasonably drawn from the Sonnets, there is nothing more unlikely than that they should yield so considerable a crop of particulars.

The worst of it is, dropping Mr. Massey's book altogether, that these interpretations of Shakespeare help materially to spoil our enjoyment of him. They spread like a nightmare over the imagination, and we must absolutely banish them from our thoughts before we can go back to the poems with an unencumbered sense of pleasure. But when we have banished them, and find ourselves able to read the Sonnets again at our ease, it is like getting away into the tranquillizing repose and pure air of the country from the smoke and uproar of the town.

BELLA'S EXCITING DAY.

The first thing Bella saw this fine hot day was a crowd of people round the church door, watching the cabs as they drove up; and she thought this would be something to excite her mind, so she came up as fast as she could, and stood among the people, looking. As she had been running, her hair was anyhow, and one of her boots nearly off her foot; indeed, she had to hitch up her old frock over her shoulder, just as the young ladies, all in white, began to step out of the cabs, and walk into the church, one after the other. They wore long white veils; they had no bonnets on; and their hair shone like jewels in the warm sun.

Bella was very much surprised, and said to a policeman, who was so tall that she had to look up at him as if he was a monument, and so stiff that he could hardly see below his own chin, —

"If you please, sir, what is this?"

Now the policeman took no notice of Bella, but he called out to a boy who was up the lamp-post, —

"Hi, you sir, come down!"

Then Bella determined to ask the little boy, who had no doubt seen inside the church window, and so she said, —

"Are they all going to be married?"

"Married! no!" said the rude boy; "it 's a confrummation. They 're all going to be confirmed."

This was a great mystery to Bella; so she rubbed her nose with her old stuff frock, and felt much interested. In a short time she heard the singing and the music, very loud and nice. Then the very pavement seemed to shake under her feet, and she had a pricking sensation at the roots of her hair, and something in her throat as if she was going to cry.

"There!" said the little boy, nudging her; "that 's the confrummation. They 're a being done now; it 's a bishop as does it; I see him go in at the other door."

This made Bella feel sad.

"I never saw a bishop," said she, very humbly. But she made a solemn resolution in her own mind that she would be confirmed, with music, and singing, and a white veil. Only she had not considered how expensive it is to ride in a cab, poor child; half a crown, perhaps; and she had never had half a crown in her hand in all her life. However, she said in her own mind, "I *will* be confirmed when I am older"; and she stamped with one foot on the pavement as she had the thought.

It was a good long time before there was any more conversation; however, at last the little boy spoke again, and said, —

"They haves a bun and a glass o' wynd apiece."

Then the organ burst out again, and the little boy gave her a violent push, he was so excited.

"There!" says he; "don't you hear? They 're eatin' their buns now, while the orgin plays, 'Glory be to the Father!'"

At this Bella was quite overcome, and leaned with one hand on the little boy's shoulder. So he came closer, and put his great red paw round Bella's downy, thin arm, and spoke more softly, saying, —

"I say, don't you cry, silly! I 'm going to be confirmed some day, — and I 'll take you with me!"

Now, indeed, Bella felt as if she had something to look forward to in life, and she asked the little boy what his name was.

"Name?" says he, "Bos-eye."

"That 's not your real name," said Bella.

"No; they calls me Bos-eye in our Buildin's, because I can squint double, — jest look here!"

"O, don't you!" cried Bella, and hid her face in her frock, as the little boy squinted horribly; — they might well call him Bos-eye.

"Shall you be confirmed in a white veil?" inquired Bella, doubtfully.

"No—oh!" said the boy, very loud. "White veil? no—oh. I shall have a shirt-pin, and a new hat, and we 'll have a —"

did not see it. The thing she really did see was a fire-engine, but everybody knows what a fire-engine is like, — it is just as if the thing that makes a train go had got loose at a railway-station, and run wild in the street, with men to ride it as if it was a horse. Oh, how it came tearing along!

"Ah-ah-ah!" cried the crowd, and cheered the firemen, and made way for the engine, and some of them said, —

"It 's the Prince of Wales — hoo-ray!"

"Hoo-ray!" said Bella.

If there was one excitement which Bella desired more than another, it was to behold the Prince of Wales, and the Princess of Wales, to whom she was particularly partial, having seen their picture, arm-in-arm, going to be married, presented gratis to the subscribers to the *Young Ladies' Companion*, which was regularly taken in by the girl at the beer-shop Bella knew best. It is so hard to know what people do see, and what they do not see, that I will not declare whether Bella did or did not set eyes on the Prince, supposing him to have been on that fire-engine, — why should we want to be sure of everything, like bankers, and lawyers, and our clergyman? But, before retiring to rest for the night, Bella stated that she had seen the Prince *and Princess* of Wales on a fire-engine. When I mentioned this to a friend who is a philosopher, he said it was a myth; though our clergyman maintained it was a story, only he did n't say story exactly. Now, when I told these things to my little daughter, she smiled with all her huge antelope-brown eyes, and, lifting her hand to let it fall with a droop of apology, said, —

"But O, papa, she had had such an Exciting Day!"

LIFE IN THE TUILERIES.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from *L'Etendard*.]

WOULD you know how the French Emperor lives? We mean his every-day life on days when he is at liberty to do just as he pleases: to do nothing, to walk about, to play. We mean a day when there is no cabinet-council meeting, no review, no Te Deum, no audience to an ambassador, no opening of Parliament, no reception of senate, legislative chamber, or council of state. We suppose, moreover, (a very improbable supposition at present,) that the Emperor has no subject of grave thought, and that the political horizon is as cloudless as a day on which the halcyon builds its nest.

It is six o'clock, A. M. We have Gyges's ring on our finger. Let us enter by the arch into the courtyard of the Tuileries. The porter and soldiers on duty will not perceive us. Let us cross the courtyard and go towards the Pavillon de l'Horloge, as the division of the building surmounted by the loftiest peaked roof is called. We enter by the state door, which leads into the vestibule. This vestibule opens on the garden as well as on the courtyard, and carriages and horses, as well as foot-passengers, can go through it from one to the other. Go up the five steps which run the whole width of the vestibule, and let us enter this door, hidden under a *portière* (so they call door-curtains) of Gobelin tapestry.

We enter an antechamber. A stalwart porter and footmen in the imperial livery are seated on benches or are asleep in huge leather arm-chairs. Take care your ring be securely placed on your finger, for if it is not, the porter will rise from his seat and strike the floor with his halberd, and the footmen will come up to me, and if you tell them you wish to see the Emperor, they will ask you for your letter of audience. If you reply you have none, they will tell you a letter of audience is necessary. They will add, you may obtain it by writing to the Grand Chamberlain and explaining to him the object of your interview with his Majesty; the Grand Chamberlain will reply to you by letter addressed to your residence. If you insist upon seeing the Emperor, saying you are pressed for time, and really cannot think of leaving Paris without seeing the Emperor, the footmen will summon a gentleman dressed in black, who will pretend to grant your request, but he will, with the utmost politeness, gentleness, and deference carry you to the police agents, and the chances are very great that you will be locked up that night in a lunatic asylum. Fortunately we have a talisman. Nobody sees us.

Let us enter the suite of rooms on our right. The first room entered is the Ushers' Hall. They are dressed in chestnut-colored cloth coats with broad tails: the buttons are gilt, and bear the imperial arms; they wear white waistcoats with metal buttons, black pantaloons, and shoes with metal buckles. In the evening, or on state occasions, they wear blue dress-coats with steel buttons, swords, short breeches, and cocked hats. They are seated in their arm-chairs, and are still asleep. Let us go by without waking them; it is still early in the morning.

Enter the next room. It is a drawing-room decorated with red, white, and gold. The walls are hung with red damask, the furniture and seats are of Beavais tapestry and gilt wood. Here we see the aide-de-camp and the chamberlain of service. These gentlemen are in plain frock-coats, for, as we have said, our visit to the Palace of the Tuileries is made on a day when there is no sort of ceremony; otherwise, we should have found the aide-de-camp wearing the uniform of his grade and corps, and the chamberlain habited in his gold-embroidered scarlet coat, familiar to everybody who has been to the Tuileries balls. Even on ordinary days, as the chamberlain of service is obliged to introduce persons to whom the Emperor grants audience, as soon as the clock strikes twelve, M., the chamberlain puts on the blue coat with gilt buttons bearing the imperial arms, which officers of the imperial household prefer wearing to the ordinary black coat.

We have remained here long enough. Open that door: it leads to another drawing-room, which is hung and furnished with red damask. The immense table which nearly fills the room, and has an arm-chair and chairs all around it, is the council-table. This is the room in which the cabinet-council is held twice a week. The Emperor presides. It will remain vacant to-day, because, as we have said, this is one of the Emperor's holidays.

Next the council-chamber is the Emperor's closet,* or rather the first closet, for the room has been divided into two parts. It is in the first part the Emperor commonly receives the persons to whom he has given audience. His Majesty commonly occupies the second: here he works, reads, reports, and studies the innumerable papers which await his decision. At this early hour we find two body-servants busily engaged in dusting and putting everything in order, for his Majesty will soon make

* The French word is *cabinet*, from which we derive the word cabinet, i. e. the President's cabinet. The King's cabinet was so called, because they met in the royal closet; the container gave its name to the contents. We say a man is fond of the bottle, meaning of the bottle's contents.

we had frequently to ascend by a flight of steps cut in the rock—placed us, in about an hour and a half, upon a green plateau, with shrubs here and there of sufficient growth to shield us from the burning sun. Here we found four nine-pound brass guns, assisted by three others, planted on neighboring crests, playing upon the contumacious little fort below.

The latter, having much the aspect of a little roadside inn, with the stabling detached, was situated at the bottom of the ravine, in an abrupt angle of the road: forming an excellent target for the round shot and grenades that, every half-minute, whistled down the narrow gorge, and struck with unerring exactitude either the fort proper or the fortified barrack in the rear. But no effect was perceptible. As the cloud of smoke and brown dust blew away, the banner of Austria constantly reappeared, defiant as ever. Thrice, indeed, it had been shot away; but it had been as often replaced by the sturdy garrison.

The amusement of watching it soon became monotonous. The fort replied only at long intervals, and an argument in which there is but one disputant is apt to wax wearisome. Below the hill, however, a different scene was enacting. Hoping to reason with the fort with greater effect, a gallant artillery officer had caused a gun to be quietly projected round a jutting angle of the road, within a few hundred paces of the wall, and was about to deliver fire, when a shot from the fortress struck the carriage, dismounted the gun, killed the officer and a corporal, and wounded no less than sixteen men. Loud shouts of "Savoia! Savoia!" "Avanti!" and bugles sounding the advance, covered the mishap; and we, who were unable, from our position, to see precisely what had occurred, imagined that a sudden dash was to be made upon the fort. Next moment, however, the recall was sounded, and all went on as before.

During the firing yesterday, two deserters made their way into the town. They were Venetians, and gave some useful information.

The few prisoners hitherto taken by the volunteers have been treated with much kindness.

"Remember," said Garibaldi, at the commencement of the war, "every Austrian prisoner is my son."

In forming his modest household here, at Storo, the General purposely selected the Austrians of the place, and they serve him heart and soul.

The noble chief is not a very good housekeeper, and might sometimes be left without a dinner but for the watchful care of his [illegible] Colonel and Mrs. [illegible] despair at [illegible] sorted on [illegible] dinner [illegible]

Garibaldi's tastes in literature are as simple as in eating. He has a decidedly poetic and imaginative turn, and has written striking fervid poetry. He loves the pages of Scott, but also, with a childlike interest that might make fools laugh, but would charm the wise, will dwell upon the adventures of Jack and the Bean-stalk, or suffer himself to be caught in the meshes of one of those thrilling domestic histories which, for a penny, inform us what unimaginable horrors are passing under our noses, without in the least disturbing the polished surface of society.

All sorts of provisions, even bread, were frightfully scarce at head-quarters. I would not be understood as affirming that the two-sous loaf is worth a napoleon; but I do know that some rich but famishing Dives offered the latter sum for one, and that Lazarus refused.

A day or two since, Menotti Garibaldi, whose fine regiment—the Ninth—is encamped forward, invited his English friends out to a picnic, warning them (a lady being of the party) that it was likely to be a perfectly "quiet day." There being little else than biscuit and wine in Menotti's camp, the visitors were requested to bring their own provisions. A luncheon—splendid for Storo—was accordingly provided, and the merry party were just sitting down, when a gentle pattering sound was heard, and the rimbombo announced, as Menotti remarked, that the enemy had heard of the picnic and demanded their share. There was a general bustle; the lunch departed, none knew whither; and the "quiet day" filled more than one room in the hospital.

Up to this period, the wounded did not exceed six hundred. It is well there are no more, for though fighting commenced a month ago, the hospital arrangements are shamefully defective. The medical staff is weak and quite insufficient, even for the comparatively small number at present [illegible] aid. We shall see what happens [illegible]

The political jealousies of a [illegible] surrounding Garibaldi [illegible] marred the method and [illegible] ment, and exposed the [illegible] and privation [illegible] medical practitioner [illegible] services. He was [illegible] ties of four hours [illegible] volunteer hospital [illegible] and [illegible] great; [illegible] them- [illegible] distinc- [illegible] sharp eyes [illegible] fingers, [illegible] had been op- [illegible] [illegible] to death by [illegible] ball in the ankle, [illegible] desperate conflicts [illegible] became inevitable. [illegible], went up to him. [illegible] "Bean," he said, "and [illegible] known. Take you [illegible] again."

[illegible] finding his men [illegible] hope of retrieving the day, [illegible] W.), hearing of his wound, [illegible] he should remain so near his in-

charge of an able, independent man, Dr. Brandini, was an absolute model of comfort, neatness, and everything that can tend to lessen the gloom of these abodes of suffering. Visiting it, one day, with Mrs. Chambers, the doctor presented us with a mighty pike, taken in the adjacent lake, Ydro. My companion was almost speechless with joy. The General loves fish, and none is to be obtained. We went racing back to Storo, at the imminent hazard of our necks: Mrs. C.'s driver — a sort of bashi-bazouk, covered with remarkable weapons — urging the horse with wild shrieks to its utmost speed. Providentially we arrived without broken bones, and half the pike appeared at the General's four o'clock dinner; the remainder being made into broth for his three o'clock breakfast next morning.

Little Ampola — naughty little Ampola — has been slapped enough, and at ten o'clock to-day (the nineteenth) hung out a white tablecloth, as much as to say that the storm might cease, and she was going to breakfast; a meal she could scarcely have enjoyed of late. The staff, with a very large following for a fort so small, took possession about two, and the civil authorities — that is to say, the writer, the Popular One, the West-end journal, and another distinguished Englishman, whose beard of warmest tint had procured him the title of Il Rosso — entered also.

The execution done by our two thousand shells was not considerable. We had killed one man, and wounded four. They had been ordered to hold out six days, and the fourth day had arrived, when the garrison, who dwelt day and night in the cellarage, — perhaps driven to madness by the perpetual contemplation of the wine, — mutinied, and drank up the whole. After this there remained no alternative, so the commandant surrendered. A salute was fired, and we were proceeding to other demonstrations of joy, when a message from the General suggested that they should be deferred to a worthier occasion, and ordered that the Garibaldi Hymn should not be played, nor any other offence offered to the feelings of the prisoners, who were complimented on their gallant defence.

We were very jolly this evening. We had established a sort of mess, presided over by our friend Major W., on whom we chiefly relied for warning of the "something" that was constantly going to happen, but did n't. Upon the West-end journal — who was, we noticed with regret, the slave of sensual appetites, liked pepper with his omelette, and was particular about having his bacon dressed — devolved the duty of obtaining provision. "Il Rosso," who had a head for finance, kept the accounts, — which would never come right; and the Popular One rose to the climax of popularity by suddenly, without a word of preparation, producing a huge packet of Russian tea.

Things really did look promising now. Something *was* coming. The capture of Ampola had opened the road to Riva; but would Garibaldi be satisfied with thus turning the fort of Ladaro, on the other road, and leave it untaken in his rear?

From head-quarters it was reported that the General was in higher spirits than he had been for days; that he had issued numerous orders, and would transfer his head-quarters to-morrow, at his favorite hour of three, to Tiarno di Sopra, which, with its sister village, Tiarno di Sotto, were situated five or six miles on the road to Riva. It was known that, at this latter place, the Austrians were posted very strongly; also, that they had considerable forces out upon the mountains, where, familiar with every yard of ground, they were no doubt preparing to render our march to Riva anything but a peaceful promenade.

Among the Garibaldian officers who visited us in the course of the evening was the gallant Chiassi, colonel of the Fifth Regiment; a fine body, more than four thousand strong, and eager for fight. Chiassi was an intimate friend of my brother's, whom he had visited in England; he remained chatting with us until duty summoned him away to head the march from which he was never to return.

We now ascertained that a flying column, under his command, was to move at once on Riva. It was composed of six companies of his own regiment, with two battalions of the Seventh, and was to be followed by detachments of the Second and the Ninth (Menotti's).

The column marched in high spirits, threading the beautiful vale of Ledro, when, while entering a village, without precautions, at about four in the morning, their band playing, they were suddenly attacked by a force from Riva, estimated at eight thousand, with guns and rockets. The Austrians, occupying the houses, opened a withering fire, and threw the column into irremediable disorder. Nevertheless, they retreated fighting, though with the loss of some of their chief officers and many men. Castillini was slain. The majors Pessina and Martinelli were severely wounded; the latter, in a deplorable state, remaining in the enemy's hands. Poor Chiassi did all that heroic courage could, to show a front to the overwhelming foe. With a sort of presentiment he had, when the action began, taken the decoration from his breast, and intrusted it to his aide-de-camp, saying, —

"This is likely to be a serious business."

While rallying the men, a ball struck him in the side. He was raised up by his aide, assisted by a soldier and a peasant; but, before they had moved many paces, a bullet mortally wounded the soldier, and another so much disabled the aide that he was compelled to quit his hold. Chiassi, who was dying, fell into the hands of the enemy, who robbed him of his watch and purse. An hour and a half later his body was recovered, in a bayonet charge, and brought to Garibaldi, who could not restrain his emotion.

"He died as he lived, — a hero," said the General. "It is a beautiful and a glorious end!"

The gallant conduct of the Ninth, under Menotti, to whom great praise is due, enabled the broken troops to regain some order. Ricciotti, in the uniform of a simple private of the Guides, evinced great bravery in this his first battle; and both the martial brothers had their horses killed under them. The Fifth Regiment lost five hundred prisoners; but three hundred of these escaped under a heavy fire, and such as were unscathed rejoined the remnant of their corps.

By the time that Garibaldi — informed of what was passing — arrived at the scene of action, the enemy had occupied Bezzecca, and were threatening Tiarno di Sotto. The firing was warm. One of the General's escort of Guides had his thigh broken by a fragment of shell; another had his horse killed. The presence of the chief restored some confidence, but there was [illegible] much [illegible] and, at the moment w[illegible] West-end journal reached [illegible] tons of impendi[illegible] least enemy were [illegible]

hurrying to the rear; many wounded were coming in; and the fact that each of these last was attended by five, six, or seven sound men, seemed to indicate that affairs in front were not going as smoothly as could be wished. Officers and Guides galloped to and fro, shouting, encouraging, exhorting, —

"Forward! Forward! We want every man!"

Aware that these panic rumors are not always well founded, we made our way through the retiring groups, and, getting clear of the village, had the battle before us. Bezzecca, about a mile distant, was in possession of the enemy, who was apparently extending his front, so as to occupy the wooded heights that skirt the valley, while two guns on his right commanded the road. The rifle and musketry fire was well sustained, and in every direction our troops were retiring. Among the red-frocks there was a greater alacrity in this movement than it was pleasant to see; and when our one gun, on the left, hastily limbered up and trotted from its position, while the General's carriage was seen coming swiftly back from the neighborhood of Bezzecca, the panic was not without excuse.

Garibaldi drew up at the entrance of the village, close to where we stood. He was accompanied by two officers. He was slightly flushed, and the lion face lacked something of its usual serenity as he glanced at the skulkers pouring by.

"Sound! sound!" he said to the buglers. "Send this canaglia to their duty." (The stern contempt with which he rolled out the "canaglia" is indescribable.)

For the first time, the presence of the chief seemed to have lost its spell. It was clearly possible to be a coward under his very eye. The officers, to a man, did their duty. The Guides (whom we had regarded as a rather fresh and pampered body, with a propensity for charging everybody but the foe) galloped about in the fire, and were indefatigable in their efforts to rally the men.

"Avanti! Avanti! Coraggio!" they shouted. "Garibaldi is on the road!"

"Avanti!" was echoed by a despairing captain near me, whose little group of red-shirts was rapidly diminishing. "Avanti, ragazzi! Avanti! Per Dio —sacr-r-ramento!"

And on all sides the bugles never ceased sounding the advance.

At this time a regular panic took place in the village; a rush was made for the rearward village, Tiarno di Sopra, in which our carriage and effects were involved; and I missed my companion, the West-end journal, until he emerged in safety, at the close of the action, from the rear of a six-gun battery, which, hurried up to the front, began at this moment to do us good service.

By Garibaldi's orders, two companies of the volunteer Bersaglieri — a picked corps — began to ascend the heights on our left, and soon their long gray line was seen creeping steadily along the sinuous track towards the crests that overlook Bezzecca. To support them some red-shirts were hastily assembled, and, as soon as they could be convinced that the gray Bersaglieri were indeed "i nostri," our own men, prepared to follow.

A leader was wanted, and the General called for a volunteer. A young officer ran up to his carriage.

"Bravo, bravo, Pantolli!" said Garibaldi, as they hastened away. The General gave the card and pencil, with which he had been writing orders, to his servant on the box, and lay back in the carriage, as if to wait events. He wore to-day, in place of his round black hat, a bright scarlet smoking-cap, embroidered with gold, and it became him well.

Meanwhile the six-gun battery, under Major Dogliotti, had taken up a position on a grassy slope to the right of the village, and, firing diagonally across the valley, opened a terrible fire upon Bezzecca, setting it on fire, and completely arresting the advance of the enemy on that side. The scene at this time was extremely beautiful among the smooth, lawn-like slopes and cultivated fields of the vale of Ledro; the smoke of the burning village, the roar of shells, the rushing, shouting, bugling, and the throngs of wounded making painful progress to the rear, presenting a strange contrast to the pastoral quiet and beauty that reigned beyond the narrowing limits of the strife. A bright mountain stream sparkled through the valley, and, although the approach to it was by a slip of white road still crossed by the enemy's rifle-fire, over which no one seemed disposed to pass, — "except on business," — it was impossible to resist the temptation to drink. Several poor, wounded fellows were slaking their thirst there, to one of whom (shot through the thigh, and bleeding freely) my brandy-flask imparted a little strength.

By this time, affairs had assumed a different aspect. The steady advance of the Bersaglieri, and the splendid practice of Dogliotti's battery (regulars), cleared the left of the valley, and allowed some reinforcements to be passed across to the right. A rush was then made with the bayonet on the village. It was carried, and the battle ended.

The nature of the ground concealed some of the distressing sights that usually attend such a contest. The Austrians carried off all their dead and wounded, but left thirty prisoners in our hands. Forty or fifty Italian dead lay on or near the road, and many more were hidden by the thick brushwood, in which, while skirmishing, they had sought cover. I passed a fine artilleryman lying, feet upward, on a grassy slope, his head completely gone. Three young volunteers lay dead at the angle of a wall, where they had, perhaps, sought refuge from the shell, which had, nevertheless, found them. The wounded lay thick about the village. Our loss, as near as could be guessed, was about a hundred and twenty slain, four hundred and seventy wounded, and two hundred prisoners. The brave artillery suffered some loss. Out of the detachment of sixty which have hitherto accompanied Garibaldi, five have been killed, and twenty-five wounded.

The loss in officers was disproportionately great; not only had they been compelled to expose themselves to unusual danger, but the too marked distinction of dress had pointed them out to the sharp eyes of the trained Bohemian troops and Tyrolese jägers, to whom our raw and boyish levies had been opposed.

Captain Bezzi, twice condemned to death by Austrian tribunals, received a ball in the ankle, shattering the bone, in one of the desperate conflicts of the morning, when retreat became inevitable. Canzio, the General's son-in-law, went up to him.

"You are a brave man, Bezzi," he said, "and your character is sufficiently known. Take you charge of the retreat. I remain."

Bezzi refused; but, ultimately finding his men falling fast, with no hope of retrieving the day, yielded to necessity.

Our friend (Major W.), hearing of his wound, and unwilling that he should remain so near his im-

of age a progress; neither did he think length of years necessary to be wise. From excessive goodness and good sense he lived in the happiness of others. He was ever found sympathizing with the noble and generous follies of youth; he was the confidant and protector of all true lovers, of those harmless debts young men contract, and of all youth's hopes and fears. I went to him, and said, 'Uncle, I am very unhappy!'

"'I bet twenty louis you are not,' was the reply.

"'Ah, uncle, don't laugh! Besides, you would lose.'

"'If I lose I'll pay; and perhaps that would help to console you.'

"'No, uncle, money has nothing to do with my grief.'

"'Come, tell me your tale.'

"'My father has just informed me that I have a lieutenancy in the —— regiment.'

"'What a dreadful misfortune! One of the most gallant regiments in the service, — a handsome uniform, and all the officers are men of rank.'

"'Uncle, I don't wish to be a soldier.'

"'How! You don't wish to serve? Do you happen to be a coward?'

"'I don't know yet; nevertheless, you are the only man whom I would permit to address such a question to me.'

"'Very well, then, Cid, my good friend, why don't you wish to be a soldier?'

"'Uncle, because I want to marry.'

"'Oh!'

"'There 's no *oh* in the question. Uncle, I 'm in love.'

"'And you call that a misfortune! Ungrateful wretch! *I* should like to be in love! And pray who is the object of your ardent flame?'

"'Ah, uncle, she 's an —"

"'I know she is, of course, — it is always an angel! A little later in life you will prefer a woman. But by what mortal name do you call this angel?"

"'She is called Noëmi, uncle.'

"'That is not what I ask you. Noëmi is enough for you, I quite comprehend: besides, it 's a pretty name. But for me, I must know who this angel is, and to what family she belongs? What is the family name?'

"'T is Mademoiselle Amelot.'

"'That 's better than an angel, — a brunette, tall and slight, with eyes like black velvet. I don't at all disapprove of the object of your affection.'

"'Ah, uncle, did you know her soul!'

"'I know, — I understand all about it. And does she return your affection, as we used to say? Is that still what you young ones call it?'

"'I don't know, uncle.'

"'How? You don't know, nephew, unworthy of an uncle like myself? How? You are every day in her house, and don't know yet whether you are loved.'

"'She does not even know that I love her.'

"'O, in that idea you are mistaken, my handsome nephew, and comprehend nothing of woman's nature! She knew it at least a quarter of an hour before you did so yourself.'

"'All I know, uncle, is, that I shall kill myself unless she marries me!'

"'O, O! Well, then, I can tell you that there exist many chances against your union. Your father is much richer than hers; and he will not give his consent.'

"'Well, then, I know the only thing which is left me to do.'

"'Come, come, listen to me. Let us see, — don't go and commit any act of folly. Let us look into the business.'

"'I am all attention, uncle.'

"'In the first place, then, you cannot marry at twenty years of age.'

"'Why not, for goodness sake?'

"'Because I don't choose you should do so. And, without me, this marriage cannot take place.'

"'O, my good, dear uncle!'

"'If she loves you, and will promise to wait three years —'

"'Three years?'

"'Don't argue with me, or I will say four. If she will promise to wait three years, you shall join your regiment, but not at Clermont. I will get you an exchange into one a few leagues from Paris; and you shall come here once every three months until the expiration of the given time.'

"'But how am I to know whether she loves me?'

"'How are you to find it out? By asking it, to be sure!'

"'Ah, dear uncle, I never dare do so!'

"'Then obey your father, and pack up your portmanteau.'

"'But you do not know the girl. A hundred times I wished to tell her I loved her. I have bitterly blamed myself for my timidity. I tried everything to gain courage to speak; I learned my speeches by heart; I wrote piles of letters: but, when the moment arrived, the first word I endeavored to utter choked me, and I began speaking of something else. She had so sweet a look, and yet so stern, that it seemed to me she could never love. As for the letters, it was far worse. At the moment I attempted to give them, I found them so stupid that nothing appeared diminutive enough to tear them into, lest a word should appear against me.'

"'Well, but, my boy, you must decide at last, and for this reason, — your father has not confided all to you. If he sends you to Clermont it is because the colonel of your regiment is a friend of his, and has a daughter, and this daughter is destined for you, because it will be a good and rich marriage. But don't answer me: I know all this is nothing when we love. 'T is a very stupid thing to think thus, and love disinterestedly; but I should be sorry not to have been guilty of so doing. Only men of biassed minds are incapable of the like. I know the old call these delusions: but who knows whether it is not they who are self-deceived? The glass which diminishes objects is not more true than the one which enlarges them. If she loves you, you should sacrifice everything for her. It will be very foolish to do so, but quite right: and you must do it; but first find out whether she loves you, — and you have an excellent opportunity for doing so. They wish to make her marry, nephew, — you turn pale at this idea! You would like to have your odious rival at sword's-length. Well, then try and gain a little of this noble courage in the presence of your fair Noëmi. They want her to marry: you are richer than she, but the man they propose to give her to is richer than yourself, besides being titled and quite ready (the wedding-clothes and presents are also); whereas they would be obliged to wait for you. Now go and seek Noëmi: tell her you love her, — she knows it, but it is, nevertheless, a thing always told. Ask her if she returns your affection; and tell her — for she must love you, I am sure — you are young, handsome, and witty. Ask her to promise solemnly to wait three years for you, but to [illegible]

an English gentleman speaking in praise of the fine echo of Killarney, which repeats the sound forty times, Pat promptly replied: "Faith, sir, that's nothing at all to the fine echo in my father's garden in Galway, for if you say to it, 'How do you do, Paddy Blake?' it will immediately make answer, 'Pretty well, I thank you, sir.'"

Now this echo of Paddy Blake's, which has "long been the admiration of Christendom," does not at all deserve the name or appellation of an Irish bull. It is rather an exquisite specimen of that wit, quickness of repartee, and good-humored drollery for which the Irish are famous; but it does not present to our mind the double arrangement of thought and expression so absolutely essential to the proper construction of a genuine *bull*.

One of the richest specimens of a real Irish bull which has ever fallen under our notice was perpetrated by the clever and witty, but blundering Irish knight, Sir Richard Steele, when inviting a certain English nobleman to visit him. "If, sir," said he, "you ever come within a mile of my house, *I hope you will stop there!*" Another by the same gentleman is well worth recording. Being asked how he accounted for his countrymen making so many bulls, he replied: "I cannot tell, if it is not the effect of climate. I fancy, if an *Englishman was born in Ireland* he would just make as many."

This, again, reminds us of that well-known instance of wounded Irish pride related of the porter of a Dublin grocer, who was brought, by his master, before a magistrate on a charge of stealing chocolate, to which he could scarcely plead "not guilty." On being asked to whom he sold it, the pride of Patrick was exceedingly wounded. "To whom did I sell it?" cried Pat. "Now, do you think I was so *mane* as to take it to sell?" "Pray, then, sir," said the J. P., "what did you do with it?" "Do wid it? Well, then, since you *must* know, I took it home, and me and my ould 'oman made *tay* of it."

A rich bull is recorded of an Irishman at cards, who, on inspecting the pool, found it deficient: "Here is a shilling short," said he: "who put it in?"

This bull was actually perpetrated; so also was the following: Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Doyle and Yelverton, quarrelled one day, so violently, that from hard words they came to hard blows. Doyle, the more powerful man of the two (at the fists, at least), knocked down his antagonist twice, vehemently exclaiming: "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman." To which Yelverton, rising, replied with equal indignation: "No, sir, never. I defy you, I defy you! *You could not do it.*"

The next declaration of independence we record occurred to our own knowledge. It was uttered by an exasperated rural lover, whose sweetheart had driven him "beyond the beyonds" with her "courtings" and "carryings-on" with his rival. "I will never *speak* to you more!" He exclaimed with exceeding vexation. "Keep your *speak* to yourself then," said the provoking girl coolly: "I am sure I can live without either it or your company." "I am sure so can *I*, then," was the wrathful rejoinder.

Most of our readers are familiar, no doubt, with the gallant young Irishman, who declared to his sweetheart that he was in such a way about her he could n't *sleep or eight for dreaming of her*. A parallel instance to this occurred in our own hearing, when a poor fellow protested to "his girl" in the hay-field, that his two eyes *had n't gone together all night* for thinking about her. "Very likely they did not," replied this sweet plague of his life, "for I see your *nose* is between them!"

The following was perpetrated by a young Irish gentleman, who was exceedingly anxious to meet a certain young Irish lady at the house of a common lady-friend, who had expressed her entire readiness (as most ladies would, under similar temptations) to perform the amiable part of "daisy-picker" to the young couple.

"But," said the poor fellow anxiously, "there is nothing in the world so embarrassing, you know, as to meet a girl by appointment. I am sure, under the circumstances, *I would n't be myself, — neither would she!* Suppose, my dear madam, you could manage it so as to let us meet at your house some evening *without either of us being aware that the other was present.*"

Still another pair of lovers claim our attention. The young lady less flustered than her admirer, addressed him in these terms: "I like you exceedingly, but I cannot quit my home. I am a widow's only darling, and no husband could equal my parent in kindness." "She may be kind," replied her wooer enthusiastically, "but be my wife, — we will all live together, and see if I don't *beat your mother!*"

The next Irishman who comes under our notice is married, but not very happily. Having entered into holy bonds at the youthful age of nineteen, he discovers that it is much easier to get the ceremony performed than afterwards to maintain an establishment. Repenting him that he had procured a wife without the means of supporting her, he declares that he never will marry so young again if he lives to be the age of Methuselah.

The next sight we get into the cares and troubles that married life is heir to is through the mild remonstrance of a Hibernian Paterfamilias, who declares to his wife that he really wishes the children could be kept in the nursery while he is at home, "although," he considerately adds, "*I would not object to their noise if they would only keep quiet.*"

We shall now proceed to Dublin, where doubtless still resides that old beggar-woman, who, while soliciting charity, declared she was the mother of *six small children and a sick husband.*

We wonder was this lady any relation to the poor Irishman who offered his only old saucepan for sale: his children gathering round him inquired why he did so. "Ah, my honeys," said he, "sure I would n't be atther partin' wid it if it was n't to get some money to buy somethin' to put in it."

It was in Dublin city that our good-humored maid-of-all-work, Molly, once related to her young mistress a most marvellous dream she had had the night before.

"Pooh, pooh!" cries the latter at its conclusion, "you must have been asleep, Molly, when you dreamed such nonsense."

"Indeed, I was not then," replies the indignant Molly: "I was just as wide awake as I am this minute."

We are now going to introduce to you what drapers' parlance would be called a "clicker-ety": and which we only wish, in displaying its light, fantastic stores, we could recommend with the address with which a draper of my acquaintance once recommended a certain rich material for dresses to a customer. "Madam," said he, "wear forever, and make a petticoat afterwards."

This draper, however, is almost outdone by an enterprising furrier, who intimates to his

[illegible] on end and [illegible] with their forefeet [illegible] to the [illegible] of his shoes with a [illegible] and a few tacks, while the station-master turned to the accounts which extracted the marrow from his very soul, and carried on what he called the "tottle" of a drove of two hundred and sixty oxen, conveyed at so much per head.

"Freezing like mad." The station-master was right. The frost which of late years holds aloof, utterly destroying the pictorial prophecies of the artists of the illustrated periodicals regarding Christmas day, and which, with the exception of a two days' light rime, had left January a moist and muggy month, had set in with the commencement of February hard, black, and evidently lasting. The iron-bound roads rang again, even under the thin boots of the stranger, who hurried over them with a light and fleeting step. The sharp, keen air whirling over bleak Watch Common so penetrated his thin and wretched clothing, that he shivered horribly, and, stopping for an instant, beat his sides with his hands in an awkward manner, as one to whom the process was new, and who was vainly endeavoring to imitate some action he had seen.

Then he hurried on with a short, rapid, jerking step, essentially different from the league-swallowing, swinging pace of the regular pedestrian accustomed to exercise; stumbling over the frozen, solid ruts made by the heavy cart-wheels, slipping on the icy puddles, and ever and anon pausing to take fresh breath or to place his hand against his loudly-beating heart. As he skirted the farther edge of the [illegible] and arrived at the brow of the hill which [illegible] had mentioned to him and which he [illegible] by the solitary tree whose branches [illegible] a distant [illegible] o'clock [illegible] through the frosty air. He stopped [illegible]

[illegible]

The next instant the carriage was whirling away: but the pedestrian, seeing the condition of the footman, had swung himself on to the hind step, and, crouching down behind the rumble and its unconscious occupant, obtained a shelter from the bitter wind, and simultaneously a lift on his road. There he crouched, clinging firmly with both hands in close proximity to the enshrouded knees of the unconscious footman, — knees which, during their owner's sleep, were very helpless and rather comic, which smote each other in the passage of every rut, and occasionally parted and surveyed the dreary gulf of horsecloth between them, to be brought together at the next jolt with a very smart concussion: and there he remained until the stopping of the carriage, and a sharp cry of "Gate" from the coachman, induced him to descend from his perch, and to survey the state of affairs from that side of the carriage most removed from a certain light and bustle into which they had entered. For, on the other side of the carriage to that on which the stranger stood, was an old-fashioned stone lodge with twinkling lights in its little mullioned windows, and all its thousand ivy-leaves gleaming in the carriage-lamps, and happy faces grouped around its door. There was the buxom lodge-keeper the centre of the group, with her comely red face all aglow with smiles; and there was her light-haired, sheep-faced husband standing by the swinging iron gates; and there were the sturdy children, indulged with the unwonted dissipation of "sitting up"; and there was the [illegible] wife awaiting to see company come in while her master had gone up to look at [illegible]; and there were [illegible] and little Tim, his poor idiot boy, who clapped his hands at the whirling lights of the carriages, and kept up an incessant boom of imbecile happiness. Sheep-faced male lodge-keeper [illegible] recognition. [illegible] stranger [illegible] sharp [illegible] —

"How [illegible] Bulger [illegible] — [illegible]

[illegible] Bulger [illegible] of his [illegible] —

"No, Sir John [illegible] Sir John [illegible] Sea[illegible] —"

But the carriage was [illegible] Bulger [illegible] the stranger [illegible]

[illegible]

He emerged from the shadow of the trees again, and struck into the avenue. He quickened his pace, shivering, and seeing the long line of way lying level before him, in the sombre glimmer of the night, he went on with a more assured step. Angry and bitter thoughts were keeping the young man company, a gloomy wrath was in his dark, deep-set eyes, and the hands which he thrust into his coat-pockets clenched themselves with an almost fierce impatience. He strode on, muttering, and trying to keep up an air of hardihood (though there was no one to be deceived but himself), which was belied by the misgivings and remorse at his heart.

"A fine place and a grand house, plenty of money, and all that money gives, and no place for her only son! I wonder how she likes it all! No, no, I don't; I know she is not happy, and it 's my fault, and HIS." His face grew darker and more angry, and he shook his clenched hand towards a stately house, whose long lighted façade now became visible.

"And *his*, — *his* who married my mother, and deceived her, who gave her hopes he never intended to fulfil, — my ill conduct the cause of his forbidding her to bring me here! — he always hated me; he hated me before he saw me, before he ever knew that I was not a sucking-dove for gentleness, and a pattern of filial obedience and propriety; he hated me because I existed, — because I was my mother's son; and if I had been the most amenable of step-sons, he would have hated me all the same, only he would have shown his hatred differently, that 's all. I should have been brought here, and made to feel insignificance, instead of being left to beg or starve, for all he cares. I am better off as it is."

A harsh smile came over his face for a moment. "Quite a blackguard, and all but a beggar. All but? No, quite a beggar, for I am coming to beg of my mother, — coming to your fine house, Capel Carruthers, like a thief or a spy; slinking in at your gates under cover of your fine friends' fine carriages; a prodigal step-son, by Jove, without the faintest chance of a welcome, and every probability of being turned out, if discovered. Company here, too, of all nights in the year, to make it more difficult to get hold of old Brookes unsuspected, but not so unfortunate either, if I 'm seen. Hangers about are to be found even in the country, I suppose, on festive occasions. There 's the house at last! A grand place, grim as it is under the stars, with a twinkling firmament of its own on the ground floor. The lights look warm. Good God, how cold it is out here!" Again he drew back close to the tall, dark stems of the trees, to let a carriage pass; when it had discharged its load under the portico, he emerged cautiously upon the broad carriage sweep by which the company were arriving.

The house was an old one, and was surrounded by a narrow fosse or ditch, which in former days might have been full of water, and used for defensive purposes, but which was now drained and dry, and served as a kind of area, looked into by the windows in the basement. Above this fosse, and stretching away on either side of the heavy portico, was a broad and handsome stone terrace, the left-hand portion of which lay in deep shadow, while the right-hand portion was checkered with occasional light, which made its way through the partially closed shutters of the ball-room. Cautiously crossing the broad drive, and slipping behind a carriage which was just discharging its load at the hall door, George Dallas, the stranger whose fortunes we have so far followed, crept into a dark angle of the porch until the crunching of the gravel and the clanging of the door announced the departure of the carriage, and then, climbing the balustrade of the terrace, and carefully avoiding the lines of light, made his way to the window of the room, and peered in. At first he shook so with the cold that he could not concentrate his attention on what was passing before his eyes; but having groped about and found a small tree which was carefully protected with a large piece of matting, and which flanked one end of the balustrade, he quietly removed the matting, and, wrapping it round him, returned to his position, watching and commenting on the scene of which he was a spectator.

It was an old room on which George Dallas looked, — an old room with panelled walls, surmounted by a curious carved frieze and stuccoed roof, and hung round with family portraits, which gave it a certain grim and stern air, and made the gay hot-house flowers with which it was lavishly decorated seem out of keeping. Immediately opposite the window stood the entrance door, wide open, and flanked by the usual bevy of young men, who, from laziness or bashfulness, take some time to screw their courage up to dancing-point. Close in front of them was a group which at once arrested George Dallas's attention.

It consisted of three persons, of whom two were gentlemen; the third was a young girl, whose small white-gloved hand rested on the arm of the older of her companions, who, as George Dallas caught sight of them, was in the act of presenting the younger to her. The girl was tall, slight, very graceful and elegant, and extremely fair. Her features were not clearly discernible, as she stood sideways towards the window; but the pose of the head, the bend of the neck, the braids of fair hair closely wound around the well-shaped head, and worn without any ornament but its own golden gloss, the sweeping folds of her soft white dress, — all bore a promise of beauty, which, indeed, her face, had he seen it, would have fully realized. He saw her bow, in graceful acknowledgment of the introduction, and then linger for a few minutes talking with the two gentlemen, — to the younger of whom George Dallas paid no attention whatever, after which she moved away with him to join the dancers. The older man stood where she had left him, and at him George Dallas looked with the fixed intensity of anger and hatred.

"There you are," he muttered, "you worthy, respectable, hard-hearted, unblemished gentleman! There you are, with your clear complexion and your iron-gray whiskers, with your cold blue eyes and your white teeth, with your thin lips and your long chin, with your head just a little bald, and your ears just a little shrivelled, but not much; with your upright figure, and your nice cool hands, and your nice cool heart, too, that never knew an ungratified lust, or a passion which was n't purely selfish. There you are, the model of respectability and wealth, and the essence of tyranny and pride! There you are, — and you married my beautiful mother when she was poor, and when her son needed all that she could give him, and more; and you gave her wealth, and a fine house, and fine friends, and your not remarkably illustrious name, and everything she could possibly desire, except the only thing she wanted, and the only thing, as I believe, for which she married you. That 's your niece, of course, the precious heiress, the rich and rare young lady who

[illegible] through the air of its [illegible] from it. That's the heiress, why, [illegible] does not know that I exist. I should not be surprised if he had ordered my mother to conceal the disgraceful fact. Well, the girl is a nice creature, I dare say; she looks like it. But where can my mother be?"

He approached the window still more closely; he ventured to place his face close to the panes for a moment as he peered anxiously into the room. "Where is my mother?" he thought. "Good Heaven! if she did but know that I am shivering here!"

The strains of sweet, clear music reached his ears, floods of light streamed out from the ball-room, a throng of dancers whirled past the window, he saw the soft fluttering dresses, he heard the rustle of the robes, the sounds of the gay voices, and the ring of laughter, and, ever and anon, as a stray couple fell away from the dance, and lingered near the window, a fair young face would meet his gaze, and the happy light of its youth and pleasure would shine upon him. He lingered, fascinated, in spite of the cold, the misery of his situation, and the imminent risk of detection to which he was exposed. He lingered and looked, with the longing of youth, for gayety and pleasure, in his case for a simple gayety [illegible] pleasure than any he was wont to know. Suddenly he shrank quickly back and [illegible] in the covering of matting [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

In the centre of the table stood an old-fashioned [illegible] banished from the upper region[s] [illegible] made its appearance in society; close to the stand was a large Bible open, a pair of spectacles lying upon the page. A brass-bound desk, a file of receipts, a Tunbridge-ware work-box and a venerable inkstand were also symmetrically arranged upon the table. The room was empty and the observer at the window had ample leisure and opportunity to scrutinize it.

"I am in luck," he said. "This is Nurse Ellen's room. There are the dreadful old portraits which she always insisted on keeping over the chimney-piece, and venerated, quite as much because she thought them objects of art as because she fancied them really like my father and mother. There's her Bible, with the date of my birth and christening in it. I dare say those are the identical spectacles which I broke, playing Red Riding Hood's grandmother. I wish she would come in, and come alone. What shall I do if she brings any one with her, and they close the shutters? How delightful the fire looks! I have a great mind to smash the window and get in. No one would hear the noise with all that crashing music overhead, and there does not seem to be a soul on this side of the house."

No sound of footsteps made itself audible on the terrace above his head. He was sheltered a little more in his present position, but still the cold was [illegible] and he was shivering. The impulse to break the window grew stronger. He thought how h[e] [illegible] his hand; his shabby glove [illegible]

[illegible]

should n't indeed. You don't know how pleasant it is — for the man."

"Very pretty indeed, Captain Marsh! And now that you 've had the chance of paying a compliment, and have done it so neatly, we will go back, please. I begin to feel a little chilly."

As the speakers moved, something fell at George Dallas's feet. It was so dark in the corner where he stood that he could not distinguish what it was, until the closing of the window above gave him assurance that he might move in safety. Then he went forward, and found it was a sprig of myrtle. He picked it up, looked at it idly, and put it into the breast-pocket of his miserable coat.

"What a sweet voice she has!" he said. "A sweet face, too, I am sure; it must be so, to match the voice and the hair. Well, she has given me something, though she did n't intend it, and will probably never know it. A spirited, plucky girl, I am sure, for all her grace and her blonde style. Carries too many guns for the captain, that 's clear!"

He dived down in the midst of his words, for the door of the room into which he had been looking opened quietly, and an elderly woman in a black silk dress entered. After casting a glance round her, she was about to seat herself at the table, when Dallas gave two low taps in quick succession at the window. The woman started and looked towards the spot whence the sound came with a half-keen, half-frightened glance, which melted into unmixed astonishment when Dallas placed his face close to the glass and beckoned to her with his hand. Then she approached the window, shading her eyes from the candlelight and peering straight before her. When she was close to the window, she said, in a low, firm voice, —

"Who are you? Speak at once, or I 'll call for help!"

"It 's I, Nurse Ellen. I —"

"Good heavens, Master George!"

"Yes, yes; open the window and let me in. I want to talk to you, and I 'm half dead with cold. Let me in. So. That 's it."

The woman gently raised the sash, and so soon as the aperture admitted of the passage of his body, he slipped through and entered the room, taking no notice of his old nurse, but making straight for the fire, before which he knelt, gazing hungrily at the flames, and spreading both his hands in eager welcome of the blaze. The old woman closed the window and then came softly behind him, placed her hand on his head, and, leaning over his shoulder and looking into his face, muttered, —

"Good Lord, how changed you are, my boy! I should scarcely have known you, except for your eyes, and they 're just the same; but in everything else, how changed!"

He was changed indeed. The last time George Dallas had taken farewell of his old nurse, he had parted from her, a big, strong, healthy youth of eighteen, with short, curly brown hair, clear skin, bright complexion, the incarnation of youth and strength and health. He knelt before her now, a gaunt grisly man, with high cheek-bones and hollow rings round his great brown eyes, with that dead, sodden pallor which a life of London dissipation always produces, and with long, thin, bony hands with which he clutched hold of the old woman, who put her arms round him and seemed inclined to burst into a fit of sobbing.

"Don't do that, nurse! don't do that! I 'm weak myself, and seedy, and could n't stand it. Get me something to drink, will you? And, look here! I must see my mother to-night, at once. I've come from town on purpose, and I must see her."

"She does not know you are here?" asked Mrs. Brookes, while she gazed mournfully at the young man, still kneeling before the fire. "But of course she does not, or you would have told me."

"Of course, of course, Nurse Ellen," said George Dallas, "she knows nothing about it. If I had asked her leave, she would not have dared to give it. How is she, nurse? How does she like her life? She tells me very little of herself when she writes to me, and that 's not often." He rose from his knees now, and pulled a ponderous black horsehair chair close to the fire, seated himself in it, and sat huddled together, as though cold even yet, with his feet on the broad old-fashioned fender. "I had to come at any risk. You shall know all about it, nurse; but now you must contrive to tell my mother I am here."

"How can I do that, Master George?" asked the old woman, in a tone of distress and perplexity. "She is in the ball-room, and all the grand folk are looking at her and talking to her. I can't go in among them, and if I could, she would be so frightened and put about, that master would see in a moment that something had happened. He is never far off where she is."

"Ha!" said George, gloomily; "watches her, does he, and that kind of thing?"

"Well, not exactly," said Mrs. Brookes; "not in a nasty sort of way. I must say, to do him justice, though I don't much like him, that Mr Carruthers is a good husband; he 's fond of her, and proud of her, and he likes to see her admired."

The young man interrupted her with selfish heedlessness.

"Well, it 's a pity he has the chance to-night; but, however it 's managed, I must see her. I have to go back to town to-morrow, and of course I can't come about here safely in the daytime. Think of some plan, nurse, and look sharp about it."

"I might go up stairs and join the servants — they are all about the ball-room door — and watch for an opportunity as she passes."

"That will take time," said George, "but it 's the best chance. Then do it, nurse, and give me something to eat while you are away. Will any of the servants come in here? They had better not see me, you know."

"No, you are quite safe; they are looking at the dancing," she answered, absently, and closing as she spoke the shutters of the window by which he had entered. She then left the room, but quickly returned, bringing in a tray with cold meat, bread, and wine. He still sat by the fire, now with his head thrown back against the high, straight back of his chair, and his hands thrust into his pockets."

"Very plain fare, Master George," said the housekeeper, "but I can't find anything better without wasting time."

"Never mind, nurse. I 'm not hungry, and I 'm not above eating cold meat if I were. Beggars must not be choosers, you know; and I 'm little better than a beggar, as you also know. Give me some wine. It is n't felony, is it, though I have got into my step-father's house through the window, and am drinking his wine without his knowledge or consent?"

His tone was very painful to the faithful old woman's ear. She looked at him wistfully, but made no reply. He rose from the chair by the fire, sullenly drew another chair to the table, and sat down

by the way. Mrs. Brookes left the room, and took her way along the white stone passage which led to the entrance hall of the mansion. Passing through a swinging door covered with crimson cloth, she entered a spacious square hall, decorated, after the fashion of country houses, with stags' heads and antlers. The floor was of polished oak, and uncarpeted, but at each of the six doors which opened into it lay a soft white rug. A bright fire blazed in the ample grate; and through the open door of the ball-room light and the sound of music poured into the hall. A number of servants were standing about, some lingering by the fire, a few ranged close to the door of the dancing room, exchanging comments upon the performances with perfect impunity. Under cover of the music Mrs. Brookes joined the group, which respectfully gave way at her approach, and crept to her the front place. She looked anxiously, and for some time vainly, for her mistress.

At length she perceived her, but she was seated at the further end of the room, in conversation with an elderly lady of extraordinary magnificence in point of apparel, and who required to be spoken to through an ear-trumpet. Mrs. Carruthers was not a skilful performer upon that instrument, and was obliged to give her whole mind to it, so that there was little chance of her looking in any other direction than the unwinking one of Mrs. Clarendon's eye in the present. Mrs. Brookes looked on [illegible] and longed for a break in the dancing, [illegible] movement among the company. [illegible] the music ceased, the parting waltzers [illegible] and Mrs. Carruthers [illegible] of a young lady [illegible] the door. As she [illegible] Mrs. Clarendon's [illegible] Who was young? Mrs. Carruthers thought. Something she [illegible] [illegible] all was standing [illegible]

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Paris Academy of Sciences has announced as the subject of the prize poem for the ensuing year, "The Death of Abraham Lincoln."

MR. EDMUND YATES is about to commence a new novel in the pages of *All the Year Round*. The title which he has chosen is "Black Sheep."

THE engines of the large ocean paddle steamers make about 200,000 turns in crossing the Atlantic, between Liverpool and New York.

DAVID S. SMITH, a brother of Alexander Smith the poet, is a writer of considerable ability. "Karl-of-the-Locket, and his Three Wishes," is the title of a pleasant little volume from his pen, lately published at Edinburgh.

ASTRONOMERS tell us that the moon is drawing gradually nearer to the earth by about an inch every year. They have also discovered that the day is about one hundredth of a second longer now than it was 2,000 years ago.

THE golden leg of Hood's "Miss Kilmansegg" has found a rival, for we are told that a silver leg, on a new model, is being made for the Prince of Hohenzollern, who was wounded at Sadowa, and suffered amputation. The prince had better avoid visiting Naples, lest the brigands who infest that country take a fancy to his valuable limb.

[illegible] TAKE NOTICE, [illegible] BROWN PENNY IS NOT [illegible] AWAY [illegible]

[illegible] MR. [illegible] The Mis- [illegible]

the consequences, and as yet the only remedy discovered is the injecting of chloroform and water up the nose, which destroys life in the eggs.

At the late sitting of the French Academy of Medicine Dr. Guibout read a paper on sewing-machines and their injurious effects on the health of needlewomen. He stated that one day he had two consultations on the matter, the patients being unknown to each other, and belonging to different establishments. One of them declared that before she went there she was plump and rosy, but that now, after working at the machine for seven or eight months, her health had been constantly declining. She added that many of her companions were in the same state. The other patient was a strong woman of a full habit, who complained that she was obliged to quit her establishment because she felt her health beginning to give way. She stated that such was the effect of the sewing-machine on the women employed there that there was a constant change of hands, healthy women coming in and sick and debilitated ones leaving. It appeared from the discussion which followed that the machine was not injurious to men, or to females that were not constantly at work at it.

The inventors of weapons of offence, and of armor of defence, are playing a skilful game against one another, and it is hard to say which is likely in the end to have the best of it. No sooner does some one contrive a gun of greater powers than were ever heard of before, than some one else hits upon a new species of iron-plating which is to make ships invulnerable to attack. Thereupon the improvers of artillery go to work again, increase the weight of their shot and the force of their guns, and set the armorer at defiance. In the late battles abroad the needle-gun mowed down its thousands; but now, according to a story in *Le Nord*, a M. Charles Bernard has invented a species of light coat which renders the happy possessor as indifferent to musket-balls as a school-boy to paper pellets. At the Belgian Tir National the other day, he wrapped himself up in this magical garment, placed himself at the distance of a hundred *mètres* from a good marksman, and calmly stood fire. The result was similar to that with which Mr. Anderson, the Wizard of the North, has familiarized us in his well-known gun-trick. M. Bernard, did not, indeed, catch the ball, but it fell, flattened and harmless, from the folds of his mysterious coat, which is described as "a flowing garment falling to the ground." The ball, it is added, was only slightly beaten out of shape, and bore on its point the impress of the stuff. It was a conical ordnance ball, and was projected from a cavalry carbine charged with three grammes and a half of powder. Not having yet taken out a patent, M. Bernard would not allow any one to approach near enough to examine the coat; so we must wait for further revelations. If the story be true, another move has been made on the chess-board, and defence for the moment has got the advantage of attack.

The Author of "The Rambles of a Naturalist" says: "The black rat, which has become more and more rare, is disappearing daily from the continent of Europe, in consequence of a revolution, not less bloody, though less generally known, than those which the barbarians of the North brought in former times upon the empires of the more civilized world. For ages the mouse, which was the only representative of his family known to the ancients, lived at our expense, with no enemy to fear in its quasi-domestic state, save man, whom it pillaged, and the cat, which the lords of the creation had called to their aid against an adversary which had been rendered formidable by its very diminutiveness and timidity. During the Middle Ages, the black rat, coming no one knew from whence, spread itself over Europe and attacked the mouse, who, too feeble to resist his ferocious antagonist, was obliged to share with him his old haunts, only escaping complete destruction by retiring within his narrow galleries, whither the enemy could not pursue him. At the beginning of the last century, the Norway, or brown rat, brought by merchant vessels from India, appeared in Europe, and at once began to wage an exterminating war against the black rat. Its greater strength, ferocity, and fecundity enabled it rapidly to gain ground. This rat first appeared in England in 1730; twenty years later it was observed in France; but at the period when Buffon wrote his immortal work it was only met with in the environs of Paris, and had not yet penetrated to the city. At the present day it is the only rat met with in the capital, and in the greater part of the provinces. Its partiality for the water, and the readiness with which it swims, have enabled it to follow the courses of rivers, and by ascending the smallest affluents it has contrived to diffuse itself over the whole country. It has driven the black rat before it, exterminating it in many of our provinces, and forcing it to take refuge in mills or isolated farms."

A recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* publishes the following note from Professor Youmans, now in London:—

To the Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette. Sir, — "The paragraph which you lately published, on the authority of the American papers, "that Professor Youmans recently left that country in order to present to Mr. Herbert Spencer 5,000 dollars and a very valuable gold watch as a testimonial from his American admirers," requires some correction, as it misstates both the amount contributed and my own purpose in coming to this country. The case is this: Nearly all Mr. Spencer's writings have been republished in America, where they have been both widely read and very highly appreciated. Many of his friends there, feeling a deep indebtedness to him for works by which they knew he had been the loser to a serious amount, thought that they could not more suitably express their gratitude than by a substantial testimonial. But knowing that Mr. Spencer had decisively declined some overtures on the part of his friends in England, having the kindred purpose of preventing the cessation of his philosophical series, and preferring not to be placed in a like predicament, they invested 7,000 dollars in his name in public securities, which, as they belong to no one else, he is of course at liberty either to appropriate or leave to accumulate for the benefit of his heirs. — E. L. Youmans."

SISTER GRACE.

Sister Grace in wimple white,
  Hood of gray, and robe all sable,
Comes from where the convent casts
  Shadows from each tower and gable.

Sister Grace the abbess sends,
  With her hazel-rod and basket,
Fish to catch for convent supper.
  Her meek nature, how they task it!

Swallows fly in crescents swift
  O'er the ripples and the shallows,

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. II.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1866. [No. 37.

THE TURCO.

BY EDMOND ABOUT.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.]

PART III.

I HARDLY had gotten a half-hour's worth of rest through it all, when at four in the morning, with my body literally enamelled with flea-bites, I gave up the attempt. You have, perhaps, remarked that these animals have a preference for blondes. I sought out Léopold, to see how it fared with him. I found him writing on his knees before his door. "Ah!" said I to him, "you see one does not always die."

He reached me his hand, threw back his writing-case into his lodging, and proposed a walk.

"The country seems superb, seen from here," said he.

"Faith," cried I, "talk of the landscape now! Let us speak of yesterday, of yourself, of all of us, of the fight, of the victory. You have had the baptism of fire, and you can see in the glass that you have gained the look of a conqueror!"

"Bah!"

"You are too modest, my dear fellow. It was a pretty feat of arms, I can tell you. The *Moniteur de l'Armée* will tell the whole story. Are you content with it? Are you one of the happy? for there is luck even in battles. What have you done? seen? proved?"

"First, I was horribly afraid of being afraid."

"Just so,—what next?"

"Nothing remarkable."

"That's a good record for one of the advance guard! Come to the parade."

"Why?"

"Why? To hear the order of the day."

He reddened like a child caught with his fingers in the pie, and said something about the necessity of finishing his letter to his mother, which he wished to despatch by the first opportunity. I wondered whether or not he had been guilty of misbehavior yesterday before the enemy, that he was shy of the points.

Well, when I heard the orders, the first name that my ears caught was his own. The General thanked the troops for their good conduct, and, making mention of some signal deeds, particularly named the heroism of the Sub-Lieutenant De Gardelux, who alone had rescued a dozen men of his company when imprudently exposed in the fight; and he it was, too, who had been the first to enter the fortified village of Beni-Yala.

I did not stop to hear another word, but ran to his cabin. He was still writing. I scattered his papers, and fell upon him with abuse. "Ah, it is thus you treat your friends! You let me jeer at you as a Tartuffe, and made me think that was your reason for keeping aloof! You knew all the while that the General had words of praise for you. You could fight like a lion, and then be afraid of hearing him speak of it." I spoke, I cried, I wept, I embraced him, and slapped him with the true Alsatian delight. He, meanwhile, seemed pale, and turned his haggard eyes upon me. "Pardon me," he said; "I was not sure,—I did not know if what I had done was what is called courage. So I had not dared to follow you there; for if the General had failed to mention me, I should not have dared to accuse him of injustice, but could have proved myself a cheat."

"There was no danger of that. The General is just. He understands men."

"Well, then, I must go to thank him."

"You have time. He ought to be in bed. Yesterday was rather rough business for a man of his years."

"Then let us go. I have got something of a tingling in my legs somehow."

"You are fortunate it is only a tingling."

I gathered up his papers, and we started out together. His comrades, wherever they met him, seized his hand, and congratulated him. He reddened; and even I, as if his glory pertained somehow to me, lost countenance. The soldiers all saluted him with an air that seemed to say, "It is not thy epaulettes, but thy courage, that commands our reverence." Marcou, the *aide-major*, gave us the account of our losses,—eleven killed, thirty-five wounded, ten of them grievously, and not a soul missing. "If it had not been for you," said he to the *Turco*, "the Arabs would have taken a dozen of us." The farther we went the more compliments were showered upon him. He led me along by the guard of the baggage. The Captain, a poor old man, whose service only ran a year longer, and had never secured him the cross of honor, recognized us afar, and called out, "Ah, young sirs, we are no longer needed to gather the laurels; Monsieur de Gardelux has taken them all." The *Turco* blushed again, and went to him to excuse himself for this intervention as well as he could.

We now returned to his lodging, and he spoke of finishing his letter. A convoy of the wounded was to start at two for Biskra. "I hope," said I to him, "that you are going to send a copy of the General's order to your mother."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because it would have the air of editing one's own history, and I have found myself ridiculous enough without that."

"One is right in calling the ridiculous but a step from the sublime, if a fellow like you can confound the one with the other. Very well: I shall get your sergeant-major to copy the order, and shall send it myself to Mme. de Gardelux.'

"If it is any amusement for you. I write such long letters, and my mother has so little time for them, that it is likely enough the waste-basket will get all that have the Biskra stamp."

"But Mlle. Hélène is, perhaps, not so much occupied: is she? What if I should send it to her?"

"Do as you please."

I enclosed the extract in the pretty script of the sergeant-major, and added in my own hand, "Charles Brunner, captain of the staff, presents his humble duty to Mademoiselle Hélène de Gardelux, and is pleased to transmit to her the accompanying text, which the modesty of our young hero may perhaps hold back."

I took the letter to him and offered it for his perusal. "No," said he; "reading it is much the same as writing it."

"How? Can you let me enter into a correspondence with your sister, and not be curious to know what I say to her?"

"Do I not know you?"

The reply went to my soul, and I hung upon his neck.

Our General kept us well in hand for that day, and the next we ventured out on a reconnoissance. The enemy had either left or become wary. For a week we were undisturbed. Our soldiers were busy clearing out the villages, pulling down the huts, and cutting off the trees, as an example for the future. The village on the summit was thus transformed into a very sightly camp, and everybody concluded that our tents were much more habitable than the native *gourbi*.

But while we were living on, unmindful of evil, the insurrection was gaining head about us. Those whom we had chased from their heaths were received into the neighboring tribes. An old blind Marabout, who had a woman of the Beni-Yala about him, went to preaching a crusade, and was responded to everywhere. It is astonishing how an echo will reduplicate itself in the mountains. The tribes that refused to pay us the *amau* arrogated an air of importance for their daring. Rumors filled the air in aid of the rebellion. Story-tellers are as inventive and reckless with them as with us. The upshot of all was, that in a fortnight's time we were completely surrounded, and our communications with Biskra cut off. For conquerors, we were not precisely at our ease.

Our General had all sorts of good qualities, but patience was not his predominant virtue. He resolved to strike a blow. The tribe of the wretched old Marabout was distant about five leagues: and very warlike, if not very rich, were these Beni-Schafar. One fine night we started through the mountains for them, and at eight in the morning we were engaged. The day was not a bad one for us. We killed fifty, burnt their villages, repulsed their subsequent attacks: but it was not possible to encamp on the conquered field. We had the wounded to care for, baggage to look after, and the General decided upon returning to camp. Everybody thought the affair over; and everybody was good humor except the *Turco*, who had been the rear-guard, and had found no occasion to tinguish himself. I joked with him a little on ambition, and quoted sundry apposite proverbs him.

Our road back was of the usual sort, up hill down, scarcely a rod of level work, otherwis beautiful region. I rode in the advance, alongs of the General, in the channel of a stream ran over marble pebbles. We had before us a cession of summits, crowned by the Djebel-Derr that burgrave powdered with the snow.

The General was just saying to me that thought we were well over with our troubles, in an hour we should be in our tents, and in th days the Beni-Schafar—he got no further, w the sound of musketry showed that the Arabs fallen upon our rear. We could not only hear t guns, but their cries.

Our General swore a great oath, and turned horse back, crying, "Follow."

When the chief tells you to come after there is but one thing to do. We proceeded s ly, officers urging the men, and furious at the ne sary delay in going over the intervening dista Sometimes the fire ceased, and we would think affair over; but the quick rattle would soon foll Meanwhile night came on, concealing our road paralyzing us with doubt. The column had halted since its start, which was nearly five h before. There was no complaint among the diers, but you could hear them pant. There nothing to do but to go on: no one dared "Halt!"

Finally the General rejoined us, and his words were to order a halt. The men broke ra and found rest by the roadside: the officers tened to get intelligence. "All is well," was General's reply. "There has been only one sl volley since I left the rear, which is a half-h since: but we had hot work there. Brunner, y friend, the *Turco*, is decidedly a wild fellow. compliment you upon such a friend. He does seem much, but he has a terrible fire in his soul. will go all lengths,—braver and more fortunate t any other. The balls even respect him. I saw work with sabre and bayonet. It was proper w I assure you. I saw him kill two Arabs with own hand. Faith, sir, they may say I flatter noble blood, but so much the worse, say I. If th is left a bit of red ribbon in Paris, I will ask Emperor for it, to decorate this comrade of yo Forward, soldiers. It will be ten yet before reach camp."

The rest of the march seemed long to me,— know why. When we arrived, I had much to tend to, which I wished a hundred times to Devil: for these duties kept me till midnight. nally I was free to run to Léopold's tent, to tell what the General had said. I was stopped b man who told me he was seeking me at the insta of M. de Gardelux.

"Where is he?"

"In the hospital, and sorely off."

"How! he? It is impossible."

"A ball in the abdomen, Captain. I it was succored him. But let us hasten, if you ple There is no time to lose."

We ran to the hospital, and my heart sunk at sight of the tent, surmounted by a red flag, wh seemed to me black in the night.

"Here he is," said my guide, pointing out the first.

I entered and saw by the lantern's flicker my poor Léopold stretched on a mattress. So pale he looked, I thought him already dead. He was in a swoon, consequent upon probing the wound. The surgeon was at his side, wiping his hand upon his bloody apron.

"Ah, is it you?" cried Marcou. "My poor Brunner, you lose a famous friend, and the army a brave soldier."

"Is it all over, then?"

"Not yet; but there is no help. The ball went in below and came out above, traversing the diaphragm. Hemorrhage and suffocation will do the rest. He may live two or three hours. Wait here. He will perhaps be conscious again. At any rate, his death will be easy. I must visit the rest. These devilish Arabs have given me not a little work to do to-day."

I tried to detain him, prayed him to seek some way, to discover some hope, to do some miracle to save him. He looked at him sadly, seized my hands, and went off shrugging his shoulders. I now turned to the brave fellow who had led me here, and observed that he had his arm in a sling. He was a corporal of the line. The General had ordered him, in passing, to go with twenty of his men and reinforce the rear-guard, and so he had taken part in the last stages of the conflict. He told me how they had to charge back a score of times to secure their fallen comrades, and that they had left still three or four in the enemy's hands. Himself had been saved by my friend, the *Turco*. It was with his musket that he had charged the Arabs. "Captain," said he, "I assure you M. de Gardelux did incomprehensible things. His tunic was all slashed to pieces. The bayonet of my gun was twisted. Unfortunately he sprained his foot in the ravine, and had to fall to the rear, where an Arab easily drew upon him from behind a lentisk-tree, scarcely a gun's length from him. We all thought it was over with him. We were both carried to the hospital, and only when we reached it did he give sign of life. He asked after you. As soon as my arm was bandaged, I ran to find you. I owed that at least to him."

I sent the poor fellow to his bed, and took my seat on the ground beside Léopold. You cannot wish that I should follow out for you the course of my meditations. It would be rather long, and not very entertaining. I had fallen into a kind of stupor from my fatigue and grief, when about three o'clock I heard him call, "Charles!" The voice seemed to come from the ground. I took his hand — it was moist and soft — and answered, "I am here." He opened his great eyes and looked towards me without seeing me. "It is I," said I to him, "your friend, Brunner!"

He made another effort and asked for water. I forced open his close-shut teeth, and succeeded in getting in a few drops. It seemed to animate him: his look brightened, and he knew me.

"Thanks," he said, and nothing more, for the exertion of that one word seemed too much. I held back my tears and tried to appear even gay. His faculties came back, and I felt his hand press mine a little. He drew a long breath and said to me faintly, "It is over — I expect it — you know! A little sooner or a little later, what does it signify? War is the only good. I have never lived, but here with you. I might have been left to live, but — well, it may be I was not worthy. Alas! it was not my lot to be petted: that was for the rest of you, — for you, above all."

I somehow made bold to tell him that he need not despair; that he was not too far gone to recover; that Marcou had given me hope that in two months he would be about again. But I was never good at that sort of thing. He stopped me with a smile that froze my very marrow.

"Poor Charles," said he, "let me tell you what little I have to say. You know what I have experienced. I pardon everybody, and ask for my misconduct the same. My watch is there under my head. Stop it when you close my eyes, and carry it to my mother. She will see that my last thoughts, at my last minute — do you understand? The miniature, you must deliver it to my sister yourself. My will is in my chamber at Biskra. See to sending it as soon as you get released from this place. No letters — I have told you — burn them. My ring is for Hélène. She will not wear it, but she can keep it among her jewels. I have bequeathed my weapons and my books to you, my friend. I would, — no, I hope that they will not burn my poor verses. You may see them some day printed at the Librairie-Nouvelle. You will go to Helder with the two volumes under your arm, and so pass perhaps a quarter of an hour in thinking of me, with those who have known me. Is it then so bad a thing to die, with some of your immortal thoughts behind you? I choke, — a little water."

I tried to make him drink.

"It is of no use," said he; "nothing more. But I forget. There are some thousands of francs in my pocket, — they are for the men of my company. Adieu, General! Comrades! my Turcos! our flag! France! life! thee, my brother! — I stifle — ah! that's easier!"

It was indeed so, for the poor fellow had finished his sufferings.

As for me, I was beside myself. I rushed from the tent without closing his eyes, forgetful of his last wishes. I rushed around the camp. I went into my quarters; I left them; I woke up four or six comrades, to tell them the *Turco* was dead; I wandered to the outposts; and went, I knew not whither, till six o'clock in the morning. The idea then struck me of going back to the hospital. I wished to see him again. When I got there the attendants had already brought him out and put him on his back on the ground. I could only see his shape. The body was covered with a mule's housing, — according to the custom. I counted eight of these housings, along there, in a row. I could hear the death-rattle of some poor fellow in a neighboring tent. What exasperated me, was to see the fresh grass waving insolently about the corpse. The blue of the sky seemed itself ferocious. The sun was mocking me. It was a superb morning for the landscape-painter, — but my eyes smarted at the sight. You can well imagine I was in no mood to admire it. I do not know how long I stayed there, sitting in the damp grass, gnawing the ends of my fingers, and lulled singularly enough almost to unconsciousness by the death-song of a *Spahi*, who lay a few feet from me. A tap on my shoulder roused me. It was the General, who was making his rounds to the wounded and dying. He did not speak to me a single word of consolation; he knew that he could have none for me. "Captain Brunner," said he in a tone of authority, "let no one leave the camp till night. At seven o'clock

we pay our last duties to the friends and companions we have lost. There should be some words said at their graves, and I name you for that office. Go to your tent and prepare to perform the duty."

That said, he turned and went to the hospital, to find some occasion to vent the feelings that he had restrained before me. A soldier gets to know many things, the human heart among others. If this old man had not planned this distraction of my thought for that day, I cannot tell what I should have done. I worked over my oration, and it occupied me till midday, and then set myself to the task of committing it to memory. But that evening, at seven, when I saw the body of our unfortunate *Tavo* before me, I lost my memory and presence of mind. I reiterated five or six times the opening word, *Gentlemen*: all my ideas thronged in my thought in profusion, but I could not marshal them for delivery. I suppose that the most striking of all was the contrast of that obscure grave and that military life which had had so auspicious a beginning. I, without doubt, recalled the hour when the General had given me a promise of the cross for my friend, for I seized mechanically the decoration which hung from my tunic, and threw it into the open grave, and fell backwards at the moment into the arms of our General, who could no longer restrain his emotions.

I do not know whether I returned to camp on my feet, or whether I was carried. The surgeon gave me an anodyne, which kept me in bed for four and twenty hours. When I awoke, I found that more duties were expected of me than ten men could perform. All my friends were given to understand that they must overwhelm me with business. The Arabs, too, were quite in the secret. We were attacked with considerable rigor. Picket-duty, sorties, danger, a blow on my head from the butt end of a gun, all did me good.

Six weeks later a reinforcement arrived from Constantine. To make the junction, it was necessary to offer battle, by which our communications were re-established for the rest of the campaign. My letters from France came all together. You can imagine my joy after so long a deprivation. Fortune has some strange caprices. Among the others, I found some lines from Mme. de Gardelux. The mother who never wrote to her son had found time to write to me. Her note ran thus. I hold the original at the disposition of the curious: —

"Mme. de Gardelux thanks Captain Brunner for the good tidings which he has given of Count Leopold. She hopes he will continue his good offices towards that young man, whom a freak has led into such a deplorable career, wherein his life is the great price, for he is the sole representative of his name. Captain Brunner can depend upon her recognition of his services."

Countesses, I suppose, may be reasonably ignorant that the duties of a captain of the staff are not those of a tutor, and that the extract of the order was something different from a school-reward. I would never admit that the career of arms is the deplorable one she imagines it, — rather wishing that our young gentleman had never known anything worse. Finally, the last paragraph had the air of pecuniary payment, — about as one would for a lost dog.

"So much for a woman, who has neither intelligence nor feelings," said I to myself on reading it. I could light my pipe with such a script, and so do it justice. Still there remained a sacred duty for me to perform. Our communications were restored; the notification of his decease had gone on, — the family would not receive it for three or four days after the ministry. Brunner, you must write to these two ladies, and break softly to them this sad news.

It is hard business to try to console others, when one's self is in need of it. Although I wrote the letter, I can assure you that it was a good one: the General added an admirable postscript. One would almost die for the sake of being praised by a man of such heart and merit. Our comrades, knowing what was going on, prepared a note of condolence, which manifested a proud homage to the memory of our poor *Tavo*. I put them all together, and added some of the last thoughts that I could gather from his papers, and a rough draught of his will, the clean copy of which was at Biskra. I indicated this in a few words, promising to send the other as soon as possible, and spoke of the commission which I was to fulfil in person. God knows when. In short, I did all for the best, and no one could accuse me of being derelict of duty.

The General turned over to my care all the poor fellow's effects. I divided the money, about four thousand francs, among the men, not forgetting Bel-Hadj, his soldier, in the hospital at Biskra. His watch was stopped when it was given to me. I set the hands at the exact hour of his death, but I refrained from breaking the movement, although it was his order. It was stronger than I was. I have a horror of destroying anything which has cost another pains. It seems to me that things destroy themselves fast enough, without our assistance. I placed the watch in a box, and wrote thereon the name and address of Mme. de Gardelux. I put in another package the ring, with his arms, which he had designed for Mademoiselle Hélène; in still another, the papers which he had taken along with him on his campaign; and in a fourth, the tunic in which he was killed. As to the miniature, I thought it more prudent to keep that by myself. Ivory is a fragile substance, and its setting was very delicate. The pack-mules trot cruelly hard, and pound everything to pieces; and it is fortunate if their whole burden is not thrown down some precipice.

Our expedition was not ended yet, — far from it. The Arabs held their own. We had but the heights and valleys, even after the arrival of the reinforcements. That's what it is to wage war in Africa. You start out for an expedition and are gone six months, if you come back at all. Marcou has figured up our losses: it is not certainly so big an affair as the work of M. Chenu in the Crimean war, but it is nevertheless sufficiently frightful. Of eight hundred men that obeyed his orders, our General could gather now only four hundred and fifty-two, — a little more than half. What enraged me was, that this unfortunate campaign brought about neither advancement nor decoration to a soul. One would not wish to say publicly that the French domination had been threatened in the region of Biskra; but it turned out that we had been whiling away these six months for the benefit of the King of Prussia! So much the worse for us. Politics makes heavy demands.

My first care on returning was to find the will and send it to Paris. The family notary had written to me for it three times, always adding that the Countess and Mademoiselle de Gardelux were too much overcome to thank me for my attention. I had no need of their sympathy; but the notary's manner

and impatience nettled me. The provisions of the will were known, — Léopold left his sister twenty-five thousand *livres* income; but how the deuce could the family need this money for its support!

We had two months' rest. I fell into all my old ways. There was nothing like our baths for refreshing one after a campaign. Why has not some one discovered a bath for the heart? Grief had had the effect upon me of making me sour and satirical, and I would believe scarcely anything I heard. A fine and charming girl, who had loved me with all her little heart, and been loved tenderly in return, was first a matter of indifference to me, and then odious in a manner, I could not say why. We had been nearly affianced; our mothers were sisters; our fortunes were like; our characters even better matched. Never since our farewells had she let a courier leave without sending me a letter. I had not answered as regularly; but she knew she was loved, and that sufficed. One fine day I took an aversion to her. All her pretty little tricks, which used to bring tears to my eyes, began to irritate my nerves. I fancied that it was ridiculous, and even impertinent, — her manner of sending me violets and forget-me-nots of the brooks. I determined that she should know my aversion, and took a cruel pleasure in making her suffer. I regretted that the post did not go oftener, to give me the opportunity of repeating my harshness. Man is an untamable wolf; and when ferocity takes hold of him, he needs to give it way constantly. It is for this reason assassins repeat their blows long after they have finished their victim. Marguerite replied at first with pleasantries, whose tenderness angered me; then came grief and tears; finally the family interfered. Mamma Brunner and Uncle Moses wrote to ask, both at once, if I had lost my wits. I had. I replied with a prodigious dissertation on the danger of consanguineous marriages, and declared I had no wish to be the father of sundry deaf mutes. Thereupon, my poor Gretschen and her parents manifested their dignity; and they married her to a factor of Mulhousen, whose likeness only had she seen, whom she had refused thrice, and whom she passionately loves to-day.

Well! I should deceive if I should tell you I was happy. It would have been a godsend to me to have some mortal quarrel. But at Biskra the garrison were melancholy, and stared at each other for want of something better to do. As to the dancing girls and such things, they were a horror to me.

My only pleasure — and you will think it a droll one — was to engross myself with recollections of the *Turco*. I read over his verses, and the daily journal which, in accordance with a habit M. Pelgas had taught him, he was accustomed to write up every night before going to bed. I ran through the few and short letters which he had received from his family. In this way, I found out that my famous letter from Madame de Gardelux was in Hélène's handwriting. The poor child had doubtless written at her mother's dictation, otherwise she had looked little into her own heart. I could only think of her as the good and gracious being that her brother had often painted her to me. I esteemed her much; I complained of her a little; I — well, it is laughable, but I was anxious for her future. Only think of such a child being left to the care of such a mother! She needed a counsellor, a support, another Léopold, — in one word, a second brother. And I felt it devolved upon me to see that she had such. We Alsatians have one unmistakable quality, and that is devotedness. They say of our walking, that we run. We give up life, if one needs it, without a sigh. That it is to be an Alsatian! I was constantly recalling the projects of our friend for her whom he called his little Hélène; and I looked about me conscientiously for the man who was worthy of her. If I had found him, my word for it, I would have taken him by the hand and led him to Paris. I said to myself, "The family may scout your devotion; but you have done your duty to him who is no more."

While I was giving myself over to these reveries, oblivion was doing a work for me. The image of the *Turco* faded from my memory. I felt that the time was coming when I could not recall him at all, and he would be an abstraction, without form, — a being of the fancy. Why in the deuce had I not dreamed of making some drawing of him in the days of idleness in camp? I trembled at the thought of losing him a second time in this way. In this anxiety, the miniature of his sister did me a service. By means of it I summoned up my remembrances, by what process I know not, when a not handsome brother resembles a very handsome sister. The work required time and application, but I had nothing else to do. I began by copying in water tints the miniature, just as it was. The more I went on the greater grew my admiration for the inimitable artist, and its skill baffled me for a fortnight. Every stroke of mine only convinced me of my inaptitude and my coarseness. I said to myself, no one not a woman, not a mother, could hope to interpret so delicate a beauty in a young girl. Finally — we will speak no longer of it; but I regained for my memory the figure of my Léopold; and it sufficed for me to portray him in a crayon, — mediocre, no doubt, but still the likeness was good.

All this killed time, but I did not forget that there remained for me to visit the Faubourg St. Germaine. Only, every time I thought of me, Charles Brunner, making an appearance in the *salons* of the Gardelux, I had a cold feeling down the back, and a tingling through the roots of the hair. I am timid with women of the world. It was not so much the haughtiness of the Countess that frightened me; no, it was the sight of that poor Hélène, weeping. Sometimes I reproached myself with being still at Biskra, when it was easy for me to obtain leave of absence. Then, again, I would think it were much better to delay the visit, for my visit would only freshen their grief, and would it not be better to wait until they were more reconciled to the catastrophe? Perhaps if I waited too long these souvenirs I was to carry would only open half-healed wounds! I knew not what to do; nor had I any one, sufficiently intimate with me, to ask counsel of and to share my secrets with.

I was still questioning myself, when General Gerhardt, who is my compatriot and godfather, proposed to me to join him at Sidi-bel-Abbès. Dulong, his ordnance-officer, had died; and they expected to have a campaign to make on the frontiers of Maroc. The offer of the General put an end to my uncertainty, — the nature of the service, above all. I set out for Sidi-bel-Abbès, and remained there four months, awaiting the setting out of the expedition. My god-father divined probably that I had something in my mind outside of the service, for one fine morning he said to me, "I have some commissions for Alsatia, and you shall have leave of absence to engage in them. Pack your baggage

[illegible] go. Give my regards to your friends and mine."

I left. I arrived at the Hotel du Louvre. Mamma Brunner would meet me at Oberlay. She knew the date of my starting, and would calculate, to the hour, the time of our meeting. It was thus impossible for me to stay over in Paris more than a day, without disappointing her. I mustered courage and resolved to call in the afternoon on Mme. de Gardelux. Most of my wardrobe had gone by the express, and I had not a civilian's dress with me; but, though not new, my uniform was still in a presentable condition. While brushing my frock — for the hotel servants are remiss in these matters — I remembered the word of my poor friend about brushing up and dancing attendance.

It was a year and eight days since I had seen him die; but as the news had reached them at least two months later, I said to myself that Mme. and Mademoiselle Gardelux ought yet to be in half-mourning. I made ready my speeches while counting my packages. There were three small ones, — the watch, the ring, and the miniature, — a medium-sized one, the papers, — and a large one, his tunic. I took these all myself, for no one for a year had touched them but myself, — and took a hackney-coach in the court of the hotel. I gave the address to the driver, and told him to ask entrance at the gate; but when we reached it the gate was open, and there were several equipages in waiting in the court. A bedizened valet opened the door, and wanted to know if my visit was intended for Mme. de Gardelux. "Yes," said I, and so passed in, burdened with my bundles. In the antechamber I started up three or four funny fellows, who were wondering at the buckles of their shoes. They started to ease me of some of my packages, but I sent them all back to their benches with a look. Then appeared a little black nipper in a dress-coat, who introduced me into the first room, then into another, then into a third; and there he planted himself before me, and proceeded to say in a confidential tone, "Monsieur knows that this is Madame's reception day?"

"I did not know it, but am glad to hear it, for I shall be sure then of finding her at home."

He seemed to eye my uniform inquisitively, when I told him he might announce Captain Charles Brunner. "No, — take this card to Madame the Countess." I had provided myself with that article, and had written after my name, "Bearing the last adieus of Leopold."

A great burst of laughter arrested me on the threshold. The black-coat took my message, and came back to say politely, "Madame the Countess is very sensible of the honor of Captain Brunner's visit; but as she has company with her, she begs he will come to-morrow at the same hour."

"Say that I reached here this morning, charged with a delicate message, which I have sworn to remount to herself alone, and that I [illegible] for Strasbourg at eight and a half."

My [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] the Countess will only [illegible] to the [illegible] Madame, she will [illegible]

I was [illegible] [illegible] minute [illegible] her [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] The robe was seen, — it was mauve. Madame had antedated her mourning for making it short, perhaps! I looked at her countenance. It was smiling and cat-like, — something like that famous side-glance of Dubarry at forty. Ah, if I only could have said, Here is the true mother of my poor *Tacco!* I saw his look in her, — less flattered, but quite as strong as in the likeness of the sister.

She remained standing before me, while I, standing, explained the reasons of my importunity. "So," said she almost lackadaisically, "you have known this poor Léopold?"

"Yes, madame, and there are not many who have known and appreciated him in this life."

A cloud passed over her face. Perhaps I had gone too far in this first word. But she doubtless recovered herself by thinking it was not wise to reply to the impertinences of an inferior. She took an air of polite condescension, and said in a drawling voice, that discovered no sign of emotion, "Without doubt he had his good qualities. His death left a great void among us. But what an absurd notion that was of his, going to kill savages, when he could have had a happy life at Paris. If he had listened to our counsels he would still have been in this world."

"I know, madame, that you are not favorable to his vocation, for he kept nothing secret from me; and I was initiated into all your family affairs. I have read all the letters, — that is, — those which he wrote you — "

She positively blushed under the reproach implied in this. "Good," thought I: "I have made a breach. Let us strike once more in the same spot, and discover once for all if there is not something human at the bottom of this heart." She did not give me time to renew the stroke. Her reply was ready.

"In fine," said she, "discretion was not his virtue. He had a fault of laying himself open at a venture. But what, sir, has he charged you with?"

"With embracing his mother and sister; then — "

"Allow me to consider that already done. Have you not something for our address?"

"Yes, madame, here is his watch, which he charged me with stopping at the precise moment of his death, in order that his last thoughts — "

"Well, well, monsieur, I hear. The intention is delicate, and such an idea could only spring up in a being of his blood. I am profoundly touched, for it proves that the vulgarity of life had not yet tainted this unhappy child. But the watch is a chronometer of a certain value, if I remember rightly. Perhaps you would like to keep it as a souvenir yourself."

"He left me some keepsakes, which he wished me to have, but this he sent to you. I should hold it infamous to accept it."

"So! [illegible] Is that all?"

"No, [illegible] you will find in some of his papers, the journal of his life, two letters which he wrote [illegible] and to his sister before leaving [illegible] finally his verses, [illegible] cannot be [illegible] that he was [illegible]

"[illegible] we [illegible] that fault [illegible]

[illegible] madame, and [illegible] his glory [illegible]

"[illegible] sir."

"No, [illegible] for that. Here is [illegible] the day [illegible] death. It [illegible] and sealed with the blows

that will convince you of his courage." I stopped a moment to see what effect these words were having. There was no longer any doubt. I had touched the right spot in the region of the heart. Her breast swelled, her lips trembled, her eyes glistened. There were tears under the rock after all. Weep on, thought I. Prove yourself a woman of flesh and bone, fashioned of like clay, and the same in the faculties of suffering, with the rest of us. Then I will with open arms receive you into the bosom of humanity.

Unfortunately, just at that moment the wheels of a carriage were heard grating on the gravel of the courtyard. Madame recollected herself, and thought that tears had no business in her world. She raised her eyes, and discovered, I know not whose equipage, through the blinds of her boudoir. Perhaps she suddenly concluded that a bloody tunic would be an awkward thing to be seen with, and would look strangely out of place on her rosewood table. In short, she forced back the tears, and changed her whole air. It was too late for my renewed stroke. The Countess was quite herself once more. She prevented my tearing the wrapper open, and turned away her head with a thousand grimaces, and snuffed away at her smelling-bottle. "O, sir," cried she, "I beg pardon for my nerves. Take it away, I pray you. Do with it what you choose. Give it in my name to some poor officer."

"Ah, madame, no officer is so poor as that; for he knows what his pay is, and governs his wants accordingly. I am your humble servant."

I was upon the point of forgetting the other part of my commission, and had just put out my hand to the door, when it opened. I started back, dazzled, astonished, hurled back by a brilliant apparition. I forgot myself in my wonder and cried out, "Ah, our little Hélène!"

Our little Hélène, who had a grand and majestic presence, gave me a haughty look, and saluted me distantly. I felt that I had done something excessively impertinent at Paris, however it might be at Biskra. I stammered out some words of explanation, of remembrance, of sentiment, and concluded by presenting the ring and the miniature, which she took coldly. The mother looked at me as much as to say, What longer detains you? I made my bow and fled, and when on the steps of that hotel, I drew a long breath of fresh air, stamped my foot, and cried out, "O ye wretches!"

Was I right or wrong? I leave it to you.

Nobody wished to discuss such a point with one so agitated. But in leaving the café I heard Gourgeon say to Fitz-Moore, "Do you wish to see a wonder-struck captain? Take Brûnner into a corner, and tell him that for eighteen months he had been in love with Mlle. de Gardelux."

THE TUSSEH SILKWORM OF INDIA.

NEVER perhaps has the subject of silk cultivation in this and other countries attracted so much public attention as it is now doing; and it is to be hoped that the spirited and strenuous efforts now being made to acclimatize the Ailanthus worm may be crowned with success. So far we see no reasonable grounds for fear as to the ultimate result; and we confidently hope, in a short time, to see a new element of home industry established, by which employment will be afforded to the aged, the very young, and the afflicted of our suburban and rural districts. It is our intention to note carefully, from time to time, the progress made and results arrived at in this new but most desirable branch of industry. France has, as yet, outstripped us on the march, and is fairly established as a silk-producing country. Hitherto the labors of the mulberry-worm have furnished the supply to the manufacturers, and countless trees were reared and planted out to supply food for the ravenous broods of worms.

How the silkworm pest, "Gettein," appeared, and swept, like a blight, over the lands of the poor silk-cultivators is too well known to need comment; and it appears probable that both the Ailanthus, and still more hardy Oak worm, will erelong spin their webs for the "public weal" both in England and France.

India has, from time immemorial, been a silk-producing country; and there is no doubt that, from the very earliest ages, much attention has been directed to silkworm management.

The ordinary Chinese or mulberry worm has been long known and extensively reared in many districts. But it is our intention now to deal more particularly with the native Indian silkworm, his works and mode of life. It is by the natives called "Bughey"; and the *dead leaf* or brown-colored silk which it spins is known throughout the length and breadth of India as "Tusseh." This becoming and exceedingly durable silk is rapidly gaining favor amongst the fair members of English society; and Regent Street, that great emporium of fashionable merchandise, possesses, in common with the bazaar of the Eastern world, its piles of rich brown Tusseh, piled bale on bale, as a lure to those who heedlessly trust themselves within the magnetic circle of the shops.

By the inhabitants of India, silk of this description is in almost universal use; and so durable is it, that years of wear are scarcely sufficient to destroy its tough texture. But to all those who possess garments of this, or any other Indian silk, a word of caution may not come amiss. Never subject them to the action of hot water, or their strength and durability soon pass from them, and they rapidly become deteriorated and fragile.

The "Tusseh" worm is found in Bahar, Assam, and Bengal; being very abundant in the neighborhood of the Beerbhoom Hills, in the latter country. In this and other portions of the presidency it has been for ages so abundant and unfailing in its supply of raw silk, that the native population are enabled to avail themselves extensively of it for a number of useful purposes. Its food, the leaves of the *Rhamnus Jujuba*, — "byer," "beer," or "bear" berry of the Hindoos, — is found growing wild in every forest and jungle. The Terminalia, Alata, Glabra, or "Asseen," is also eaten freely; so that scarcity of food is a contingency rarely to be feared. And wherever life-giving water can be made to flow, or where, deep beneath the cable-like roots and spreading branches of some huge banyan, the cool well lies hid, there will the water-loving Hindoo erect his hut, and pass his simple life, cutting and pruning the trees in the neighborhood of his own home, until the season shall arrive for the young worms to appear amongst the leaves of the forest. For, be it known that our "Tusseh" friend is a veritable vagabond in both his youth and old age, resolutely objecting to be domesticated, and absolutely refusing to rear a family within the pale of civilization.

So our dusky worm-hunters betake themselves at

early dawn [illegible] thickets, and there, with [illegible] eye, examine the fallen leaves [illegible] pieces of bark, in order to [illegible] traces of the young [illegible] to be luxuriating amongst [illegible]. The tell-tale signs [illegible] investigator places the [illegible] against the trunk, and, with a small [illegible] his waist-cloth, walks up the tree [illegible] that even Leotard himself would find [illegible]. The [illegible] leaves and [illegible] and swaying [illegible] their way amongst the young [illegible]. A few [illegible] and the whole family of [illegible] and all are passed [illegible]. These, with others [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] They — [illegible] — quietly [illegible] main at home, until after a short time, perhaps within a few hours, perchance in a day or two, arrive, with much flutter and display of painted wings, a whole troop of gay gallants, who at once establish a domestic circle around them. These gay Lotharios have been reported by the natives as having winged their way from immense distances in their wanderings, proved by certain well-known marks placed on their wings by the inhabitants of distant districts. Whether these restless creatures would select suitable partners if confined in the breeding-houses, it is hard to say. One thing is certain with them: liberty and flight go hand-in-hand.

The movements of these insects are always most carefully watched by the natives engaged in their management, as good or evil fortune is supposed to result from the early or late arrival of the flights of male moths; and the inevitable "tom-tom," together with instruments rather of torture than music, lend their aid in raising such a din as would frighten any ordinary moth clean out of his wits and make him forget the ladies altogether.

The female moth rarely lives beyond from eight to twelve days after depositing her eggs, which she generally lays very near the cocoon from which she came. During the period of her short life no food of any description is taken, and no mouth or other orifice through which sustenance could pass exists.

The cocoons are gathered from the trees long before the moth is sufficiently developed to commence its attack on the walls of the sealed-up capsule in which it is imprisoned. Now comes another season of "tamasha," "tom-tom" again, braying of horns and general production of unearthly noise. [illegible] have to be gathered, dried, packed together, and duly burned. From the ashes, when mixed with water, a "ley" is made, which is then deposited in just such an earthen pot as that in which the Ingoldsby [illegible] describes his "convivial [illegible]" —

[illegible]

For between two and three hours the cocoons [illegible] are allowed to soak in the mixture [illegible] this pot. They are then wet, and are [illegible] another vessel, also earthen, and [illegible] closely allied to pot the first. Here they are allowed to remain until sufficiently soft for winding, which they generally are in from four to [illegible]

Flat shallow dishes are now provided, still earthen, and still of the family of "pot." Into these the softened cocoons are thrown, without water. The terminal threads of four or five cocoons, after having been dexterously unravelled, are carried to the [illegible] of a small primitive-looking reel [illegible] The reel is held in the left hand [illegible] with the right the threads passing [illegible] over the thigh of the spinner [illegible] When filled, by [illegible] the thread is carried [illegible] when the "Tussah" silk [illegible]

Besides the worm now under notice, there are

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* [illegible]

others which we shall merely give a passing notice of, although their products are valuable and may call for further remark.

The "Arrindy," or *Palma Christi* worm, feeds exclusively on the leaves of the *Palma Christi*, spins a lighter-colored silk than the Tusseh; but it cannot be wound, and is therefore carded, and treated much after the manner of cotton. Its strength and tenacity are wonderful. Garments made from it have been known to descend from generation to generation. How fortunate it is that the fashions of the East are not so changeable as those of our own country! What would "Lady Clara" think of being presented at Court in the same dress as that worn by her lamented grandmother when she was young? Shawls, muslins, and other Indian productions are, by the merchants, packed in "Arrindy cloth," as being the strongest and most durable envelope to be found.

There is yet another silk-producing worm, the native name of which I do not remember. This is found living wild amongst the great mango "topes" of Central India, spinning its cocoons either between the forks of some twig, or amongst the thick clustering parasites, which closely resemble the mistletoe of our own orchards and woods. This wild silk is frequently gathered by the inhabitants of the "gaums," or native villages of the interior, for the purpose of mixing with the other kinds, or with a view to the manufacture of bow-strings, sword-loops, bands for the barrels of their matchlocks, and various other odd purposes to which silk is applied in an Eastern country. That India has furnished large quantities of silk to the Western world from periods of the most remote antiquity, history and tradition alike prove; and it has been reasonably questioned whether the immense canopies used for the purpose of covering the ancient Roman theatres were not composed of this material; and, together with the peacocks, gold, and other precious merchandise in which the old-world potentates so much delighted, brought from the distant land of "Ind" to minister to their wants and luxuries.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

"WHAT I'm now going to tell you, boys, must be kept under the seal of secrecy," said our first clerk, as he squeezed a lemon into his tumbler.

We — that is to say, I, Ned Bolton, the present writer, Herbert Engledue, and young Harry Chester, all junior clerks in the bank of Baskerville, Troutman, and Co. — solemnly promised that the seal that was to lock up the communication we were about to receive should never be broken.

"And yet," said Mr. Minton, with the kettle in his hand, "I hardly think I'll let it out to you youngsters; it's all against myself."

Harry Chester's eyes looked eager appeals, and Herbert said, —

"O now, come I say, Mr. Minton, you shouldn't have said so much, you know: and then to talk about not letting it out, you know it's so jolly mysterious."

"Well," said our cheery chief, "as Ned here has treated us so well to-night, I'll make some return by trying to amuse you boys with the account of an incident which happened to me some years ago."

We were delighted, — I especially so, being the host for the night, and anxious, as such, that things should go off well. We drew up to the fire, glasses were filled, and the relics of the contents of the hamper, which the dear people at home had sent me, were removed. The November wind howled dismally over the London roofs, and rattled at the window as if anxious to join so pleasant a party. Mr. Minton took an approving sip of his hot grog, drew his fingers through his iron-gray hair, and began: —

"In the year forty-six, I had been some seven years a clerk in the bank. Our Mr. Baskerville's father was the principal then, and a very shrewd, cute old fellow he was, I can tell you. Mr. Troutman was then a clerk, and junior to me, but every one knew that he would be a partner some day, as he had married Miss Baskerville. Young Baskerville, who looks grave enough now, was a boy at Harrow, and used, in holiday time, to run in and out of the bank, and stare at the piles of sovereigns, just as he liked.

"I had had some troubles then, and was looked upon as a grave, sedate young man; and, as Mr. Baskerville told my poor mother, 'as steady as the funds.' In consequence of this gravity of manner and character for steadiness, I had been several times employed in little matters of a confidential nature, and my conduct in these had been approved of. One afternoon in the latter part of August, in the year I speak of, I was sitting at my desk with not very much to do. I had been thinking a good deal about my own affairs, and gone back over ground rather painful for me to tread, and was therefore rather sad that sunny August afternoon. While I was meditating and idly drawing figures on my blotting-pad, the bank messenger came to me, and said that Mr. Baskerville wished to speak to me. I went into his private room and found him seated at his desk, and in an arm-chair beside him sat a middle-aged, invalid-looking man, whose handsome face wore a peevish expression that seemed to be permanent. Mr. Baskerville said, —

"'This, my lord, is the gentleman whom I should have the greatest confidence in employing in the matter.' The stranger looked at me languidly, and slightly inclined his head as I bowed.

"'Rather young for such work, is he not, Baskerville?'

"'No, my lord, I don't think so. Mr. Minton is grave and steady beyond his years, and the firm has very great confidence in him.'

"'Well, I will trust to you, and I think you fully understand all that is wanted. I would rather not give myself the fatigue of entering into explanations with this young man, if you think you thoroughly understand what I want.'

"'If you will leave it to me, my lord, I will undertake that Mr. Minton shall receive full instructions. Just see if Lord Valdane's carriage is at the door, will you, Mr. Minton?'

"I returned with the requisite information; and his lordship, after being carefully wrapped up, took the arm of one of his men, and went to his carriage.

"Mr. Baskerville then asked me to shut the door and sit down beside him, and proceeded to give me full and complete directions as to how I was to act.

"It appeared that Lord Valdane had three daughters, besides several sons. The youngest of his daughters, when just sixteen, had caused great trouble and distress to her family by falling in love with a violinist, who had come constantly to the house to give one of her brothers lessons on his instrument. This had been discovered about a year before, and had given rise to great recriminations,

"'If you won't talk, you must work,' said she. 'You surely won't object to oblige a lady so far as to take that portmanteau from under the seat, and unstrap it.'

"I complied, to save further words. She threw her keys at me, and said, —

"'There, sir, and throw open the fatal chest.'

"I did so, and I saw the usual contents of a gentleman's portmanteau. There were the neatly-folded shirts, the brushes and shaving-tackle fitted in here and there, visions of very gentlemanly-looking garments below, boots guiltless of the feminine foot, and, in fact, nothing whatever that ought to belong to a lady's wardrobe. I was really rather pleased then otherwise, and said, —

"'You've managed to bring some one else's portmanteau.'

"'No. I haven't, you clever man: I'm rather given to foreign customs, and affect what you, you mass of propriety, would consider eccentricities in my costume. However, before I make the requisite changes to fit me for meeting dear papa, let me tell you a little story, as you seem in want of amusement.

"'Your clever people in London, backed by the wishes of Lord Valdane, sent you over to Antwerp to bring home that nobleman's refractory daughter, who, it was hoped, had forgotten her disgraceful engagement. — Give me those balmorals, will you? Thanks. — You, accordingly, being a very clever young man and an admirable accountant, were of course eminently fitted for the work, and were therefore chosen to do it. — Just see if you can find a blue-striped flannel shirt among those. Thanks. Hang it over the arm of the seat to air. — Well, your noble client wrote to the schoolmistress what would have been a most pleasant letter, if it had not been quite so dictatorial: and he also wrote to his affectionate daughter, congratulating her on having recovered from her little attack of love, and saying something disparaging of the poor lover, who was in America. — If you will take that coat and trou—— Well, those things under it, and hang them to the roof, the creases will come out. You won't? — that's rude, and not proper conduct to an unprotected woman. But, to continue my story, as I see you are getting restless. By a wonderful chance this forlorn damsel saw her unfortunate lover shortly after she got papa's note. She should n't have done it, but she did. They put their heads together, — they 'd done that before, but they did it in a different manner now, and they made up a little plan. The young lady went down to Antwerp under charge, and she got so poorly as they neared the station, and her head was so bad, and she had, oh! such a pain here, and ah! such a twitch there, that to bed she must go as soon as she reached the hotel. The elegant and polite escort arrived, and was met by a domestic whose face showed longitude, if her instructions did not admit much latitude. — By the way, where do you get boot-laces? Look at this thing, broken off in the middle. — Well, the maid told her story, and the youth listened, and then home goes the maid, leaving the youth in sole charge. Shortly afterwards down comes Miss Valdane, recovered and charming, introduces Miss Manvers, — more charming still. They dine, this delightful trio, and away they go. — The advantage of this apparatus is, that you hang up the glass like this, and then you can shave at leisure. See what a good lather this makes. — Well, our three Graces arrive at Dover, and then dear Miss Manvers makes her bow, and the other pair of turtle-doves go off together, only, — and now, please attend, for I come to the point of the story — only Miss Valdane, for whom Mr. Minton was sent, and over whom he was to exercise the tenderness of a parent with the authority of a guardian, does not accompany that gentleman to London.'

"'Then, who are you?' I almost shrieked.

"'Felix Arne: and now, my good fellow, the farce is played out, and I'll take off this trumpery.'

"I fell back in my seat, and watched, with dizzy brain, the shedding of the feminine and assumption of the masculine attire.

"'You infernal rascal!' at last I said.

"'Now I'm not going to mind anything you say, for I dare say you are rather hurt. The thing was well arranged, and has answered capitally. You can tell your employer that it's no sort of use making any further fuss about me. I was married to his daughter some months ago, but did not intend it to be known yet, only his precipitancy altered matters. Some day we'll tell him how we managed it. We determined to have some fun out of the gentleman sent to fetch Mrs. Arne home, and, as he had been so good as to pay both our fares back to England, we could not do less than provide him with company to town. Will you play a game of billiards with me while I wait for the next train to Dover? Don't say no, if you'd rather not. Tickets? That gentleman has mine, guard. Ta-ta! Sorry you've no time for a game; best love to papa-in-law.' And taking his portmanteau, he sauntered down the station.

"How I got my story told at head-quarters I don't know. Mr. Baskerville first frowned, then smiled, and finally roared. I entreated him to keep my failure from the other clerks, and you three lads are the first who know it."

"Did you ever hear anything more about them?" said I.

"Yes: it was not such a very bad affair, after all. He was a gentleman by birth, and some uncle of his, delighted at having an Honorable for a niece, left them some money, and I believe he settled down as a country gentleman. Lord Valdane has, however, I understand, never forgiven them: and now, boys, 'Home, sweet home.'"

I thanked our good-natured chief for his story; and, when we met the same morning at a later hour, we youngsters could scarcely believe that the grave and sedate gentleman, who looked as if "money articles" were his only literature, was the same who had been the hero of the story of which he himself was also the relater.

METEOROLITES.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from the *Journal des Débats*.]

M. DAUBRÉE has, for several years past, presented to the Academy of Sciences a great many of those stones fallen from the sky, which are called meteorolites or aerolites. He has related the particular circumstances of the fall, described the appearance, and examined the composition of each of them.

Although these phenomena present little variety, we are never tired of studying them, for we have no other manner of examining or of touching a substance of other than terrestrial origin.

M. Renan says, somewhere, that the eye is a purer and nobler organ than the hand, — an organ nothing sullies and which sullies nothing: nevertheless, it

seems, in the field of experiment, touch merits the preference given it by Lucretius. The hand suggests the most certain notions in the physical sciences. The real existence of stars, proved by the evidence of the eyes and of telescopes, is unquestionably assured knowledge. Mathematical laws, and the regularity of their motion, reveal their reality, in mass, weight, and their impenetrability; in other words, the essential properties of matter. But we want to touch them, and, failing to do that, we are tempted at times to look upon them as mere visions. We find it anything but easy to class astronomy among the natural sciences.

But when bodies in fragments come to us from those regions of space which lie beyond the terrestrial atmosphere, — bodies which no human hand has laid hold of, which perhaps no living thing has touched, the substantial reality of bodies placed even beyond the reach of our sight seems more certain to us, because it becomes palpable. The sky is, as it were, filled with things, and we escape forever from the tendency of ignorant and simple minds to believe earth everything. It would even seem that these specimens ought, if carefully studied, to furnish us with additional information about the constitution of the universal substance, and throw light upon several of the greatest problems of natural philosophy and metaphysics. Let us see on what grounds of reason this hope is built.

The fall of a meteorolite is commonly attended with a report like that of several cannon simultaneously fired. The force of projection is so great that the stone buries itself in a hole several inches deep, where it remains so hot that it is some time before it can be removed. Sometimes the stone thrown in this way comes in contact with a hard and elastic substance, — stone, for instance; then it describes a sort of ricochet, and not only may fall some leagues farther off, but may bound entirely beyond our atmosphere, and this so far as to go beyond the limit of the earth's sphere of attraction, and recommence its flight through space. This probably was the history of the meteorolite of Orgueil in Tarn-and-Garonne county. Sometimes these stones are numerous, and cover the ground with their fragments. At L'Aigle these stones fell in 1803 in such quantities as to cover a surface of two square leagues. They are in general blackish, angular, and their exterior appearance is so little different from some terrestrial rocks that men hesitated for a long time to acknowledge that they had a celestial origin, for it is not often that spectators witness their fall. Men have rarely the good luck of the person who saw one of these stones fall on August 25, 1865, in the neighborhood of Aumale (Algeria). He was able to give an exact relation of the phenomenon, for he came near being killed by the fall.

As soon as observers were satisfied that there really were minerals which had fallen from the sky, their first impulse was to attribute them to a volcanic eruption. There was no difficulty in supposing that the lava and stones ejected by volcanoes might have been thrown great distances. But the fall of these stones is not more frequent in the neighborhood of craters than elsewhere, and the eruptive force of volcanoes cannot throw to so great a distance such heavy masses. Lastly, the chemical composition of meteorolites and volcanic stones is not the same.

It has been supposed that the gases and vapors of the atmosphere, under the influence of some powerful agent (electricity, for instance), could be condensed so as to form a hard and heavy substance. Although chemical analysis rarely reveals the presence of metalic vapors in the air, it is certain there are traces of them. It has been reckoned that the Clausthal manufactories alone throw into the air 20,000,000 pounds of water, lead, iron, zinc, and sulphur, and several of these elements have been found in rain-water and melted snow. But these vapors are extremely disseminated, and enormous masses of air scarcely contain a few millionth parts of a grain. It is impossible to suppose that an agent acts simultaneously upon so great a space as one must necessarily conceive under this hypothesis, and that these scattered matters are instantly condensed. And this condensation must necessarily be instantaneous, because no, not the least particle, could increase after its formation, for it would at once fall by the law of gravitation.

Laplace thought the volcanoes of the moon might throw as far as us the matter ejected during their eruptions. He reckoned the force of projection this matter must receive to be thrown to the point where it would begin to obey terrestrial attraction. But its initial velocity would really be greater than one can conceive an eruptive force to possess; and, moreover, a series of improbable hazards must occur to throw that matter as far as the earth. A heavy body thrown off by the moon obeys not only the force of projection, but the force which results from the motion of the moon itself. These two forces act together, and there must be a given relation between the direction and the velocity of the matter thrown, before the resultant of those two forces coincides with the straight line which runs from the earth to the moon. Lastly, — and this is a more conclusive reason, — the phenomenon which was supposed to be a volcanic eruption in the moon has turned out to be nothing but a play of light.

Chladni's hypothesis, which assumes the fall of meteorolites to be the same phenomenon as falling stars and bolides, is very probable, if it be not proved, although the latter do not always leave a material trace upon earth; for all of them do not traverse our atmosphere, and all of them are not attracted to us. It has even been supposed that some of them have fallen so near as to be influenced by terrestrial attraction, while in the mean time they are so far from earth as to obey other attractions. When this conjuncture of influences takes place, they do not fall, but they remain near us in the state of permanent satellites, subject to several contrary forces. The last keeper of the Toulouse Observatory was led by calculations to believe one of these bodies is suspended 5,087½ miles from the earth, and kept there by the contrary forces alluded to, and it revolves around the earth in three hours and twenty minutes. Everybody has read the imaginary voyage of M. Verne, in which so much romantic reality is joined with a most scientific imagination, and remembers that the aluminium ball which carries Michel Ardan and Barbicane, not having been thrown far enough, forms part of the lunar world, and gravitates around the moon.

It is reckoned that several thousand shooting stars dart annually across our horizon, which exercise the patience of the astronomer who lives in the Palace of the Luxembourg, M. Coulvier Gravier, who has for the last twenty years recorded the date of their appearance, their direction, and the degree of their brilliancy. They attain their maximum in August and November.

Bolides are larger and move slowly. Their light is perhaps less brilliant, although their size and

makes them burst, probably because they contain water and substances susceptible of being reduced to vapor.

M. Daubrée is not inclined to think meteorolites were formed by the melting of peridot and lherzolite as he made them in his crucible. The metals which are the base of them seem to him, on the contrary, to be rather oxidized. It has even been supposed that the silicium, magnesium, iron, and the aluminium of the earth were originally metallic, and have combined with oxygen to form silex, magnesia, and alumen. It is probable that the same course of transformations took place in those regions of space where meteorlites were formed. But whether oxygen was rarer than on earth, or its period of action shorter, the substances with the greatest affinity for oxygen were alone saturated with it; the others, iron, for instance, remain in the metallic state. On earth, on the contrary, oxygen has always been in excess, and no element has escaped its influence. As experiment even more ingenious than simple has confirmed this hypothesis. In melting the elements of unoxidized meteorolites in the midst of a current of insufficient oxygen, M. Daubrée obtained peridot and meteoric iron.

The principal results of M. Daubrée's researches are accurate and full knowledge of the composition of meteorolites, the discovery of their analogy to terrestrial rocks, the artificial reproduction, the identity of the transformations of all matter disseminated throughout the universe, and of which worlds are formed, and evidence that the laws of chemistry and mineralogy are obeyed in the heavens as well as upon earth. In laying them before the reader, we have not been afraid to enter into rather arid and technical details, or to exhibit the uncertainties and imperfections of modern science, which is still unable to express an opinion upon the real nature and habitability of planets. Despite the vast number of experiments and hypotheses made, we cannot yet do more than repeat Descartes's concluding remarks in his book on meteors: "I hope those who have understood this treatise will hereafter see nothing in the clouds whose cause they cannot easily comprehend, or which is able to raise their wonder."

POPULAR SONGS.

"Let me write the songs of a people, and I care not who makes the laws." There is sound philosophy in that saying, but I am afraid we cannot accept it from the mouth of the popular song-writer of the present day. The poor-law is not a perfect enactment, but, as an agent of amelioration, I should say that its influence was superior to that of Slap-bang. The Bankruptcy Act is said to be a failure, yet, on the whole, the benefits which it confers must be at least equal to those which society derives from Hunkey Dorum, or the Howling Swell. Much as we all value the Sugar Shop, I believe the commercial treaty with France will fairly compete with it on its own ground. It might also be said that the navigation laws, with all their faults, are more to be loved and valued than Paddle Your Own Canoe, although that popular lyric, with a "Now, then, all together" chorus, earnestly enjoins us to love our neighbor as ourself. And the Revised Code, though open to objection, might claim to be as strong a stimulus to the progress of mankind as Jog along, Boys, or its popular sequel, Jog along, Girls.

The minstrels of old sang the glorious deeds of heroes, the troubadours and minnesingers warbled of the loves of fair ladies and gallant knights, the Celtic bards kept alive patriotism and nationality among their countrymen with "thoughts that breathed and words that burned," the lisping verse-stringers of a softer age celebrated the beauty of Phillis and Chloe prettily enough, the sturdier ballad-makers of the last century tuned their harps to the roar of the sea and glorified Britannia, Nelson, and hearts of oak. The song-writer of the present recounts, in shambling doggerel, the kitchen cupboard-love of the cook and the policeman, and the taproom-courtship of the oyster-wench and the omnibus cad.

The decline and fall of the popular song has been sudden and rapid. Less than twenty years ago we were still singing My Pretty Jane, the Maids of Merry England, and Phillis is my only Joy. We rarely hear songs of this character sung now, and there are no new songs of the same class to take their place. The successor of My Pretty Jane was the Rateatcher's Daughter; of Phillis, Naughty Jemima Brown. My Pretty Jane was a foolish thing, to be sure, but if we did press her to meet us,—meet us in the willow glen when the bloom was on the rye (for no particular reason, at that floral season, except that she was "shy"), she did not outrage our feelings by taking too much to drink and cutting away with a chap that drives an ugly donkey-cart. Phillis was a very different young woman from Jemima Brown. She was faithless, it is true, like Jemima; but she was faithless "as the winds and seas," not as a pair of sixteen-shilling trousers, made not to sit down in. The pretty, pleasing (though foolish) sentimental ballad has almost entirely disappeared, and instead of celebrating woman's loveliness and grace, we sing of her ugliness and disgrace, with "Now, then, all together," and she stabbed herself with the carving-knife, and a right fol de riddle lol de ray. Murder and suicide have become exceedingly comic in these days. The carving-knife and the water-butt are the modern dagger and bowl, and their mortal effects are invariably celebrated in a chorus of jubilation.

The earliest so-called negro songs, which initiated the present comic era, were inoffensive enough, and some of these were united to very pretty music. Uncle Ned was a stupid old nigger, and scarcely worthy of the attention of the white folks; yet there was pathos in his little history. It was truly pitiful to hear that the old man musical had got no teeth for to eat the hoe-cake, and got no eyes for to see. And there was a touch of poetry in his fiddle hanging up, silent forevermore, because old Uncle Ned was dead, and

> "Gone where the good niggers go."

The old Folks at Home, originating in the streets, found an echo in many a drawing-room; and genteel young ladies, singing in unison, brought tears into the eyes of their auditors with

> "Way down upon the Swanee river,
> Far, far away,
> There's where my heart is turning ever,
> There's where the old folks stay."

Even old Joe, with that idiotic propensity of his for kicking up behind and before when he went with his old banjo to court Dinah, was a decent sort of nigger, and might be heard of in the best society, "without calling a blush into the cheek of innocence"; while Sally's only fault was that she would "twist her heel around," and come up and down the middle when her master's back was turned.

Managers of theatres still act upon the faith that

the lower classes like something deep and sentimental, but the managers of the music-halls, which are now the academies of popular music, take an opposite view of their likings, and give them the broadest comicalities. The popular comic singer, who sings such songs as Slap-bang, Costermonger Joe, The Mousetrap Man, The Cure, &c., is better paid than many of the artistes at the Italian Opera. He is the idol of the audiences at the music-halls, though in most cases he cannot sing a note, and is utterly devoid of humor. How is it that this noisy unartistic performer has suddenly become such a favorite, to the utter banishment of all appeals to the heart and sentiment?

In pursuing this inquiry, let us see what there is in his songs to excite so much delight and enthusiasm. One of the most popular of them, some little time ago, was the Sugar Shop. Here is the first verse: —

"I love a very pretty girl,
Her name 's Sally Sewing Cotton;
Oh! is n't she a cherubim
With her best Sunday frock on!
My Sally has a lovely dress,
With frills around the bottom,
And when I first spied Sally,
By jingo, I was struck!
O my! she lodges at the sugar shop,
O my! I guess that I 'm in luck;
O dear! she 's sweet as any lollipop,
I am in love with Sally, she is a darling duck."

The young man makes up to Sally in Regent Street, is introduced to her mother, who keeps a mangle; to her brother, who is a baker; and Sally herself, who is "an anti-floral maker," accepts him:

"And on Sunday next at ten o'clock
Both of us will be married,
I 'd rather it was to-morrow,
For she 's such a darling duck.
Chorus. — O my! she lodges at the sugar shop," &c.

The German Band was another "immensely popular song." The words were parodied in all the burlesques at the theatres, the music was played in every orchestra, and ground on every organ; and this is a specimen of the poetry: —

"Oh, here you see a wretched man,
Made more so by deception,
I do forget what woes I can
In utter sheer dejection;
I married was to a sweet young girl,
Lor' how I curse the morn
That first I saw her, and so I wish
I never had been born!
I loved her, and she ought to have been
The most happy in the land,
But she loved a foreigner who blew a flageolet
In the middle of a German band."

In the course of five more long verses we learn that the name of the faithless woman was Susannah, that she could knit, sing, or dance, parley voo fransay, and, of course, play on the cottage pianner; but with all these accomplishments she had an incurable passion for a foreigner who blew a flageolet in the middle of a German band. Concerning this band and its members, we learn that

"The French horn was in C and the flageolet in G,
And the rest of them all out of tune,
But amid this awful row there was somehow
One who won the heart of Susannah,
Who stood laughing at the window while the German flageolet
Winked at her in a most reckless manner."

The end of this most unhappy state of affairs was that Susannah bolted with the flageolet, taking away all her husband's "sticks." But the song is not destitute of a moral. The flageolet went for a "sojer" in America, and was shot, and the injured husband consoled himself thus: —

"In battle he was killed by a shot in the back,
But I've no need for caring,
As the German flageolet is a cold corpse,
While Susannah gets her living by charing."

The Jolly Dogs was so great a favorite as to call for several sequels, such as the Jolly Cats and the Jolly Cocks. I find the words of the latter in the "Jolly Cocks' Song-Book," with a colored illustration of the jolly cock on the cover. The point of the song is, that everybody bears some resemblance to a cock, — the lawyer, because he pecks at his clients; the member of Parliament, because he crows; and the doctor, because he cocks his crest up. Thus:

"The doctor cocks his crest up
If you tell him you 're in pain,
And does his best to gather up a heap of golden grain.
How gently he will handle you,
Of which he has the knack,
Until when you are beaten
You are laid upon your back.

Chorus.

"Then cock-a-doodle-doo,
I 'm a cock-a-doodle-doo,
So come join with me in chorus,
Every cock-a-doodle-doo.
"(*Spoken.*) Now, a *chro*-nometrical *crow*, for the doctor's chronometer. (*Crows.*)"

"Fortey's edition" of new and popular songs is recommended to the public, as containing Sydney's great song of

WHO LIKES GRAVY ON THEIR TATERS?

Here is a verse: —

"Dere was a man in ole Virginny
And Steben was his name,
Was wedlocked, had two pickaninni,
And was fader ob de same.
Move along, Steben, artful ole son,
One of the commentators;
His argument it was dis one,
Who likes gravy on their taters?
Move along, Steben," &c.

No song of the season has been received with so much favor as the Six Magnificent Bricks. It is published in various forms, with and without the music, and has been sung with unbounded applause at all the music-halls. It runs thus: —

"Myself and some friends, once thinking there would be no harm,
Went for a walk, a row walking arm-in-arm,
The night it was dark, the streets they were very calm,
When we went out for a spree.
Said Jones, Now, do what I tell you, my boys,
Hurrah, hurrah!
Louder, for that is n't half a noise,
Hurrah, hurrah!
Then we struck up the bagpipes once again
To let the people see
That we six magnificent bricks
Had made up our minds for a spree.
Fal de loodle, fal de ral doodle um,
Argh! argh! there 's Sal and Methusalem,
Argh! argh! they 're gone to Jerusalem,
Doodle um doodle um day."

The comic-song writer and the comic-song singer, who are, in most cases, one and the same person, have taken a great fancy lately to make fun of the name of the sacred city, and as one downward step in the path of impropriety leads to another, he is generally driven to rhyme it with "Methusalem." One favorite song of the people runs: —

"My old horse he comes from Jerusalem,
Comes from Jerusalem,
Comes from Jerusalem.
He stepped so high that they put him in a musee-um,
Down in Alabam."

But it is not often that the nonsense is so funny as this.

In the Swells' Songster, the latest monster budget of popular songs, may be found among the latest novelties, Sal and Methuselah, a verse of which runs thus: —

"You must know that Sal was a smart young gal,
And her fame had travelled far,
And an oyster-stand she kept in the Strand,
Not a mile from Temple Bar,
Her lover rose up each morning at five,
And he dressed by the light of a star,

He was a dog destroyer at a sausage-machine,
This young Methuselah.

Chorus.

"The lady was fair, let me declare,
The gent tall and muscular,
And held in respect by one and all
Were Sal and Methuselah."

Nothing on the earth beneath, or in the heavens above, is sacred to the popular song-writer when he wants to adorn his lyrical tale of Sal the oyster-wench with a rhyme.

A comic singer, who calls himself "the great," and who is said to have made a fortune by singing Slap-bang, lately introduced a song, which he sings in character, called Costermonger Joe. He imitates the voice and manner of a costermonger calling his wares in the street, relates how all the girls were in love with him, and at the end of each verse proudly invites the audience to sing with him the chorus,—

"I 'm costermonger Joe,
I 'm costermonger Joe."

I have seen a hall full of staid middle-aged respectable-looking people of both sexes, all declaring at the top of their voices that they were Costermonger Joe. There is another comic singer who calls himself "The Jolly," who has made a great fame in the music-hall sphere by singing Jog along, Boys. It is recommended as a song suitable for the drawing-room, and here is a specimen:—

"From me no doleful dige you 'll hear,
To make you sad or leave you queer;
But if you 're dull, this chant of mine
Will wake you up like sparkling wine.
Ups and downs in life I 've seen,
Lucky and unlucky been;
But wrong or right, or right or wrong,
This is the burden of my song,—
Jog along, jog along, jog along, boys,
Jog along, boys, with a rattle and noise.
Jog along, jog along, jog along, boys,
Jog along boys, hurrah!"

I have seen a jolly gentleman in full evening costume, including brand-new white kid gloves, come on to sing this, telling the audience that he composed the chorus expressly for them, and begging them to join in. I think I see in the verse given above the true answer to my query, "Whence the extraordinary popularity of these absurd songs?" They all have choruses, in which the audiences may join with Slap-bang, a rattle and a noise, Jerusalem, or some other catch-line of the kind, which tickles the ear without penetrating to the understanding.

Three of the most popular songs at the present time are Mincemeat, Hunkey Dorum, and the Mousetrap Man. In the first:

"My sweetheart was not a beauty bright,
Nor yet outright a perfect fright,
She was only cook to a barrownite,
And her name was Polly Ann;
When her onions she peeled I could almost cry,
As adoring before her I knelt,
But when she chopped mincemeat at Christmas time,
What tranquil enjoyment I felt!
While her mincemeat knife went
Chop chop chop, chop chop chop chop, chop chop,
While her mincemeat knife went
Chop chop chop, chopety chopety chop."

Now, then, all together:

"Chop, chop chop," &c.

Hunkey Dorum will show the degeneration which has taken place in negro songs:—

"I went out one day for a lark,
Hunkey Dorum, we am de boys,
I met a lubly gal in de park,
Hunkey Dorum, doodle dum day."

Of course the gal behaves shamefully, with a

"Hunkey Dorum, doodle dum day."

I will not inflict the Mousetrap Man upon the patience of the reader; but I may remark that the music (which is very pretty) is played in drawing-rooms. If a young lady wants the piece, she must ask for it by the name of the Mousetrap Man; and on perusing it, she will learn how Miss Scratchem from Itchin kicked out her young man, slammed the door in his face, sent him adrift with a flea in his ear, "guv him turnips," whatever that may mean, and bolted with the mousetrap man, singing,

"Mousetraps! mousetraps, who 'll buy?"

At a "first-class music-hall" the other evening, I heard a gentlemanly-looking youth singing about a man with a carpet-bag. Personating the man with the carpet-bag, the singer boasted of his roguery,—how he had made his trousers out of his landlady's sheets, swindled a hotel-keeper, bolting with the plate, and leaving his carpet-bag stuffed with bricks. When he is brought before the judge, he tells that functionary, "if there warn't such chaps as us there would be nothing for you to do." This clever retort was received with great applause. Another song by this genteel young man had for its chorus (in which the audience joined),

"Larry doodle dumpy
Doodle, doodle day,
With a bundle rolled in her apron."

The bundle rolled in an apron was a baby, which was foisted upon the young man by a young woman. When he unrolls the baby he twists its nose, which he says, with rare humor, is like a parish pickaxe, and the moral is that we are all to beware of a girl

"With a bundle rolled in her apron,
Larry doodle dumpy," &c.

This young man—in genteel evening costume—sang a very gross song, which was hissed by two or three decent persons. The singer, on returning to the stage, had the impudence to rebuke them with a rather witty retort: "There were only two things that hissed, a goose and a serpent." He had this so pat at the tip of his tongue, that I think he must have been used to hissing. Glory, Hallelujah, I see, has been incorporated among the popular comic songs. We have

"Hang Jeff Davis on a crab-apple-tree,
Hang Jeff Davis on a crab-apple-tree,
Hang Jeff Davis on a crab-apple-tree,
As we go marching home."

Now, then, all together:

"O, glory hallelujah, glory, glory
Hallelujah,
O, glory hallelujah, glory, glory
Hallelujah,
O, glory hallelujah, glory, glory,
His soul is marching on."

This is in the same programme with 'Tilda Toots, or, You should have seen her Boots. 'Tilda went skating in the park, and had a mishap:—

"As I, the chair, and 'Tilda Toots,
Were struggling in a heap,
A dozen skaters, more or less,
Came o'er us in a heap;
Some went tumbling head o'er heels,
Others on the back,
When suddenly where 'Tilda lay,
The ice began to crack.
The water next came bubbling up,
Crash, I saw the boots
Alone above the waters,
Where had gone down 'Tilda Toots."

Many persons, I dare say, have heard of the famous song of Paddle Your Own Canoe, without having heard it sung, or knowing what it means. As this is one of the best of the class, I will give a verse:—

"I 've travelled about a bit in my time,
And of troubles I 've seen a few,
But found it better in every clime
To paddle my own canoe.

My wants are small, I care not at all
If my debts are paid when due;
I drive away strife in the ocean of life
While I paddle my own canoe.

Chorus.

"Then love your neighbor as yourself
As the world you go travelling through,
And never sit down with a tear or a frown,
But paddle your own canoe."

Some of the very best of our old popular songs contain silly lines and bad rhymes, and some of them — as, for example, the Death of Nelson — are ungrammatical; but very many of the popular songs of the present day are destitute of sentiment, destitute of sense, destitute of humor. They are only tolerable because their vulgarly nonsensical words are smothered in pleasing music. We need not search far in order to discover that the public to whom they are addressed tolerate them because they have no choice. One summer's day lately I was present at a bean-feast. After dinner, when conviviality began, the gay young apprentices favored us with some songs of the music-hall class and in the music-hall style. They were well received; but when a gentleman present — one of the old school — sang Tom Bowling, the greatest enthusiasm was aroused.

In all matters of art the people are very easy-going. They are content to take what they can get. But that is not to say that the people cannot appreciate better things than they have. "A very good song and very well sung," is still the popular sentiment; and if the people are content with a very bad song very ill sung, it is simply because they have no choice.

VICTOR HUGO.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from *L'Événement*.]

VICTOR HUGO is in the full strength of that second youth which M. Flourens is so anxious to invent. Sea air, long pedestrian excursions, absence from our theatres and the French Academy, keep him in a vigor of body and mind of which the "Songs of the Streets and Woods" were the expansion, and "The Toilers of the Sea" the grateful expression. He will yet write many another work. It seems as if the period of his fecundity were at its very beginning.

Years ago he wrote "Autumn Leaves" by an anticipated melancholy which preceded his summer. Here are harvest and fruits long before winter-time.

An intrepid walker, an excellent host or guest, an indefatigable talker, fond of good, hearty, sonorous laughter and the stories which beget it, Victor Hugo has in his gesture, mien, in the expression of his whole person, that strength which is far above solemn attitudes, which avouches abundant life. He is a man loving, hating, working, in all the serene ardor of virility.

We must tell the lazy who await inspiration, — Our masters rouse it, and do not wait for it to rouse them. Lamartine is up and at work at five o'clock, A. M. Victor Hugo rises at the same hour.

Victor Hugo's chamber is almost a garret. It is in the top of his house. The bed — which is a sort of sofa covered with velvet and old tapestry — serves for seat as well. This small chamber is a portion of the belvedere of the Lookout whence vessels are signalled, and where the flag is hoisted, according to the island's custom. Victor Hugo is there as if it were his post.

The moment he rises he goes into his study, which looks more like a photographer's studio than anything else. The first objects in it which strike attention are a small stove of old earthenware, a few seats, scattered books, the infinite horizon of ocean, and the chimneys of the village. In the passage leading to the staircase there are a small sofa and a table; here he takes refuge when the sun beats too ardently on his glazed study.

The parting or returning laborers discover from the sea, if their going or coming be before dawn, a lamp in this study, high above the village houses, — the lamp of another laborer. Did they suspect some months since that the master of Hauteville House was observing, studying them, and following them with his imagination as he told their joys and depicted their sorrows?

Victor Hugo works standing. As he has found no old-fashioned piece of furniture which can be turned into a convenient writing-desk, and has a wise horror of modern desks, he writes on stools placed on stools on which old folios are piled and covered with a cloth. It is on the Bible and on the Nuremburg Chronicle that the poet leans his elbows and spreads his paper.

His paper is blue, thin, folio size. Blotting a great deal, correcting his phrases time and again, to satisfy an artist's scruples, which are never quite contented, Victor Hugo uses none but goose-quill pens. It almost seems he takes pleasure in making those broad scores which cover words and lines, and which are often like hills, — like landscape-vistas in the text.

It would not be hard to find sometimes formless outlines, attempts at drawing in the midst of the writing. The vision of the idea is often double for the poet-painter.

The dripping sheets, wounded by that Gallic writing which is so characteristic, dry spread out at length. When the day's labor is ended, Victor Hugo collects the sheets, locks them up, and commonly keeps the secret of his inspiration. He never reads to his most intimate friends, nor to his family, until the work no longer fears criticism. He is an essentially dramatic poet, and when he reads, it is to raise emotion. These very rare readings are always a festival to the listener. Victor Hugo reads very well; he reads rather solemnly, but with a charming, expressive voice.

His autograph manuscripts never leave Hauteville House. They are copied by affectionate pens, and collected with respect. Everything is matter of importance to a writer who is a painter, and who dreads the disappearance of a word, the mutilation of a phrase, the change of a dash, a comma, a colon, or a period, as the removal of a portion of the light indispensable to the harmony of the picture. When the work has thus been copied, reread, and collated, it is sent to Lacroix & Co., who place it in the printer's hands.

Messrs. Vacquezie and Meurice correct the proof-sheets, and superintend the printing at Paris. We may say Victor Hugo's works are the most irreproachable in appearance and arrangement of all works which now appear, thanks to the care which Claye, the printer, the publisher, and the author's friends take in bringing out the work, — thanks to the importance they attach to every particular which can increase the effect of works which really are dramas.

The question has often been asked, Does Victor Hugo work easily? It is evident he does not pos-

sess that extraordinary faculty of extemporization which enables Lamartine to write so much without even blotting a word. Lamartine's steel pen runs rapidly, scarcely grazing the glazed paper which it covers with delicate marks. It looks as it flies like a sylph waltzing on the snow. Victor Hugo makes pen and paper creak under him. He reflects on each word. He weighs every expression. He leans on periods as travellers sit on milestones, to consider the ended phrase and the blank space where the following phrase is going to begin. Some memoranda of words, some names, jotted on the margin, like notes, would make one suppose that he records his impressions as if he were afraid he would not easily find them in his memory.

The absolute isolation which is necessary to his labor, his rigorous solitude while working, would lead one to believe he required all his faculties. It is true they may likewise indicate a prodigious reverence for intellectual things in a writer who refuses to allow anything to profane the Muse's visits.

The reader may now imagine how "The Toilers of the Sea" was written. The east was still pale; the poet copied the horizon, and over his manuscript looked at the ocean which, so to speak, came to his feet; his paper was its beach.

I believe I shall have completed the essential traits of Victor Hugo while writing, after I have said that he is the most honest and the most skilful merchant of his works. There is never any lawsuit, dispute, or even disappointment, on his or on his publishers' part.

Thoroughly acquainted with everything touching the cost of books, he knows, too, the result of the sales. He reckons the probable profits of his publisher, and he equitably proportions his profits to those of the publisher. All persons who have entered into contracts with Victor Hugo say they have never been called upon to refuse exaggerated demands, nor to hope for profit which their modesty as tradesmen might blush to reap.

When once pecuniary questions are settled on a reasonable footing, Victor Hugo does not yield to any temptation. As he refused the other day — not $100,000 as was stated, but — $20,000 offered by several newspapers to publish "The Toilers of the Sea" in *feuilletons*, so he knows how to resist every temptation which would make the sentiment of art yield to the love of speculation.

This reserve, when the voice of money is at the same time the seductive voice of flattery and of praise, deserves to be mentioned. It was rare at every epoch. It may be deemed impossible now-a-days.

Is it not consoling to think that the most skilful and the best paid writer of our generation is likewise the proudest of them all?

A LONDON MOB.

MONDAY, July 23d, was an eventful day: if not, as some contend, for the cause of liberty throughout the civilized world, at all events for Bayswater, W. Contrary to all custom, the omnibuses starting thence for the southeast in the evening were fully loaded, — not crowded, for there were few inside; but their roofs were lined with our bravest and our best (or at least our best-dressed), bound for the Marble Arch, Hyde Park, reputed to be the seat of Civil War. We have no amusements in Bayswater, besides Scientific Lectures, Poetic "Readings," — everybody seems to try his virgin voice (if I may use the expression) at our local institution, before advertising himself as a public reader to the metropolis at large, — and more rarely a genteel Giant or musical Dwarf; while the theatres, except the Marylebone, which is not to be thought of by our gilt youth, are at an enormous distance. Anything, therefore, in the way of a spectacle, such as a fire or a fight, in our immediate vicinity, is looked upon as a godsend, and patronized accordingly by those gentlemen who have nothing to do with themselves in the evening, and whose digestions permit of their going out after dinner. It is unnecessary to state that your Home Correspondent, for his part, was actuated by no such idle impulse, when he mounted the knife-board of the *Citizen*, bent upon a duty which by this time may surely almost be entitled national. However, in the very natural and appropriate phrase, used by novelists of the last generation but one, "A truce to egotism." (How I like all the charming expressions of those ancient fictionists: "But we anticipate," "Pardon the digression," and "Now let us return for a while to Sebastian and Leonora, whom we left in the subterranean chamber.") My fellow-passengers, as I have hinted, wore a very different appearance from those prim, neatly attired gentlemen who ride into the city every morning to read their newspapers in the privacy of their own office, undisturbed by domestic interruption. They were indeed the same individuals, but how changed! Attired in evening dress, their shirt-studs flamed upon their embroidered fronts, their waistcoats bore in their embroidery "the evidence of a female hand" (if it was not done by the machine), and their polished leather boots, shone upon by the setting sun, fringed the omnibus with flame. Instead of sucking the knobs of their umbrellas, they had cigars in their mouths; and instead of being contemptuously silent, they were all speaking at once. Your Correspondent looked and listened.

1st Citizen. Mark my words [I did]; there 'll be a dooce of a row!

2d Citizen. Glad of it. Capital fun.

3d Citizen. By Jove! Think of the Horse Guards being called out; that 's what *I* call a rum start.

4th Citizen (not at all connected with the preceding speakers, serious, of riper years, and with an alpaca umbrella). Well, it 's what *I* call an infernal shame, sir. Why don't they let 'em meet in 'Ide Park? That 's what *I* want to know. Why, it 's because the Tory ministry is afraid of the people; that 's why.

2d Citizen (hilariously). Then you *don't* want to know.

Immense applause from the majority of Citizens, and great stamping of feet.

Conductor of "Citizen" (with preternatural gravity and winking). I say, gents, here 's a widder lady inside, who is very nigh frightened to fits. She says the roof is a-givin' way.

Redoubled enthusiasm, in which the polished leather boots take a still more prominent part. Amid the tumult, the 4th Citizen is heard to murmur: "Counter-jumpers, — set of scoundrels."

5th Citizen (sympathizer with No. 4). They would be very well in the tread-mill; that is the proper place for fellows who can only use their legs.

1st Citizen (defiantly). I dare say *your friends* will find the use of their legs as soon as they see the Police.

4th Citizen. O you 're one of the Hairystocracy, are you? Well, I will say *this* for you, you don't look like it.

2d Citizen (convulsed with merriment). That was a good one.

Nobody speaks; such a silence ensues — broken only by the "Bank! Bank!" of the cad — as is only too likely to precede a storm. The Home Correspondent assumes an attitude of the strictest neutrality, and congratulates himself that he is next the steps. His grave demeanor misleads his neighbor, Citizen No. 1, to imagine him to be a person of information.

"Do you think it is likely," he inquires, "that the troops will fire with ball?"

"*Very* likely," interposes Citizen No. 4. "They have their orders to butcher the people. It 'll be another Peterloo: there is n't a doubt of it."

1st Citizen (with renewed anxiety for my opinion). "What do *you* say, sir?"

"Yes," exclaims 4th Citizen, suddenly resolved to make a friend of me, if possible; "what do *you* say? You look as if you were n't *all* glitter and gewgaws, you do. [I study in my attire a severe simplicity.] Is it not ten to one that the troops will fire with ball?"

The position was embarrassing. I could sympathize with the members of the German Bund, compelled upon the instant to throw in their lot with either Austria or Prussia; but my natural intelligence did not desert me.

"Well," said I, "a conflict between the populace and the soldiery is always to be deplored."

"Pooh! pooh! shoot them down," exclaimed No. 7 Citizen, with irritation. He wore a moustache, and was altogether a most distinguished-looking person. "Against a mob, there 's nothing like a twenty-four pounder."

"Except a thirty-six pounder and all the other pounders," muttered No. 2, purple with mirth, but a little awed by the superior appearance of the last speaker.

"It is my opinion that a man who can talk of bringing twenty-four pounders to bear upon his fellow-countrymen ought to be *hung*," observed Citizen No. 4, staring straight before him.

"I would pull his legs with pleasure," added Citizen No. 5, buttoning his coat across his chest.

There was another dreadful pause, the sort of calm that precedes a thunder-storm, as it seemed to me, and then Citizen No. 1 recommenced his persecutions.

"You have not yet given your opinion, sir, as to whether the troops will fire ball."

"Well," said I, with a smile that might have conciliated a regiment of Uhlans, "the Horse Guards, you know, as a general rule, do not fire ball, because they are armed with *swords*."

"Ah! that 's true," observed No. 1, sagaciously.

"Very true indeed," remarked No. 4, with equal seriousness.

By one judicious reply I had established my reputation; I had become the arbiter between the contending factions, — the Napoleon of the knife-board. Some of my fellow-travellers would, I am confident, not have been surprised if I had turned out to be "connected with government." I saw, however, that the man with the moustache detested me, for he felt himself placed in the position of second-fiddle. However, he was at the other end of the 'bus.

"Talking of firing ball," observed the conductor of the *Citizen*, "I can tell you a good story, — a story as will make you all split with laughing."

The reward thus promised for listening was not attractive, and, besides, one is likely to be compromised by entering into conversation with this class of person; their anecdotes are often broad, and the tone in which they are delivered is the same by which they are accustomed to attract the attention of possible passengers on both sides of the way. I therefore refused him my countenance: an omnibus cad, however, has face enough (of his own) for anything, and he favored us with his narrative notwithstanding. We had already reached the Edgeware Road, and my hope (on account of the widow lady inside) was that he would not approach his climax before we reached the Marble Arch.

"Well, you must know, my *father*," he began, "was a tremenjous feller for standing upon his rights. He thought hisself quite as good as a lord or a bishop, or, for that matter, as the king upon his blessed throne; and the consequence was, he was agin the milingtary, he was, at the Bristol riots; we used to live down that way in those days; I 'm a Somersetshire man myself, though you might n't think it. White *Chapel*, London *Bridge*. Well, my *father* and a friend of his, they was among the Mob, when the milingtary was a-shooting over their heads with — *Bank*, *Bank* — blank cartridge; but presently the other man, he claps his hand behind 'im, and he cries out, 'Bill, they 're a-firing ball!'

"'How do you know *that?*' asks my father.

"'Because,' says he, very serious, 'I 've just got one in —'

"The Marble Arch!" cried I, interrupting the narrative. "Stop, I am going to get down." And, indeed, it was just as well, for there was here a crowd so dense, that the omnibus was brought to a complete stand-still. The whole breadth of the Bayswater Road, as far down Oxford Street as the eye could reach, was paved with heads. I could see the police in a double line, standing with their backs to the closed gates: three rows of vehicles, intermingled with persons on foot, formed an inextricable mass between them and the opposite mansions, the lower windows of which were closed and shuttered, but the upper crowded with faces; nay, the roofs, and even the bases of the chimneys had their occupants. Every lamp-post bore its twin-fruit of street urchins. The wheeled conveyances, too, had no intention of moving, even if movement had been practicable; they had come as to the inner ropes of the course at Epsom, for the purpose of affording their tenants a good view. There were empty coal-carts, for a position in which a shilling a head was eagerly given; there were cabs whose roof was hired by the square inch; there were omnibuses that had never gained half the sum by a city trip which they now realized by standing still; and there were even private carriages with ladies in them, apparently devoid of fear, and contemplating, with the greatest interest, the little they could see of the Civil War raging within the Park. It was to the Park, from which confused shouts and outcries were borne to us upon the darkening air, that every eye was turned.

My fellow-passengers, like myself, had all descended from their perches, the party of Order and the Malecontents alike pushing through the crowd for a spot where the iron railings had been thrown down for a length of about thirty yards; their stone foundations still held them in a slanting position, so that it was difficult to cross them; but in one place, one or two of the iron spears had been broken at the bottom, and through their yielding shafts, as I understood, a number of persons had already forced

themselves into the forbidden ground. It was at this spot that the great conflict, of which we have since heard so much, had taken place an hour or two before.

"A curious sight, sir," observed an individual, gazing with awe upon the work of devastation, and whose appearance and apparel suggested one of those members of the Dissenting body who assimilate most nearly to the High-Church party of the Church of England. He had the high rolling collar, and the high buttoned waistcoat, and the starched cravat of the divine, and yet with something wanting in the clerical *tout ensemble* which made me set him down as I have described. He had also called me "Sir": and clergymen rarely use that word, even when addressing a stranger. Yes, he was clearly a Dissenter: probably a Radical; possibly a sympathizer with these excesses. I make it a rule to ingratiate myself with every class, where I can do so without shocking my moral sense, and I thought I would sympathize with them a little too.

"Curious indeed," said I. "There is no knowing where these things will end. I am afraid a mistake has been committed by somebody."

"Ah, you may say that," answered he, solemnly. "A grave responsibility has been incurred."

Yes; I was right: his speech smacked of the Nonconformist pulpit.

"You are come here," said I, "like my self, I do not doubt, to enter your protest against these proceedings; to bear witness, if necessary —"

Here I hesitated, for him to declare his views; but he only shook his head in a deprecatory manner, and observed: "Just so."

"To uphold the sacred right of public meeting," remarked I, boldly: it was worth while to be misinterpreted in order to elicit the opinions of a man of this sort.

"The sacred right of public meeting," assented he, in the tone of one who is committing something to memory. "Just so."

This man was not an enthusiast; his opinions were evidently the result of calm conviction. I wanted a companion, during the spectacle, who would unfold the motives of action of the Party of Disorder, and here he was.

"We can see nothing from here," said I; "if this hole in the railings was but a little bigger, one might creep through."

"Just so," replied he, with a manner so imperturbable that it quite irritated me.

While we talked, there were occasional "Alarms and Excursions," — numbers of people withinside, fleeing before the advance of the police or military, would return to their hole in the railing, the spikes of which being towards them, rendered exit exceedingly difficult. Only one at a time could pass through: there were dozens desirous of doing so at the same moment: and close behind them were supposed to be horse-soldiers at full speed. You may imagine the scene.

"If somebody was to pull out those two spikes," remarked I, reflectively, after a retreat of this description more disastrous than usual, "they would not run in people's eyes when they tried to get out."

One of those good-for-nothing man-boys who form such a large portion of a London crowd happened to overhear this observation, and full of the spirit of mischief, at once proceeded to put my playful suggestion into effect. He pulled out the two iron javelins in less time than it takes me to write it. Scandalized by his conduct, and even alarmed lest it should be attributed to my directions, I cried to him in a terrible voice to throw them among the trees, and fortunately he did so. Think of the remorse (independently of any term of imprisonment which would have seized upon your Home Correspondent had the mob proceeded to arm themselves with iron javelins.

"An apt pupil," observed my unknown friend gravely: "but a young gentleman likely to get himself in trouble."

This I felt to be rather a personal observation, and one that needed a reply.

"Nay," said I, "he has really done no harm. Consider the danger of those spikes: and particularly the case of these adventurous ladies."

If it were possible that a gentleman of the ecclesiastical profession could so for forget himself as to wink with meaning, I should say that my companion here forgot himself to that extent: and yet there was a gravity about the action of the eyelid that rescued the movement from the imputation of mere lightness.

The crowd about us was almost wholly composed of respectable persons, attracted to the scene by curiosity; there were very few "roughs" remaining on our side of the railings; and throughout that night I did not see half a dozen genuine "working-men" the real political reformers having probably adjourned to Trafalgar Square, to hear the speeches. The women, too, of whom there was a considerable number, were by no means of the lowest class: I should say the majority were domestic servants who had asked leave to "step out for an hour to see their cousin," and had come to see the riot instead. There were, however, one or two old hags who, thinking they scented blood in the air, expressed the most sanguinary wishes with respect to both the present and future of the police force, and reminded one very much of those terrible old women who used to sit and knit stockings in front of the guillotine, while aristocrats' heads were being chopped off.

"What are the men afeard on, od rot 'em?" I overheard one of these ladies. "Why don't they cut all the Bobbies' throats: there 's enough of 'em, I'm sure there?" added she, turning furiously upon your Home Correspondent.

A bow and a smile were all the adhesion I could find it in my conscience to give her.

"Come, the milingtary won't hurt *you*, Sue!" cried a cheery voice, as a stout middle-aged female pushed past me, accompanied by a florid, homely-looking girl, with cherry-colored ribbons in her bonnet: "you'll go right to their hearts for their curious ears" (she meant their breastplates) "so who's afraid?"

"And I'm sure *you* need n't be afraid of the police, Jemima," retorted the girl, laughing, "for I never saw a Bobby yet as you could n't soften."

If that fair pair were not respectively cook and housemaid, I am prepared to forfeit my sixpence upon this *dictum*. To see them squeeze themselves through the gap in the rails was a spectacle not only diverting, but, especially in the case of the cook, prolonged: and if one of those parties to whom I have alluded had taken place while that lady was in entire possession of the exit, the scene would have combined every element of interest, — humor and beauty, terror and a *coup de soleil*.

"Really," said I to my new acquaintance, "I think we might venture where even the ladies go. Come, now we have done it." (We were both standing on the forbidden ground.) "The Rubicon of the i

is passed. We have thrown in our lot with the people: eh? Hurrah!"

"Just so," replied my imperturbable acquaintance.

Throughout the shrubbery there were knots of people — specks of light, for they were all smoking pipes — talking over what they had seen during the evening's proceedings, and exchanging the most exaggerated lists of killed and wounded; a few, as you could tell by the noise of breaking branches, were far more mischievously employed; these last, however, were, without exception, members of that dreadful race, the Man-boys. We pushed across the shrubberies to the carriage-drive, and lo, a really pretty sight! the Horse Guards marching to and fro at a foot's-pace in double line, with the moonbeams glinting on their naked swords and polished helmets; and the dark masses of people on both sides the way cheering them loudly. Then would follow a line of horse-police, whereupon the most hideous screeching and vituperation rent the air. "*But*chers! ah-h-h-h!" (a very expressive ejaculation of hatred.) "Go home. Ah-h-h-h-h!" These were the noises the conflicting nature of which we could not understand, and had therefore so excited us when on the other side of the barrier. It was a very trying position for the gentlemen in blue, and I am afraid that the military — some of whom, perhaps, had their private reasons for not entirely sympathizing with their allies — rather enjoyed it: at all events, many of the soldiers were grinning.

"I dare say these red-coated gentry," observed I, in allusion to this circumstance, "are not sorry to see their rivals in the affections of Susan and Jemima so unpopular!"

My companion was silent; surprised that he did not give utterance to his "Just so," I looked at him, and perceived his face to be convulsed with angry passion. He muttered something between his clenched teeth, and quickened his pace so as to get a few paces in front of me. It was evident that his feelings were stirred to their lowest depths; he was doubtless a physical-force Chartist; a Red Republican of the deepest dye. I was trying to recall some of the wilder doctrines of Ledru Rollin, in order to keep him in good humor, at all events, with *me*, when a hand lightly touched my sleeve, and a voice whispered a few rapid words into my ear. I knew the speaker: it was a policeman in whose Bayswater beat my house was situated, and my wife had done some kindness to *his* wife, when she happened to stand in need of help.

I rejoined my companion with a heart that had almost stopped beating. His glance struck me, for the first time, as being singularly malevolent; his voice seemed to me to have grown gruff, and even discourteous, as he inquired "what I thought of the sacred right of public meeting in Hyde Park *now?*"

"A chimæra," replied I, eagerly. "It 's all nonsense. Why *should* Hyde Park be given up to such a rabble? Nay, why, indeed, should people wish to meet *at all?*"

My companion shot at me a terrible glance of suspicion, as he remarked: "And yet you sympathized with them, sir, an hour ago?"

"I did," said I, frankly. "But I honestly tell you I have been convinced of my error. People that hiss the police must be an abominable and wicked crew. I wonder for my part the civil force are so patient. [They really *were* wonderfully patient, so far as I saw.] Fortunately, however, these wretches are not armed."

"No; no one thought of pulling up the iron spikes in the railings *except you*," answered the other in a tone which, combined with the pressure of the crowd, had all the effect upon me of a warm bath.

"Yes," said I, "that idea of mine was an indiscretion, I own. In case of necessity, however, I should always range myself — I am sorry to differ from you, if your feelings are with the other side, but I must express my sentiments — along with *the Party of Order*. If the odds were forty to one, I should side with the civil force; that, as it seems to me, is the duty of every citizen."

"I am glad to hear you say so, *for your sake*," answered my mysterious acquaintance. "There, don't ask any questions; but take my advice, young man, and go home to your family. There are some here who will pass the night much less comfortably, and you don't know how near you have been to being one of them."

"Ha, ha!" said I, with forced hilarity; "very good. But, indeed, I think you advise wisely. The tea, too, will be getting cold at home."

With a short, stern nod of farewell, my companion turned away, and as he did so took out a leaf from a leather note-book, and tore it into fragments.

I hastened to the place of exit between the rails, scarcely less precipitately than the victims of pusillanimous Panic, pushed my way through the foolish crowd that were still gazing longingly into the forbidden Eden, and leaped into a four-wheeled cab.

The words which the friendly Peeler had whispered into my ear were these: "Take care what you may be saying, sir; the man as has *got hold of you* [fancy!] is a detective in disguise; and if you 're not careful, he 'll have a case against you as sure as you 're alive."

Had I been careful, and had he *not* got a case against me already? That was the question. If ever a man felt himself a Conservative from top to toe, it was your Home Correspondent for that last quarter of an hour. My conversion had been as genuine as it was rapid. No wonder that that mysterious myrmidon of the law had credited my assertions, and been mollified by those expressions of good-will: they had truly come from the heart, — if, at least, the heart is the seat of prudential alarm. That judicious reference to the domestic "tea waiting for me at home" was really, I think, very commendable, considering the tremendous nature of my situation, and a proof of great presence of mind. Your Home Correspondent, however, was never more convinced of the truth of that famous conundrum — *Q.* What is better than presence of mind in circumstances of personal peril? *A.* Absence of body — than when he found himself safe at his own house after attending that Popular Demonstration.

A VISIT TO HADLEIGH CASTLE.

Most travellers by water from London to Gravesend have no doubt often compared the low and flat aspect of Essex, as it there presents itself, with the hills and valleys that abound along the margin of Kent on the opposite shore; hence it is that Essex has generally become noted for the dull uniformity of its scenery. The surface of the country is not, however, totally flat, many gentle hills and dales impart to it great relief, more particularly towards the northwest, whence most of its rivers proceed.

heavy arch. The windows are small and lancet-shaped, those on the south side being ornamented with the arms of several families to whom the lordship of Hadleigh anciently belonged; among them, the achievements of the Strangmans, who held the manor *temp.* Edward III., are conspicuous.

GOOD FRIDAY AT JERUSALEM.

A CATHOLIC CEREMONY.

It is the evening of Holy Thursday. The last wail of the *Tenebre* has died out of the aisles of the solemn church of the Holy Sepulchre. A temporary altar had been erected in the morning opposite the sacred shrine where our dear Lord was laid, and upwards of a thousand pilgrims had received the Bread of Life from the hands of the venerable Patriarch. But now this altar has been removed, and one by one the worshippers had departed, save those of the Franciscan monks who had been appointed to watch throughout the night by the Blessed Sacrament, and whom the Turks had consequently locked into the building.

In the church of St. Salvatore all is profoundly dark, save in the chapel on the left, where the Blessed Sacrament has been deposited in the Sepulchre until the terrible day be over which witnessed the death-agony of the Son of God. That side-chapel is decorated on all sides with beautiful plants and flowers, and illuminated with a multitude of tapers. There two figures are kneeling motionless and absorbed in prayer. One by one the Franciscan monks, wearied with their long fast and the terrible penances of the night before, have disappeared through the side-door which leads into their dormitory.

The two persons kneeling are women. The one still young, dressed in deep widow's mourning; the other older, and bearing on her face traces of deeper suffering, yet with an expression of peace which spoke of that suffering having been accepted for the love of Him who sent it. Six years ago this lady, the Marquise de ——, of noble and even royal blood, had come, like her young English companion, as a stranger and pilgrim to Jerusalem, and there felt the irresistible attraction which, in spite of its mournfulness and desolation, binds every heart to the Holy City. She found likewise that there was a great work for any woman to do who was willing to devote herself to such a life, — the work of a St. Paula, to assist in receiving and looking after the female pilgrims who, at Christmas and Easter tides, flock by hundreds to the Casa Nuova; to have the care of the altars of the different churches and chapels, of the linen and vestments, decorations, &c. And so she has remained, doing the work of a deaconess, invaluable to the Franciscan Fathers, who marvel now how they got on before without her, and leading a life of austere penance and devotion in the Third Order of St. Francis. She has devoted the whole of her fortune to buying up the Holy Places whenever an opportunity offers, and rescuing them from desecration at the hands of the Turks; and has thus reduced herself to the state of holy poverty which St. Francis loved so well. At Emmaus she has bought the house of Cleophas, and erected a chapel and hospice on the very spot where our Blessed Lord "was made known to them in the breaking of bread." Again, the house of Mary and Martha at Bethany, and the grave of Lazarus, the scene of the miracle at Cana in Galilee, and other sacred spots, she, one by one, has redeemed from Turkish rapacity and converted into sanctuaries, to which special Indulgences are attached. It is a blessed work, little known to the outside world, and still less thought of by her whose deep humility veils every action in the sense of her own unworthiness.

But to return to our tale. This loving watcher by our Lord's body at last rose, and, touching her companion, said softly, "My child, you must come and rest: remember to-morrow morning." The two women left the church reluctantly, and threaded their way up the steep and narrow street to the Casa Nuova, where, bowing their heads to the "God be with you!" of the Spanish monk who let them through the heavy nailed door, they walked swiftly up the stairs and through the long corridor to the two cells set apart for their use, the largest and most comfortable of which had been given up by the elder lady to the younger, in spite of her remonstrances. "I am at home here," she replied, "and you are not used to our hard life"; and by this act of Christian charity she enabled the English traveller to remain in the convent when the great influx of pilgrims from the French caravan had compelled the Custode dei Santi Luoghi to tell her she must seek a lodging elsewhere.

Five hours later, the same women, closely veiled and carrying a lantern, were toiling painfully down the rugged and slippery street which leads through the bazaars to the other side of the city. From time to time the Marquise stopped and looked anxiously round, as if dreading attack or pursuit.

"What do you fear, dear lady?" asked her companion; surely none will hurt us at this hour."

"I am afraid for you, my child," was the reply. "no woman is safe in this country without a *cavass*, especially at night; and I think I ought to have asked Padre Luigi to escort us; but he was so weary."

"With my cross of St. Benedict I have no fears," answered the young lady, smiling; and so speaking, they arrived at the foot of the street which leads up the hill, past the arch of the "Ecce Homo," to the House of Pilate and the Church of the Flagellation.

Suddenly a Turkish patrol burst out of an adjoining guard-house, and one of them with an exclamation, "By Allah, a fair Christian!" approached rudely the younger lady. She sprang on one side; and an officer appearing at the same instant, the half-drunken soldier relaxed his hold, and contented himself with giving her a sharp blow on the cheek as he left her. The whole affair occupied but a minute; but the elder lady could not recover from her terror and horror at the insult.

"To think that I should, by my want of precaution, have exposed you to this!" she exclaimed.

"You forget, dear friend, the place, the day, and the hour," replied the other. "Surely it is an honor to be allowed to suffer some little shame and pain while on the way to do Him reverence."

The Marquise pressed her hand by way of reply, and the two proceeded with still swifter steps under the arch, passed the gate of the Convent of the Père Ratisbon, where the Filles de Sion have established their admirable orphanage, and so on to the postern-gate in the wall which admitted them to the court-yard of the Church of the Flagellation.

"His Royal Highness is not yet arrived," said the lay brother as he unbarred the door; "but he will not long tarry: it is just four o'clock."

So saying, he ushered in the ladies to the cloister and then into the church, where the only light was

many upturned and weeping faces, and the priests go in procession to the chapel below to bring back the Blessed Sacrament, which has been deposited in the Holy Sepulchre the preceding day; while the glorious hymn *Vexilla Regis* is sung by the whole congregation.

Our English traveller, absorbed in the emotions of the place and of the hour, had remained motionless after the adoration, until the beginning of Vespers, when she turned to look at her companion, whose fragile and attenuated form still knelt beside her, while her face seemed lighted up with an unearthly glow, redeeming features which had no great natural beauty, and making one think of the old German pictures of saints. And now the anthem *Consummatum est* is over, and the *Miserere* is taken up by both priest and people; and then again the lights are extinguished, and the altar is stripped as before, and all is desolate. It is impossible to exaggerate the effect of this office on this spot, or the sense of utter desolation which falls upon the soul when all is over. It is an approach to Mary's sorrow, and a shadow of it; but to one who has not felt it, it cannot be explained. We have read of the Crucifixion all our lives, and have tried in our various degrees to realize it; but here we *see* it, as it were, with our bodily eyes, which help out our weak faith, and our devotion to the dolors of our Mother heightens and deepens our devotion to the Passion of her Son.

It was with a feeling of utter faintness and exhaustion that the two ladies whose steps we have followed turned at last out of the sacred building, and bent their steps homewards. It was only ten o'clock in the morning, but many days seemed to have been crowded into the preceding seven hours.

At the turn leading into the principal bazaar the English lady stopped. "Dear friend, I must go; my friends will be waiting for me; I will meet you in the evening." So saying, she left the Marquise, and passed rapidly through the bazaar, where beads and rosaries and mother-of-pearl crucifixes are the principal articles of commerce, stopping at last at a little hotel lately opened, and looking on what is called "Hezekiah's pool."

The English were swarming out of this inn, on their way to the solitary English service given in Holy Week by Bishop Gobat and his staff at the Protestant church lately erected near the Gate of David. Nowhere is the unhappy position of the Anglican Establishment so painfully exhibited as at Jerusalem. It is confounded with every kind of German Protestantism. Every other Church — Latin, Greek, Armenian and Copt, Syrian and Maronite — has its altar and its shrine within the area of the Holy Sepulchre. . . . .

In the afternoon of that day the same black figure was seen passing through the bazaar, where the Turkish venders were squatted on their boards, under the shade of their bright-colored awnings, consoling themselves, as usual, with their long pipes for the apparent absence of all customers. The heat is very great; but the Englishwoman, with a basket on her arm, does not appear to feel it, and, turning to the left, disappeared in a tortuous street, and up a long and dirty staircase to a low door, which she pushed open gently, and entered what appeared to be a rude workshop. Carvers' tools, fragments of mother-of-pearl, and of the peculiar stone found in the Jordan, were scattered about, with strings of beads, half-polished and half-strung, and Bethlehem shells rudely sculptured, with half-finished sketches of the Nativity and other sacred subjects. In a corner of this room, by a window, was a rough pallet, and on it lay the figure of a boy of fifteen or sixteen, evidently in the last stage of disease.

"Ah, madre mia!" he exclaimed, as the large eyes turned to the door, and glistened with pleasure at the sight of the English lady; "how good of you to come! I did not expect you to-day; and the time has seemed so long, so long, and I have suffered so much."

"My poor boy," replied the lady, gently taking his hand and parting the hair from his brow, which seemed contracted by pain, "I fear the pain has indeed been bad, but it is easier to bear to-day, is it not? *To-day*, when such untold agony was borne for us by our dear Lord, — to-day the cup of suffering should be less bitter. See," she added cheerfully, "I have brought you some oranges and some flowers, which the good old lay brother at Gethsemane gave me yesterday evening. These are his first roses; and look at the hyacinths, and the irises, and the jasamin, — that favorite flower of mine, which means, as you know, in the Indian language, 'I love you with all my heart.' We will arrange them in these two little vases I have brought for you, and put them on either side of your picture of the Sacred Heart, so that you may see them from your bed."

So saying, she fetched some water, and began arranging the flowers, while the poor boy eagerly watched her every movement, murmuring to himself, "No one does them like her." When she had finished, he said to her softly, —

"Talk to me a little bit; I want something to remember and to help me to bear the pain when you are gone. The last time you spoke of suffering being, not punishment, but only a sign of love; and I have thought of it over and over again, and tried so hard not to murmur any more."

"The flowers must talk to you, dear child," was her reply, as she knelt by the bed, and took his thin and wasted hand in hers. "Do you not think it is so strange that Gethsemane should produce such lovely flowers? — that spot where it would seem as if the sweat of agony should have cursed the very ground on which it fell. Yet is it not to teach us that it is out of anguish that comes forth sweetness? just as the bay-leaves must be crushed and bruised to give forth their pleasant smell."

She had spoken so far when the door again opened, and admitted the venerable figure of an old Franciscan monk. An expression of child-like purity and singular holiness lit up the old man's features, and justified the appellation of "Il vero Santo," given to the "Ex-Custode dei Santi Luoghi" by all the poor dwellers in Jerusalem.

"God's blessing be with you, my poor Georgio!" he said softly; and then addressing the lady, who rose and reverently kissed his hand, added: "Ah, my child, I thought I should find you here. The Marquise is waiting for you below; but stay, what have you eaten to-day?"

The lady colored and looked down without speaking.

"This must not be," continued the old monk decidedly; "wait here a moment till I return."

He disappeared, and in a few moments came back with a little tray containing that universal refreshment found in the poorest of Eastern houses, a cup of Turkish coffee.

"You do not know what the fatigue and excitement of to-night's service are, my child," said the

old priest, tenderly: "no woman's strength could hold out without something."

The lady drank the coffee in silent obedience, and pressing the hand of the sick boy, while she knelt to receive the father's blessing, passed swiftly down the stairs to her friend.

They re-enter the church, and, passing by the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre, take their place in the Chapel of the Flagellation. Every Friday and Sunday a procession is formed in that chapel, the pilgrims bearing lighted tapers stamped with the pictures of the Crucifixion and Resurrection, and, singing a processional hymn peculiar to the Holy Land, visit each altar erected in commemoration of the Passion, reciting the Gospel and prayers applicable to each station. A portion of the column of Flagellation is exposed in the first chapel on the left of the altar, where the office begins: and so they move on to the dungeon, and to the place where they parted His vestments, down to the subterranean chapel or crypt, where the rugged rocks remain as when first excavated, and where the sacred Cross was found: returning again to the Chapel of St. Helena above, with its venerable pillars and beautiful basket-work capitals, so admirably rendered in Roberts's famous drawing: then passing to the scene of the clothing in the purple robe and terrible crown of thorns, and so ascending to the Mount of Calvary, to which portion of the service a plenary indulgence is attached, while at the words "Hic expiravit" the pilgrims prostrate themselves at the foot of the Cross: then again descending to the "stone of unction," where the sacred Body was washed: thence to the sepulchre where it was laid, on to the place in the garden where He appeared to Mary Magdalen after the resurrection, and so back again to the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, where the office concludes with the touching Litany of Loreto.

It is a beautiful and solemn service, in which even Protestants are seen to join with unwonted fervor: and on this special day it was crowded to excess. When it was over the two friends returned to the altar of St. Mary Magdalen, the words and tones of the hymn still lingering in their hearts.

Presently the English stranger rose, and, approaching one of the Franciscan monks, begged for the benediction of her crucifix and other sacred objects, according to the short form in use at the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre: a privilege kindly and courteously granted to her. And now the shades of evening are darkening the aisles of the sacred building, and the pilgrims are gathered in a close and serried mass in the Chapel of Calvary, waiting for the ceremony which is to close the solemn offices of that awful day. By the kindness of the duke, who had been their companion in the Via Crucis, the two ladies were saved from the crowd, and conducted by a private staircase from the Greek chapel to the right of the altar of Calvary. The whole is soon wrapped in profound darkness, save where the light is thrown on a crucifix the size of life, erected close to the fatal spot. You might have fancied yourself alone but for the low murmur and swaying to and fro of the dense crowd kneeling on the floor of the chapel. Presently a Franciscan monk stepped forward, and, leaving his brethren prostrate at the foot of the altar, mounted on a kind of estrade at the back, and proceeded to detach the figure of our Blessed Lord from the cross. As each nail was painfully and slowly drawn out, he held it up, exclaiming, "Ecce, dulces claves!" and exposing it to the view of the multitude, who, breathless and expectant, seemed riveted to the spot, with their upturned faces fixed on the symbol represented to them. The supernatural and majestic stillness and silence of that great mass of human beings was one of the most striking features of the whole scene. Presently a ladder was brought, and the sacred figure lifted down, as in Rubens's famous picture of the "Deposition," into the arms of the monks at the foot of the cross. As the last nail was detached, and the head fell forward as of a dead body, a low deep sob burst from the very souls of the kneeling crowd. Tenderly and reverently the Franciscan Fathers wrapped it in fine linen, and placed it in the arms of the Patriarch, who kneeling received it, and carried it down to the Holy Sepulchre, the procession chanting the antiphon, "Acceperunt Joseph et Nicodemus corpus Jesu: et ligaverunt illud linteis cum aromatibus, sicut mos est Judæis sepelire." The crowd followed eagerly, yet reverently, the body to its last resting-place. It is a representation which might certainly be painful if not conducted throughout with exceeding care. But done as it is at Jerusalem, it can but deepen in the minds of all beholders the feelings of intense reverence, adoration, and awe with which they draw near to the scene of Christ's sufferings, and enable them more perfectly to realize the mystery of that terrible Passion which He bore for our sakes in His own Body on the tree.

And with this touching ceremony the day is over.

TEA.

A YEAR or two since, our Nonconformist brethren celebrated the bicentenary of the sufferings of the expelled clergy in the time of Charles II. In the present year we might not unfitly celebrate a greater bicentenary, in honor of the alleviator of the sufferings of clergy and laity, expelled or not expelled. According to the ordinary statement to be found in books, the beverage which has now won its way to every hearth was introduced amongst us in 1666, by my Lords Arlington and Ossory, who brought it over from the meditative Dutchmen, and caused it to become so much the fashion in England that it fetched sixty shillings a pound. That chronology, however, is somewhat deranged by a fact more recently discovered, namely, that in 1660 a tax of eightpence a gallon was laid, upon various liquids concocted and offered for sale, among which tea is mentioned: and in the same year "Pepys his Diary" records that the writer sent for a cup of tea, a China drink he had not tried before. Let us hope that he found it more to his taste than that "most insipid ridiculous play I ever saw in my life," the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Tea was to be had at the sign of the Sultan's Head in 1658, although in 1661 it was so rare that the East-India Company made a present of two pounds and two ounces of it to the King. A still earlier date has been assigned to its introduction into England, by reason of the existence of teapots which are said to have belonged to Oliver Cromwell and Queen Elizabeth of glorious memory. But these are manufacturing days, when no one would be surprised to see an original photograph of William the Conqueror or a six-shooter patented by Archimedes; and certainly the sight of such curiosities would not tempt the world to alter its views of the date of photography and revolvers.

That tea should have been attributed to the virgin Queen is not to be wondered at, considering that, while it is a luxury of all classes, it is, by prescription, the peculiar possession and support of old maids. But we take it that the gracious lady who supplied so many contemporary poestasters with ideas in connection with the light of the universe, maintained the fire of her disposition and her complexion on something a trifle stronger than even the best Bohea, in like manner as her royal father had done. Pasties and ale for breakfast, with sugared cakes and spiced wines at various hours of the day, and solid noonings, and suppers with indifferent strong potations of sack and sack-possets, were more the sort of thing in the middle of the sixteenth century. And in Cromwell's teapot a sceptically disposed inquirer is equally disinclined to believe. It is not easy to imagine that hero cooling the humors of his head with a dish of tea. The paternal beer of Huntingdon had charms for young Oliver in earlier days, and if it may be said without doing disrespect or injustice to his memory, the Lord Protector's character was that of a man who improved his opportunities rather with sour claret than with so amiable a beverage as that which commences our days in this nineteenth century and preludes and concludes our dinners. There is no doubt, however, that tea was known on the continent of Europe in Cromwell's time, so the existence of a teapot bearing his name is not so gross an anachronism as are a good many antiquities that might be mentioned.

Tea was not the universal favorite it now is when first it was introduced from its native country. It was most vehemently abused as an immoral, unwholesome decoction, from whose use the worst results must be expected to follow. In 1633 a learned German decided that it was nothing better than black water with an acrid taste; and a few years later, a Russian ambassador at the court of the Mogul declined a large present of it for the Czar, his master, "as it would only encumber him with a commodity for which he had no use." The Dutch were wiser men. They exported large quantities of dried sage, which pleased the Chinese so much that they gave three and four pounds of tea for each pound of sage, until the Dutch were unable to provide that material in sufficient quantities to meet the home demand for tea. Perhaps, with all their craft, they did not get the best leaf, for the Chinese avowed some time after, in their trade with America, that spent tea-leaves dried again were "good enough for second-chop Englishmen." Sage for some time held its place against tea with us, and the great "Dissertation on Tea," published in 1730, by Dr. Short, was accompanied by "A Discourse on the Virtues of Sage and Water."

The use of sage and other herb teas is still frequent among the agricultural poor of some districts in England; and the *tisannes* of the French and Swiss have been in no way replaced by the more costly leaf. Morocco combined *tisanne* with tea, putting sugar in the teapot, and tansy and mint, the flavor of which would, doubtless, considerably disguise the tea, rendering the decoction as unlike that agreeable beverage as was the liquid which issued from the classic brown teapot of Mesdames Gamp and Prig, on the fatal night of their quarrel. Thibet kept clear of the admixture of other herbs, but had its own peculiar way of consuming its tea. This was by boiling the leaf with water, flour, butter, and salt, and devouring the resulting mess bodily. The instinct of an English lady in the country led her to a similar method of utilizing a pound of tea sent as a rarity by a town friend, which she boiled *en masse* in a pan, and served with salt and butter. In China the common people add ginger and salt, to counteract the cooling qualities of the liquor. The word tea, it may be remarked, comes from the Chinese name for the leaf; the name *Chia*, by which an English writer in 1641 mentions it as a decoction used in China only, is the Portuguese *Cha*, which term that nation borrowed from the Japanese, who got the tea-plant from China in A.D. 810.

This famous beverage, as we have observed, was severely abused for long after its first appearance in this country. Its use is described in 1678 as a "base, unworthy Indian custom." In 1746 a physician wrote that, as Hippocrates spared no pains to root out the Athenian plague, so he had himself used his utmost endeavors "to destroy the raging epidemical madness of importing tea into Europe from China." And a few years earlier the Grub Street journal attacked it with considerable violence, declaring that even "were it entirely wholesome as balsam or mint, it were yet mischief enough to have a whole population used to sip warm water in an effeminate mincing manner once or twice every day." Jonas Hanway wrote a treatise against tea in Dr. Johnson's time, and that vast consumer took up the cudgels for "that elegant and popular beverage" (Boswell), even going so far, for the first and only time in his life, his biographer believes, as to answer the rejoinder Hanway made.

Johnson was an utterly insatiable tea-drinker, "hardened and shameless" he called himself, "with tea amusing the evening, with tea solacing the midnight, with tea welcoming the morning." It is he who is responsible for the late date, 1666, for the introduction of its use in England, and for the noble patronage under which it is said to have made its first appearance. Boswell wrote of his powers as a consumer in words which would infallibly have exasperated him into calling his toady a fool, had they been published in his lifetime: "The quantities of it which he drank at all hours were so great that his nerves must have been uncommonly strong not to have been extremely relaxed by such an intemperate use of it." But of all detractors of this excellent soother and stimulant, no one has more thoroughly essayed a hip-and-thigh slaughter than Cobbett, Cobbett and Beer. On every ground he objected to it as food for the laboring classes, and the *Edinburgh Review* indorsed most of his arguments, stating its firm belief that "a prohibition, absolute and uncompromising," of the noxious beverage, is the first step towards insuring health and strength to the poor, and asserting that "when a laborer fancies himself refreshed with a mess of this stuff, sweetened by the coarsest black sugar, and by azure-blue milk, it is only the warmth of the water that soothes him for the moment, unless perhaps the sweetness may be palatable also."

Cobbett proved, in a manner conclusive to his mind, that the use of tea entailed a very unnecessary waste of time and money, in which view he might have found support from the *Female Spectator* for 1745, where a writer declared that the tea-table "cost more to support than would maintain two children at nurse," though eight years after that date the country rector with a London wife stated that less than a pound lasted them a twelvemonth, as they seldom offered it but to the best company. The *Quarterly* had taken a different tone about tea, as might have been expected, allowing indeed that

caused by the death of our children. Our five sons, Francis Joseph, Ernest, George, Leopold, and Heinrich de Stovolinski have all shed their blood for their beloved Emperor and master. Four young widows and an only sister mourn with me. — De Stovolinski, *nee* de Radetzki."

MR. G. R. EMERSON, in a late number of *The Athenæum*, says: "By a singular coincidence, Tennyson's pathetic poem is almost identical in story with a poem by the late Miss Adelaide Anne Procter, 'Homeward Bound,' in the volume 'Legends and Lyrics,' published by Messrs. Bell and Daldy in 1858, five or six years before the appearance of the Laureate's poem. The remarkable similarity of the incidents have been pointed out to me by a friend. I beg to call your attention to it as a singular instance of the varied manner in which the same set of facts may be illustrated by two persons differing in mental peculiarities. Indeed, it is somewhat noteworthy that Tennyson, supposing him never to have read Miss Procter's poem, should have adopted the same story as the subject of a poem. In Miss Procter's story the narrator tells us, —

'I was wrecked off red Algiers,
Six-and-thirty years ago.'

He was held in slavery for ten years.

'How I cursed the land — my prison!
How I cursed the serpent sea!
Dreams of home and all I left there
Floated sorrowfully by.
A fair face, but pale with sorrow,
With blue eyes, brimful of tears,
And the little red mouth, quivering
With a smile to hide its fears;
Holding out her baby towards me,
From the sky she looked on me:
So it was that I last saw her,
As the ship put out to sea. . . .
Then I saw, as night grew darker,
How she taught my child to pray,
Holding its small hands together,
For its father, far away.'

He regains his freedom, and reaches home, thinking of his wife and child: —

'I would picture my dear cottage,
See the crackling wood-fire burn,
And she, too, beside it seated,
Watching, waiting, my return.'

He reaches the cottage, and hears her voice within, 'low, soft, murmuring words she said'; and, looking in at the door, sees what Tennyson's Enoch Arden saw when *he* returned after long absence. The situation, as dramatists name it, is precisely the same in each poem: —

'She was seated by the fire,
In her arms she held a child,
Whispering baby words caressing,
And then, looking up, she smiled, —
Smiled on him who stood beside her,' —

and who 'had been an ancient comrade.' At this point Tennyson departs from the story; and, as we all know, makes Enoch depart broken-hearted to die, without revealing his secret, — an ending of the story worthy of his fine genius. Miss Procter makes the three recognize each other, and the narrator of the story, having heard that his child is dead, blesses his wife, and departs to roam for many years 'over the great restless ocean.' That Tennyson's conclusion is much the finer none can doubt; but the similarity of the general outlines of the poems has struck me, and may interest other lovers of poetry."

THE English critics have been so severe and unanimous in their denunciations of Mr. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads," that the author, or his publisher, has found it necessary to suppress the work. With the exception of the few poems* which we culled with care from the advance sheets there is little or nothing in the volume worthy of preservation. The *Athenæum* remarks: "Mr. Swinburne's 'Poems and Ballads' have been withdrawn from circulation. Whether this course has been taken by the author or adopted by the firm of Moxon & Co. is not a matter which concerns us. It is, at all events, the result of unequivocally expressed disgust, by the press generally. Mr. Swinburne has it in his power, by pure and noble work, to induce the public to forget the insult flung at them through his book. He, too, 'may win the wise who frowned before to smile at last.'"

THE ages of some of the principal living English theologians are: Dr. Pusey, 66; Dean Alford, 56; Birks, 56; Carus, 62; Archdeacon Churton, 66; Archdeacon Denison, 61; the Archbishop of Dublin, 59; the Bishop of Ely, 55; Archdeacon Evans, 75; Archdeacon Garbett, 56; The Bishop of Gloucester, 47; Professor Jowett, 49; the Bishop of Llandaff, 68; the Bishop of London, 55; F. D. Maurice, 61; T. Mozley and J. Mozley, 60 and 53; Dean Stanley, 51; Dr. Temple, 45; Dr. Williams, 49; the Archbishop of York, 47. It will be seen at once that, with scarcely an exception, the present leaders in theology are all over fifty years of age. "What are we to expect from their successors?" asks the *Spectator*. "Progress of some kind, no doubt; but in which direction? A theological work by a divine under thirty would be important, if only to show the tendency of current thought. Those we have enumerated above have founded no school and established no system. Their influence is rapidly passing away. It is singular surely that a generation has arrived at middle life without uttering a voice on the evidences, or future prospects of Christianity. Has the reception given to the youngest in our list, Drs. Williams and Temple, and Professor Jowett, anything to do with this ominous silence?"

A GENTLEMAN who has recently made a pilgrimage to Harrow writes as follows to the London *Publisher's Circular*: "I was sorry to find the tomb which is generally called Byron's tomb in a sad state of dilapidation. No favorite haunt of an English poet is more fully authenticated than this, and in my old Harrow days every visitor made a point of lingering awhile at this beautiful and picturesque spot in the old churchyard. In one of his letters to his publisher, Mr. Murray, written only two years before his death, Byron says: There is a spot in the churchyard, near the footpath on the brow of the hill looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie, or Peachey), where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favorite spot.' The name on the tombstone, which is a large raised slab placed horizontally, was, I think, 'Peachey,' not 'Peachie'; but this question — if of any importance — must now be considered as involved in obscurity. The slab is split across and across, and of the name the letters 'Peac' are now all that remain, for a great fragment of the stone has fallen off and become lost. The view from this spot is one of the finest in England; it would be a pity if its poetical associations should be allowed to perish. While on the subject of Harrow associations, I cannot help

* See Every Saturday, Nos. 33, 34, and 35.

EVERY SATURDAY:

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SILCOTE OF SILCOTES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY,

OR OF "RAVENSHOE," "THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH JAMES BEGINS HIS CAREER.

LGERNON's children had departed for London. tain Tom, having had the confessed moiety of debts paid, was at Dublin with his regiment. ıur was back at his tutor work; no one was with the Squire but the golden-haired child e.*

nce Silcote had a son, some say the best loved ıll, who rebelled against him, and his hard-ned authority and coarse words, who left his e in high disdain, casting him off with scorn, rendering the breach between them utterly ir-rable by marrying a small tradesman's daugh- He got some small clerkship in Demerara, re he died in a very few years — as men who enly wrench up every tie and association are o die — of next to nothing. His pretty and good wife followed him soon, and Anne was left to nercies of a kind sea-captain, who had brought over. The first intimation which Silcote had s son's death was finding a seafaring-man wait-n his hall one day with a bright little girl of t three years old. Silcote heard the story of on's death in dead silence, accepted the child, then coolly began to talk on indifferent nauti-ıatters with the astounded mariner. He kept to lunch, plied him with rare and choice liquor ery kind, and was so flippant and noisy, that emuddled sailor quitted the house under the ession that Silcote was the most unfeeling brute ıd ever met in his life. It was Silcote's humor he should think so, and he had his wish.

om this time she never was allowed to leave He was never ostentatiously affectionate to efore other people, but they must have had roughly good understanding in private, this couple, for she was not only not a bit afraid m, but absolutely devoted to him. She was thwarted or contradicted in any way, and was educated by her aunt.

Such treatment and such an education would have spoilt most children. Anne was a good deal spoilt, but not more so than was to have been expected. She used to have bad days, — days in which everything went wrong with her; days which were not many hours old when her maid would make the discovery, and announce it pathetically, that Miss had got out of bed the wrong side. We will resume her acquaintance on one of these days, and see her at her worst.

Silcote hated the servants to speak to him unless he spoke first, and then, like most men who shut themselves from the world, would humiliate himself by allowing them to talk any amount of gossip and scandal with him. Anne's conduct had, however, been so extremely outrageous this morning that, when Silcote had finished his breakfast, had brooded and eaten his own heart long enough, and ordered Anne to be sent to him to go out walking, the butler gratuitously informed him, without waiting for any encouragement to speak, that "Miss was uncommon naughty this morning, and had bit the Princess."

"What has she been worrying the child about? The child don't bite me. Fetch her here."

Anne soon appeared, dressed for walking, in a radiant and saintlike frame of mind. She was so awfully good and agreeable that any one but that mole Silcote would have seen that she was too good by half. One of the ways by which Silcote tried to worry himself into Bedlam (and he would have succeeded, but for the perfect healthiness of his constitution) was this, — he would take up an imaginary grievance against some one, and exasperate himself about it until he was half mad. Any one who gives himself to the vice of self-isolation, as Silcote had for so many years, may do the same; may bring more devils swarming about his ears than ever buzzed and flappered round the cell of a hermit. He did so on this occasion. He got up in his own mind a perfectly imaginary case against the poor, long-suffering Princess for ill-using Anne, and went muttering and scowling out for his morning's walk, with Anne, wonderfully agreeable and exquisitely good, beside him.

They went into the flower-garden first, and Anne, with sweet innocence, asked if she might pick some flowers. Of course he said Yes; and, after walking up and down a quarter of an hour, the head-gardener came to him, and respectfully gave him warning. When Silcote looked round, he frankly asked the man to withdraw his warning, and told him that he would be answerable it did not occur again. Anne had distinguished herself. In a garden, kept as

the first number, in consequence of a somewhat hurried prep- for the press, this young lady was inadvertently made to names with her cousin Dora. Dora's name had stood as or eighteen months, but, when the author lately altered the his story, he altered his old favorite's name to one more se- d at the last moment changed his mind for the second time. the mistake. *Dora* is Algernon's daughter, of whom we shall ite enough in the next chapter.

of our order. I wonder you are not afraid to walk with me."

"I am neither afraid of you nor of any other man, thank you. I certainly am not afraid of you, because you were originally not a very bad man, and have only come to your present level by your own unutterably selfish conceit. That there is no chance of mending you now I am quite aware: but still I have come to ask you a great favor, — a favor which will cost you trouble and money. Mend your ways for this once, and grant my request, and afterwards —"

"Go to the deuce, hey?"

"By no means. I mean something quite different from that. You have not, I believe, done an unselfish thing for twenty years. Five-and-twenty is nearer the mark; you have been eating your own heart, and reproducing your own nonsense, ever since your first wife's death. Make a change. Do me this favor, and it will become easier to you to do others. In time, if you live long enough, you may be a man again. Come!"

He was not a bit surprised at her tone. She had startled him at his first interview with her, but that surprise had worn off. Let a man for twenty years shut himself into a circle of perfectly commonplace incidents and thoughts, the outside edge of that circle will become too solid to be easily broken. New facts, new phenomena, new ideas, may indent that outside edge; but the old round whirls on, and, before the "wheel has come full circle" again, the dent is gone, as, in a fused planet, some wart of an explosive volcano is merely drawn to the equator, only leaving one of the poles flattened to an unappreciable degree. Mrs. Sugden, like Arthur, had dinged the outside edge of his selfishness. He soon became accustomed to both of them. The globe remained intact: either there must be an internal explosion, or it would spin on forever.

He answered her without the least hesitation or surprise. She was only a strong-minded woman in cotton, with a deuce of a tongue, and a history: possibly a queer one, though she said it was n't. She was a new figure, and to a certain extent odd, but his last recollections of life were in a court of law, and he had seen odder figures there. He was perfectly content that she should walk up and down the garden with him, speaking on terms of perfect equality. Besides, she was clever, and bizarre, and required answering, and after so many years he had got tired of worrying his sister; and it was a new sensation to have a clever woman to face, who would give scorn for scorn, and not succumb with exasperating good nature.

"You say you are come to ask a favor, the granting of which will cost trouble and money. I love money, and hate trouble. You have gone the wrong way to work."

"I am sorry for that, Silcote, because the thing I want done must be done, and you must do it. I really must have it done. Therefore, if you will be kind enough to point out how I have gone wrong, I will follow your directions and begin all over again; only you must do what I require. If you grant that, as you must, I will go to work in any way you choose to dictate."

"I can't go on twisting words about with a woman, who not only commits for herself *ignoratio elenchi* and *petitio principii*, in the same breath, but also invents and uses some fifty new fallacies, never dreamt of by Aristotle or Aldrich. What do you want done?"

"You remember a conversation we had the week before last?"

"There she goes. There 's your true woman. Violates every law of reason and logic; then, when you put her a plain question, asks you whether you remember a conversation you had with her the week before last. No, I don't legally remember that conversation. I would perish on the public scaffold sooner than remember a word of it. I ask you what you want me to do, and I want an answer.

"Do you know my boy?"

"No."

"You do."

"Then, as I never contradict a lady, I lie. But I don't all the same."

"You came after him the week before last, and you wanted him for a groom."

"That may be, but I don't know him. I have seen more of the Lord Lieutenant than I have of him; but I don't know the Lord Lieutenant, and I don't want to. He is a Tory, and I never know Tories. How do I know that your boy is not a Tory? Now, what do you want of me?"

"I wish you would leave nonsense, Silcote, and come to the point."

"I wish you would leave beating about the bush, and come to the point."

"I will. You do know my boy, Squire, don't you?"

"There she goes again. I knew she would. Who ever could bring a woman to the point? No, I don't know your boy. I have told you so before. I ask you again, what do you want with me?"

"We shall never get on like this," said Mrs. Sugden.

"I don't think we shall," said Silcote. "But come, you odd and very queerly-dressed lady, confess yourself beaten, and I will help you out of your muddle."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Sugden.

"Then we have come to a hitch. We had better come into the garden and have some peaches."

She was silent for a moment, and then she took his hand. "Squire," she said, "for the first time in twenty-five years will you be serious, — will you be your old and better self? Instinct partly, and rumor partly, tell me that you were not always the wicked and unhappy man as you are now. Help me, Silcote, even though I come asking for help with strange, rude words in my mouth. Throw back your memory for forty years, before all this miserable misconception arose; try to be as you were in the old, old time, when your mother was alive, and that silly babbling princess-sister of yours was but a prattling innocent child, — and O Silcote, help me, I am sorely bestead!"

She laid her delicate, though brown right hand in Silcote's right, as she said this, and he laid his left hand over hers as she spoke, and said, "I'll help you." And so the past five-and-twenty years were for the moment gone, and there rose a ghost of a Silcote who had been, which was gone in an instant, leaving an echo, which sounded like "Too late! Too late!" He held still the hand of this peasant-woman in his, and the echo of his last speech, "I will help you," had scarcely died out among the overarching cedars.

"I know you will. I knew you would. Listen, then. We have had a long and happy rest here, in the little cottage in the beech forest. You have

known nothing of us, but you have been a good landlord, and we thank you. I fear the time has come when we must move forward again, and the world is a wide and weary place, Squire, and I am not so young as I was, and we are very, very poor; but we must be off on the long, desolate road once more."

"Stay near me, and I will protect you."

"No, that cannot be. It is my boy I wish to provide for. I cannot condemn him to follow our fate. I must tear my heart out and part with him. O my child! what shall I do? What shall I do?"

[illegible]

outside which would not get itself forgotten for months. So that at times James awakened in his bed in the dark midnight, and cried for his mother; but time goes fast with children, and the other boys pelted boots and hard things at him, and laughed at him, which was worse. In six months the mother was only a dim old dream, dear enough still, but very old, getting nearly forgotten. Would you have it otherwise? I would, but the wise ones say No.

And at home! How fared the poor, patient mother in this case? O you children! you children! have you any idea of your own unutterable selfishness? [illegible] utterly selfish, they give you cakes and bright half-crowns, which you eat and spend [illegible] the poor mother at home lies sleepless. One of the most beautiful touches in that most beautiful book, "Tom Brown" (a book which only yesterday was as fresh and as good as ever), [illegible] that his [illegible] must [illegible] prom- [illegible] like this, or [illegible] or Mr. [illegible] his [illegible] the pub- [illegible] But Tom [illegible] Maggie [illegible] for the [illegible] James [illegible] was [illegible] into [illegible] where every boy's [illegible] against him, his mother's [illegible] few months [illegible] from the gate. [illegible]

money is running so very short. And so you saw the branch train run along, did you? I would n't come to Shiplake; the walk is nearly as great, and there 's the getting across the river."

And so they fenced, as they were walking together towards their cottage. As a general rule, women are braver than men; but on this occasion James showed the greater valor, by introducing first the subject nearest to both their hearts. He said, "You must tell me about it."

And she said, "It is all over."

He said, "Not quite, sister. I want to know how he went off. Come. Only one more tooth out, sister. Let me know how the boy went off. Now or never, while the wound is raw and fresh; and then leave the matter alone forever."

"If you will have it, Jim, he went off very well. Cried a deal; quite as much as you 'd expect any boy to cry who believed that he was going to see his mother again in a fortnight. I told him so, God help me! Sent his love to you; is that any odds? Now it 's all over, and I wish to have done with it. You 've been a kind and loving brother to me, James, as God knows, and I have been but a poor sister to you. I have worried you from pillar to post, from one home to another, until I thought we had found one here. And now I have to say to my dear, stupid old brother, '*Toddle* once more.' O James, my dear brother! if I could only see you settled with a good wife, now; you have been so faithful and so true, you have given up so much for me."

A very few days afterwards, the steward was standing at his door, in the early dawn, when the Sugdens came towards him, and left the key of their cottage, paying up some trifle of rent. They were expedited for travelling, he noticed, and had large bundles. Their furniture, they told him, had been fetched away by the village broker, and the fixtures would be found all right. In answer to a wondering inquiry as to where they were going, James merely pointed eastward, and very soon after they entered the morning fog, bending under their bundles, and were lost to sight.

CHAPTER XI.

ARTHUR SILCOTE MAKES THE VERY DREADFUL AND ONLY FIASCO OF HIS LIFE.

For two years there was no change worthy of mention, save that the muddle and untidiness in Lancaster Square grew worse instead of better, and Algernon's health suffered under the hopeless worry, which ever grew more hopeless as time went on.

Dora had grown into a fine creature, pretty at present with the universal prettiness of youth, but threatening to grow too large for any great beauty soon. Reggy had, likewise, grown to be a handsome, but delicate-looking youth: with regard to the others we need not particularize. The pupils had been succeeded by two fresh ones, one of whom, a bright lad of sixteen, by name Dempster, was staying over Christmas vacation, — his father having returned to India, — and supposed himself to be desperately in love with Dora, who received his advances with extreme scorn.

Old Betts was there still, not changed in the least, to the outward eye. He used to go to the city every day, look into the shops, and come home again; at least, that was all he ever seemed to do; but it turned out afterwards that sometimes some of his old friends would, half in pity, half in contempt, throw into his way some little crumbs in the way of commission. Betts had carefully hoarded these sums, and kept his secret from Algernon, nursing it with great private delight until that morning; but Algernon's worn look had drawn it from him prematurely. He had been accumulating it for years, he told Algy, and there it was. He had meant to have kept it until it was a hundred pounds, and have given it to Algernon on his birthday. But it had come on him that morning that it lay with him to make the difference between a sad Christmas and a merry one; and who was he to interpose a private whim between them and a day's happiness? So there it was, ninety-four pounds odd; and it was full time to start across for church, and the least said, the soonest mended. Algernon had said but little, for he was greatly moved, and he preached his kindly, earnest Christmas sermon with a cleared brow and a joyful voice which reflected themselves upon the faces of many of his hearers, and gladdened them also.

Algernon had been vexed and bothered for some time about his Christmas bills. This contribution of Mr. Betts towards the housekeeping relieved him from all anxiety, and made a lightness in his heart which had not been there for years. Firstly, because he found himself beforehand with the world; and, secondly, because it showed him Betts in a new light. Mr. Betts had been vulgar, ostentatious, and not over-honest in old times, — had been cringing and somewhat tiresome in the later ones. But he had distinctly and decidedly done a kind action in a graceful and gentlemanly way.

Anything good delighted Algy's soul; and here was something good. He and Betts were an ill-assorted couple, brought together by the ties of chivalrous kind-heartedness on the one hand, and of sheer necessity on the other; and this action of Mr. Betts drew them closer together than they had ever been before. It reacted on Betts himself with the best effects. It removed that wearing sense of continual humiliating obligation, which too often, I fear, makes a man hate his kindest friend; and caused him to hold his head higher than he had held it for a long time. As he told Algernon over their modest bottle of sherry after dinner, when the children had gone to the Regent's Park to see the skaters, he felt more like a man than he had ever felt since his misfortune. When Algy said, in reply, that he thanked God that his misfortune had been so blessed to him, he did not speak mere pulpit talk, but honestly meant what he said. If you had driven him into a corner, he, I think, with his inexorable honesty, would have confessed that what he meant was, that Betts, although he still dropped his h's and ate with his knife, was becoming more of a gentleman, — consequently more of a Christian, — consequently nearer to the standard of Balliol or University. Algy's Christianity was so mixed with his intense Oxfordism, that to shock the latter was, I almost fancy, for a moment to weaken the former. Who can wonder at it? Three years of perfect happiness had been passed there. Alma Mater had been (forgive the confusion of metaphor) an Old Man of the Mountain to him, and had admitted him into Paradise for three years. He was bound to be a mild and gentle Assassin for her for the rest of his life.

We must leave him, in the beams of the first sunshine which had fallen on him for some years, to follow the very disorderly troop that posted off, with their early Christmas dinner in their mouths, to see the skaters in the Regent's Park. They were a

very handsome [illegible] and [illegible] group; and the [illegible] of [illegible] compel me to follow them [illegible] or a [illegible] because [illegible]. Miss Lee was, of course, more disorderly, and a hundred times more beautiful than the whole lot of them together.

If [illegible] had been the thoroughly genial and good-[illegible] it would have been (for some reason) [illegible]. If she had been less demonstrative in the [illegible] it would have been much better. If she had taken less [illegible] it would have been a great [illegible]. If she had not been so amazingly beautiful [illegible] all her other [illegible]. But here she was [illegible] most [illegible] of [illegible], attractive, boisterous, ready [illegible] at any moment to enter into an animated and friendly discussion with a policeman, or for that matter a chimney-sweep, with a great tendency to laugh loudly at the smallest ghost of a joke, and perfectly indifferent as to whether she stood on the pavement, in the gutter, or in the middle of the road. There she was, in short, her real self; as she was at that time. A mass of kindliness, vitality, and good-humor, half spoilt by her imperfect training, and further spoilt by the respectful indulgence she had been used to in Algernon's house; but as clever as need be.

"I can't think why it is," said Algernon once, in answer to a remonstrance of Arthur's about this young lady (little *he* knew what was in store for him). "She was not boisterous when she first came to me. There was not a quieter girl anywhere. She can't have learnt to be noisy from *me*. I am sure I ain't a noisy man."

But Miss Lee had had the bit between her teeth so long that at all events *she* was very noisy. And she had another *specialité* which I think is common to all young ladies of excessive vitality and good-humor, who are not accustomed to control of any kind. If she saw any one of either sex doing anything, she must straightway, on the spot, do that thing herself. On their first starting, for instance, Dempster, the pupil, illegally, and in defiance of Her Majesty's peace, throne, and government, &c., &c., went down a slide. Miss Lee promptly essayed to do the like, regardless of time or place. Now the three or four winters which Miss Lee had passed in London had been mild, and sliding is not an art practised in Devonshire, firstly, because in nine years out of ten there is no ice there, and secondly because, when there is, its inclination — in consequence of the peculiar formation of the country — may, I believe, be scientifically described as that of the hypothenuse of a tallish right angled triangle, with one of the sides containing the right angle parallel to the horizon. From whatever reason, however, Miss Lee had never tried sliding before, and so came down on the back of her head in the street, and began to think that she was enjoying herself.

With her kindly, uncontrollable vivacity, in the brisk winter air she became more "berserk" as she went on. She was only twenty or so, and life was a very glorious and precious possession to her. An honest, innocent, childish creature, who had only lately found out that she was a child no longer, and wanted a lover whom she could tease and make run about for her. She knew how to treat lovers from an infinite number of novels, only she had not got one yet. She wanted one sadly; what woman does not? She was not utterly unconscious of her wonderful beauty, and she was thinking on this very afternoon, whether Dempster, the pupil, was not old enough to be made a [illegible] lover of; and she came to the conclusion that he was not old enough to make it, but that she might still find a [illegible] time. This lay, for the last time in her life, she was nothing more than a wild schoolgirl. Remember that she had no mother or cultivation, and for three or four years no control whatever. If she was an unworthy person, she would not be mentioned here.

It is not necessary to follow Miss Lee and her charge through the long afternoon's walk. It might be funny; but we don't want to be funny. Enough to say that, what with good health, good-humor, youth, and a natural enough carelessness of appearance, she committed a hundred small indiscretions and arrived home by much the most boisterous of the party. And, after a short, scrambling, and riotous tea, they all took to blind-man's-buff as a sedative.

When every one had got more tangled and excited than ever: when Algernon was laughing fit to split his sides: when Mr. Betts, intensely interested and enthusiastic, had, as blind man, walked bang into the fire and burnt himself, under the belief, Dora wickedly suggested, that Miss Lee was up the chimney: then Miss Lee herself proposed that they — with a view to rest and quiet themselves before supper and snap-dragon — should have a game of hide-and-seek all over the house. It was voted by acclamation: and, during the acclamations, one of the junior Silcotes, who are practically out of this story, fell down stairs, with such a thumping of his soft body on the stair-carpet, such a rattling of the nearly equally soft head of him against the banisters, and such a clatter of loose stair-rods which he brought after him in the catastrophe, then they were all quiet for nearly five seconds, until his frantic father had dashed down, and found him lying in the hall unhurt, under the impression that he had distinguished himself, and done the thing of the evening! Then they began their hide-and-seek.

Mr. Betts hid first; but Dora contemptuously walked up to him, and took him from behind the scullery door. Then Reginald hid, and with amazing dexterity got *home* into the front parlor through the folding-doors which connected that room with his father's study, which was the back parlor on the first floor (perpend it for yourselves in a twelve-roomed house; you will find it come right, for I saw it. I might describe the spreading of bread and butter, or the baking of cakes, but I must not dwell on a game of hide-and-seek). After this, Dora had hid, but Dempster the pupil had found her, and the rest of them found that Dora had lost her temper. A rude boy, I fear, that Dempster, though neither of them said anything about it afterwards. Perhaps an ill-achieved kiss may be worth a sound box on the ears, and a week's sulks. That is a matter in which only the first parties are concerned. Then, when confusion and fun were rapidly growing into mad hurly-burly, it became Miss Lee's turn to hide.

At this time, also, it became Arthur Silcote's turn — after having preached for, and also dined with a Balliol man in the neighborhood — to step across to his brother to see how he was getting on, to knock at the door, to be admitted instantly by a grinning maid-servant, and, on inquiring about the noise in the house, to be told, by that confused and delighted young person, that they were playing at blind-man's-buff, and that his niece, Miss Dora, was at that same moment hiding behind the study curtains.

I dread going on. I am afraid of telling the awful catastrophe which followed. It is very [illegible].

but there is not a bit of harm in it, and it might happen to any one to-morrow. Arthur knew the way perfectly well; and he, the preux chevalier of Balliol, the man who was considered a perfect prig about women among men quite as particular as he, then and there, believing that it was his little niece Dora, lugged out Miss Lee from behind the curtain, kissed her, called her his dear little pussy, and then, putting his two hands behind her waist, jumped her towards the door, just as Dora and the whole party came in with a candle, Dora saying, "Don't tell me; I *know* she is here." She was indeed. And so was her uncle.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO MORE GUESTS.

"Nec coram," &c. Let us not follow out the details of a great catastrophe till it becomes familiar and ridiculous. Honest Jules Janin gave us a lesson about that years ago in his *Femme Guillotinée*, by which lesson no one seems to have profited, any more than from Horace's *Ars Poetica*, the seven years' clause of which he violated twice a year at the least.

The most awful part of the accident remained a profound secret. All that the astonished Dora and the rest of the children saw, was that Miss Lee and her uncle were alone together in the dark, and that they were both the color of that rose which she knew at Silcotes as "General Jacqueminot." Dora said little, but thought the more: all she said was, "Why, you are all in the dark here. Uncle, how did you get in?" After which they all went up stairs, the younger ones shouting all together to their father and grandfather, how they had found Miss Lee and Uncle Archy alone in the dark in the study. Miss Lee was not present, and Algernon rallied his brother right pleasantly. Archy replied that it was an accident, but so very awkwardly, that Algernon, little conscious of the magnitude of the disaster, thought how very shy about women university life was apt to make men otherwise perfectly self-possessed.

When Miss Lee reappeared at the supper-table, leading in the two youngest children, the blushes had blazed out of her beautiful cheeks. She was nicely dressed, in a well-cut, quiet dress; not that it was of much consequence to such radiant beauty as hers (as Dr. Holmes so prettily says, anything almost will do to cover young and graceful curves). The hair was banded up, and nothing was left of the late disorder. In the expression of her face, her attitudes, and her air, she combined the dignified humility of the governess with the melancholy pride of the gentlewoman of fallen fortunes; the modesty of extreme youth, with the consciousness of a beauty which in her humble circumstances was a vexatious annoyance to her, and with which she would gladly have dispensed. Nothing was ever better done. The worst of it was, that it was thrown away on every one except Dora, whose eyes grew wider with wonder while she looked and remembered the indiscretions of the morning walk. "You would not come in at the beginning of the second lesson, if *he* was reading prayers, my lady," said that shrewd young person to herself.

But all this exquisite moral "get up" was lost on Arthur for a time. He did not even notice the courtesy and look with which she greeted him: an inclination made with dropped eyelids, which expressed humility, dignity, and a forgiving sense of injury received (for she knew well enough that he had complained of her being noisy: secrets are not long kept in a house so untidy as that of Algernon's). He never looked at her. He had not seen her for some time, and had never observed her closely, being very shy of looking at women. He now regarded her as an objectionable and fast-going person, in whose power he had put himself utterly; whom, by a horrible combination of evil stars and evil influences, he had kissed in the dark, called his pussy, and jumped up and down. If she would only have complained to Algy, he could have apologized and explained, but she would n't. As a gentleman he had to keep the dreadful secret, and he almost hated her.

I should be inclined to say that it was very difficult to hate anything really beautiful and good very long, if the aforementioned good and beautiful thing gives you anything like an opportunity of appreciating and admiring it. Miss Lee gave Arthur every opportunity of admiring and appreciating her, though Arthur upset her arrangements by not looking at her. Dora looked at her, however, even before supper, and looked at her so long, and with such an expression of wonder in her face, that Mr. Betts asked her what she was gazing at. She replied, "At Miss Lee," and Miss Lee heard her.

"Why are you looking at Miss Lee so strong, dear?"

"I was wondering whether she had been hurt on the slide this morning," answered Dora.

"If I had been, my love," answered Miss Lee, "I should have gone to *bed*."

There was such an awkward emphasis on the word *bed* that Dora felt that she was not quite Miss Lee's match yet, and had better hold her tongue. For there was no appeal against Miss Lee in that house; and Miss Lee, in her position as governess, could send anybody to bed in five minutes. Dora, although in opposition to her governess, as a true British young lady is bound to be, had sense enough to hold her tongue and let things drive. "So you are going to set your cap at Uncle Arthur, are you, my lady?" she said to herself. "Good gracious, goodness me, how fine we are getting all of a sudden! Yes, indeed! O, quite so! Bed may be bed, my lady, but I have seen the last of French irregular verbs for some time, I fancy; unless I am a born fool, which I ain't; no, nor I won't be kept in over my colloquial French either, after this; and she trampolining away to Hampstead with the children, and Dempster, and riding donkeys, because I said, 'Il va pluvoir.'"

Dora was rebellious against Miss Lee, although they were the best friends in the world.

They had just sat down to supper when a new guest arrived.

A gallant-looking youth, with good features and fine, bold, intelligent eyes, dressed in a quiet but very becoming uniform. He stood behind Algernon's chair, waiting for recognition; and Dora saw him first, and called attention to him.

"My dear boy," said Algernon, turning kindly on him, "I had given you up. How late you are. You have lost all the fun, and we have had such a merry day. Come and sit by me. What made you so late?"

"We had anthem in chapel this afternoon,—Purcell's. And the third master, Hicks, asked me, as a favor, to stay and help, and we always do anything for him. So I came by the six o'clock train."

"Well, here you are at last; make yourself as

happy as you may. Sit beside me. Reggy, my boy, this is the new schoolfellow I told you of. He has promised to be your protector, my dear. Come and make friends with him."

Reginald looked for one moment at Dora, but Dora was ready for his telegraph, and left looking at the new-comer, and nodded twice or thrice shortly and rapidly at Reginald. The nod said emphatically, "He'll do": and Reginald went and sat beside him. Dora, the open-eyed, watched them. At first Reginald was a little shy, but soon, as far as she could see — for she could not hear — the stronger, older, and handsomer boy won him over by kindliness of talk. Dora looked until Reginald took out his bran-new knife, and showed it to the strange boy. Then she said, "*That's* all right. Now let's see how you two other little people are getting on." The two people, whom she called "the two other little people," were not getting on at all. Her uncle and Miss Lee were at opposite sides of the table, and were not looking at one another. "If he were her director, I wonder if she would confess about the slide," thought Dora, and immediately found herself thinking about her dear grandpapa. Cynical snapping is very easy, and very soon caught.

But Dora found that youth, good-humor, and innocence were very pleasant things to contemplate, and so she looked at the two boys again, and her honest heart was satisfied. They had got their heads together now, and Reginald had got his peg-top and his string, and his dibbs and agate taws, out all round his plate of plum-pudding, and was showing them to the big boy in the uniform, who seemed to possess none of these treasures.

"He is poorer than Reggy," she said, "and how gentle and pleasant he looks! I like that boy."

And indeed he looked very likable indeed, in his quiet, manly dress, and his whole face beaming with kindliness and pleasure.

There was some pleasant discussion about one of the large agate marbles, and the two boys appealed to Algernon, who sat radiant beside them. Reginald stretched across the strange lad, and pushed him against his father, so that his curly head was almost against Algernon's face. At the same moment a great brown hand was twisted gently into the lad's curls, and his head was pulled back until the owner of the hand could look down into the boy's face. At which time a loud, pleasant voice said, —

"Out of the way, curly-wig, and let us have a chance at your father. Algy, my dear old cock, how are you?"

There was a general rising and confusion. All sorts of notes composed the harmony which followed; but, from Mr. Betts's contented growl of "The Captain, by jingo!" down to the shriek of the smallest child from Miss Lee's kind arms, "Uncle Tom, what have you brought us?" the notes, discordant in sound, were the same in sentiment. They meant enthusiastic welcome to the ne'er-do-well and ne'er-to-do-better Captain Tom Silcote of Silcotes.

Algy was very much affected and touched. He never cried, even in his most pathetic sermon; but he had to stop sometimes, and he stopped now. When he had done stopping he said, —

"My dearest Tom! This is kind."

"I don't see it. Archy, boy, he says it's kind of me to come and get such a welcome as this. How are you, Betts? Miss Lee, my dear creature, you look — all right, Algy — Miss Lee, you look, you look — I don't know what the deuce you don't look like. There — there's no harm in that. Out of the way, you handsome young monkey, and let me get near your father."

"That is not my boy, Tom: that is a friend of Reggy's."

"Then 'not my boy, Tom, but a friend of Reggy's,' slope, and make love to Dora, if the young pepper-box will let you. Any way, give me this chair. The room smells of turkey; have it fetched back, Algy, I am as hungry as a hunter. Betts, is there a good glass of sherry in the house? Hold your tongue, Algy, — what do you know about good sherry? See how wise old Betts looks all of a sudden. Six fingers is sixty! Nonsense, man; is your aunt Jane dead? A Christmas treat? All right! let's have a glass, then. Betts, old fellow, I want to talk to you on business. Archy, how are you and the other prigs getting on at Oxford?"

Arthur was not in good-humor with his brother. As fellow and tutor of Balliol, he had to do with fast men at that college, such as there were. As a pro-proctor, who was taking a somewhat peculiar line in the university, he had to do with fast men of other colleges, — very fast men; men who could not be tolerated at Balliol for half a term. But his brother Tom was faster than any of them. Arthur had to do with many cases of fast lads. The last was that of a servitor at Christ Church, who had been hunting in pink, and owed £ 500 (a real case). Arthur had seen to this lad's affairs, and had compounded with his creditors for about eighteen years' penal servitude. I mean that he was to deny himself every luxury and pleasure for some eighteen years, to pay off the debts, with the interest on them, which he had contracted in one year among wine-merchants, livery-stable keepers, and grooms. When will lads give over believing that hunting at five pounds a day is the summit of human happiness? When are the dons going to forbid fox-hunting?

But this servitor lad was penitent, and promised amendment. Tom was nothing of the kind. Arthur had been the agent between his father and his eldest brother in the last settlement of Tom's everlasting debts. He had taken to the Squire a schedule of Tom's debts, which he knew, by his dawning knowledge of the world, to be only a half statement; but he had taken it, and asked for payment. The sum was so fearful — eight thousand pounds — that he, brave as he was, knowing that sum was not all the reality, was frightened when he presented it. He did not recover his nerve until the Squire, in his cursing, cursed *him* as an accomplice. Then anger gave him nerve, and he resumed that old ascendency over his father which his perfect rectitude had in the first instance given him, — feeling at the same time like a villain, because he was sure, in his innermost heart, that the schedule of Tom's debts was understated. The moment when Silcote the elder recovered from his furious indignation sufficiently to tell Arthur that he could trust *him* at all events, was probably the most bitter and the most degraded of his life.

The C. C. servitor had told the truth, and had been penitent; not that the penitence of that sort of young gentleman is of much use, unless they are steadily whipped in by a stronger hand and will. His brother Tom, as he knew perfectly, whenever he *chose* to know, had not told the truth, and there was not one halfpenny worth of penitence about him. So Arthur was in contemptuous variance with his brother. Tom's persistent wrong-doing and waste of life were to his mind inexplicable and hateful; and, moreover, Tom had outstepped an

arbitrary line which the world lays down, and the world was beginning to talk. How long he might stay in his present regiment was very doubtful.

And so, not caring to look much at his brother, he looked another way, and the other way happened to be Miss Lee's way; and, as she had her eyes turned away, he had courage to look at her: and, when he had begun looking at her, he found he could not leave off; she was beyond all he had ever dreamed of. This was the creature he had complained of as being boisterous, and had — heavens! that would n't do to think about. She was sitting quite alone, and no one was speaking to her; every one was busy round his brother. What could a gentleman do but go across and speak to a lady under such circumstances? Was she unconscious of his approach? If so, why was her heart drumming away such a triumphant tune? But, at all events, her air was one of extreme unconsciousness, when, with a sudden start as he spoke, she turned her wondering, lovely face on his.

[To be continued.]

QUEENS OF COMEDY.

MADELINE BROHAN, OF THE FRANÇAIS.

The triumphs of a queen of society and of a queen of comedy are strangely like, and strangely unlike. The one is born great, the other achieves greatness; or, as is sometimes the case, has greatness thrust upon her. The *grande dame* receives the homage of the world with a gracious consciousness of her sovereignty; the queen of comedy bends to the thronged audience with the same stately courtesy. "The Countess is charming to-night," remark the men in the room. "The Siddons is in splendid force this evening," say the *habitués* of the stalls. The newspapers inform us that the Marchioness Blank-blank entertained distinguished and fashionable company on such or such an evening, and that Miss Star-star is about to appear in a new character, translated expressly for her from the French by that eminent English dramatist, Mr. Lifter. Young men with a talent for admiring their friends speak boastfully of a man they know who dines at Lady Blank-blank's, as they do of one who is on speaking terms with Miss Star-star. Young Aldershott, when he is very young looks up to Lady Blank-blank as to a moon that it is useless crying for. Miss Star-star, by dint of study, passing examinations, a foreign war, hard fighting, glory and distinction might be attained. Her hand is the *bâton de maréchal* he most covets. When Lady Blank-blank descends the stairs to her carriage, servants look down their eyes, and stand up against the wall, motionless as gorgeous beetles in a naturalist's collection. When Miss Star-star alights from her brougham and glides upon the stage, carpenters touch their paper caps, and even gasmen are stricken with awe. When Lady Blank-blank is only a princess of society, and the Earl of Blank-blank carries her away, many gallant bachelor noblemen and gentlemen, who have retired from the army, re-enter it, or seek diplomatic distinction in remote parts of India. When Miss Star-star is led to the hymeneal altar, several inconsolables find a temporary balm for their disappointment in Baden-Baden and brandy and Seltzer-water. When the princess of society and the queen of comedy are both married, who shall say which of their adorers they really loved? who shall say that they did not cherish a passion for one — or two — who looked on them indifferently? who shall say — indeed, considering the vastness, variety, and complication of the subject, — who shall say anything at all?

When the sceptre falls; when fashion changes; when raven hair is as nothing, and golden locks are considered sunlight; when a newer and younger queen pushes the old queen from the throne, — what then? It is left to royalty in retreat to lament the vulgarity and degradation of the present taste, &c., &c. It is something to have been a queen; but it is terrible to be displaced, — to be pointed out by parvenus as old-fashioned. Then consolation must be drawn from memory. The time *was* — "Autres temps, autres mœurs," and mirrors are not so truthful as they used to be.

The queens of comedy here treated of are not of the past. They are reigning monarchesses, — if there be such a word, and if not, it is now presented to the English language, which has adopted worse, — they can be seen in that pleasantest of the capitals of Europe, — Paris.

Our first queen is Mademoiselle Madeline Brohan, who holds a high reputation for talent and for beauty. Mademoiselle Madeline Brohan is tall and stately, with the air and manner usually associated with Lady Macbeth, tempered by the coquetry of a court shepherdess. She is an accepted artiste of the first class. She has made her proofs, and conquered the fastidious Frenchmen who rule dramatic art in Paris, in the plays of Racine, Corneille, and Molière. Her school of acting is the grand high school, that never descends to trick or palpable art. She has the power — so rare upon the English stage — of *looking* love out of her eyes, while she is speaking on an indifferent subject; and this without looking *too much* love. Her love is the passion of a real living woman, that thinks the man she chooses handsome, tall, clever, and courageous. She is not one of those *petites maîtresses* who amuse themselves with an affection, and minauder through the semblance of a passion. She can coquette; but she feels that she is only coquetting, and does not attempt mock-passion or morbid sentimental self-deception. This peculiar quality in her art is remarkably exemplified in her performance in Dumas's "Verre d'Eau," and in Alfred de Musset's "Caprice." Her latest triumph is in the "Marquise," in Monsieur Ponsard's play of "Le Lion Amoureux." The Marquise is of the very bluest blood of France. She is a widow, — her husband perished by the guillotine during the Terror. Her father, an avowed and fearless enemy of the Republic, is in exile. She waits upon Humbert — the Citizen Humbert — the General Humbert — the patriot Humbert — the leading member of the Committee of National Safety — to ask permission for her father to return to Paris. Her toilette is plain and simple, for she fears lest she should excite the prejudices of the stern republican by any sign of sumptuary distinction. Humbert looks at the lovely patricienne. Her hands are white, and show no marks of labor — disgusting! Her complexion, fair and well preserved by the arts of the toilette, is untanned by the sun and unseamed by the rugged lines of labor — offensive! Her eyes are dark and lustrous; the patriot receives a glance from them. Will the *citoyenne* be seated? The *citoyenne* is pleading for a father, and is a woman of the world. The patriot will not grant her prayer. The presence of patricians is dangerous to the State. "But," murmurs the *citoyenne-marquise*, "surely I should not be called a patrician; I have been a servant in

a public-house." "A servant!" repeats the patriot, interested at once. "Yes," replies the petitioner; "when the Revolution broke out we fled to Germany. I was alone and without means. I took service in a small auberge." The patriot is more interested than ever. A marquise *could not* care about her father; those sort of people never do; it is not in their nature: but a servant-girl at a pothouse, accustomed to the drawing of beer, washing of dishes, and rinsing of pots, is a superior person, — indeed, quite a human being: and then, such eyes to examine quart mugs, and such hands to dust down tables, and such a presence to answer the beck and call of drunken boors, such a liquid treble to cry "Coming, sir!" The member of the Committee of National Safety will think of the petition of the marchion— of the ex-waitress. The lady perceives her advantage: the waitress has served her turn; the marchioness too may help her. She informs the stern patriot that he was born on her father's estate; and that they were friends when they were children. They played together on the borders of the forest near the château. "Great powers!" thinks the patriot, "and is this the lovely child who was my boyish idol? and have those dear white hands washed glasses?" The prayer of the *citoyenne* is granted; and the patriot has fallen head over ears in love with a *ci-devant*. Nor is the *ci-devant* unconscious of the rugged virtues of the citizen-general; of the deep, passionate, unselfish nature hidden beneath the rough crust of *sans culottism*. If not killed, she is winged; if not hit mortally, she is stricken. She offers General Humbert an invitation to a *réunion* at Madame Tallien's that evening — the ex-marchioness has invited; the general is about to refuse — when he catches a glint from the eyes of the ex-waitress, and accepts. They salute, and the citizen conducts the *citoyenne* to the door.

This scene Mademoiselle Madeline Brohan acts to the life, and without exaggeration or apparent effort. It is in the artiste's manipulation of the delicate shades — the *nuances* of emotion, character, and manner — that she is so admirable. At one moment she is a lady, conscious of the advantage of her birth; the next, she is conscious that she is of a proscribed race. She evokes recollections of the past, — of her services at the auberge, of her childhood, of her widowhood, of her former state, her present defencelessness, — and all this is not acted, not spoken of, but inferred by manner, by inflection of voice, and expression of face; and through all, a dawning love of the man she is addressing is felt and understood, though not expressed. This is one of the peculiar qualities of the dramatic art in which the French excel us. We English are such downright truth-tellers, that we require the characters on our stage to make a plain statement of their feelings. Even Iago tells us what a villain he is in his soliloquies. If a young lady has to avow a reciprocity of feeling, she does it with an almost brutal candor, something after this fashion, —

"Yes, Edward! I love you — I adore you! and never shall this heart be another's!"

Plain, straightforward, and candid, — but too candid for nature. These avowals should be made by expression of feature, intonation, and those thousand graces that women, when they love, know how to *exploit* so well.

In conclusion, Mademoiselle Madeline Brohan is a great "widow." It will be remembered that in France marriages are made by parents, and that mutual inclination is no part of the bargain. It is the young widow, then, who feels, thinks, and acts for herself; who has some knowledge of the world, who has travelled, who has observed, who possesses friends, tact, social consideration, and position; who is rich, and can afford the indulgence of her affections; who is not above treating the man she has selected as a good second, with some small *tracasserie;* and who, though she will not absolutely "propose" herself, will force a proposal from a timid gentleman unaccustomed to the arts of matrimonial diplomacy.

MADEMOISELLE VICTORIA, OF THE "GYMNASE" AND THE "FRANÇAIS."

MADEMOISELLE Madeline Brohan is the brilliant widow of comedy, Mademoiselle Victoria is the sentimental spinster, in maiden meditation, *not* fancy free.

A pupil of Madame Rose Cheri, who was the directress of the Gymnase, in the best days of the Gymnase, Mademoiselle Victoria, though less brilliant than her instructress, is more tender. The pensive, dreamy eyes convey the impression of an attachment unfortunately placed. Young ladies in France are not allowed the same unrestricted freedom as English girls. They would consider it an infraction of maidenly dignity to show the smallest sign of susceptibility or preference. They never tell *their* love, but concealment, like a worm i' the bud, &c., does its work. The peculiar genius of Mademoiselle Victoria will be best described by saying that she suffers uncomplainingly; and yet her whole audience are conscious of every pang she feels. In the part of a young lady, an orphan with small means, living in the house of a rich uncle, and devotedly attached to a *beau cousin*, who makes her the confidant of his love for another, she would be charming. She would advise her cousin how to win her rival's heart, and strive her utmost to promote the match, though all the time she knew that her cousin's marriage would be her death-warrant. She would make friends with the young lady, "Edouard's future," and help to dress her hair for conquest. She would pet the bride, and put up with her ill-humors. She would love her suffering, and suffer for her love; and when Edouard — presuming that to be the name of the *beau cousin* — had made a wife of a pretty, brainless little milliner's lay-figure, she — Mademoiselle Victoria, or rather the part that she was playing — would die, and the curtain would fall upon the piece, and the entire audience would execrate the blindness of stupid Monsieur Edouard.

The character above mentioned is, as yet, unwritten; but one of Mademoiselle Victoria's triumphs of this particular sort occurred two or three years ago. Marguerite was young, and loved a young gentleman, Marcel by name; but Marcel took no notice of her; and Marguerite pined, and fell sick, and was in danger. Her friends, fearing for her life, told her that Marcel loved her, and had their consent to marry her. Marcel himself arrived most opportunely; and an interview ensued, in which Marcel discovered that he had, unknown to himself, loved Marguerite from the first moment that he had seen her. The patient rallies surprisingly, and the doctor is more convinced than ever that neither poppy nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the East, nor any other drugs to be found in the pharmacopœia, can medicine half so well to a young lady as the interchange of mutual vows, and the immediate prospect of a wreath of orange-blossoms.

Unfortunately, the roughness of the course of true love is proverbial. She is told by a venomous old maiden aunt that her friends have only been deceiving her; that they have humored her fancies in order to restore her to health, and that her lover himself is in the plot. The poison is swift. The fever returns; and with it a mental exaltation that invites death. She is at the window, watching the falling of the snow. She has been told that, in her critical state, to take cold would be her death. Well, Marcel no longer loves her. She has been treated like a capricious child, life is not worth having; then welcome death! She deliberately tears off a portion of her outer-clothing, opens the window, steps into the balcony, and exposes her bare head and shoulders to the wintry storm.

As this picture may be too terrible for the excitable and sympathetic, it may be mentioned that Marcel passes by in a carriage; sees his beloved pelted by the pitiless snow; climbs the balcony, and restores Marguerite to vital heat and to herself, by the united means of love and a fur overcoat.

Whenever an artiste makes a name, several fine old four-centuries-bottled stock anecdotes are brought to light, and connected with his or her name. Who has not heard of the great singer who, when a poor child, was sitting on a doorstep, nursing a younger sister, and singing a ballad to lull the babe to slumber, when a bishop happened to be walking by, — bishops so often walk, — and, struck with the melody of the child's voice, stopped and spoke to her; found her of an intelligence beyond her years and station; had musical instruction given her; and so paved her way to the Grand Opéra. Then there is another paragraph, familiar as "Enormous Gooseberries" and "Extraordinary Aerolites," which relates how a great artist was in his or her carriage, when he or she saw a crowd assembled around a party of street mountebanks, which he or she — the great artist — recognized as friends of childhood. To leap from his or her carriage, — to recognize these friends of childhood, — is of course but the work of a moment. To sing, or act, or paint a picture, or compose an opera, or to give a proof of their genius, is the work of a second moment; and to go round with the hat for the benefit of their childhood's friends sufficiently occupies a third. The whole thing is generous, impulsive, makes a good advertisement, and tells well. The fact of the occurrence cannot be doubted. Folks who have risen to fame and fortune are invariably eager to find out the lads and lasses they have left behind them.

The following little anecdote, however, is not manufactured, but is true as it is charming: —

Mademoiselle Victoria was left an orphan at an early age, and was adopted by a workman of Lyons, received into his house, fed, clothed, and reared by him. La petite Victoria helped her adopted father's scanty means by finding employment in the theatre. It was a very few francs a week, but it was something. One day, little Victoria heard her father express a wish to become proprietor of a small plot of land.

"Hein! Stomach Blue! But that I wish that it were mine!" said the ouvrier.

"Then why not buy it, father?" asked little Victoria.

"Why not buy it, little mother?" said the workman. "Ah! but I have n't any money."

"But you have some sous, father."

"Yes, my little, *some* sous; but not enough to buy that plot of land."

About six months after, la petite Victoria ran to her papa, and, giving him a bagful of copper, said, —

"*Now*, papa! there are enough sous to buy the little plot with!"

"Where do these come from?" asked the astonished workman.

"Instead of going to the theatre at night and morning by the bridge that it costs a sou to cross each time, I walked round to the farther bridge, and saved the sous, and there they are, papa!"

It was a terrible disappointment to the little Victoria to learn that even the accumulation of six months was insufficient for the coveted land. Years after, when she was an acknowledged actress, she visited Lyons, found out her adopted father, and presented him with the title-deeds of the estate he had longed for all his life.

Mademoiselle Victoria's most recent triumphs have been in the dramas and comedies of Piccolino, "Les Ganaches," "Le Demon de Jeu," "Un Maison sans Enfants," and "L'Œillet Blanc." She is now a societaire of the Théâtre Français, and the wife of Monsieur Lafontaine (also of the Français), to whom she had been engaged for many years.

MADEMOISELLE MASSIN, OF THE "PALAIS ROYAL."

If the sort of lady presented to us on the stage by Mademoiselle Madeline Brohan would make an admirable ambassadress, Mademoiselle Victoria would make home happy with love in a cottage, with few other appliances than a small library and a pearl of a baby. Mademoiselle Massin, of the Palais Royal, is a *charmante jeune personne* of a totally different sort. She is blonde, — and very blonde, with hair the color of that portion of a loaf which is called kissing-crust. She is *mignonne* to distraction, and has a thousand and one gracious, captivating little ways, as attractive as they are indescribable. She is tall, too, is Mademoiselle Massin, and in general appearance looks an *ingénue* to perfection, — and particularly the *ingénue* in crisp muslin, peculiar to the atmosphere of the Théâtre du Palais Royal, who has a papa and a mamma, to whom she yields implicit obedience, — an obedience that would be angelic, if it were not mechanical. The Palais Royal *ingénue* is the dearest little doll in the world; she answers, "Oui, mon papa," and "Oui, maman," like a *poupée à vingt francs*. She receives her future husband with antarctic politeness. She is ready to marry anybody, presented by papa or mamma. Will she be the wife of Jules, — "Oui, papa"; or of Alphonse, — "Oui, papa"; or of Le Commandant César, — "Oui, papa." The pretty face and the fresh toilette have no preference.

Not that Mademoiselle Massin is such a piece of still life. On the contrary, she is gay, vivacious, sprightly, and *espiègle*. Given a gentleman without any very deep feeling, or sentiment, or earnestness, and fond of amusement, — and many Frenchmen are of that particular temperament, — and the young personage Mademoiselle Massin creates upon the stage would be the very wife for him. They could breakfast together at a café in the morning: and madame would be complaisance and good-humor themselves. She would ride down to the Bois; she would dine enjoyably; and, perhaps, after dinner she would take a cigarette: why were we sent into this world, but to be gay? After the cigarette, a slumber, — ever so little bit of a slumber; the kind of slumber that is to a sleep as a cigarette to a meer-

schaum. Then to dress again, and a bal — occasionally a bal masqué — which is a joy forever; and a *costume de fantaisie très chic*. Happy would be that husband, gifted with a fine eye for bonnets, who was blessed with such a wife. Conceive the happy man, arrayed in morning-jacket and easy slippers, sipping a small cup of fragrant coffee, and resolving in that airy receptacle which he believes to be his mind, what dishes he shall eat for breakfast. To him enters Julie, the beloved of his waistcoat. On Julie's pretty head is a milky bonnet, — the work of tasteful fairies. Does Auguste love the bonnet? — Auguste does love the bonnet. And the ribbons? — *And* the ribbons. And there is another bonnet too, — will Auguste see that? — Auguste will see it. He is charmed and ravished by it. She is gentille! she is ado-r-r-r-able! and they will have truffled partridge for breakfast, and salmon with lemon sauce, and red currants, and iced cream. And what is this world without love and simple pleasures, and the union of two fond hearts, and the Opéra Comique, and life "*à la meringue à la crême*"?

It is to be feared that the marriage of Julie and Alphonse would be a trifle frivolous, and would pall after the age of forty.

Gentlemen bachelors, it is for you to declare which sort of Queen of Hearts would be most soothing to your ambition, sentiment, and comfort, — the majestic, regal ruby, the patient, gentle, domestic heart-warmer, or the tempting, brilliant little bonbon.

IS RIGHT ALSO MIGHT IN AMERICA?

Is the governing class of Great Britain about to make another American blunder? It looks like it, if we may judge from symptoms to be observed both in the press and in society identical with those which appeared in 1860 and 1861. In every comment upon this quarrel between the President and Congress, there is the same ferocity of prejudice on the side of the South, the same disposition to applaud its leaders, the same refusal to look beyond the narrowest legal issues for the principles of the struggle. Above all, there is the same inability to look the facts of the matter in the face, to discern where power really lies, to reckon up forces, or calculate, as men would calculate in any European contest, to which side the probabilities incline. Names have changed since 1861, but everything else remains as unaltered as if all English publicists were Stuarts or Bourbons, equally unable to learn and to forget. All that was said of the South is now said of the "great Democratic party," Mr. Johnson is exalted instead of Mr. Davis, General Sherman has taken — we suspect without his own consent — the place of General Beauregard, and the calumnies once heaped upon "the North" are now spattered over "the Radical fanatics," that is, the majority of Northern men. The cause at stake is forgotten in silly gossip about the follies of those who defend it, every outrage committed by Democrats is blankly denied, every *bêtise* committed by Radicals illustrated with pictorial coloring and imaginary additions. Above all, the ancient "constitutional" arguments are refurnished, and anybody who ventures to suggest that the true quarrel is between ideas which cannot be equally triumphant, slavery and freedom, privilege and equality, caste and Christianity, is beaten down under a hail of puerile legalities about Conventions and Legislatures, and the divine right of white majorities everywhere except in New England to do what seems pleasant in their own eyes.

Opponents are deafened in 1866 with chatter about illegal Legislatures, just as they were deafened in 1860 with talk about State sovereignty and the pro-slavery clauses. Our correspondent "Palmetto" affords an excellent illustration of the revival of the old spirit. As Southern in feeling as if he had been born among the trees whose name he adopts for his signature, he perceives instinctively that the recent riot at New Orleans was the consequence of an outbreak of Southern feeling, and grows white at the lips with anybody who thinks that the right was with the Northerners, talks about truth as if it were impossible that an honest man should think his ideas utterly bad, and of course proves to demonstration that the killing of citizens who happen to believe that a colored man has rights as well as a blanched one, by a local police armed with revolvers for the occasion, aided by a frantic mob, was a thoroughly legal and "constitutional" proceeding. We have answered his "point" elsewhere, but it is really waste of time and trouble, for the real idea in his head, or rather the true feeling in his heart, is precisely the one upon which we base our whole argument in disproof of his assertions. He believes that if the reign of legality were restored in the South, that is, if the State conventions and legislatures were really elected by the white majority, the reign of the Radicals would be over; and so do we, and it is therefore that we believe a renewal of the war so completely within the range of political probabilities, and Mr. Johnson so false to the nation that elected him. It is *because* men like him, Southerners only in sympathy, believe that "illegal assemblies," if they happen to be in favor of freedom, ought to be put down by military force, that we expect to see Southerners far more impassioned than himself ultimately exert that force.

The Convention of Louisiana, admitting all our correspondent's legalities to be strictly correct, was one of two things, — either a convention, as it claimed to be, and therefore the supreme legislature of the State for certain purposes, or a debating-club, engaged in discussions highly approved by the majority in the North. In the former case the slaughter of the delegates, either by police or by townspeople, was simply a revolt, and the President's order directing the military to aid in suppressing it was a *coup d'état* directed against freedom; and in the second, the attack was a furious outrage, in which the President openly sympathized because it was an outrage directed against free-soilers. Now, the free-soilers of Louisiana, be they only one ten-thousandth of the population of the State, represent the cause for which the war was fought, and in declaring his hostility to them the President declares his hostility to their cause, that is, to the policy which the American nation, after an unparalleled struggle, has interwoven with its Constitution. In reality the delegates murdered represented the majority even in Louisiana, the law having formally registered the citizenship of the colored population, but we are careless to press that argument. If the delegates were self-elected, they would still have been representatives of freedom as against slavery, and as such they were attacked by the police and the townspeople and defended by the negroes, and as such Mr. Johnson ordered the military to assist in putting them down. Where is the law, if we are to be legal, which authorizes the President to suppress an

assembly by the bayonet because it has called itself by any title whatsoever? The President ordered the meeting to be put down because he considered its tone offensive to his policy. If Mr. Johnson can carry out his design, the military force of the Union is to be employed to suppress "propagandist abolitionism." We purposely use those two words, in opposition to all the convictions we entertain, in order that the case may be stated in the way most pleasant to men like "Palmetto," and our question to-day is, *can* propagandist abolitionism, i. e. the right to teach and establish absolute legal equality, be suppressed in America by the sword?

This is the blunder Englishmen, as we conceive, are once more going to make, the blunder which has already produced such disastrous effects. Blinded by a prejudice against color which in its strength and permanence is to cool reasoners scarcely intelligible, they could not see the most brutal facts of the old war, could not perceive that, apart from justice, and morality, and Providence altogether, twenty millions of people earnest enough to send their male population into the field must inevitably beat eight millions of the same race, and they are blind to the same facts now. They hear that Democrats carry this and that election, that State legislatures are elected wholly of Confederate soldiers, that the Irish are with the President, that even Congress contained representatives ready to support his policy, that his opponents are silly persons, and that Radicals are very much hated, and they think that, strong man as he clearly is, and armored in prerogative, he must defeat a mere House of Commons guided by ideologues, and capable in an hour of supreme excitement of voting an immense increase to its own salary. Very likely, if the parties to the contest were as the *Times* and *Telegraph* describe them, he would defeat his adversaries, and certainly we should raise no dirge over their fall. With all the will in the world, with a profound sense that they are, unconsciously even to themselves, the vanguard of the only cause worth a fidelity even unto slaying, we are wholly unable to sympathize with the majority of Congress, with men who import into the grandest of earthly struggles the meanest of petty trickeries. But Mr. Johnson does not happen to be fighting Congress, but a foe of a very different stamp, — the foe which has already defeated a man probably greater than himself, backed by allies undoubtedly stronger than any he is at all likely to secure, — the great American people.

The freeholders of the North, seventeen millions of them, the one solid power within the Union, fought out the terrible struggle of four years, at first incidentally and then consciously, in order that propagandist abolition should have free course within the United States, and rather than surrender that object they will fight it out again. From the day when they clearly perceive that the President intends that this result of the war shall be thrown away, that the South shall build up its own civilization on a basis hostile to the civilization of the North, they will at once become an organized mass, before whose steady advance the President and his allies will be as powerless as a dike before a storm wave. That they will be very slow to perceive the truth is exceedingly probable. Masses of agricultural persons living on their own farms are always slow, and Americans, penetrated from birth with an idea of their future, are the most sanguine of mankind; but from the day they do perceive it the country will be divided, as in 1861, into two camps, of which one will contain twenty millions of brave men, this time accustomed to arms and organization, this time fully conscious of the end to be reached, rich, educated, and flushed with victory; and the other, some seven millions, equally brave, but poor, exhausted with battle, and conscious of a certainty of their own ultimate defeat. What has the President to trust in that the original Seceders had not? His own genius? It is not greater than that of Mr. Davis. The South, which, says a democratic correspondent of the *Times*, is ranging itself like a wall behind him? The South is not stronger than it was in 1861, for if it has gained Kentucky, which then stood neutral, it has lost the youth of Virginia. The Border States? Apart from Kentucky, they are, what they always have been, reservoirs of partisans for either side, the Southern one being the more exhausted. The Democratic party? It is no stronger when the test of actual battle is applied than it was in 1861, when its organ, in the centre of its own stronghold, purchased existence by a sudden enlistment in the ranks of its enemies.

New England is as determined as ever, and New England is the brain of the Union; the West is as free-soil as ever, and the West is the body of the nation. The Radicals would within a week from the commencement of the struggle be again the North, and the North is in America irresistible, if only because it receives every year an army of emigrants which must fill up any vacancies in the field. The Radicals have no organization, we shall be told, but in 1860 the little organization existing was in Southern hands. They have no leaders, but how many had they when Lincoln was distrusted as a man who had passed through Baltimore in disguise? The President controls the army? He has himself decreed its reduction to less than fifty thousand men. He commands the navy? Just so long as the navy, now officered by Northerners, conceives itself bound to obey. He has the control of Washington? Possibly, but Chicago is a much more fitting centre of political action. He has the prestige of a position consecrated by a hundred years of custom, by a constitution which seems to Americans almost divine, by the habitual reverence of three generations? And so has Congress, and while Congress has the legal power of impeaching him, he has not the legal power of proscribing Congress. One advantage we concede to him, — he possesses Mr. Seward, the statesman who, when the Revolution began, declared it would end in ninety days, and who, now that its fourth act has closed, cannot see, cannot even guess, whither the plot of the drama tends, has not, we verily believe, a suspicion that twenty millions of freemen did not fight to the death in order that their defeated foes should be constitutionally admitted to govern them. We say nothing of the cause, or the energy it has always lent to men willing to die on its behalf, nothing of the congeries of forces which philosophers define in the phrase the "spirit of the age," nothing even of our own belief that there is power in right. We simply state the brutal fact, that force, the force which wins on battle-fields, is against the President, and entreat Englishmen not rendered insane by prejudice to pause and reflect, before for the second time they widen the gulf between them and the only race to whom in the hour of extremity they could turn for aid.

"CALLING A SPADE A SHOVEL."

To call a spade a spade is a current expression for a free and outspoken honesty of language. Whether that useful agricultural engine has been considered too homely to be spoken of in polite society without a periphrasis, or whether there is a more recondite allusion to the spades on playing-cards, we cannot say. About the meaning of the phrase there is no doubt. Equally beyond doubt is the fact that it is a sort of apologetic expression for frankness in an unattractive form. It is the defence put forward by a "plain man" for the disagreeable truths which he utters. We may suppose an imprudent engagement to have been contracted between two fond but penniless young creatures, who have everything to bless them except the possibility of having enough to marry on. Yet to most of the members of either family there is an indescribable charm about this betrothal; everything is sweet and hopeful, and *couleur de rose*. About this time, Uncle John, of mature years, appears upon the scene, and blows away in an instant all the rosy mists, and is absolutely proof against the indescribable charm. He probably begins with an attack upon the girl's mother. "I don't know what you call all this; for my part, I'm a plain man who calls a spade a spade, and I call it utter nonsense, a piece of tomfoolery that will end in the workhouse if it goes on." Probably, in a financial and economical point of view, Uncle John is perfectly right; but it is also evident that he plumes himself upon never mincing matters, especially if they are unpleasant to hear, and can be unsparingly stated; and this habit he defends by the use of the phrase which we have put into his mouth. We wish it to be understood from the title of this paper that there is also a very exaggerated side to this propensity. We may make our disagreeable truth so unnecessarily disagreeable that at last it passes out of the region of truths altogether; it has been so blackened that its original outline is lost. This may be described as "calling a spade a shovel": understanding by the spade a homely yet not undignified article, while the shovel is regarded as only superficially resembling a spade, being really of a low and proletarian character, acquainted with ashes and coal-cellars and dirt generally.

It is very unchristian to call a spade a shovel, as, under some circumstances, it is uncharitable to insist on and make a point of the identity of the spade, and yet it is very often done. Some people always delight in describing the conduct of their neighbors in terms so intensely strong, that we are only saved from being entirely misled by our acting unconsciously upon our experience, and making a necessary deduction from the strength of the expressions. We have to reduce the shovel back again to the spade. There seems to be a wide-spread desire to secure the very strongest language in describing the actions and motives of people. We well remember a French master, of a somewhat irritable temper, who, when worried by some piece of school-boy nonsense, used to burst forth into what would have been a torrent of abuse, but his English failing him when he wanted it most, he summed it all up in saying, "My fellow, your conduct is tremendous; there is no name for it!" And one finds a most humiliating illustration of the same desire, if one listens for two minutes to the conversation of some of our "roughs." Furnished with a most limited vocabulary, and penetrated with the wish to "pitch it very strong," they are reduced to the permutations and combinations of something less than half a dozen words, which certainly may afford them the satisfaction of belonging to the very lowest type of shovel, but which are almost laughable, if they were not so vile, from their utter incongruity with the subjects to which they are applied.

Setting aside all other considerations, it is very false economy to exhaust our strong words in describing the spade, for it leaves us as it were without suitable ammunition when we really have to direct an attack upon a shovel; yet this is constantly being done by all classes of society. It may be honestly asked whether serious harm is not often done to the cause of morality and religion by the unsparing language of well-intentioned persons directed against things which they individually do not approve of. Failing to distinguish between the use and abuse of things, such persons describe actions or pursuits, which are *per se* innocent enough, as grossly sinful and abominable. To some it is inexpressibly soothing to level the most unsparing anathemas at things which are unattractive to themselves, and which they think ought for that reason to be unattractive if not actually repellent to all the rest of the world. And the unfortunate result is that much undeserved discredit is thrown upon the kindly warnings and friendly words of the large-hearted and sincere, because the exaggerated censure of these stern moralists makes people suspicious of anything in the shape of advice. You may call a glass of wine deadly poison, and you may designate a ball-room as the haunt of sin, but that will not prevent others from being greatly benefited by half a pint of dry sherry, or from spending an agreeable evening at a ball. Of course the *odium theologicum* is proverbial for its intensity, and much harm is done in that department too by the spiteful substitution of the shovel for the spade. Leaving out the question of the personal treatment of theological opponents and the hard words uttered about them, one is sometimes aghast at the language which is used about some book with the tenets of which the speaker does not agree. Nothing is fairer than to sift every book thoroughly, to compare, to refute, to expose, but hardly anything can ever justify vituperation. And nothing could justify an expression used the other day in a public meeting, where a theological work that counts many enemies and many friends was described in words which implied it was dictated by the Devil. A little more of this would bring us down by rapid strides to the emphatic language of the "roughs" which we saw reason to disapprove of.

The thought has often struck us, that there is no more notable case of calling spades shovels than in the language in which old maids describe the habits of young men. We are far from wishing, and far unfortunately from being able, to justify all their habits; but it may be supposed possible to reckon even among lively young men not only bad and indifferent, but good as well; and it will hardly be denied, that of the various pursuits which attract them some are bad and some good, and some merely silly. But the majority of old maids have no such lenient scale. Thirty years ago they were no doubt foolishly lenient, and what was silly may have been thought fine, and even what was bad was very lightly sentenced, though that was their ignorance. But when they have reached that climax which gives us the undesirable permission to call them "old maids," it seems as if their view of the young male population had taken as complete a

turn as their own estate. It takes very little to make them call a lively young man a "profligate" or a "reprobate"; if he plays a game of whist, he is a gambler; and if he comes home rather late, he is something worse still. To hear some of them talk, one would think that young men spent the whole of their time, not in breaking only, but actually pulverizing, the Ten Commandments. Many may remember, as they read this, several happy exceptions to the rule among their maiden lady friends, but we shall be surprised if the exceptions should prove able to disprove the general rule of the view expressed by a real old maid about young men.

But hardly a day passes that we are not tempted into the committal of this sort of exaggeration by the wholesale manner in which we use the superlative degree of comparison in all our adjectives. Superlatives are dangerous things. A man once wrote to his wife, "My dearest Maria"; and by return of post he received the cold reply, "Permit me to correct either your grammar or your morality. Pray who are your other dear Marias?" Under the tuition of that severe monitress we might learn to prune our exuberances. But, as it is, do we not say twenty times in the week, "It's the most shocking thing I ever heard of," or "It's the grossest swindle that has ever been perpetrated," and although there was a good deal to be said about the collapse of that company in which we had embarked our money, it is too good to be true that it should be the grossest swindle that the world has ever known. In public life there are certain restrictions about what we say, and still more stringent ones about what we write; but on the other side of the water we think that an American orator, and especially a Fenian partisan, is as exuberant as anything we could wish to see, and certainly not a little of his exuberance is expended in calling spades shovels.

The interchange of amenities between the various journals of the day has passed out of that stage which Mr. Dickens immortalized in the encounters between the *Eatanswill Independent* and *Gazette*; but though caution has been taught and decency enforced, still human nature has not changed, and we may be sometimes amused to watch how a paper finds the means of abusing the statements of a contemporary, and calling hard names by implication. For instance, we have got very subtle in the use of language, and when we dare not say, "This spade is a shovel," we might say, "If any one told us this spade was a shovel, we should understand what he meant." But, although we hear no more the trumpet tongue of the Eatanswill journals, we do not feel sure that we have outlived the day of another great master of the art of calling a spade a shovel. It must often be an astonishment to a man to inspect the picture of himself which the counsel for the prosecution lays before "a contemplative jury of his civilized countrymen." He must feel mingled interest and indignation to hear his conduct designated as dastardly or atrocious, when he is really more sinned against than sinning, and to watch the ingenuity with which his actions are made to wear the most suspicious colors, and motives of the worst kind suggested for them. And we often find that the process of summing-up consists in reducing once more the shovel to the spade. But the "contemplative" jury also must by this have learned to know the note and be ready to set it in a lower key; for, although Sergeant Buzfuz has become almost an impossible character, and his wild flights of rhetoric are not the customary sounds heard in our law courts, the system of forensic defamation still lives and still works without noise, but not with less ingenuity.

THE BURGLARY AT FAUSTEL EVERSLEIGH.

"Well, Biggs, what is the matter? You look important this morning."

Biggs swelled in majestic silence, deposited the muffin-dish on the table with as near an approach to emphasis as he dared, and was in the act of retreating, when the young lady standing at one of the open windows looked up from her newspaper to say,—

"Aunt Dora, these burglaries are becoming quite alarming; they are travelling in our direction, I think, too; there was one at Woodthorpe only three nights ago — close to us, you know —"

The temptation to cap this piece of news quite overcame Mr. Biggs's wounded dignity, and he opened his lips and spoke.

"And one, Miss Lucy, at Willow Lodge last night, for the postman brought the news this morning with the letters."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Selwyn. "I hope poor Miss Jenkins and Miss Araminta came to no harm."

"The family, ma'am, was not molested," answered Biggs with solemnity, "but everything the villains could lay hands on was carried off, and no traces of them has n't been discovered up to the present moment!"

"Really, Aunt Dora, it is serious. You know we are two lone women as well as Miss Jenkins and her sister. Suppose they take a fancy to visit us next?"

"Well, Lucy, what can I do? Is the case urgent enough for me to write over to the barracks, and ask Colonel Patteson to send us an agreeable captain and lieutenant, with a party of soldiers warranted sober and not given to flirting, to garrison poor old Eversleigh for a while?"

"I know you are as brave as a lion, auntie dear, but still I think this is not a laughing matter. What could you or I do — or even Biggs —"

"The very first thing these rascals does, Miss Lucy, when they get into a house, is to lock the menservants, if there is any, into their rooms; so that, you see —"

"Well, well, Biggs, that would be of the less consequence, as I am sure if they omitted to turn the key on you, you would do it on yourself," said Mrs. Selwyn with a twinkle in her eyes that merged into a laugh as Biggs retreated. "There, Lucy," she went on, "don't look so serious, and I will have all the plate packed up to-day and sent in a most ostentatious manner to my bankers, if that will give you peace of mind."

Miss Lucy Gresham continued to discuss her breakfast with a very half-satisfied look on her pretty face, which Mrs. Selwyn observing went on,—

"And I'll tell you what I can do as well, if that is not precaution enough. You remember Jack Eversleigh? he is at home now on leave, and I'll write him a line to come down here for a week or two, with his 'long sword,' revolvers, and all his 'bold dragoon' paraphernalia, and mount guard over two unprotected females. It will be quite in Jack's way, or would have been once upon a time. You have not forgotten Jack?"

"I don't remember him very well," answered Miss Lucy, bestowing a good deal of attention on her breakfast-cup. "Has n't he turned out very wild?

Mary Selden told me something of that sort, I think."

"'Give a dog a bad name, and hang him,' my dear. It has always been the fashion in Jack's family to give the lad credit for being everything he ought not to be, and so really to make him some things he would not otherwise have been. I don't know exactly what amount, or what kind of iniquity is comprehended in the word 'wild'; it is certain Jack has always been called a scapegrace; it is equally certain that I believe a truer gentleman or kinder heart does not bear her Majesty's commission to-day!"

Mrs. Selwyn's eyes sparkled, and her fair old cheek colored, as she spoke. Childless herself, she was very fond of her late husband's favorite nephew, John Eversleigh, and had fought on the lad's side in many a pitched battle with prim aunts and austere father. And it must be owned that Jack was one of those who always give their friends enough to do in this way. Even Mrs. Selwyn, with all her fondness for him, could not deny that, thought Lucy Gresham, as after breakfast she wended her way down the shady avenue, on one of her accustomed errands of good-will and kindness to some of their poorer neighbors, with that invitation and the question of Jack's acceptance of the same, a great deal more present to her mind than she would have cared to own. She would have liked to believe that Jack Eversleigh was no worse than Aunt Dora thought him; she remembered quite well seeing him come to church with the Seldens once when he was staying with them last year, and she remembered, too, with a sigh, how he had certainly gone to sleep on that very occasion, when dear Mr. Lillydew's sermon was only ever such a little over the hour. Mary Selden had said he was "wild," and George Selden, who ought surely to know, being in the same regiment, had talked of Jack's being always "hard up," whatever that might mean, and so-and-so, — and Lucy sighed: she would have preferred to think her old playfellow was not utterly reprobate, if she had been able.

It was very hard to look at him, and yet hold to that opinion, Lucy was thinking, a day or two afterwards, as she sat demurely silent near one of the windows, and listened to the merry talk that was going on between Mrs. Selwyn and Captain Eversleigh, newly arrived. Jack seemed mightily amused and interested on hearing in what capacity he was invited, and on the whole impressed Miss Gresham with the conviction that he would be rather disappointed if no burglar afforded him any means of exercising his predilection for strife and violence during his stay.

With these thoughts in her mind, it is not wonderful that Lucy's manner towards the object of them was shy and constrained to the last degree. Haughty or repellent she could not be, nature not having provided her with that double-edged weapon called "a spirit," but only a gentle heart, that would fain have had kind and loving thoughts of all the world, and believed the best of every man, woman, or child with whom she came into contact. In theory, you see, poor Lucy had shaken her head and sighed over the iniquity of the world at large; but in practice, it was her feminine habit to take those with whom she came into actual contact much as they appeared, or professed themselves to be. — not seldom, indeed, in her innocent and tender imaginings crediting them with virtues which I am afraid they had no claim to, out of that gentle region.

And the shyness and constraint did not deter Jack in the least from setting himself to restore, at the very first opportunity, something of the old familiar relations between himself and his little companion of long ago. He thought them both rather pretty than otherwise; but by that time Mr. Jack had privately arrived at the conviction, too, that Miss Gresham possessed the largest, softest, most innocent eyes, and the loveliest wild-rose complexion, he had ever seen.

Fashionable girls, fast girls, flirting girls, merry, outspoken, frank girls, Jack knew by scores, and had very likely waltzed, hunted, and talked nonsense by the mile, to very nearly the same number; a little tender, unsophisticated, ignorant girl, who shook her head at the opera, balls, and cigar-smoking generally, and yet who cried real, heart-felt tears over the capture of that incorrigible poacher and vagabond, Downy Dick, was something new and piquant; and, accordingly, he set himself to the task of cultivating amicable relations with Lucy Gresham, with a characteristic inability to admit the idea of failure, that must needs have gone far to insure success, even if Lucy had been other than she was.

Being what she was, it is not wonderful that after only two or three days' experience of Jack's pleasant qualities as a companion, in the quiet home-life of the old manor-house, Lucy had gone so far as to think that a gentleman might hunt and even smoke without being utterly reprobate; and that whatever might be comprehended in the vague term of being "hard up," it could not be anything very bad, and yet applied with truth to John Eversleigh. Simple faith of a guileless little heart! only it was a pity, you see, that it should have been grounded so very much on the fact of Jack's having handsome dark eyes and a pleasant smile that was always ready.

And in that companionship the days seemed to glide away like dreams, happy dreams, all too fleet in the passing. Ah! those long, sauntering walks through bright summer days, in which Jack's sportsman-like habit of observation, and upbringing in the vigorous out-door life of an English gentleman, made him quick to see and able to point out to the little town-bred damsel a thousand natural beauties and things of interest, which she would have passed by; those rides over breezy downs, among sweet green lanes and shadowy woodland paths, where wood-doves cooed in the happy silence, and squirrels scrambled higher among the scented pines, to look down with bright inquisitive eyes upon the sleek horses and their riders, as they wound along the slender pathways, with gentle footfalls all muffled and made tranquil by the last year's leaves that lay so thickly there. Ah! days happy in the coming, — in the passing, — and yet destined to bear such a cruel sting when memory of them was all that was left!

As to the burglars, for whose expected incursions Captain Eversleigh's visit had been a preparation, I am inclined to think that remembrance of them retreated very much into the background, though, for the first night or two, Jack diligently made tremendous and complicated arrangements for their reception in the way of revolvers, life-preservers, &c., &c. Stout-hearted old Mrs. Selwyn had never entertained any fears; Lucy somehow forgot hers in pleasanter things; and when, one night, just before retiring to bed, Aunt Dora produced from her pocket-book a packet of bank-notes, making an amount of nearly two hundred pounds, which she

had received that day, and had delayed, for some reason or other, driving over to Marley to pay into her bankers, it was only Jack who looked somewhat grave over the imprudence.

"It 's what Biggs would call a downright tempting of Providence, Aunt Dolly," he said, in concluding his remonstrance.

"Biggs is such an arrant coward that, I declare, if I could see my way to getting up an impromptu burglary for his sole benefit, I 'm perfectly sure I should not be able to resist the temptation," remarked the old lady, as she put away the notes in a little cabinet of Japanese workmanship, of which the key was duly taken out and deposited for security, with true feminine ideas of the same, under the family Bible, which lay on its carved oaken stand in a recess.

The sun was streaming brightly upon Lucy's closed eyes the next morning, when she opened them with a start to find Aunt Dora standing by her bedside, looking a little disturbed, and much graver than her pleasant wont.

"My coming in did not wake you, Lucy," she said; "so I suppose it is not to be expected that you should have heard anything of what took place last night, which was what I came to ask you."

"Took place last night, Aunt Dora!" repeated Lucy, starting up. "Why — but what were you going to say?"

"Only that it seems the house was really broken into last night, and the notes I left in the Japan cabinet in the tent-room taken, after all. Jack is half wild to think that he should have played the watch-dog so inefficiently. He never heard a sound, he says, and they must have passed his door as well as yours. But, Lucy, my child, don't look so terribly white and scared! No one was murdered in their beds this time; and Biggs was not even locked into his room, except by himself."

"Are you sure the money is gone? O Aunt Dora! perhaps it 's a mistake, — a joke!" said Lucy, breathlessly, and with an inconsequence that made Mrs. Selwyn look a little impatient.

"I cannot perceive the joke of losing nearly two hundred pounds; and, as for mistake, the money has been carried off, — that 's very certain. When Biggs came up stairs this morning he found the window in the little vestibule wide open. He told Martha, who came to me, and I went straight to the tent-room, and found the cabinet wide open and the money gone. It had been opened with the key, too, for that was in the lock. And you never heard anything, Lucy?"

"Something woke me once — but what does Captain Eversleigh say — what does he think?"

"Say, — why, that I ought not to have kept the money in the house: which is only true, as I dare say these light-fingered gentlemen who have been honoring the neighborhood lately knew quite well that yesterday was rent-day; and, as for his thoughts, he has ridden over to Marley post-haste to share them with the police. But I dare say nothing will come of that, for these people have not been detected in any one instance as yet. There, Lucy, I am sorry to have frightened the blood out of your cheeks; make haste with your toilet and come to breakfast, my dear, — you look as if you wanted it, and we 'll not wait for Jack."

But half an hour afterwards Lucy carried the same shocked white face into the breakfast-parlor with which she had listened to these tidings; and though Mrs. Selwyn laughed, and said that the occasion was not worth anything so tragic, somehow that look never faded out of Lucy's face, but seemed to deepen as the day wore on.

Then ensued days of unwonted stir and bustle at quiet old Faustel Eversleigh; a great coming and going of members of the police force from Marley; much communing with the same on the part of Captain Eversleigh, who entered into the search for traces of the thieves with a great deal of energy and spirit, and a perfect influx of visitors to sympathize and condole. Energy and spirit were expended in vain, however, as far as the desired purpose was concerned. There was, absolutely, no clew, as it seemed; and when two or three days had gone over, and wary detectives had prowled and poked over every corner of the old house, inside and out, — had asked numberless questions of every member of the household, without, as Lucy fancied, seeming to pay much attention to the answers (that same fancy enabled her to reply to those that fell to her share with a great deal more ease than she had thought possible beforehand), they seemed as far off as ever.

Mrs. Selwyn declared she would rather lose the same amount of money three times told, than go to the same fuss and bother to recover it; implored her nephew to let the search drop, and take no further steps in the matter; which Captain Eversleigh was, perforce, obliged to do, very unwillingly, as he said, "seeing that his leave was within a day or two of its expiry, and he must deprive his aunt of his presence just at the very time he should have liked to think himself wanted."

There was a soft undertone in Jack's voice when he made this remark, and he glanced as he spoke towards that silent figure, sitting in the farthest of the deep old windows with the gentle evening light falling softly on its bending head. Amidst all the bustle and occupation of the last few days Jack had not forgotten to notice how pale and silent Lucy Gresham had been, nor how the innocent brown eyes had worn a scared and bewildered look very foreign to their usual tranquil tenderness.

"It was natural enough, that — she was such a gentle, tender little thing — not a bit stout-hearted, nor strong-minded (none the less charming for the want, though), and, of course, her nerves had been shaken by what had happened."

Captain Eversleigh was thinking something like this, as he walked over towards the window where Lucy had sat silent so long, meaning, when he reached her, to say something soothing and sympathizing, only, startled and confounded by the look that Lucy turned upon him for an instant, as he did so, that he drew back involuntarily with, —

"For Heaven's sake! what can be the matter, Lucy?"

There was no answer: she had turned her face away again still more closely to the window, so that it was quite hidden; but he saw instead the strong tension of the clasp in which the hands lying in her lap were pressed together. Jack was very much amazed, but he was very much moved, too. He threw a hasty glance over his shoulder to where Aunt Dora was reclining in her lounging-chair, her back conveniently towards them, then stooped down very nearly to that averted face, while he said, — almost as tenderly as he felt at the instant, —

"Tell me what is wrong, Lucy. Ah! if you knew —"

But that beginning was destined to remain uncompleted; for Lucy Gresham suddenly rose out of her

seat, upright as a dart, white as a ghost, serene and sad as an accusing angel.

"*If* I knew! I *do* know. And now that you know I do — never, never speak to me again — for that I cannot bear — and be silent!" and before Captain Eversleigh could recover from his pause of petrified astonishment Miss Gresham turned her back on him and fled from the room.

She did not appear at breakfast the next morning, — the last breakfast that Jack Eversleigh would partake of for some time to come under Aunt Dora's roof. Lucy had a headache, Mrs. Selwyn explained, and begged to be excused; which intelligence Jack heard without remark, and was altogether during the progress of the meal so absent and unlike himself, that Aunt Dora was privately imagining that there was a reason why he should be more sorry to say "good by" to Faustel Eversleigh this time than had existed on former occasions.

"Well, well," thought the kind old lady, "and if Jack and Lucy have taken a fancy to one another, I don't know that either could do better; and for my part I think I would ask nothing better than that the children should marry and settle down here with me, as long as I live. I have always liked to think of Jack's having the old place when I am gone, and Lucy would make the dearest little wife in the world. I do think that Jack is smitten — and she — well, well — "

And while the old lady was dreaming of love and marriage, and dark old houses growing all humanly warm and bright in the light of the sweet story that was first told in Eden, Captain Eversleigh was indignantly intent upon these two questions: —

"What the deuce could Lucy Gresham mean? What the deuce does she know?"

There was no opportunity of propounding them to Miss Gresham herself, supposing that Captain Eversleigh desired it, for up to the last minute of his stay no Lucy was visible. So his farewells had only to be made to Aunt Dora when the time arrived. They were very hearty and affectionate, like the feeling that subsisted between the two, and when Mrs. Selwyn turned in again from the portico where she had stood to see Jack drive off, she felt as if the silent house had lost something that made it a pleasant home, in that cheerful, manly presence.

It had lost something else, too, as it very soon appeared; for this pale, silent Lucy of the days and weeks succeeding Captain Eversleigh's departure was as unlike the cheerful little maiden of days gone, as anything that could well be imagined. Mrs. Selwyn's heart misgave her when she saw the girl going listlessly about her little every-day duties with that kind of laborious patience and conscientiousness so sadly indicative of the "letter" without the "spirit," and noticed the nervous tremor in which she was apt to be thrown by such slight things as the sudden opening of a door, a quick footstep, or an unexpected address. She saw these things with a little thrill of terror, remembering how slight a foundation her fancy that Jack Eversleigh cared for Lucy Gresham had been built upon, and devoutly wished a dozen times a day, that she had never brought the two together, nor meddled with such a doubtful matter as match-making.

As to the lost money and the suspected burglary, that seemed a subject tabooed by both ladies with mutual consent, though not so readily allowed to drop by chance visitors, with whom a topic of conversation during the orthodox twenty minutes was too precious to be parted with lightly.

"Dear me!" said a lady, one morning, after the circumstances of the robbery had been succinctly detailed to her by Mrs. Selwyn, in answer to her questions. "Did it never occur to you to suspect any one in the house, my dear Mrs. Selwyn?"

"Not to me, certainly," answered Mrs. Selwyn, with a disturbed glance over at Lucy, who had moved suddenly in her chair: "for I have no servant, fortunately, whose trustworthiness has not been proved."

"This is fortunate indeed — for them," returned the lady; "but really I think I should not be very easy myself under the circumstances. Does it not strike you as suspicious, for instance, that nothing but the money should have been taken, or that the thief should have known so exactly where to put his hand upon it?"

"I don't think I should have thought so myself," answered the old lady, looking very fidgetty, "but then I knew there was really little but the money to take. I had sent all the plate we don't use to my bankers some time before, and, after my nephew came down, Biggs always carried the rest into his room every night. As for the fact of the thieves knowing where to find the money, there was nothing very wonderful about that; no doubt the house had been watched; and, as we all remembered afterwards, the windows of the room from which it was taken were wide open, and the lights burning, when I locked it into the cabinet. From that clump of rhododendrons yonder every movement of those in the room could have been seen perfectly well."

"Ah! true — well, it is very pleasant to have such confidence in those about us. And when may we hope to see Captain Eversleigh again?"

"He writes me that there is some chance of his being quartered with a detachment at Marley for a while, — a piece of very unhoped-for good news."

The conversation changed; but when the visitor had been gone some minutes, Mrs. Selwyn broke the silence that had lasted since then by saying, —

"I am sorry that you should have heard Mrs. Sandell's charitable surmises. Lucy dear, Jack begged me not to let you know that such an idea had ever been started. He thought that, being such a timid little thing, it would only add to your uneasiness, perhaps."

"Who first entertained such an idea?" inquired Lucy, faintly.

"The detective who came over first suggested it, I think, to Jack, who imparted it to me; but of course I could not entertain it for a moment. Biggs certainly knew I had the money in the house; but surely the fidelity for twenty years — "

Mrs. Selwyn paused a little absently, and Lucy's voice broke passionately into the silence.

"O Aunt Dora! don't suspect any one! least of all, poor, good old Biggs. He never took the money! never! never! Captain Eversleigh must be sure of that; and oh! surely he would never let you think so for one instant; it would be too cruel; too wicked!"

"Why, Lucy!" said Mrs. Selwyn, looking at the girl's flushed face in some wonder. "Biggs ought to be very much obliged to you for your championship, only it is a pity there should be no more call for it. As for Jack's entertaining such a suspicion, he pooh-poohed it from the very first; so there is no occasion for all that indignation, my dear. I am not vindictive, I hope," Mrs. Selwyn went on, after a little pause, "but I would give the money over again to

have the real thief brought to light, there is something so painful in the atmosphere of doubt and suspicion that surrounds an undiscovered crime. Don't let us talk any more of it, Lucy, we have been wise in ignoring it hitherto. Have Daisy saddled, and go for a canter over the Downs, my dear; there is a fresh wind blowing that will put all megrims to flight, I dare say."

But instead of ordering Daisy to be saddled, Lucy put on her hat and mantle, and taking her solitary way out into the grounds, wandered to a spot at some distance from the house, where a pretty little brown river stole through banks all picturesquely broken and rugged, singing as it went, with a happy music to which the girl had unconsciously set dreams as gentle and glad, many and many a time in the bright summer days that were gone. Thoughts of them came back to her now, perhaps, all strangely and sadly mingled with the altered present; and throwing her arms forward against the moss-grown trunk of one of the old trees bending over the little river, Lucy hid her face upon them and wept passionate, despairing tears, never known before by those gentle eyes.

"What ought I to do? What is right? What is best?" she thought, with that dreadful, agonizing struggle to reconcile duty and expediency that is apt to beset those whose conscience is so tender, and whose heart so gentle as poor Lucy's. "It would break Aunt Dora's heart if it came to light; and mine is breaking now, I think. What shall I do?"

But no answer came to that sad, appealing cry; the wind sighed among the trees overhead, and the leaves came shivering down at the sound, and were borne silently away on the brown water, for it was summer no longer; and never, surely, was autumn so cheerless before, Lucy thought. But joy and sadness are in the eyes which look and the ears which listen, and the fairest sunshine would have been clouded just now to Lucy Gresham's.

In fact, Lucy's eyes had seen nothing very clearly since that night, now many weeks ago, when the bank-notes were stolen from the Japanese cabinet in the tent-room; or, at least, everything since then was distorted in the light of the utterly confounding sight they had witnessed on that occasion.

It was all before her now, as she sat with hidden face and hands clasped before her eyes, for whether poor Lucy shut her eyes or opened them, they only seemed to serve her as long as she looked at one thing.

Yes; it was all before her now. How, on that horrible night, she had started from a light sleep and a happy dream, to listen breathlessly to a sound in the corridor outside her door, — a quiet, muffled footfall passing stealthily along, and dying away in the distance. How, when it had quite gone, — had been gone minutes indeed, — she had sprung from her bed, in fear that lent her for the instant all the hardihood of courage, intending to fly into Aunt Dora's room; and how, as she opened the door, she saw with her own eyes, — ah heaven! yes, — in the broad summer moonlight that lit up all the corridor from end to end with its solemn splendor, John Eversleigh, — kind Aunt Dora's dearly-loved nephew, — coming out of the tent-room with the little fanciful ivory-clasped box that held the bank-notes in his hand! How, in the wonder, the terror, the incredulity with which she looked on this sight, she had shrunk back into the room, and had listened to that muffled footfall coming quietly back past her door, past Aunt Dora's, till it died away again out of the corridor. Then the poor child had crept back into her bed, had turned her face down upon the pillow so as to shut out the fair moonlight, and repeated over and over again, with a piteous persistence in the words, "I have been dreaming; it was a dream, — nothing so horrible *could* be true!" trying so to stifle thought and drown conviction, till suddenly she raised her head, joyful, trembling, melted to thankful tears, in the light of the blessed inspiration that suddenly flashed upon her mind. "It was a joke! — a practical joke — this abduction of the bank-notes, — done just to give Aunt Dora a little fright and a little warning! How foolish not to have guessed that at once! Of course the money would be restored, and confession made the next morning, when Aunt Dora had been thoroughly well frightened." In the tremulous thankfulness of this relief, Lucy sank into the sleep from which Aunt Dora had wakened her that morning.

How poor Lucy's hope that "it was all a joke" had fluctuated through the after proceedings, and had finally faded away altogether, would have been a pitiful thing to see, if any one could have had a clew by which to trace it! Now, she had almost forgotten that the cloud which had enshrouded her since that night had ever been temporarily lightened by that idea. Ah no! everything was wretched! — the world a miserable place, people inconceivably wicked, and those happiest and best off who had been laid to rest once for all under the churchyard daisies. Poor little Lucy! This, her first practical encounter with absolute, outcrying evil, had done the work of years, as indeed it always does on natures so tender and innocent.

She rose up now, after a while, and walked slowly homewards; so slowly that it was dark when she reached the house, and quite dark in the drawing-room when she opened the door and entered quietly.

As she did so, the familiar tones of a rich, manly voice reached her, that she would have known among hundreds, and that she recognized now with a great bound of the heart.

Yes; there, surely enough, standing in the full blaze of the firelight, was Jack Eversleigh, laughing and chatting with Aunt Dora as if there were no such things as care, or trouble, or wrong-doing in all this work-a-day world. He stopped short, though, as the door opened and Lucy entered, coming forward the next minute, with, perhaps, ever so little constraint in his manner as he held out his hand. Lucy half extended hers; but, ah! no, her hand must never lie in that large cordial grasp again! She drew it back, and, bowing low, Jack, turned easily away to his former place, and resumed his talk, while Lucy sank down trembling into a seat where the shadows gathered most thickly, and almost hid her from view.

Aunt Dora was certainly in the best of moods and spirits (she was auguring favorably for the success of her pet plan and the happiness of Lucy, you see, in this sudden reappearance of Jack Eversleigh), and as for her nephew, his momentary embarrassment had left no palpable traces behind.

"How can he laugh? How can he talk so lightly as he does?" thought the poor child, cowering among the shadows, with a kind of sorrowful, indignant wonder. "How dare he come here? Is it possible that he did not understand me? — that I did not speak plainly enough?"

She hid her face, and shrank down still more

closely in her corner. And still the merry talk and laughter went on by the fireplace.

"*Apropos* of scrapes, Jack," Mrs. Selwyn said, presently, "how long is it since you walked into one in your sleep?"

Jack Eversleigh laughed, and colored a little.

"Oh! ever so many years, now, — so many, that I hope that propensity and I have parted company for good and all. It used to cause me no end of bother, though, at one time. You remember the —"

And here Captain Eversleigh broke off, to stare in boundless surprise at the little figure starting from that dark corner, with clasped hands, and eager, pallid face.

"A sleep-walker! Do you walk in your sleep? Oh! if it were possible that — Aunt Dora — the bank-notes! — the money that was taken!" cried out poor Lucy, breathless, and shaking in every limb.

"The bank-notes, Lucy! — what an idea! Certainly, Jack had a queer habit of walking in his sleep, and doing strange things in a state of somnolency; but I don't suppose —"

"But I saw him, Aunt Dora! — I saw him! Oh! if I had only known, — only guessed! I am so happy, — so very, very thankful!" And here Lucy sank down in a burst of tears, that came fresh from her very heart.

"You saw me!" repeated the young man, looking from Aunt Dora to that crouching, weeping little figure, with an expression of bewilderment; "why did you not say so, then, and save all the bother?"

"I thought you knew what you were doing, and meant to do it. How could I know?" sobbed Lucy.

"Thought that I deliberately, and of my own will, possessed myself of money that did not belong to me!" said Jack, with involuntary haughtiness. But the next instant his sense of the ridiculous overpowered him, and he burst into a laugh so hearty and prolonged that Aunt Dora joined in it, till the tears streamed down her face; and even poor Lucy was fain to echo it, at the dire and imminent risk of becoming hysterical.

"Poor, dear Lucy," said Mrs. Selwyn, presently, between her gasps for breath; "so you have really been thinking that Jack played the part of burglar that night. That explains so many things. My poor child? There, I will not laugh any more, if I can help it; but for heaven's sake! tell us all about it, for I own I don't see the thing quite clearly yet."

And so the whole story had to be gone over, or rather dragged into light by questions; for now, such deep, overpowering shame beset Lucy, — such a keen perception of the fact that John Eversleigh must of necessity and forevermore hold her in abhorrence, — that she was wellnigh speechless.

And Jack, being really a chivalrous and generous-hearted fellow, seeing all the pain and shame in the poor little face, and desirous of sparing it to the uttermost, suppressed whatever feeling he might have had in the matter, after that one involuntary burst, and listened, with good-natured amusement, to the relation of his own exploit.

"I wish you could enlighten me as to what I did with the money, for, on my word, I have never set waking eyes on it. At least, I remember now thinking that it would be a good joke to improvise a burglary, just for Aunt Dora's amusement (you suggested the idea yourself, ma'am, please to recollect); but what on earth became of the money? Did I go straight back into my room, I wonder?"

"No; down stairs, I think," said Lucy, faintly.

"The open window in the vestibule, Jack; how is that to be accounted for? Ah! I have it. Do you remember the little summer-house on the other side of the shrubbery? There's a sliding panel that conceals a recess in it, and many a time you have hidden my keys and work-bag there, when you were a boy. Jack, I will wager half the money that you put it there!"

Which, on examination, turned out to be the case. There lay the little ivory-clasped box, containing the roll of bank-notes, never touched since Mrs. Selwyn's hand had placed them in it; and so the mystery of the "Burglary at Faustel Eversleigh" was a mystery no longer; though in years to come it became a story that Aunt Dora was never tired of telling to the little bright-eyed listeners round her chair, who called the hero and heroine "papa" and "mamma."

PÉTION.

[Translated for Every Saturday from *Le Journal des Débats*.]

It seems to us that, whenever a great revolution is about to occur, Destiny holds a sort of general election in the multitude, bringing certain men to view, and leaving others in obscurity. Happy obscurity! for there is no worse condition than to have a narrow mind and a mean heart with a great part to act.

Men who have a noble heart and a narrow understanding get through revolutions quite well. They are victims, — never hangmen. Men who have a mean heart and a narrow mind, and nevertheless are selected by Destiny to play a part in revolutions, are to be pitied. They are fantastic Destiny's favorite toys; they are the melancholy and miserable puppets which fortune exhibits to posterity's eyes. Next to the part played by scoundrels, the worst part in revolutions is the part played by fools. They are not sure of escaping crime, and they are sure, even despite crime, of remaining fools in history.

What mean these reflections? On whom do they fall? Alas! we have just read Pétion's unpublished Memoirs. What affront did Pétion put on Destiny that it should have elected him to play so grand a part for two years of the French Revolution? He was so thoroughly fitted to remain respectable and obscure! He was the son of an attorney of Chartres, and we do not believe he would ever have made a good attorney. He was pompous, verbose, not at all judicious; neither was he gifted with foresight. He could not have been a good attorney, but he would have made an excellent citizen of a small town. He was gentle and polite, — vain, but of a vanity which would have been contented with the success of his speeches before the municipal court, and with the favors of the fair sex, which he would also believe he had in his small town. This last peculiarity of his ought to be noticed. It is one of the most curious traits of his character, and one of the most piquant examples of the injury a great part does to a handsome fellow who has no brains.

Pétion was not a Don Juan. He was a handsome fellow, fond of believing that all women were enamored of him the moment they laid their eyes on him, and who claimed for a merit all the women's favors he believed he refused. He was a Joseph

who was perpetually leaving his mantle everywhere, though nobody tried to tear it from him. Shut up this ridiculous fellow in the circle of a small town, take care he never ventures beyond the town walls, the hero may reach the grave's obscurity in peace and quiet. There would be neighbors who would believe he had enjoyed some of his boasted conquests, and would envy him them; so he would have had a good and a bad reputation, quite sufficient to gratify a village or even a small town's ambition. But let Destiny take the whim of throwing the poor handsome fellow, with his ridiculous weakness, amid the gravest and most tragical events, — let him lack the good sense to understand he must leave at History's door these pretensions, — let him stupidly mix them up with the tragedies he meets, — he is a ruined man. His whims will spoil even his sorrows, when he is proscribed and a fugitive. Such was Pétion.

What did Pétion? He lacked, three times in his life, not honor and respectability in his actions, but dignity, decency, and tact in his reflections. That was all. But that was enough to ruin him, in our opinion, because malignant Destiny decreed that this lack of tact and decency should be shown first with Madame Elisabeth during the return from Varennes; secondly, with his two first liberators during his flight; thirdly, with Charlotte Corday, at Caen. These names and these events overwhelm by their contrast the ridiculous fatuity of poor Pétion, who might have lived at ease half blamed and half envied in the protecting shadow of his little town.

Everybody knows how Barnare and Pétion were in the King's carriage during the return from Varennes. Barnare was moved by the misfortune of the Royal Family and touched by the Queen's courage. As he clearly understood it was necessary that the Revolution should stop at this moment of time under penalty of miscarriage, if he was seduced by the Queen's grandeur of soul, who knew how to be admirable in misfortune, he was only seduced in conformity with his opinions.

But Pétion? Pétion took it into his head that his personal appearance had agitated Madame Elisabeth, that the virtue and the modesty of the saint-like sister of Louis XVI. were troubled so near this pretty fellow — Ah! we cannot go further! We would quote Pétion's stupid and ignoble narrative to vindicate the irresistible aversion he inspires, but our respect for Madame Elisabeth restrains us. Assuredly a virtuous woman is not responsible for the strange ideas which pass through a fool's brain about her. She never even knows them. But Pétion, the dupe of this stupid fatuity, which he carried everywhere with him! The Queen comprehended Barnare and the generous emotion he felt; but we do defy Madame Elisabeth, who had never read bad novels and had never frequented bad company, to comprehend for one instant what Pétion thought and believed.

Pétion was guilty of other faults during the Revolution; he was guilty of political faults, of cruel faults, with which his memory may be harshly reproached; but there are in his life no faults which are at the same time more odious and more grotesque than the fault of his narrative of the return from Varennes.

Days of misfortune came upon Pétion after days of popularity. Outlawed and trying to escape from Paris, he found two kind-hearted young ladies, who concealed him in their bedchamber. He remained there three days and three nights before he was able to quit this asylum in safety. His handsome man's mania, always capable of pleasing, followed him even in this hallowed refuge. We do not mean to say — thank heaven, no! — that he so much as hinted to these generous hostesses the astonishment he felt at finding no agitation in their company, and at producing no agitation in them. Neither did he say anything to Madame Elisabeth of his stupid illusion. All of Pétion's evil thoughts take place in his conscience, and never go beyond it. They never go so far as action. We know them only by what he tells us of them. It may be said: His wrong, then, is simply a public confession. Yes, but do not let us be deceived; he has confessed himself from vanity, and he has ill placed his vanity in believing his evil thoughts repressed became admirable actions, worthy of remembrance. Scipio's continence is admirable, I confess, in a young conqueror, and in camp life. Proscribed and fugitive Pétion's conduct towards his generous hostesses has nothing in it admirable. It is shunned infamy. That's no title of honor!

I come now to his third fault of pretty fellow. It was with Charlotte Corday. It was at Caen, when Brittany and Normandy raised an army to march on Paris, and deliver the convention from the tyranny of the Commune of Paris. The outlawed Girondins had gone to Caen.

During one of the three interviews which Charlotte Corday had at Caen with Barbaroux, in the drawing-room of the Hotel de l'Intendance, Pétion entered and addressed, jokingly, some words to the beautiful aristocrat who came to see Republicans. She was offended, and replied: "You judge me today, Citizen Pétion, without knowing me. The day will come when you shall know who I am." Pétion's conduct was a load on her heart. In the letter to Barbaroux, written on the eve of her execution, she said: "I confess that which entirely confirmed my resolution was the courage with which our volunteers enrolled themselves Sunday, 7th July. You remember how delighted I was, and I earnestly promised myself to make Pétion repent the suspicions he expressed about my sentiments. He said to me, 'Will you be sorry if they do not march off?' Lastly, I considered that so many brave men coming to secure the death of one single man, which they would have failed to attain, or who would have carried down in his ruin a great many citizens, was an honor he did not merit. A woman's hand was enough."

When one reads this energetic letter, which so clearly shows Charlotte Corday's soul, Pétion's gallant compliments irritate the reader more than ever. But let us not deceive ourselves; the cause of Pétion's mistake about Charlotte Corday was Pétion's mania of remembering he was a handsome fellow, and ought to please the moment he saw a woman. Charlotte Corday was a republican of Plutarch's school. She was Brutus's or Mucius Scævola's sister. The woman concealed the republican from Pétion's eyes. Jean Jacques Rousseau says that souls have no sex. The phrase is true, especially in revolutions and great catastrophes. The phrase was never true of Pétion, whatever might be the gravity of circumstances: at Varennes, with Madame Elisabeth; after the 31st of May, 1793, with his hostesses; at Caen, with Charlotte Corday. He never applied it, because his masculine vanity was always stupidly mixed up with the grave adventures of his life.

EARLY RISERS.

EVERY reasonable man — every one, that is, who gets up when he chooses and goes to bed when he feels inclined — has at times been vexed by the zeal of early risers. If two men take the same allowance of sleep, but one of them begins it at eleven o'clock and the other at two, the first will feel himself a mental head and shoulders above his friend. He fancies himself to be standing on a little pedestal of conscious virtue, from which he may, figuratively speaking, lay his wings and crow over his inferiors. He is always certainly voting little congratulatory addresses to himself, pointing out that by his self-control and constant superiority to the ordinary weaknesses of humanity, he has set an example whose influence can hardly be overestimated. He sometimes has sufficient self-command to continue his comments upon popular admiration to a more tender assumption, and, however carefully he may act the part of modest merit, he glows with an inward satisfaction which can never be quite repressed. He [illegible] is liable to be [illegible] as though he [illegible] vanity: he is the model of an angel among common men, to be able to do so well on his wings.

If St. Simeon Stylites had come in contact with his rival in the flesh, he would certainly have exchanged a word with him in speech, he would have made some [illegible] reference to the [illegible] that he [illegible] and shout, and snow which he had become. He would have let his acquaintance know that [illegible] what they might think, he stood [illegible] on a point. The early riser is the Stylites of present time. He glories [illegible] solitude, unseen, in his self-inflicted misery, but he expects from such associations all the consolation which the man affects is necessary to shut them out from other company. It is doubtful, it seems, will he thus [illegible] the world, but he [illegible] six and seven in the morning. He brings a solemn monotonous sadness to his walks, and [illegible] fast and he goes home to shut himself in. Few people have strength of mind enough really to bear up against claims of this kind. Radicals who say perhaps very smoothly that a man's a man for a that, sometimes betray a nervous awkwardness in the presence of a lord. No one will admit that mere wealth has any claims to respect, but we somehow feel an instinctive deference towards a man with a good balance at his banker's, which we are not conscious towards his neighbor, who lives from hand to mouth. In the same way few people really dare to dispute the merits of a man who gets up at seven in the morning. He has accumulated a large solid virtue which gives an unpleasant vague of respectability to his actions. It seems to be merely due to his transcendent virtue that he does not exist, — to the earth with a sense of merit merited.

And yet, we commonly venture to make a stand, perhaps we might find, that this claim is so imposing, and, as it has not been critically tested, that it may, to a considerable extent, a proof of merit be [illegible] It the East, everybody is up with the sun, as for obvious reasons labouring men are compelled to be. But the invention of candles and the change from physical to intellectual labor have tended to alter all the conditions of life. The evening hours are now superior in almost every respect to those of the morning. In a social point of view, it is unnecessary to demonstrate that no man can enjoy society before breakfast. If it were often possible for friends to gather at that time, as they do at certain baths to drink the waters, the consequences would be disastrous: for nature has implanted in the human breast a quarrelsome, captious, and ill-humored spirit, which is always predominant during the first hours of the day. Strictly speaking, man does not become a social being until breakfast, and even then the instinct exists in a very modified form: many people read the newspaper at breakfast, but no one could be brute enough to read it at dinner. In those barbarous times when dinner took place about midday, supper was the really sociable meal which has been gradually superseded by the onward movement of dinner. From all this it follows that a man's social tendencies are almost always in the inverse ratio of his propensity to early rising. When Cæsar remarked, "Let me have men about me fat and sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights," he evidently meant to condemn, not the unfortunate beings who may be physically lean, but the restless temperament which leads to early rising, self-denial, disease, and conspiracy. If people who get up prematurely are disagreeable, and even dangerous, in a social point of view, they will equally fail to justify themselves on intellectual grounds. Those who delight in always firing off small moralistic maxims on the "early to bed, early to rise," variety generally denounce the practice of sitting up at night. But here, again, the assumption seems to be gratuitous. The early riser descends [illegible] smoking, and generally spitting, every house is [illegible] by indifferent servants, with dusters and shovels, going through the hateful process of putting things in order, the world is slowly getting under weight, and the machinery moves at first with slow [illegible] and raising clouds of dust.

It is absurd to suppose that such an atmosphere of discomfort can be more favorable to mental labor than the harmonious quiet of the evening, when a man has withdrawn himself in perfect repose, without a fear of interruption, whenever London approximates to the quiet of the country, and when all the discordant elements of the day have more or less shaken off their traces. Every smoker knows the superiority of the evening over the morning cigar: which proves that a philosophical and contemplative frame of mind, is far more easily attained at the end than at the beginning of the day, a mental attitude of serene meditation being essential to intelligent smoking. It is true that a man's powers may be supposed to be fresher and less exhausted in the morning, but against the advantage is counterbalanced by the diminution of restlessness and irritability, and the greater power of concentration, [illegible] the evening calmness. A man may possibly [illegible] his lecture, dreams with success, [illegible] has a keener sensibility to extraneous [illegible] and fresh as possible. But, in the course of anything that comes [illegible] business most effectively in the middle of the day. By the aid of a hard [illegible] metaphysics, [illegible] or merit, of [illegible] Some detractors [illegible] that this is [illegible] cause merely [illegible] campaigns, [illegible] which [illegible] to be quite steady in its proceedings, but it is doubtless really owing to the fact that they require sustained and undiverted attention. Now such attention is impossible, so long

as the meditator may be exposed to the cries of milkmen or barrel-organs; the dull, steady sound of late carriages is rather favorable than otherwise to profound reflection. We, therefore, consider that, for almost all purposes, the evening hours have a distinct superiority over the morning for the civilized part of mankind, whose pursuits do not require daylight, and who know the use of gas and candle-light.

For those who have to labor in the fields or workshops, or to get their living by hunting, like savages, there are obvious advantages about making the most of the daylight. Now philosophers have remarked that an instinct, like a physical organ, often survives after its original function has become unimportant. Animals retain rudimentary claws or wings which have become perfectly useless, as a legacy from their remote ancestors; a dog still turns himself three times round before he lies down, because his great-great-grandfathers did so in the days when they were wild beasts roaming amongst long grass: and every tamed animal preserves for a time certain instincts which were only useful to him in his wild state. The sentiment about early-rising is such a traditionary instinct, which has wandered into an era where it is not wanted. A man who got up two hours after the sun, in the middle ages, had doubtless, as a rule, wasted two hours; and the same would be true of a bricklayer at the present day who should begin his work at eight instead of six. It is right and natural that such proofs of laziness should be marked with a certain stigma. But it is is too bad that cultivated beings should go on quoting at us their little hoard of maxims, which at best are gross anachronisms, as though they were eternal truths; and that even the most modest of men should go about running over with ill-concealed complacency, because they have arranged their day on an obsolete hypothesis. If a man comes down a few minutes late, they covertly or openly twit him with laziness; but they would be as much shocked if the same charge were retorted upon them for going to bed prematurely, as a preacher of charity is sometimes shocked at being called uncharitable; it is true, he objects to his enemies as much as they object to him, but that is because his enemies are in the wrong. If, however, we should be disposed to grant that there is really something in the claim which early risers put forward so pretentiously to the virtue of activity, we should still wish to know why it is of so specially offensive and aggressive a type. Why must they be always dashing it in our faces, and giving thanks at every turn that they are not as other men? Why should an early riser walk through the world wrapped in an invisible cloak of moral pre-eminence? After all, we are fellow-creatures, even if we are too fond of our beds in the morning. The most rabid of the sect must admit that a man is not necessarily a drunkard nor an abandoned slave to his passions because he does not get up at six o'clock; and yet, whilst mixing with the outer world, they always contrive to make it felt that all but themselves are more or less publicans and sinners.

An explanation of the abnormal development of self-esteem to which this and some other second-rate virtues give rise may perhaps be found in the very fact of their smallness. A man who has performed some great and heroic action is bound in honor not to boast of it; he may generally assume, too, that other people will be sufficiently disposed to recognize his claims without requiring them to be put obtrusively forward; but the family of petty virtues to which early rising belongs — punctuality, order, and so forth — require some additional inducements for their practice. They are not amiable qualities. Nobody loves a man the better for always remembering that procrastination is the thief of time, that a stitch in time saves nine, and that a penny saved is a penny got; on the contrary, we are rather apt to consider him as a standing insult to us for our own deficiencies in those respects. It is, therefore, provided, as a natural compensation, that they should give rise to a disproportionate amount of self-satisfaction. As a man gets no thanks from anybody else, and feels that the virtue is one which will gain its whole reward in an extra share of material prosperity, he tries to make up the difference by constant contemplation of his own excellence. The character which embodies all these characteristics in the highest degree is generally known by the name of a good man of business. That title, which sometimes implies very useful qualities, is not seldom applied to merely negative virtues. It is applied to a man who ties up all his letters in red tape, never misses a train, and always answers by return of post. It may also imply a sound judgment. But a large number of those who claim it are merely remarkable for their habit of going through all the forms of extreme precision and carefulness. Such men are generally more conceited than any other class of meritorious citizens. They look down with a contempt, sometimes affable and sometimes simply arrogant, upon any one whom they fancy to be less of a walking ledger than themselves. Fortunately, this is a kind of conceit which can seldom find opportunities for display in private life. The one virtue of the bundle which go to form the character is capable of making itself so offensive that it is just as well that we have, as a rule, to search counting-houses or lawyers' offices for full-blown specimens of the whole. Early risers are so capable of trampling us under foot, on the strength of that one qualification, that, if arrayed in all the virtues of the complete man of business, they would become unbearable.

A VISIT TO MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Compared with Etna, Vesuvius is a volcano of subordinate importance. The area over which the volcanic eruptions spread, the height of the loftiest cone, the extent of the showers of ashes, and the magnitude of the lava currents, are all much smaller, and the secondary results are on an inferior scale. But — from its easier access, its position among some of the most beautiful scenery on the face of the earth, hallowed by classical reminiscences, which include all that is most striking in Greek and Roman history, and from its vicinity to Naples, where human life is perhaps more active and noisy, if not more energetic, than in any city in Europe — Vesuvius has always attracted the attention of geologists as well as travellers; and its varied phases have been minutely recorded. But the remarkable group of eruptions, commencing in 1857 and ending in 1861, has, perhaps, been less thought of out of Italy than it deserved; and it is the more important as it bears in some measure upon some questions of interest in the history of volcanoes.

Before 1857, a visit to the wide space of perfectly level ground known as the "Atrio del Cavallo," extending for some distance between the foot of the cone of Vesuvius and the ridge of Monte Somma,

[illegible] very easy and pleasant carriage excursion from Naples. There was a good road as far as the Observatory, and an hour's rough walking or riding from thence over the old lava was not a serious matter even for delicate ladies. Now the case is different. The road has been destroyed by the lava of that year, and there is a rough ride or walk from Portici before the Observatory is reached. Still the excursion is one involving no difficulties, and only a moderate amount of fatigue. It is, indeed, made expensive by extortionate charges; but there is no need of horses, or even of guide, for those who choose to walk and explore. An intelligent guide, familiar with the sites of the recent eruptions, is, however, very useful, and will save much time and trouble.

The "Atrio del Cavallo" is a part of the floor of the old crater of Monte Somma, destroyed by the great eruption of A. D. 79, and since paved with fine white stones, and lava by the eruptions of the last eighteen hundred years. It is about 2,100 feet above the sea, and is quite open to the southwest. Before reaching it, however, there are places of the greatest interest to be visited on the road from Portici. Leaving that town at the station we reach in a few minutes the modern Resina, part of which covers the ruins of Herculaneum. Just outside this town is a current of old lava, which seems to have extended towards the sea, and, perhaps, advanced the coast line. It is cut across by the road at an elevation of [illegible] feet above the sea, and it presents [illegible] color characteristic of Vesuvian lava. Through naked in places, it admits of vegetation, and in this respect contrasts strikingly with the lava of 1861 at Catania.

The eruption of 1861, the last of any importance on Vesuvius, is particularly interesting from the position of the seat of eruption, and the circumstances attending the volcanic action. Unlike the case of 1855, previously so called, there had been in constant activity of eruption on this occasion [illegible] 1861 the mountain had been constantly smoking and occasionally active, and had [illegible] several important currents of lava. These, however, had ceased, and everything was quiet in the month of March, 1860. On the 27th of December in the following year, very great indications of coming disturbance were felt on the side of the mountain, between the principal crater and Torre del Greco. About 4 P. M. on the 8th, at a distance of about 1,000 yards (two and one third miles), nearly S. W. from the centre of the great crater, and nearly the same distance from the sea, at an elevation of about 900 feet above the sea, there rose a large portion of black smoke, accompanied by an enormous quantity of very fine ashes. It would seem probable that, at this moment, a [illegible] fissure was formed, extending towards the sea, or nearly three quarters of a mile [illegible] The [illegible] continuously and, [illegible] towards Torre del Greco, and at 12 P. M. [illegible] within about 2,000 yards of the sea [illegible] stopped. The eruption of ashes, however, continued, and was very copious, being conveyed to a great distance. The fine dust was accompanied by stones thrown into the air to a height estimated at more than 800 feet.

The crevice formed on the first eruption was followed by others the next day, extending towards the sea, and greatly alarming the inhabitants of the town of Torre del Greco. On the 10th, the water flowing from the public fountains and other springs was suddenly increased in quantity; this increase being accompanied by the emission of large quantities of carbonic acid gas, and even, as I was informed, of carburetted hydrogen, with small quantities of petroleum. Large quantities of gas rose from the sea. The springs remained affected for some time, but the new cones and craters soon ceased to exhibit any activity, and the main disturbance was at an end in eight days from its first commencement. Electrical phenomena accompanied the commencement of the eruption, but they affected only the principal crater. They are described as consisting of flashes of forked blue lightning, different from ordinary lightning, and confined to the summit of the crater. Shortly after the eruption, the ground was cracked, and many deep fissures were produced in the town of Torre del Greco, reaching down to the sea, and rendering the town almost uninhabitable.

The present condition of the scene of this eruption is interesting in itself, and also in comparison with the last and more recent eruption on the upper slopes of Etna. These events offer many points of contrast. Thus, at Vesuvius, the outburst was from an unusually low point on the hillsides, and at Etna, not much below the floor of the great crater (at least 1,000 feet higher than the top of Vesuvius). At Vesuvius, again, the chief material thrown into the air was fine ash, while at Etna the stones of lava were from the first excessingly large and abundant. The lava current was also much longer, larger, and deeper, in the disturbance of 1865. In the case of Vesuvius the work was over in eight days, at Etna it lasted as many months. In both cases there were seven distinct craters opening during the eruption; but the number of detached cones was smaller in the Vesuvian eruption.

The craters of 1861 are nearly in a line, and succeed one another at short intervals, commencing on the lower slopes of the mountain. The uppermost presents well stratified walls of red, probably those of the fissure. It is oval, and greatly depressed. There are remains of a small cone at the point nearest the cone of Vesuvius. It is much higher on the side towards the mountain than on the side near the sea, and is only separated from a smaller round crater adjoining by a narrow ridge. It is partly filled with ashes of extreme fineness. Beyond the first, and second crater is the third, which erupted somewhat later, and in the same way. There are no [illegible] eruption, though there are [illegible] [illegible] The [illegible] towards [illegible] ground [illegible] with ashes. Much [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

time of my visit. The remaining three of the craters seem never to have attained any large size, although the chief erupted matter proceeded from the fifth and sixth. These are lower down the slope, and are now almost destroyed, being recognized quite as much by the desolation around as by their form. The lava currents and the blocks of lava thrown out by the craters were all of the same kind, darker in color than usual, and somewhat blue, resembling the lavas of 1855. Slight shocks of earthquakes were recorded at the mountain Observatory from the 7th of December to the 29th of January, and more considerable shocks took place about the time of the eruption and for a month afterwards. Heavy rain fell the day before the eruption. The appearance of the eruption at its first commencement was unusually grand; but it lasted a very short time. On the whole, there are few instances on record in which the lineal arrangement of the craters and the direction of the fissures, found in the adjacent country and indicated by outbursts of water and gas, afford more striking indications of the nature of the disturbance.

After visiting the scene of this interesting eruption I proceeded to the great cone, whose crater is now in a state of semi-activity, — throwing out vapor and acid gases, with small quantities of scoriæ, but not exhibiting a large quantity of lava. This cone rises on the side towards Monte Somma from a level of 2,400 feet above the sea. Many eruptions of lava of comparatively recent date have come out on this side, and almost all that is left of the ancient crater of Monte Somma is now covered with a rough floor, exhibiting the usual curious varieties of surface, observable when lava has cooled on an almost level plain. Crossing this, we approach the vertical walls of the old crater of Monte Somma, now intersected in every direction by remarkable dikes of hardened lava or basalt, that have long excited the attention of geologists. My own impression was, that these dikes are nothing more than the remains of parts of the liquid lava that once filled the old crater of Monte Somma to overflowing, and by its weight pressed outwards the tough walls till they were cracked. The fluid rock would then necessarily be squeezed into every crevice, whether produced by the weight of the mass or formed by the cooling of the lava after its first injection. The cooled and hardened lava has been ejected during subsequent eruptions. . . . .

The ascent of the cone of Vesuvius is not difficult, if attempted where the larger scoriæ are sufficiently close together to afford foothold. Elsewhere it would be exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, especially on the side towards the sea, where the ashes are fine and loose, and no progress could be made. The height of the cone from the Atria del Cavallo I found to be nearly 1,600 feet, and the angle of the slope in some extreme cases as much as 33°. The cone is rather higher towards the southeast, and, except in one part, very steep and ridge-shaped, the descent inwards to the crater being sharper than the outer slope of ashes.

The view of the interior of the crater from the top is very grand, but, as a matter of course, the appearance is always changing. At the time of my visit, I found it particularly interesting, although the amount of positive action was small. With some difficulty, and risk of injury to boots and dress, the crater could be entered and all parts visited. The walls were extremely steep, in many places vertical, and in some overhanging. The upper part is constantly falling in, but on the occasion of an eruption, the height of the cone is increased by fresh showers of ashes and stones. The upper and outer part of the cone is thus always loose, owing to the mode of its construction; but in the interior, a little below the top, it is formed of pale bluish-gray trachytic lava, rather hard and tolerably compact, precisely identical with the blocks that have been ejected. The hard walls are like those of a quarry, but in many places, where fumaroles exist, they are covered and concealed with loose black ash, striated here and there with the most brilliant yellow and orange tints. From small cavities in some parts of these rocks, air proceeds so intensely heated as to cook an egg in a few seconds. The rock here must glow within a few inches of the surface, as fragments of paper thrust in with a stick were at once reduced to tinder, though driven out immediately with great force by the current of hot air.

The floor of the crater was extremely remarkable. Except where the two vents of actual eruption had thrown up cones, it was one mass of fragments of the same pale-blue trachytic lava as that of which the walls are composed. These were fractured in the most extraordinary and inconceivable manner. They were split as if by the blow of some vast hammer. One great cleft of considerable depth extended across the bottom of the crater from one end to the other, and other splits appear to have been produced in different directions. The fragments were detached and angular, and of all sizes. They were as fresh as if broken yesterday, and it was difficult in some places, — impossible in others, — to pass across and amongst them. Out of the middle of the principal crack a small crater was formed, and close by on another crevice (less distinctly shown) was a large pile of scoriæ and ashes, forming a small inner cone, with its own separate crater reaching down below the level of the principal crater. Both these vents were in partial action. Even from the sides of the principal cone, before reaching the summit, a hissing sound, like that of a number of rockets let off at once, had attracted my attention, and I had timed the explosions as occurring at intervals of about two minutes, with much more considerable noise at intervals of six minutes. When inside the principal crater, I was able to see the nature of these eruptions. The depth of the principal crater, below the general level of the top of the cone, was about three hundred feet.

The larger of the small cones of eruption rose about one hundred and twenty feet above the floor of the crater, and the smaller one only about six feet. They were about eighty yards asunder. The eruptions from these small vents seem to be alternate, generally more active from one for several hours, and then more active from the other, although the eruption from the smaller was generally preceded or accompanied by a small puff of steam from the *bocca grande*, or larger vent. Each time the noise was heard, a puff of white cloud (almost entirely aqueous vapor), at very high temperature, came out with a steady rush from the smaller vent, accompanied by a number of fragments of red-hot scoriæ, as large as a man's fist, which fell around, and which were soft enough to admit of a copper coin being inserted within its substance without difficulty. The puff lasted only for a short time, and was followed by repose; but the heat of the air issuing from the vent was almost too great to allow me to look down into it. The eruptions from

the *bocca grande* were insignificant during the time of my visit, but were said to be much more considerable than those from the small vent when they occur, rendering the crater at such times unsafe to visit. Stones as well as scoriæ are then erupted. A tremendous motion of the earth was distinctly felt [illegible] the eruptions took place from the smaller vent.

I found it on the whole easier to climb the steep face of the crater towards the top than I had done to descend into the interior, and after more than an hour spent in close contact with such terrible and [illegible] phenomena, I was not sorry to breathe once more the free and fresh air, untainted with the offensive gases constantly issuing from the walls and bottom of the crater.

I reached the summit of the cone on the side nearly opposite to that from which I had descended. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

missing. In the cabinet of modern medals there were, and so there are still, a series of English coins, with downright John Trot guineas, half-guineas, shillings, sixpences, and every kind of current money. Not a single piece was removed. Just so in the Roman and Greek cabinet: though in the latter were some drawers of papers, which they had tumbled and scattered about the floor. A great Exchequer chest, that belonged to my father, was in the same room. Not being able to force the lock, the philosophers (for thieves that steal nothing deserve the title much more than Cincinnatus or I) had wrenched a great flapper of brass with such violence as to break it into seven pieces. The trunk contained a new set of chairs of French tapestry, two screens, rolls of prints, and a suit of silver stuff that I had made for the king's wedding. All was turned topsy-turvy, and nothing stolen. The glass case and cabinet of shells had been handled as roughly by these impotent gallants. Another little table with drawers, in which, by the way, the key was left, [illegible]

is still on it. The Duke of Argyle, who bought everything, bought it; Lord Frederick gave it to me; and if it was not this magical stone, which is only of high polished coal, that preserved my chattels, in truth I cannot guess what did."

At the Strawberry Hill sale, in 1842, this precious relic was sold for £12 12s., and is now in the British Museum; it was described in the catalogue as "a singularly interesting and curious relic of the superstition of our ancestors, — the celebrated *Speculum of Kennel Coal*, highly polished, in a leathern case. It is remarkable for having been used to deceive the mob by the celebrated Dr. Dee, the conjurer, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth," &c. When Dee fell into disrepute and his chemical apparatus and papers, and other stock-in-trade, were destroyed by the mob, who made an attack upon his house, this Black Stone was saved. It appears to be nothing more than a polished piece of cannel coal; but this is what Butler means when he says, —

"Kelly did all his feats upon
The Devil's looking-glass, — a stone."

BLACK SHEEP.

BY EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE HOUSEKEEPER'S ROOM.

George Dallas had eaten but sparingly of the food which Mrs. Brookes had placed before him. He was weary and excited, and he bore the delay and the solitude of the housekeeper's room with feverish impatience. He strode up and down the room, stopping occasionally before the fire to kick at the crumbling logs, and glance at the clock, which marked how rapidly the night was waning. Half an hour, which seemed three times as much to him, had elapsed since Mrs. Brookes had left him. Faintly and indistinctly the sounds of the music reached him, adding to his irritation and weariness. A savage frown darkened his face, and he muttered to himself in the same tone as that of his spasmodic soliloquy in the avenue, —

"I wonder if she 's thinking that I ought to be there too; or if I ought not, neither ought she. After all, I 'm her son, and she might make a stand-up fight for me, if she would. He 's fond of her, the old woman says, and proud of her, and well he may be. What 's the use of it all, if she can't manage him? What fools women are! If they only could calculate at first, and take their own line from the beginning, they could manage any man. But she 's afraid of him, and she lets him find it out. Well, well, it must be wretched enough for her, too. But why does she not come?"

He had to wait a little longer yet, for another quarter of an hour had elapsed before Mrs. Brookes returned.

"Is she coming?" he asked eagerly, when at length the pale-faced little woman gently entered the room.

"Yes, she is coming. She has to wait until the first lot are gone in to supper. Then master will not miss her."

The old woman came up to him, and took his right hand in hers, looking fondly, but keenly, into his face, and laying the other hand upon his shoulder. "George," she said, "George, my darling boy, I hope you have not brought her very bad news."

He tried to laugh as he loosed his hand, not unkindly, from the old woman's grasp.

"Do you suppose good news would have brought me here, where I am forbidden, — smuggled goods?"

She shook her head sorrowfully.

"At all events, you are alive and well to tell your ill news yourself, and that is everything to her," said Mrs. Brookes.

The next moment the door opened, and Mrs. Carruthers came in with a hurried step. George Dallas started forward, and caught her in his arms.

"Mother! mother!"

"My boy, my darling boy!" were the only words spoken between them, until they were quite alone.

Mrs. Brookes left the room, and the young man was free to explain his untimely visit.

"I dread to ask what brings you here, George," said his mother, as she seated herself upon the heavy sofa, and drew him to her side. "I cannot but rejoice to see you, but I am afraid to ask you why you come."

A mingling of pleasure and apprehension shook her voice, and heightened her color.

"You may well dread to ask me, mother," replied the young man, gloomily. "You may well dread to ask what brings me, outcast as I am, to your fine home, to the place where your husband is master, and where my presence is forbidden."

"George, George!" said his mother, in a tone of grief and remonstrance.

"Well. I know it 's no fault of yours, but it 's hard to bear for all that, and I 'm not quite such a monster as I am made out to be, to suit Mr. Carruthers's purposes. I 'm not so very much worse than the young men, mother, whose step-fathers, or whose own fathers either, don't find it necessary to forbid them the house. But you 're afraid of him, mother, and —"

"George," said Mrs. Carruthers, quietly, but sternly, "you did not come here to see me for the first time in nine months, at the risk of being turned out of Mr. Carruthers's house, simply to vent your anger upon him, and to accuse me wrongfully, and taunt me with what I am powerless to prevent. Tell me what has brought you here. I can stay with you only a little while; at any moment I may be missed. Tell me what has brought you against my husband's commands, contrary to my own entreaties, though it is such a delight to me to see you even so." And the mother put her arms around the neck of her prodigal son, and kissed him fondly. Her tears were falling on his rough brown curls.

"Don't cry over me, mother; I 'm not worth it; I never was; and you must n't go back to your company with pale cheeks and red eyes. There, there, it 's not as bad as it might be, you know; for, as nurse says, I 'm alive and well to tell it. The fact is — " He rose, and walked up and down the room in front of the sofa on which his mother was sitting, while he spoke. "The fact is, I must have money. Don't start, don't be frightened. I have not done anything very dreadful, only the consequences are nearly as fatal as if I had. I have not stolen, or forged, or embezzled property. I am not rich or respectable enough to get the chance. But I have lost a large sum at the gaming-table, — a sum I don't possess, and have no other means than this of getting."

"Go on," said his mother. She was deadly pale now, and her hands were tightly clasped together, as they lay on her lap, white and slender, against the rich purple of her velvet dress.

He glanced at her, quickened his step, and continued in a kind, reckless tone, but with some difficulty of utterance: "I should have been utterly ruined, but for a friend of mine, who lent me the money. [illegible] must be paid, mother; and [illegible] is not much richer than I am. [illegible] completely lost for want of a [illegible]. But he had to borrow the money. [illegible] to him. There's no one but [illegible] shilling, and he did get it, and I had [illegible] away. But in a short time now [illegible] and the interest upon it [illegible]"

[illegible] said Mrs. Carruthers [illegible] gambler, then [illegible]

[illegible]

"I owe him a hundred and forty pounds, mother, and it must be paid this day month."

"A hundred and forty pounds!" repeated Mrs. Carruthers, in a terrified tone.

"Yes; precisely that sum, and I have not a pound in the world to exist on in the mean time. I am cleaned out, that's the truth," he went on, with a dismal attempt at speaking lightly; "and I can't carry on any longer." But he spoke to inattentive ears. His mother was lost in thought.

"I cannot give you money," she said at length. "I have not the [illegible]."

"[illegible]," said her son. [illegible] velvet dress [illegible]

"[illegible] by Mr. Carruthers, [illegible] known to him. [illegible]"

[illegible]

ably had not been nearly so beautiful as now, when the calm dignity of position and the power of wealth lent all their attractions to her perfect face and form.

The habitual seriousness of her expression was but a charm the more, and in moments of excited feeling like the present she regained the lustrous brilliancy of the past. Searchingly, fondly, she gazed into her son's face, as though reading it for traces of the truth of his promises, seeing in it but too surely indications of the weary, unsatisfying life he had led, the life which had brought disappointment to all her dearest maternal hopes. Steadily and tenderly he looked at her, a world of regret in his eyes. While they stood thus in brief silence, Mrs. Brookes came in hurriedly.

"You are wanted," she said. "Master is asking for you; he has sent Miss Clare to your room to see if you are ill."

"I must go, my boy," said Mrs. Carruthers, as she hastily kissed him; "and you must not stay. Come with me, Ellen, for a moment. Wait here, George, for what I promised you, and don't travel back to town without an overcoat." Then she left the room at once, the housekeeper with her. George stood where she had left him, looking towards the door.

"My dear practical mother," he said to himself, "she is as kind and as sensible as ever. Wretched about me, but remembering to desire me to buy a coat! I know she will get me the money somehow, and this *shall* be the last scrape I will get into. It's no use being melodramatic, especially when one is all alone, but I here make a solemn promise to myself that I will keep my promise to *her*."

He sat down by the fire, and remained still and thoughtful. In a few minutes Mrs. Brookes returned.

"Here's the money, Master George," she said. "I was to give it to you with my mistress's love, and she will write to you to London."

He took the folded paper from her hand. It was a ten-pound note.

"Thank you, nurse," he said; "and now I will go. I would like to stay and have a talk with you; but I had better get away, lest any annoyance should come to my mother through my staying. I'll see you when you come up to town to the fine house in Mesopotamia. Eh?"

"Lord, Master George, how you do go on! Why, Mr. Carruthers's new house is the far side of the Park."

"I know, nurse. It's all the same thing. No. No more wine, thank you, and nothing to eat. Good by. How am I to get out, though? Not through the window, and up the area wall, am I?"

"I'll show you, Master George. This way."

George Dallas buttoned his coat tightly across his breast, carefully put on his gloves, and took up his hat. As he followed Mrs. Brookes through the long stone passages of the basement story, he looked curiously about him, noting the details of comfort and convenience. "How much better off than I are my mother's servants!" he thought, idly rather than bitterly. When they reached a door which opened upon the court-yard, Mrs. Brookes bade him farewell, not without emotion.

"The great gates are open," she said. "All the servants are either in the hall or the servants' hall. None of the carriages have been called yet. You can slip past without being seen; or if any one sees you, they'll think you belong to the place."

"A serious mistake, dear old woman," said George with a half smile, as he once more shook her hand, and stepped out into the cold and darkness. A bitter sense of desolation came over him as the door closed behind him. The court-yard was empty, except of carriages, and he crossed it quickly, and went through the great gates into the avenue, which swept round the terrace. Following it, he found himself brought again by a different route in front of the lighted ball-room; but he did not delay to glance at the scene.

"So I am going away," he said to himself, "richer by ten pounds and my mother's promise. Stop, though! There's the sprig of myrtle. I must not forget or lose the unconscious gift of the great heiress. I wish I had asked nurse what sort of girl she is. I might have taken time to do that. It's not so cold as it was." He had been warmed and fed, and his spirits had risen. It did not take much to raise George Dallas's spirits, even now when the excesses of his wasted life were beginning to tell upon him. "I feel quite strong again. The night is lighter; the village must be a wretched place. I have a great mind to push on to Amherst. It's only seven miles, and Carruthers can't hear that I have been there; but he might hear of me at the village, and bother my mother about it."

He took his way down the avenue and reached the gate, which lay open. One feeble light twinkled from the upper window of the lodge gate. Bulger and family had retired to rest, the excitement of the arrivals being over; and Bulger would leave the gate to take care of itself until morning. Unquestioned, unseen, George Dallas left Poynings, and, turning to the right under the park wall, set forth at a steady pace towards Amherst.

The town of Amherst is very much like the other towns in that part of the country. Close by the railway station lies the Railway Tavern, snug and comfortable, with a "quick draught" of home-brewed ale and bitter beer, thanks to the powers of suction of porters, guards, and admiring friends of both, who vent their admiration in "standing glasses round." Not a little of its custom does the Railway Tavern owe to that small plot of waste ground in front of it, where, even on this desolate night, you might trace the magic circle left by the "ring" of Signor Quagliasco's Mammoth Circus on its visit last autumn, and the holes for the pole and tent-pegs, and the most recent ruts on which were left by the wheels of the cart of the travelling photographer who "took" the entire town at Christmas, and, in addition to the photograph, presented each sitter with a blue card embossed with a scarlet robin, bearing in its mouth the legend, "A happy new year to you." Then villas; Mr. Cobb's, the corn-chandler and coal-merchant, with a speckled imitation-granite porch, white and black, as if it had been daubed with a mixture of its owner's flour and coal-dust; Mr. Lawson's, the attorney, with a big brass plate on its outer gate, and two stone pineapples flanking the entrance; Mr. Charlton Biggs's, the hop-merchant, in all the gentility of a little chaise-house leaning against the street door, approached by a little carriage-drive so narrow that the pony had never yet walked up it properly, but had always been ignominiously "backed" into its tiny home. Then the outskirts of the town; the Independent Chapel, very square, very red-faced, and very compact, not to say sat upon; the Literary Institute, with more green damp on its stuccoed walls than had been originally intended by its architect, and with fragmentary bills

cellars depicted by Hoffmann, the steps down to which are so well worn and so slippery that one cannot put a foot on them without finding one's self at once at the bottom, a pipe in the mouth, and elbows on the table between a pot of beer and a glass of new red wine, mixed with half the quantity of old white.

Henrich, as our hero was called, had recently distinguished himself in the part of Mephistopheles at the theatre at the Gate of Carinthia, and when he made his appearance from out of the clouds of smoke, he was received with noisy acclamations by his tavern friends and acquaintances. There was one strange-looking guest, however, seated at an adjacent table, who did not take part in the general enthusiasm. This individual, with the outward garb and modest demeanor of some commonplace citizen, had much that was very strange about him: his white teeth appeared at times to be uncommonly long and sharp, his nails had a vague claw-like look, and his eyes seemed to glitter at moments as if with phosphorescent brilliancy.

One of the young and ardent admirers of Henrich could not tolerate the sinister smile with which the stranger seemed to treat the ovation given to the actor, and, turning round to him, he said:

"Have you, sir, seen some other performer who has succeeded better in the character of Mephistopheles?"

"Have you ever seen the Devil himself?" was the answer [illegible]

[illegible]

eyes and the tips of his fingers, and the whole house became filled with an indistinct odor of sulphur, discomfort attained its highest degree. Above all who were affected by the strange incident was Katy herself, who no longer recognized her dear Henrich, and who foresaw with that spirit of divination which love alone can give that something had gone wrong.

The performance over, Mephistopheles was called for with anxiety not unmingled with trepidation. But no Mephistopheles was to be found until the manager came forward to announce that Henrich had been discovered in the depths below in a fainting condition, and much hurt: he having, it was supposed, fallen through a trap. When he was conveyed home, two deep wounds were found on his shoulders as if inflicted by a tiger's claws. Katy's little cross had, in fact, saved him from extermination, and the Devil had only been able to precipitate him below. His convalescence was very slow. Katy took advantage of it to impress upon him that his salvation was put in jeopardy by assuming the mask of the enemy of mankind and uttering blasphemous words. Whether it was the effect of these exhortations, or that Henrich felt quite satisfied that it was impossible to ever attain the [illegible] he gave up the stage, and, seated in a warm parlor by the side of a [illegible] stove, he now converses with Katy upon the future of his children. The audience, however, still speak of that marvellous performance [illegible] with horror, and [illegible] of Henrich in withdrawing from the stage after such a triumph.

[illegible] is the history of a night spent in [illegible] Normandy [illegible] Norman wizards. [illegible]

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BLACK SHEEP.

BY EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE PHILISTINES.

THE cold weather, which in the country produced rugged roads and ice-bound ponds, which frosted the leafless branches of the trees with a silver tint, and gave a thousand different fantastic but ever lovely hues and shapes to nature, had no such pleasant, refreshing effect in London, where the frost, ere three hours old, was beaten into mud under foot, ran drizzling in dirty streams from house-tops, and subsided into rain and fog before the daylight had disappeared. The day succeeding that on which George Dallas had entered the town of Amherst was a thorough specimen of what London can do when put to its worst. It was bad in the large thoroughfares, where the passing crowds jostled each other ill-temperedly, digging at each other's umbrellas, and viciously contesting every inch of foot-pavement, where the omnibus wheels revolved amid mud-ruts, and every passing cab-horse produced a fountain of slush and spray. But it was even worse in the by-streets, where an attempt at sweeping had been made; where the mud lay in a thick, slimy, shiny tide between the narrow ridges of footpath; where the tall houses, so close together that they completely filtered the air and light, and retained nothing but the darkness and the dirt, were splashed with mud to their first-floor windows, and whose inhabitants or visitors, desirous of crossing the road, had to proceed to the junction with the main street, and, after tacking across in comparative cleanliness, commence their descent on the opposite side.

In the front room of the first floor of a house in such a street, South Molton Street, connecting Oxford Street the plebeian with Brook Street the superb, just as the feeble glimmer of daylight which had vouchsafed itself during the day was beginning to wax even feebler, previous to its sudden departure, a man sat astride a chair, sunk in thought. He had apparently just entered, for he still wore his hat and overcoat, though the former was pushed to the back of his head, and the latter thrown negligently open. He was a tall, handsome man, with keen black eyes glancing sharply, with thick black brows, a long straight nose, thin tight lips unshrouded by moustache or beard, and a small round chin. He had full, flowing black whiskers, and the blue line round his mouth showed that the beard was naturally strong; had he suffered it to grow, he might have passed for an Italian.

As it was, there was no mistaking him for anything but an Englishman,—darker, harder-looking than most of his race, but an Englishman. His face, especially round the eyes, was flushed and marked and lined, telling of reckless dissipation. There was a something not exactly fast, but yet slangy, in the cut of his clothes and in the manner in which he wore them. His attitude as he sat at the window, with his hands clasped in front of him over the back rail of his chair, his knees straight out and his feet drawn back, as a man sits a horse at a hunt, was in its best aspect suggestive of the mess-room,—in its worst, of the billiard-room. And yet there was an indescribable something in the general aspect of the man, in the very case of his position, in the shape of the hands clasped in front of him, in the manner, slight as it was, in which now and again he would turn on his chair and peer back into the darkness behind him, by which you would have known that he had had a refined education, and had been conversant with the manners of society.

Nor would you have been wrong. In Burke's Landed Gentry, the Rouths of Carr Abbey take up their full quota of pages; and when the county election for Herefordshire comes off, the liberal agent is forced to bring to bear all the science he can boast of, to counteract the influence which the never-failing adhesion of the old family throws into the Tory scale. Never having risen, never for an instant having dreamed of demeaning themselves by rising, above the squirearchy, owners of the largest and best herds in all that splendid cattle-breeding county, high-sheriffs and chairmen of quarter-sessions as though by prescriptive right, perpetual presidents of agricultural societies, and in reality taking precedence immediately after the lord-lieutenant, the Rouths of Carr Abbey, from time immemorial, have sent their sons to Oxford, and their daughters to court, and have never, save in one instance, had to blush for their children.

Save in one instance. The last entry in the old family Bible of Carr Abbey is erased by a thick black line. The old Squire speaks habitually of "My only son, William"; and should a stranger, dining at the Abbey, casually refer to the picture, by Lawrence, of two little boys, one riding a pony, the younger decking a dog's neck with ribbon, he is, if the Squire has not heard his question, motioned in dumb show to silence, or is replied to by the Squire himself that "that boy is—lost, sir."

That boy, Stewart Routh, the man looking out of the window in South Molton Street, was captain of

the boat at Eton, and first favorite, for a time, both with the dons and undergraduates at Oxford. Rumors of high play at cards developing into fact of perpetually sported "oak," non-attendance at chapel, and frequent shirking of classes, lessened the esteem in which Mr. Routh was held by the authorities, [illegible] a written confession handed to the Dean, [illegible] parental pressure from Mr. A[illegible] of Christ Church, son of and heir to Mr. [illegible], sugar-baker, of St. Mary Axe, [illegible] London, and Balmoral Gardens, Hyde Park, [illegible] a confession to the effect that he, Mr. A., [illegible] lost the sum of two thousand pounds to Mr. S. Routh, at a game played with dice and known as French Hazard, [illegible] procured the [illegible] of Mr. S. Routh from the seat of learning. At Cambridge, whither he removed, his stay was shortened by the arrival of another document from Oxford, [illegible] signed by Lord Hawkhurst, gentleman [illegible] of Christ Church, and Arthur W[illegible] [illegible] Mr. S. Routh, while [illegible] Mr. [illegible] rooms, had been [illegible]

Disowned by his parents, [illegible] Mr. Stewart Routh [illegible] Boulogne [illegible] Baden-Baden. [illegible]

[illegible]

couch at the Hollandischer Hof, Baden-Baden, Stewart Routh proposed to Harriet Creswick, and was accepted: that, so soon as he could safely be left, she departed for England: and that within a month they were married in London.

Of that one event at least in all his eventful life Stewart Routh had never repented. Through all his vicissitudes of fortune his wife had been by his side, and as, in the long run, chance had been against him, taking the heaviest portion of his burden on herself. Harriet Routh's was an untiring, undying, unquestioning love or worship of her husband. The revelation of his — to say the least of it — loose mode of life, the shifts and expedients to which he resorted for getting money, the questionable company in which he habitually lived, would have told with fatal effect on a devotion less thorough, a passion more transient. Harriet herself, who had been brought up strictly at an Institution which she had only quitted to join the family with whom she was travelling when she arrived at Baden, — Harriet herself at first shrank back stunned and stupefied by the revelations of an unknown life [illegible] after her marriage. [illegible] through it. As the dyer's [illegible] works in, so gradually did Harriet Routh [illegible] herself with her husband's [illegible] of thought, until, having [illegible] self, she was his most trusted [illegible], his surest counsellor in all the strange schemes [illegible] life. In the early [illegible] she had talked to him [illegible] for a few minutes, of [illegible] something better and more reputable, [illegible] to be obtained by the exercise of his great talents in some legitimate manner. [illegible] her husband, with the nearest approach to harshness that [illegible] he had ever assumed, [illegible] this kind of thing was [illegible] she must forget all the [illegible] taught her at the [illegible] she must sink or swim with him, [illegible] that kind of [illegible] which had become his second nature, and [illegible] never to move. Even [illegible] there must be an [illegible] the matter.

There was an end of the matter. From that time [illegible] Harriet Routh [illegible] her [illegible] and ready, to her husband. Her influence over him strengthened [illegible] together, and was [illegible] ways. The [illegible] that their [illegible] livelihood was to be earned by [illegible] superior to that enjoyed by those with whom they were brought in contact. [illegible] the fulfilment of [illegible] Routh's [illegible]

mover in all their dark deeds, had a blind faith in her, and their first question, on the suggestion of any scheme, would be "what Mrs. Routh thought of it." Ah, the change, the change! The favorite pupil of the Institution, who used to take such close notes of the sermon on Sunday mornings, and illustrate the chaplain's meaning with such apposite texts from other portions of Scripture, as quite to astonish the chaplain himself, which perhaps was not to be wondered at, as the chaplain (a bibulous old gentleman, who had been appointed on the strength of his social qualities by the committee, who valued him as "a parson, you know, without any nonsense about him") was in the habit of purchasing his discourses ready made, and only just ran them through on Saturday nights. The show pupil of the Institution, who did all kinds of arithemetical problems "in her head," by which the worthy instructors meant without the aid of paper and pencil, — the staid and decorous pupil of the Institution, who, when after her last examination she was quitting the table loaded with prizes, — books, — was called back by the bishop of the diocese, who with feeble hands pinned a silver medal on to her dress, and said, in a trembling voice, "I had nearly forgotten the best of all. This is in testimony of your excellent conduct, my dear." What was become of this model miss? She was utilizing her talents in a different way. That was all. The memory which had enabled her to summarize and annotate the chaplain's sermons now served as her husband's note-book, and was stored with all kinds of odd information, — "good things" to "come off," trials of horses, names and fortunes of heirs who had just succeeded to their estates, lists of their most pressing debts, names of the men who were supposed to be doubtful in money matters, and with whom it was thought inexpedient to bet or play, — all these matters dwelt in Harriet Routh's brain, and her husband had only to turn his head and ask, "What is it, Harry?" to have the information at once. The arithmetical quickness stood her in good stead, in the calculation of odds on all kinds of sporting events, on the clear knowledge of which the success of most of Routh's business depended; and as for the good conduct — well, the worthy bishop would have held up his hands in pious horror at the life led by the favorite pupil of the Institution, and at her surroundings; but against Mrs. Routh, as Mrs. Routh, as the devoted, affectionate, self-denying, spotless wife, the veriest ribald in all that loose crew had never ventured to breathe a doubt.

Devoted and affectionate! See her now as she comes quietly into the room, — a small, compact partridge of a woman with deep blue eyes in a very pale face, with smooth shining light brown hair falling on either side in two long curls, and gathered into a clump at the back of her head, with an impertinent nose only just redeemed from being a snub, with a small mouth, and a very provoking, pattable chin. See how she steals behind her husband, her dark linsey dress draping her closely and easily, and not making the slightest rustle; her round arm showing its symmetry in her tight sleeve twining round his neck; her plump, shapely hand resting on his head; her pale cheek laid against his face. Devoted and affectionate! No simulation here.

"Anything gone wrong, Stewart?" she asked, in a very sweet voice.

"No, dear. Why?" said Routh, who was now sitting at a table strewn with papers, a pen in his right hand, and his left supporting his handsome, worn face.

"You look gloomy, I thought; but, if you say so, it's all right," returned his wife, cheerfully, leaving his side as she spoke, and proceeding to sweep up the hearth, put on fresh coals, and make the whole room look comfortable, with a few rapid, indefinable touches. Then she sat down in a low chair by the fire, perfectly still, and turned her calm, pale face to her husband with a business-like air. He made some idle scratches with his pen in silence, then threw it down, and, suddenly pushing away his chair, began to walk up and down the room with long, light strides.

"What do you make of Deane, Harriet?" he said, at length, stopping for a moment opposite his wife, and looking closely at her.

"How do you mean? In character or in probabilities? As regards himself, or as regards us?"

"Well, both. I cannot make him out; he is so confoundedly cool, and so infernally sharp. He might be a shrewd man of business, bent on making a fortune, and a good way on the road to his object; and yet he's nothing but a man of pleasure, of what your *good* people would call a wretched low kind of pleasure too, and is spending the fortune instead."

"I don't think so, Stewart," his wife said, quietly and impressively. "I don't think Mr. Deane is spending any very considerable portion of his fortune, whatever it may be."

Stewart had resumed his walking up and down, but listened to her attentively.

"I regard him as a curious combination of the man of business with the man of pleasure. I don't know that we have ever met exactly the kind of person before. He is as calculating in his pleasures as other men are in their business."

"I hate the man," said Routh, with an angry frown and a sullen gesture.

"That's dangerous, Stewart," said Harriet. "You should not allow yourself either to hate or to like any one in whom you are speculating. If you do the one, it will make you incautious; if you do the other, scrupulous. Both are unwise. I do not hate Mr. Deane."

"Fortunately for him, Harry. I think a man would be a great deal safer with my hatred than with yours."

"Possibly," she said, simply, and the slightest smile just parted her crimson lips, and showed a momentary gleam of her white, small, even teeth. "But I do not hate him. I think about him, though; because it is necessary that I should, and I fancy I have found out what he really is."

"Have you, by Jove?" interrupted Routh. "Then you've done a clever thing, Harriet, — clever even for you; for of all the close and impenetrable men I ever met, Deane's the closest and the hardest. When I'm with him, I always feel as if he were trying to *do* me somehow, and as if he would succeed too, though that's not easy. He's as mean as a Scotch shopkeeper, as covetous as a Jew, as wide awake as a Yankee. There's a coolness and a constant air of avowed suspicion about him that drives me mad."

"And yet you ought to have been done with temper and with squeamishness long ago," said Harriet, in a tone of quiet conviction. "How often have you told me, Stewart, that to us, in our way of life, every man must be a puppet, prized in proportion to the readiness with which he dances to

our pulling? What should *we* care? I am rendered anxious and uneasy by what you say."

She kept silence for a few moments, and then asked him, in a changed tone, —

"How does your account with him stand?"

"My account! — ah, there's the rub! He's so uncommonly sharp, that there's little to be done with him. The fellow's a blackguard, — more of a blackguard than I am, I'll swear, and as much of a swindler, at least, in his capacity for swindling. Only I dare say he has never had occasion to reduce it to practice. And yet there's a hardly veiled insolence in his manner to me, at times, for which I'd like to blow his brains out. He tells me, as plainly as if he said it in words, that he pays me a commission on his pleasures, such as are of my procuring, but that he knows to a penny what he intends to pay, and is not to be drawn into paying a penny more."

Harriet sat thoughtful, and the faintest flush just flickered on her cheek. "Who are his associates, when he is not with you?"

"He keeps that as close as he keeps everything else," replied Routh; "but I have no doubt he makes them come cheap, if indeed he does not get a profit out of them."

"You are taking my view of him, Stewart," said Harriet; then she added, "He has some motive for acting with such caution, no doubt; but a flaw may be found in his armor, when we think fit to look for it. In the mean time, tell me what has set you thinking of him."

"Dallas's affair, Harriet. I am sorry the poor fellow lost his money to *him*. Hang it, I'm such a bad fellow myself, so utterly gone a 'coon," (his wife winced, and her pale face turned paler,) "that it comes ill from me to say so, and I would n't, except to you. But I am devilish sorry Deane got the chance of cleaning Dallas out. I like the boy; he's a stupid fool, but not half bad, but he did n't deserve such an ill turn of fortune."

"Well," said Harriet, "take comfort in remembering that you helped him."

She spoke very coldly, and evidently was a stranger to the feelings which actuated Routh.

"*You* don't care about it, that's clear," he remarked.

He was standing still now, leaning against the mantel-piece. She rose and approached him.

"No, Stewart," she said, in her calm, sweet voice, which rose a little as she went on, "I do not. I care for nothing on earth (and I never look beyond this earth) but *you*. I have no interest, no solicitude, for any other creature. I cannot feel any, and it is well. Nothing but this would do in my case."

She stood and looked at him with her deep blue eyes, with her hands folded before her, and with a sober seriousness in her face confirmatory of the words she had spoken. He looked at her until she turned away, and a keen observer might have seen in his face the very slightest expression of impatience.

"Shall we go into those accounts now?" said Harriet; "we shall just have time for it, before you go to Flinders's."

She sat down, as she spoke, before a well-appointed writing-table, and, drawing a japan box towards her, opened it, and took out a number of papers. Routh took a seat beside her, and they were soon deep in calculations which would have had little interest or meaning for a third person, had there been one present. By degrees Routh's face darkened, and many times he uttered angry oaths; but though Harriet watched him narrowly, and felt in every nerve the annoyance under which he was laboring, she preserved her calm manner, and went steadily on with her task; condensing the contents of several papers into brief memoranda, carefully tearing up the originals, and placing the little heaps methodically beside her for consignment to the fire. At length Routh again stood up, and lounged against the mantel-piece.

"All these *must* be paid, then, Harry?" he asked as he lighted a cigar, and began to smoke sullenly.

"Yes," she answered, cheerfully. "You know, dear, it has always been our rule, as it has hitherto constituted our safety, to stand well with our tradespeople, and pay *them*, at least, punctually. We have never been so much behindhand; and as you are about to take a bolder flight than usual, it is doubly necessary that we should be untrammelled. Fancy Flinders getting snubbed by the landlady, or your being arrested for your tailor's bills, at the time when the new Company is coming out!"

"Hang it! the bills all seem to be mine," growled Routh. "Where are yours? Have n't you got any?"

It would have been difficult to induce an unseen witness to believe how utterly unscrupulous, remorseless, conscienceless a woman Harriet Routh had become, if he had seen the smile with which she answered her husband's half-admiring, half-querulous question.

"You know, dear, I don't need much. I have not to keep up appearances as you have. You are in the celebrated category of those who cannot afford to be anything but well dressed. It's no matter for me, but it's a matter of business for you."

"Ah! I might have known you'd have some self-denying, sensible reason ready; but the puzzle to me is, that you always *are* well dressed. By Jove, you're the neatest woman I know, and the prettiest!"

The smile upon her face brightened, but she only shook her head, and went on, —

"If Dallas does not get the money, or at least some of it, what do you propose to do? I don't know."

"Do you think he will get the money, Harry? He told *you* all about it. What are the odds?"

"I cannot even guess. All depends on his mother. If she is courageous, and fond of him, she will get it for him, even supposing her immediate control as small as he believes it to be. If she is not courageous, her being fond of him will do very little good, and women are mostly cowards," said Harriet, composedly.

"I never calculated much on the chance," said Routh, "and indeed it would be foolish to take the money if he got it, — in that way, at least; for though I am sorry Deane profited by the young fellow, that's because I hate Deane. It's all right, for my purpose, that Dallas should be indebted as largely as may be to me. He's useful in more ways than one; his connection with the press serves our turn, Harry, does n't it? Especially when you work it so well, and give him such judicious hints, such precious confidences."

(Even such praise as this, the woman's perverted nature craved and prized.) "You won't need to take the money from him in formal payment," she said, "if that's what you want to avoid. If he re-

turns with that sum in his pocket, he will not be long before he —"

A knock at the door interrupted her, and George Dallas entered the room.

He looked weary and dispirited, and, before the customary greetings had been exchanged, Routh and Harriet saw that failure had been the result of experiment. Harriet's eyes sought her husband's face, and read in it the extent of his discomfiture; and the furtive glance she turned on Dallas was full of resentment. But it found no expression in her voice, as she asked him commonplace questions about his journey, and busied herself in setting a chair for him by the fire, putting his hat aside, and begging him to take off his overcoat. He complied. As he threw the coat on a chair, he said, with a very moderately successful attempt at pleasantry, —

"I have come back richer than I went, Mrs. Routh, by that elegant garment, and no more."

"Bowled out, eh?" asked Routh, taking the cigar from his mouth, and laying it on the mantelpiece.

"Stumped, sir," replied Dallas.

Harriet said nothing.

"That 's bad, Dallas."

"Very bad, my dear fellow, but very true. Look here," the young man continued, with earnestness. "I don't know what to do. I don't, upon my soul! I saw my mother —"

"Yes?" said Harriet, going up to his side. "Well?"

"I saw her, and — and she is unable to help me; she is, indeed, Mrs. Routh," for a bitter smile was on Harriet's face, turned full upon him. "She has n't the means. I never understood her position until last night, but I understood it then. She is —" he stopped. All his better nature forbade his speaking of his mother's position to those people. Her influence, the gentler, better influence, was over him still. However transitory it might prove, it had not passed yet. Harriet Routh knew as well as he did what the impulse was that arrested his speech.

"You will tell me all about it yet," she thought, and not a sign of impatience appeared in her face.

"I — I need not bore you with details," he went on. "She could not give me the money. She made me understand that. But she promised to get it for me, in some way or other, if the thing is within the reach of possibility, before a month expires. I know she will do it, but I must give her time, if it 's to be forthcoming, and you must give me time."

"It 's unfortunate, Dallas," Routh began, in a cold voice, "and, of course, it 's all very well your talking to me about giving you time, but how am *I* to get it? It 's no good going over the old story, you know it as well as I do. There, there," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "I must try and get old Shadrach to renew. I suppose we may as well go at once, Dallas." He left the room, followed by Harriet.

George Dallas sat over the fire in an attitude of deep dejection. He was sick at heart, and the revulsion of feeling that had begun at Poynings had not yet ceased. "If I could but be done with it all!" he thought. "But I 'm in the groove, I 'm in the groove."

"Come along, George," said Routh, who seemed more good-humored than before, as he re-entered the room, soberly attired, as became a man going to do business in the City. "Don't be down-hearted; the old lady will keep her word. Don't be afraid; and, in the mean time, we 'll pull through. Put your coat on, and come along. You 'll give us some dinner, Harriet, won't you? And if Deane calls, ask him to join us. He won't," he continued, with a laugh, "because he believes in tavern dinners, and puts no faith in ours. We 're snobs who live in lodgings, George, you know; but he 'll drop in in the evening fast enough."

The application to Mr. Shadrach proved successful, and George Dallas returned with Stewart Routh to his lodgings, more firmly tied to him than ever, by the strong bond of an increased money-obligation.

"Pretty tidy terms, were n't they?" Routh asked Dallas, when he had told Harriet, in answer to her anxious questioning, that the "renewal" had been arranged.

"Very tidy indeed," said poor George, ruefully; "but, Routh, suppose when I do get the money, it 's not enough. What 's to be done then?"

"Never mind about *then*," said Routh, "*now* is the important matter. Remember that every *then* is made of *nows*, and keep your mind easy. That 's philosophy," as Mr. Squeers says. "Your present business is to eat your dinner."

Stewart Routh had thrown off his low spirits, and had all but succeeded in rousing George Dallas from his. Kindly, convivial, only occasionally coarse, he was a dangerously pleasant man at all times, and especially so to George Dallas when Harriet was present; for then his coarseness was entirely laid aside, and her tact, humor, intelligence, never failed to please, to animate, and to amuse him. The dinner was a very pleasant one, and, before it had come to a conclusion, George Dallas began to yield as completely as ever to the influence of the man whose enviable knowledge of "life" had been the first medium through which he had attained it. George had forgotten the renewed bill and his late failure for a while, when the mention of Deane's name recalled it to his memory.

"Has Deane been here, Harry?" asked Routh.

"No, Stewart, I have been at home all day, but he has not called."

"Ah — did n't happen to want me, no doubt."

"Have you seen much of him lately, Routh?" inquired George Dallas. "I mean, within the last week or two? While I — while I've been keeping out of the way?" he said, with a nervous laugh.

"Poor boy, you *have* been down on your luck," said Routh. "Seen much of Deane? O yes; he 's always about, — he 's here most days, some time in the forenoon."

"In the forenoon, is he? Considering the hours he keeps at night, that surprises me."

"It does n't surprise *me*. He 's very strong, — has a splendid constitution, confound him, and has not given it a shake yet. Drink does n't seem to 'trouble' him in the least."

"He 's an odd fellow," said George, thoughtfully. "How coolly he won my money, and what a greenhorn I was, to be sure! I wonder if he would have lost his own so coolly."

"Not a doubt of it," said Routh; "he 'd have been satisfied he would make it up out of something else. He *is* an odd fellow, and a deuced unpleasant fellow, to *my* mind."

Harriet looked at her husband with a glance of caution. It was unlike Routh to dwell on a mere personal feeling, or to let so much of his mind be known unnecessarily. He caught the glance and understood it, but it only angered, without otherwise influencing him.

[illegible] way, Dallas. Every [illegible] a distinct [illegible] alternate [illegible] has [illegible] than [illegible] dies. [illegible]

[illegible] shining on her fair brown hair. There she sat until the dim [illegible] the late wintry dawn came. She was [illegible] such watches; wakefulness [illegible] are habitual kept her company. But no vigil had ever tried her so much. Her head was at times, and suffering. When at length [illegible] with an impatient [illegible] her blue eyes, and [illegible] sick and yellow [illegible] gas out, and [illegible] gray [illegible] shutter. [illegible] She [illegible] the [illegible] her. [illegible] would [illegible] instead of [illegible] find [illegible] She went [illegible] as she went [illegible] It is

[illegible] BE-
[illegible]

hold the ready and appropriate words, you know *that* would blow the whole thing up, and you probably say, in friendly tones, "My good fellow, there is a great deal in your objections; and we have all the greatest desire to do what you may wish; but then there is A, and B, difficult men to deal with; and in this little matter, you must just let us do what has been arranged. Pray do this, and we shall all be greatly obliged to you." Perhaps you even degrade yourself by suggesting to the cantankerous fool reasons which you know to be of no weight, but which your knowledge of the fool makes you think may have weight with his idiotic mind. By little bits of deference and attention, rendered with a smooth brow, beneath which lurks the burning desire to take him by the neck and shake him, you seek to keep straight the inevitable cantankerous fool. Yes, my reader, if you want to be deferred to, humored, made much of, if you want to have everybody about you trying to persuade you to act as a sensible man would act without any persuasion; and everybody quite pleased and happy if you have been got, after much difficulty, into the right track; see that you set yourself before that portion of mankind that cannot get rid of you, in the important and influential character of an ill-tempered and wrong-headed fool.

The jibbing horse in the team, the loose screw in the machine, the weak link of the chain, *they* are the important things. People think of them, watch them, stand a good deal to keep them right. As Brutus shammed himself a fool for protection, so might a wise man in these days sham himself a fool for consideration. Don't be sensible and good-natured: nobody will be afraid of your taking the pet and getting into the sulks, then. But be always taking offence, striking work, refusing to go where you ought, and you will meet the highest consideration. People may indeed confound you behind your back; but before your face they will be civil to a degree they never would be with an amiable and judicious man. You see, you may explode at any moment. You may lie down in the shafts at any moment. You may kick out furiously at any moment. So all hands will try to keep you in good humor.

The human being who is called a *Privileged Person* is generally a cantankerous fool. Sometimes, indeed, the privileged person is so privileged because of the possession of invaluable qualities which make you bear with anything he says and does. Even where these are amiss, they are so magnificently counterbalanced. But the cantankerous fool from whom there is no escaping is the most privileged of all privileged people. No matter how ill-bred and provoking he is, you must just suffer it. No matter how far in the wrong he is, you must just try to smooth him down and make things straight. If you get into any altercation or difference with the fool, you are at a great disadvantage. *He* has no character to lose; but you probably have a reputation for good sense and good humor which any conspicuous disturbance would damage. Then, restrictions of decency in language and conduct fetter you, which are to the fool what the green rushes were to Samson. You could not for your life get up and roar, as you have seen the fool get up and roar.

If you know a man will bellow like a bull if you differ from him in opinion, you just listen to his opinion and hold your tongue. If you know a dog bites, you give him a wide berth. If a ditch be very pestiferous when stirred up, you don't stir it up. The great principle on which the privileges of cantankerous folly and ill-nature found is this: that as we go on through life we grow somewhat cowardly; and if a thing be disagreeable, we just keep out of its way: sometimes by rather shabby expedients.

Well, after all, the deference paid to the cantankerous fool is not a desirable deference. True it is, that if you have to get twelve men to concur with you in a plan for bringing water into the town of which you are chief magistrate, or painting the church of which you are incumbent, or making some improvement in the management of the college of which you are principal, you bestow more pains and thought on the one impracticable, stupid, wrong-headed, and cantankerously foolish person of the twelve, than upon all the other eleven. But this is just because you treat that impracticable and cantankerous person as you would treat a baby, or an idiot, or a bulldog, or a jackass. The apparent deference you pay the cantankerous man is simply an inferior degree of the same thing that makes you confess yourself a teapot if a raving madman has you at an open window, and says that he will throw you over unless you forthwith confess yourself a teapot. Pig-headed folly is so disagreeable a thing, that you would do a good deal to keep it from intruding itself upon your reluctant gaze; and the cantankerous fool, petted, smoothed down, complimented, deferred to, is truly in the most degraded position a rational being can easily reach. "O let us humor him: he is only Snooks the cantankerous fool"; "Give in to him a little: he will make no end of a row if you don't"; such are the reflections of the people who yield to him. If he had any measure of sense, he would see how degraded is his position; what a humiliating thing it is to be deferred to on the terms on which he is deferred to. But the notion of the presence of sense is excluded by the very terms of his definition. For how can there be sense in a cantankerous fool?

All this, the thoughtful reader sees, leads us up to the wide and important subject of the Treatment of Incapacity. *That* varies, in the most striking way, as the position of an incapable person varies.

If a servant, lately come home, proves quite unfit for his work, you first scold him; and if that avail nothing, then you send him away. If the grocer who supplies you with tea and sugar, persists in supplying you with execrably bad tea and sugar, you resign your position as his customer: you enter his shop no more. But if the incapable person is in a sufficiently important place; and cannot be turned out of it; the treatment is entirely different. You stand up for the man. You puff him. You deny that he is incapable. You say he is "a very good appointment," however abominably bad you know him to be. The useless judge you declare to be a sound lawyer, whose modesty hinders the general recognition of his merits. The clergyman who neglects his duty shamefully, and whose sermons no man can listen to, you declare to be a good, sensible preacher, with no clap-trap about him: none of your new brooms that sweep far too clean. The blackleg peer, drunk, profligate, a moral nuisance and curse, is described as a pattern of all the proprieties. As for the hardly conceivable monarch, such as Georgius IV. of Brentford, who never did a brave or good deed in all his life, *he* takes his rank as the first gentleman in Europe. Yes; the peculiar treatment of the wrong man in the wrong place (by cautious and safe people), is loudly to declare that he is the right man in the right place. The higher the place he disgraces,

the louder and firmer the asseveration. And if any man speaks out the fact of the incapacity which all men see, then you bully that man. You fly at him. You abuse him. You tell him his conduct is indecorous: is indecent. You declare that it is not to be supposed that what he says is true: being all the while well aware that it is true.

If a poor curate be idle and stupid, so stupid that he could not do his work if he tried, and so idle that he will not try, that poor curate is sent away. But if the incumbent of a rather important parish be all that, you can go on a different tack. You say his health is not good. His church is not empty: on the contrary, it is very respectably attended. It strikes a stranger indeed as empty: but those who attend it regularly (especially the incompetent incumbent himself) think it very fairly filled; and of course they are the best judges. This crucial case will help the ingenuous reader to the great principle which decides the treatment of incapacity. It is this. An Evil you can remove, you look in the face. You see how bad it is. You even exaggerate its badness. But an Evil you cannot get rid of, you will try not to see. You seek to discover redeeming points about it. If you have a crooked stick to walk with, and cannot get another, you make the best of the crooked stick: you persuade yourself it is nearly straight. But if a handsome stick is offered you in its place, you pitch the wretched old thing away. Your eyes are open to a full sense of its crookedness. In brief, the great rule is, that you make the best of a bad bargain.

Many married people have to do so. They are well aware that in marrying, they made an unhappy mistake. But they just try to struggle on: though the bitter blunder is felt every day. One great evil of the increased facility of divorce in these latter days is, that it tends to make men and women hastily conclude that a state of things is intolerable, which while deemed inevitable was borne with decent resignation. You try to put a good face on the trouble which cannot be redressed. You "make believe very much"; as all human beings have at some period of life in regard to their worldly position; the situation of their home; the state of their teeth; the incursions of age on their personal beauty. You were resolved to believe your dwelling a handsome and pleasant one: and your place in life not such a dead failure as in your desponding hours you plainly saw it to be. And who but a malignant fool would try to dispel the kindly delusion which keeps a man from quite breaking down? If your friend Smith was in his own eyes what he is in yours, he would lie down and die; overcome by the sense of being such a wretched little jackass. My friend Jones told me that once upon a time, attending a sitting of the House of Peers in Mesopotamia in America, he heard a man make a speech, every sentence of which cried aloud that the speaker was an inexpressible fool. At first, Jones was indignant at the speaker's manifest self-satisfaction. But gradually Jones became reconciled to the state of facts as this consideration presented itself to his reflective understanding: That if the unhappy orator had thought of himself and his appearance as Jones thought of both, he would have fled to the remote wilderness and never been seen more!

How are you to manage a cantankerous fool? If possible, you will of course avoid such. But how are you to deal with those whom you cannot avoid? Well, I know it does not sound magnanimous; but I fear you can govern the cantankerous fool only by careful consideration of his nature; and adaptation of your means to that. I mean, you will not suggest to him reasons of conduct which would have weight only with men of sense. If you want to melt a piece of wax, you bring it in contact with fire. But if you do the like with a piece of clay, the clay is hardened, not softened. In like manner, there are arguments and considerations which would make a man of good sense and temper to go to the right, which would make the cantankerous fool go to the left. What profit, then, in suggesting to the fool motives which his nature incapacitates him for understanding? You must deal with the animal as you find him: move him by the things that will make him move. The whipcord, which makes the donkey go, has no effect when applied to the locomotive engine; yet the whipcord serves its end when it makes the donkey go. And the reason which, being suggested to the sensible man, would make him ask you if you thought him a fool, will often avail to move the fool in the direction in which you would have him proceed.

I can see plainly that, in thus managing the cantankerous fool, you run the risk of falling to the use of means savoring of the base. But no rule can be laid down which may not be carried to an extreme. And we can but say, never say or do that which is sneaking or dishonest: even though by so doing you could get the fool to behave like a man of sense for many hours, or at the most critical juncture. I do not believe that honesty is the best policy. I have seen many cases in which it was plainly the worst. Yet honesty is unquestionably the thing for an honest man. And let the advice to govern the fool by regarding his nature, be understood as counselling you to do so, as far as an honest man may.

The truth is, you govern by obeying. You get material nature to do what you want, by finding out its laws, and conforming to them. If you desire to order water to boil, you command it so to do, by obeying the law which says that water shall boil, being placed upon a fire. If you would require a field to supply you in September with a crop of wheat, you do so by obeying the field's nature in many ways, — ploughing the field (which it demands of you); sowing it, and that in the due season; in short, you humor that field in its likings, — and in return for humoring its likings, you get the field to do what you like. So with the fool, — so, in truth, with the wise man too. All this is fair and above board. But when you come to manage the fool by means analogous to that of him, who, knowing his pig would advance only in the opposite direction from that he desired, affected the desire that the pig should go north when the deep craving of his heart was that the pig should indeed go south, — you are going on a tack whose honesty is questionable.

There is a process, singularly offensive to the writer, of which one sometimes hears mention. It is that of KEEPING PEOPLE SWEET: such is the idiomatic phrase. It is a process not needful in the case of sensible people, who have no tendency to turn sour, — it is a mode of operation especially applicable in the case of the cantankerous fool. It consists in paying special deference to the person to be kept sweet, — in going frequently and asking his advice on matters as to which you have already made up your mind, and as to which you know well his opinion is of no possible value; in trying to smooth him down when he takes the pet, as he often does; in making many calls upon him; in

conveying by many tacit signs that you esteem him as very wise, very handsome, very influential. I have used the masculine gender through the last sentence, though the peculiar usage described is much employed in the case of old women of pecuniary means. Sometimes, indeed, old women of no wealth nor influence wish people to take pains to keep them sweet; but in these instances the old women are generally permitted just to remain in a condition of unalleviated acidity.

O judicious reader, wise and amiable, and not uninfluential, receive it as a high testimony to your sense and temper, if no human being tries to keep you sweet! For, in all ordinary cases, the fact that you try to keep any mortal sweet, testifies to your firm conviction that the mortal in question is a silly, if not a cantankerous fool!

But let us turn from these thoughts, some of which are irritating, to something sure to soothe. It is now 11.30 P. M., and it is early in July. Alas! the time of green leaves and bright days, how fast it goes! Let us pull up the blind that covers part of that bay-window, and look out upon the calm night, from which the daylight has not quite passed away. First, there is a little bit of grass; beyond, at the foot of a cliff of forty feet, the famous Bay. There it spreads, smooth as glass in the twilight: a great solitary expanse. Beyond, many miles off, there is a low range of purple hills. Under those waters rests that noble chime of bells that belonged to our cathedral: the bells went down with the vessel which was carrying them away. To this sacred spot Christian pilgrims have come for fifteen hundred years: a good many of them, not improbably, being cantankerous fools. And looking on the calm sea, amid this hush of nature; thinking of the solemn associations of the ancient place; the writer heard twelve o'clock sound from silvery bells that were here before the Reformation, and concluded that it was time to go to bed.

THE MISFORTUNES OF FREDERIC PICKERING.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THERE was something almost grand in the rash courage with which Fred Pickering married his young wife, and something quite grand in her devotion in marrying him. She had not a penny in the world, and he, when he married her, had two hundred and fifty pounds, — and no profession. She was the daughter of parents whom she had never seen, and had been brought up by the kindness of an aunt, who died when she was eighteen. Distant friends then told her that it was her duty to become a governess; but Fred Pickering intervened, and Mary Crofts became Mary Pickering when she was nineteen years old. Fred himself, our hero, was six years older, and should have known better and have conducted his affairs with more wisdom. His father had given him a good education, and had articled him to an attorney at Manchester. While at Manchester he had written three or four papers in different newspapers, and had succeeded in obtaining admission for a poem in the *Free Trader*, a Manchester monthly magazine which was expected to do great things as the literary production of Lancashire. These successes, joined, no doubt, to the natural bent of his disposition, turned him against the law; and when he was a little more than twenty-five, having then been four years in the office of the Manchester attorney, he told his father that he did not like the profession chosen for him, and that he must give it up. At that time he was engaged to marry Mary Crofts; but of this fact he did not tell his father. Mr Pickering, who was a stern man, — one not given at any time to softnesses with his children, — when so informed by his son, simply asked him what were his plans. Fred replied that he looked forward to a literary career, — that he hoped to make literature his profession. His father assured him that he was a silly fool. Fred replied that on that subject he had an opinion of his own by which he intended to be guided. Old Pickering then declared that in such circumstances he should withdraw all pecuniary assistance; and young Pickering upon this wrote an ungracious epistle, in which he expressed himself quite ready to take upon himself the burden of his own maintenance. There was one and only one further letter from his father, in which he told his son that the allowance made to him would be henceforth stopped. Then the correspondence between Fred and the Ex-governor, as Mary used to call him, was brought to a close.

Most unfortunately there died at this time an old maiden aunt, who left four hundred pounds apiece to twenty nephews and nieces, of whom Fred Pickering was one. The possession of this sum of money strengthened him in his rebellion against his father. Had he had nothing on which to begin, he might probably even yet have gone to the old house at home, and have had something of a fatted calf killed for him, in spite of the ungraciousness of his letter. As it was he was reliant on the resources which Fortune had sent to him, thinking that they would suffice till he had made his way to a beginning of earning money. He thought it all over for full half an hour, and then came to a decision. He would go to Mary, — his Mary, — to Mary who was about to enter the family of a very vulgar tradesman as governess to six young children with a salary of twenty-five pounds per annum, and ask her to join him in throwing all prudence to the wind. He did go to Mary; and Mary at last consented to be as imprudent as himself, and she consented without any of that confidence which animated him. She consented simply because he asked her to do so, knowing that she was doing a thing so rash that no father or mother would have permitted it.

"Fred," she had said, half laughing as she spoke, "I am afraid we shall starve if we do."

"Starving is bad," said Fred; "I quite admit that; but there are worse things than starving. For you to be a governess at Mrs. Boullem's is worse. For me to write lawyer's letters all full of lies is worse. Of course we may come to grief. I dare say we shall come to grief. Perhaps we shall suffer awfully, — be very hungry and very cold. I am quite willing to make the worst or it. Suppose that we die in the street! Even that, — the chance of that with the chance of success on the other side, is better than Mrs. Boullem's. It always seems to me that people are too much afraid of being starved."

"Something to eat and drink is comfortable," said Mary. "I don't say that it is essential."

"If you will dare the consequences with me, I will gladly dare them with you," said Fred, with a whole rhapsody of love in his eyes. Mary had not been proof against this. She had returned the rhapsody of his eyes with a glance of her own, and then,

within six weeks of that time they were married. There were some few things to be bought, some little bills to be paid, and then there was the fortnight of honey-mooning among the Lakes in June. "You shall have that, though there were not another shot in the locker," Fred had said, when his bride that was to be had urged upon him the prudence of settling down into a small lodging the very day after their marriage. The fortnight of honey-mooning among the Lakes was thoroughly enjoyed, almost without one fearful look into the future. Indeed Fred, as he would sit in the late evening on the side of a mountain, looking down upon the lakes, and watching the fleeting brightness of the clouds, with his arm round his loving wife's waist and her head upon his shoulder, would declare that he was glad that he had nothing on which to depend except his own intellect and his own industry.

"To make the score off his own bat; that should be a man's ambition, and it is that which Nature must have intended for a man. She could never have meant that we should be bolstered up, one by another, from generation to generation." "You shall make the score off your own bat," Mary had said to him. Though her own heart might give way a little as she thought, when alone, of the danger of the future, she was always brave before him. So she enjoyed the fortnight of her honey-mooning, and when that was over set herself to her task with infinite courage. They went up to London in a third-class carriage, and, on their arrival there, went at once to lodgings which had been taken for them by a friend in Museum Street. Museum Street is not cheering by any special merits of its own; but lodgings there were found to be cheap, and it was near to the great library by means of which, and the treasures there to be found, young Pickering meant to make himself a famous man.

He had had his literary successes at Manchester, as has been already stated, but they had not been of a remunerative nature. He had never yet been paid for what he had written. He reaped, however, this reward, that the sub-editor of a Manchester newspaper gave him a letter to a gentleman connected with a London periodical, which might probably be of great service to him. It is at any rate a comfort to a man to know that he can do something towards a commencement of the work that he has in hand, — that there is a step forward which he can take.

When Fred and Mary sat down to their tea and broiled ham on the first night, the letter of introduction was a great comfort to them, and much was said about it. The letter was addressed to Roderick Billings, Esq., Office of the *Lady Bird*, 99 Catherine Street, Strand. By ten o'clock on the following morning Fred Pickering was at the office of the *Lady Bird*, and there learned that Mr. Billings never came to the office, or almost never. He was on the staff of the paper, and the letter should be sent to him. So Fred Pickering returned to his wife; and as he was resolved that no time should be lost, he began a critical reading of *Paradise Lost*, with a note-book and pencil beside him, on that very day.

They were four months in London, during which they never saw Mr. Billings or any one else connected with the publishing world, and these four months were very trying to Mrs. Pickering. The study of Milton did not go on with unremitting ardor. Fred was not exactly idle, but he changed from one pursuit to another, and did nothing worthy of note except a little account of his honey-mooning tour in verse. In this poem the early loves of a young married couple were handled with much delicacy and some pathos of expression, so that Mary thought that her husband would assuredly drive Tennyson out of the field. But no real good had come from the poem by the end of the four months, and Fred Pickering had sometimes been very cross. Then he had insisted more than once or twice, more than four times or five times, on going to the theatre; and now at last his wife had felt compelled to say that she would not go there with him again. They had not means, she said, for such pleasures. He did not go without her, but sometimes of an evening he was very cross. The poem had been sent to Mr. Billings, with a letter, and had not as yet been sent back.

Three or four letters had been written to Mr. Billings, and one or two very short answers had been received. Mr. Billings had been out of town. "Of course all the world is out of town in September," said Fred; "what fools we were to think of beginning just at this time of the year!" Nevertheless he had urged plenty of reasons why the marriage should not be postponed till after June. On the first of November, however, they found that they had still a hundred and eighty pounds left. They looked their affairs in the face cheerfully, and Fred, taking upon his own shoulders all the blame of their discomfiture up to the present moment, swore that he would never be cross with his darling Molly again. After that he went out with a letter of introduction from Mr. Billings to the sub-editor of a penny newspaper. He had never seen Mr. Billings; but Mr. Billings thus passed him on to another literary personage. Mr. Billings in his final very short note communicated to Fred his opinion that he would find "work on the penny daily press easier got."

For months Fred Pickering hung about the office of the *Morning Comet*. November went, and December, and January, and he was still hanging about the office of the *Daily Comet*. He did make his way to some acquaintance with certain persons on the staff of the *Comet*, who earned their bread, if not absolutely by literature, at least by some work cognate to literature. And when he was asked to sup with one Tom Wood on a night in January, he thought that he had really got his foot upon the threshold. When he returned home that night, or I should more properly say on the following morning, his wife hoped that many more such preliminary suppers might not be necessary for his success. At last he did get employment at the office of the *Daily Comet*. He attended there six nights a week, from ten at night till three in the morning, and for this he received twenty shillings a week. His work was almost altogether mechanical, and after three nights disgusted him greatly. But he stuck to it, telling himself that as the day was still left to him for work he might put up with drudgery during the night. That idea, however, of working day and night soon found itself to be a false one. Twelve o'clock usually found him still in bed. After his late breakfast he walked out with his wife, and then — well, then he would either write a few verses or read a volume of an old novel.

"I must learn short-hand writing," he said to his wife, one morning when he came home.

"Well, dear, I have no doubt you would learn it very quickly."

"I don't know that; I should have begun younger. It's a thousand pities that we are not taught

anything useful when we are at school. Of what use is Latin and Greek to me?"

"I heard you say once that it would be of great use to you some day."

"Ah, that was when I was dreaming of what will never come to pass; when I was thinking of literature as a high vocation." It had already come to him to make such acknowledgments as this. "I must think about mere bread now. If I could report I might, at any rate, gain a living. And there have been reporters who have risen high in the profession. Dickens was a reporter. I must learn, though I suppose it will cost me twenty pounds."

He paid his twenty pounds and did learn shorthand writing. And while he was so doing he found he might have learned just as well by teaching himself out of a book. During the period of his tuition in this art he quarrelled with his employers at the *Daily Comet*, who, as he declared, treated him with an indignity which he could not bear. "They want me to fetch and carry, and be a menial," he said to his wife. He thereupon threw up his employment there. "But now you will get an engagement as a reporter," his wife said. He hoped that he might get an engagement as a reporter; but, as he himself acknowledged, the world was all to begin again. He was at last employed, and made his first appearance at a meeting of discontented tidewaiters, who were anxious to petition Parliament for some improvement in their position. He worked very hard in his efforts to take down the words of the eloquent leading tidewaiter; whereas he could see that two other reporters near him did not work at all. And yet he failed. He struggled at this work for a month, and failed at last. "My hand is not made for it," he said to his wife, almost in an agony of despair. "It seems to me as though nothing would come within my reach." "My dear," she said, "a man who can write the *Braes of Birken*" — the *Braes of Birken* was the name of his poem on the joys of honeymooning — "must not be ashamed of himself because he cannot acquire a small mechanical skill." "I am ashamed of myself all the same," said Fred.

Early in April they looked their affairs in the face again, and found that they had still in hand something just over a hundred pounds. They had been in London nine months, and when they had first come up they had expressed to each other their joint conviction that they could live very comfortably on forty shillings a week. They had spent nearly double that over and beyond what he had earned, and after all they had not lived comfortably. They had a hundred pounds left on which they might exist for a year, putting aside all idea of comfort; and then — and then would come that starving of which Fred had once spoken so gallantly, unless some employment could in the mean time be found for him. And, by the end of the year, the starving would have to be done by three, — a development of events on which he had not seemed to calculate when he told his dearest Mary that after all there were worse things in the world than starving.

But before the end of this month there came upon them a gleam of comfort, which might be cherished and fostered till it should become a whole midday sun of nourishing heat. His friend of the *Manchester Free Trader* had become the editor of the *Salford Reformer*, a new weekly paper which had been established with the view of satisfying certain literary and political wants which the public of Salford had long experienced, and among these wants was an adequate knowledge of what was going on in London. Fred Pickering was asked whether he would write the London letter, once a week, at twenty shillings a week. Write it! Ay, that he would. There was a whole heaven of joy in the idea. This was literary work. This was the sort of thing that he could do with absolute delight. To guide the public by his own wit and discernment, as it were from behind a mask, — to be the motive power and yet unseen, — this had ever been his ambition. For three days he was in an ecstasy, and Mary was ecstatic with him. For the first time it was a joy to him that the baby was coming. A pound a week earned would of itself prolong their means of support for two years, and a pound a week so earned would surely bring other pounds. "I knew it was to be done," he said, in triumph, to his wife, "if one only had the courage to make the attempt."

The morning of the fourth day somewhat damped his joy, for there came a long letter of instruction from the Salford editor, in which there were hints of certain difficulties. He was told in this letter that it would be well that he should belong to a London club. Such work as was now expected from him could hardly be done under favorable circumstances unless he did belong to a club. "But as everybody now-a-days does belong to a club, you will soon get over that difficulty." So said the editor. And then the editor in his instructions greatly curtailed that liberty of the pen which Fred specially wished to enjoy. He had anticipated that in his London letter he might give free reins to his own political convictions, which were of a very liberal nature, and therefore suitable to the *Salford Reformer*. And he had a theological bias of his own, by the putting forward of which in strong language among the youth of Salford, he had intended to do much towards the clearing away of prejudice and the emancipation of truth. But the editor told him that he should hardly touch politics at all in his London letter, and never lay a finger on religion. He was to tell the people of Salford what was coming out at the different theatres, how the Prince and Princess looked on horseback, whether the Thames embankment made proper progress, and he was to keep his ears especially open for matters of social interest, private or general. His style was to be easy and colloquial, and above all things he was to avoid being heavy, didactive, and profound. Then there was sent to him, as a model, a column and a half cut out from a certain well-known newspaper, in which the names of people were mentioned very freely. "If you can do that sort of thing," said the editor, "we shall get on together like a house on fire."

"It is a farrago of ill-natured gossip," he said, as he chucked the fragment over to his wife.

"But you are so clever, Fred," said his wife. "You can do it without the ill nature."

"I will do my best," he said; "but as for telling them about this woman and that, I cannot do it. In the first place, where am I to learn it all?" Nevertheless, the London letter to the *Salford Reformer* was not abandoned. Four or five such letters were written, and four or five sovereigns were paid into his little exchequer in return for so much work. Alas! after the four or five there came a kindly-worded message from the editor to say that the articles did not suit. Nothing could be better than Pickering's language, and his ideas were manly and for the most part good. But the *Salford Re-*

former did not want that sort of thing. The *Salford Reformer* felt that Fred Pickering was too good for the work required. Fred for twenty-four hours was heavy-hearted. After that he was able to resolve that he would take the thing up in the right spirit. He wrote to the editor, saying that he thought that the editor was right. The London letter required was not exactly within the compass of his ability. Then he enclosed a copy of the *Braes of Birken*, and expressed an opinion that perhaps that might suit a column in the *Salford Reformer*, — one of those columns which were furthest removed from the corner devoted to the London letter. The editor replied that he would publish the *Braes of Birken* if Pickering wished; but that they never paid for poetry. Anything being better than silence, Pickering permitted the editor to publish the *Braes of Birken* in the gratuitous manner suggested.

At the end of June, when they had just been twelve months in London, Fred was altogether idle as far as any employment was concerned. There was no going to the theatre now; and it had come to that with him, in fear of his coming privations, that he would discuss within his own heart the expediency of taking this or that walk with reference to the effect it would have upon his shoes. In those days he strove to work hard, going on with his Milton and his note-book, and sitting for two or three hours a day over heavy volumes in the reading-room at the Museum. When he first resolved upon doing this there had come a difficulty as to the entrance. It was necessary that he should have permission to use the library, and for a while he had not known how to obtain it. Then he had written a letter to a certain gentleman well known in the literary world, an absolute stranger to him, but of whom he had heard a word or two among his newspaper acquaintances, and had asked this gentleman to give him, or to get for him, the permission needed. The gentleman having made certain inquiry, having sent for Pickering and seen him, had done as he was asked, and Fred was free of the library.

"What sort of a man is Mr. Wickham Webb?" Mary asked him, when he returned from the club at which, by Mr. Webb's appointment, the meeting had taken place.

"According to my ideas, he is the only gentleman whom I have met since I have been in London," said Fred, who in these days was very bitter.

"Was he civil to you?"

"Very civil. He asked me what I was doing up in London, and I told him. He said that literature is the hardest profession in the world. I told him that I thought it was, but, at the same time, the most noble."

"What did he say to that?"

"He said that the nobler the task, it was always the more difficult; and that, as a rule, it was not well that men should attempt work too difficult for their hands because of its nobility."

"What did he mean by that, Fred?"

"I knew what he meant very well. He meant to tell me that I had better go and measure ribbons behind a counter; and I don't know but what he was right."

"But yet you liked him?"

"Why should I have disliked him for giving me good advice? I liked him because his manner was kind, and because he strove hard to say an unpleasant thing in the pleasantest words that he could use. Besides, it did me good to speak to a gentleman once again."

Throughout July not a shilling was earned, nor was there any prospect of the earning of a shilling. People were then still in town, but in another fortnight London would have emptied itself of the rich and prosperous. So much Pickering had learned, little as he was qualified to write the London letter for the *Salford Reformer*. In the last autumn he had complained to his wife that circumstances had compelled him to begin at the wrong period of the year, — in the dull months when there was nobody in London who could help him. Now the dull months were coming round again, and he was as far as ever from any help. What was he to do? "You said that Mr. Webb was very civil," suggested his wife: "could you not write to him and ask him to help us?" "He is a rich man, and that would be begging," said Fred. "I would not ask him for money," said Mary: "but perhaps he can tell you how you can get employment." The letter to Mr. Webb was written, with many throes, and the destruction of much paper. Fred found it very difficult to choose words which should describe with sufficient force the extreme urgency of his position, but which should have no appearance of absolute begging. "I hope you will understand," he said, in his last paragraph, "that what I want is simply work for which I may be paid, and that I do not care how hard I work, or how little I am paid, so that I and my wife may live. If I have taken an undue liberty in writing to you, I can only beg you to pardon my ignorance."

This letter led to another interview between our hero and Mr. Wickham Webb. Mr. Webb sent his compliments and asked Mr. Pickering to come and breakfast with him. This kindness, though it produced some immediate pleasure, created fresh troubles. Mr. Wickham Webb lived in a grand house near Hyde Park, and poor Fred was badly off for good clothes. "Your coat does not look at all amiss," his wife said to him, comforting him; "and as for a hat, why don't you buy a new one?" "I sha'n't breakfast in my hat," said Fred; "but look here"; and Fred exhibited his shoes. "Get a new pair," said Mary. "No," said he; "I've sworn to have nothing new till I've earned the money. Mr. Webb won't expect to see me very bright, I dare say. When a man writes to beg for employment, it must naturally be supposed that he will be rather seedy about his clothes." His wife did the best she could for him, and he went out to his breakfast.

Mrs. Webb was not there. Mr. Webb explained that she had already left town. There was no third person at the table, and before his first lamb-chop was eaten, Fred had told the pith of his story. He had a little money left, just enough to pay the doctor who must attend upon his wife, and carry him through the winter; — and then he would be absolutely bare. Upon this Mr. Webb asked as to his relatives. "My father has chosen to quarrel with me," said Fred. "I did not wish to be an attorney, and therefore he has cast me out." Mr. Webb suggested that a reconciliation might be possible; but when Fred said at once that it was impossible, he did not recur to the subject.

When the host had finished his own breakfast, he got up from his chair, and, standing on the rug, spoke such words of wisdom as were in him. It should be explained that Pickering, in his letter to Mr. Webb, had enclosed a copy of the *Braes of Birken*, another little poem in verse, and two of the London letters which he had written for the *Salford Reformer*.

"Upon my word, Mr. Pickering, I do not know how to help you. I do not indeed."

"I am sorry for that, sir."

"I have read what you sent me, and am quite ready to acknowledge that there is enough, both in the prose and verse, to justify you in supposing it to be possible that you might hereafter live by literature as a profession; but all who make literature a profession should begin with independent means."

"That seems to be hard on the profession as well as on the beginner."

"It is not the less true; and is, indeed, true of most other professions as well. If you had stuck to the law, your father would have provided you with the means of living till your profession had become profitable."

"Is it not true that many hundred men in London live on literature?" said our hero.

"Many hundred do so, no doubt. They are of two sorts, and you can tell yourself whether you belong to either. There are they who have learned to work in accordance with the directions of others; the great bulk of what comes out to us almost hourly in the shape of newspapers is done by them. Some are very highly paid, many are paid liberally, and a great many are paid scantily. There is that side of the profession, and you say that you have tried it and do not like it. Then there 's those who do their work independently, — who write either books or articles which find acceptance in magazines."

"It is that which I would try if the opportunity were given me."

"But you have to make your own opportunity," said Mr. Wickham Webb. "It is the necessity of the position that it should be so. What can I do for you?"

"You know the editors of magazines."

"Granted that I do, can I ask a man to buy what he does not want because he is my friend?"

"You could get your friend to read what I write."

It ended in Mr. Webb strongly advising Fred Pickering to go back to his father, and in his writing two letters of introduction for him, — one to the editor of the *International*, a weekly gazette of mixed literature, and the other to Messrs. Brook and Boothby, publishers in St. James's Street. Mr. Webb, though he gave the letters open to Fred, read them to him with the view of explaining to him how little and how much they meant. "I do not know that they can do you the slightest service," said he; "but I give them to you, because you ask me. I strongly advise you to go back to your father; but if you are still in town next spring, come and see me again." Then the interview was over, and Fred returned to his wife, glad to have the letters; but still with a sense of bitterness against Mr. Webb. When one word of encouragement would have made him so happy, might not Mr. Webb have spoken it? Mr. Webb had thought that he had better not speak any such word. And Fred, when he read the letters of introduction over to his wife, found them to be very cold. "I don't think I'll take them," he said.

But he did take them, — of course, on the very next day, and saw Mr. Boothby, the publisher, after waiting for half an hour in the shop. He swore to himself that the time was an hour and a half, and became sternly angry at being so treated. It did not occur to him that Mr. Boothby was obliged to attend to his own business, and that he could not put his other visitors under the counter, or into the cupboards, in order to make way for Mr. Pickering. The consequence was that poor Fred was seen at his worst, and that the Boothbyan heart was not much softened towards him. "There are so many men of this kind who want work," said Mr. Boothby, "and so very little work to give them."

"It seems to me," said Pickering, "that the demand for the work is almost unlimited." As he spoke, he looked at a hole in his boot, and tried to speak in a tone that should show that he was above his boots.

"It may be so," said Boothby; "but if so, the demands do not run in my way. I will, however, keep Mr. Webb's note by me, and if I find I can do anything for you, I will. Good morning." Then Mr. Boothby got up from his chair, and Fred Pickering understood that he was told to go away. He was furious in his abuse of Boothby as he described the interview to his wife that evening.

The editor of the *International* he could not get to see; but he got a note from him. The editor sent his compliments, and would be glad to read the article to which Mr. W. W. had alluded. As Mr. W. W. had alluded to no article, Fred saw that the editor was not inclined to take much trouble on his behalf. Nevertheless, an article should be sent. An article was written to which Fred gave six weeks of hard work, and which contained an elaborate criticism on the *Samson Agonistes*. Fred's object was to prove that Milton had felt himself to be a superior Samson, — blind, indeed, in the flesh, as Samson was blind, but not blind in the spirit as was Samson when he crushed the Philistines. The poet had crushed his Philistines with all his intellectual eyes about him. Then there was a good deal said about the Philistines of those days as compared with the other Philistines, in all of which Fred thought that he took much higher ground than certain other writers in magazines on the same subject. The editor sent back his compliments, and said that the *International* never admitted reviews of old books. "Insensate idiot!" said Fred, tearing the note asunder, and then tearing his own hair, on both sides of his head. "And these are the men who make the world of letters! Idiot! thick-headed idiot!"

"I suppose he has not read it," said Mary.

"Then why has n't he read it? Why does n't he do the work for which he is paid? If he has not read it, he is a thief as well as an idiot." Poor Fred had not thought much of his chance from the *International* when he first got the editor's note; but as he had worked at his Samson he had become very fond of it, and golden dreams had fallen on him, and he had dared to whisper to himself words of wondrous praise which might be forthcoming, and to tell himself of inquiries after the unknown author of the great article about the Philistines. As he had thought of this, and as the dreams and the whispers had come to him, he had rewritten his essay from the beginning, making it grander, bigger, more eloquent than before. He became very eloquent about the Philistines, and mixed with his eloquence some sarcasm which could not, he thought, be without effect even in dull-brained, heavy-livered London. Yes; he had dared to hope. And then his essay, — such an essay as this, — was sent back to him with a notice that the *International* did not insert reviews of old books! Hideous, brainless, meaningless idiot! Fred in his fury tore his article into a hundred fragments; and poor Mary was employed, during the whole of the next week, in mak-

"Certainly not, Mr. Burnaby," said Fred. "I can take nothing that I have not earned."

"Now, my dear young friend, listen to me. I know that you are poor."

"I am very poor."

"And I am rich."

"That has nothing to do with it. Can you put me in the way of earning anything by literature? I will accept any such kindness as that at your hand; but nothing else."

"I cannot. I have no means of doing so."

"You know so many authors, — and so many publishers."

"Though I knew all the authors and all the publishers, what can I do? Excuse me if I say that you have not served the apprenticeship that is necessary."

"And do all authors serve apprenticeships?"

"Certainly not. And it may be that you will rise to wealth and fame without apprenticeship; but if so, you must do it without help."

After that they walked silently together half the length of the street before Fred spoke again. "You mean," said he, "that a man must be either a genius or a journeyman."

"Yes, Mr. Pickering; that, or something like it, is what I mean."

Fred told Mr. Burnaby his whole story, walking up and down Museum Street, — even to that early assurance given to his young bride that there were worse things in the world than starvation. And then Mr. Burnaby asked him what were his present intentions. "I suppose we shall try it," said Pickering, with a forced laugh.

"Try what?" said Mr. Burnaby.

"Starvation," said Fred.

"What; with your baby, — with your wife and baby? Come; you must take my ten-pound note at any rate. And while you are spending it, write home to your father. Heaven and earth! is a man to be ashamed to tell his father that he has been wrong?" When Fred said that his father was a stern man, and one whose heart would not be melted into softness at the tale of a baby's sufferings, Mr. Burnaby went on to say that the attempt should at any rate be made. "There can be no doubt what duty requires of you, Mr. Pickering. And, upon my word, I do not see what other step you can take. You are not, I suppose, prepared to send your wife and child to the poor-house." Then Fred Pickering burst into tears, and Mr. Burnaby left him at the corner of Great Russell Street, after cramming the ten-pound note into his hand.

To send his wife and child to the poor-house! In all his misery that idea had never before presented itself to Fred Pickering. He had thought of starvation, or rather of some high-toned extremity of destitution, which might be borne with an admirable and perhaps sublime magnanimity. But how was a man to bear with magnanimity a poor-house jacket, and the union mode of hair-cutting? It is not easy for a man with a wife and baby to starve in this country, unless he be one to whom starvation has come very gradually. Fred saw it all now. The police would come to him, and take his wife and baby away into the workhouse, and he would follow them. It might be that this was worse than starvation, but it lacked all that melodramatic grandeur to which he had looked forward almost with satisfaction.

"Well," said Mary to him, when he returned to her bedside, "who was it? Has he told you of anything? Has he brought you anything to do?"

"He has given me that," said Fred, throwing the bank-note on to the bed, "—out of charity. I may as well go out into the streets and beg now. All the pride has gone out of me." Then he sat over the fire crying, and there he sat for hours.

"Fred," said his wife to him, "if you do not write to your father to-morrow, I will write."

He went again to every person connected in the slightest degree with literature of whom he had the smallest knowledge; to Mr. Roderick Billings, to the teacher who had instructed him in short-hand writing, to all those whom he had ever seen among the newspapers, to the editor of the *International*, and to Mr. Boothby. Four different visits he made to Mr. Boothby, in spite of his previous anger, but it was all to no purpose. No one could find him employment for which he was suited. He wrote to Mr. Wickham Webb, and Mr. Wickham Webb sent him a five-pound note. His heart was, I think, more broken by his inability to refuse charity than by anything else that had occurred to him.

His wife had threatened to write to his father, but she had not carried her threat into execution. It is not by such means that a young wife overcomes her husband. He had looked sternly at her when she had so spoken, and she had known that she could not bring herself to do such a thing without his permission. But when she fell ill, wanting the means of nourishment for her child, and in her illness begged of him to implore succor from his father for her baby when she should be gone, then his pride gave way, and he sat down and wrote his letter. When he went to his ink-bottle it was dry. It was nearly two months since he had made any attempt at working in that profession to which he had intended to devote himself.

He wrote to his father, drinking to the dregs the bitter cup of broken pride. It always seems to me that the prodigal son who returned to his father after feeding with the swine suffered but little mortification in his repentant submission. He does, indeed, own his unworthiness, but the calf is killed so speedily that the pathos of the young man's position is lost in the hilarity of the festival. Had he been compelled to announce his coming by post; had he been driven to beg permission to return, and been forced to wait for a reply, his punishment, I think, would have been more severe. To Fred Pickering the punishment was very severe, and indeed for him no fatted calf was killed at last. He received without delay a very cold letter from his father, in which he was told that his father would consider the matter. In the mean while thirty shillings a week should be allowed him. At the end of a fortnight he received a further letter, in which he was informed that if he would return to Manchester he would be taken in at the attorney's office which he had left. He must not, however, hope to become himself an attorney; he must look forward to be a paid attorney's clerk, and in the mean time his father would continue to allow him thirty shillings a week. "In the present position of affairs," said his father, "I do not feel that anything would be gained by our seeing each other." The calf which was thus killed for poor Fred Pickering was certainly by no means a fatted calf.

Of course he had to do as he was directed. He took his wife and baby back to Manchester, and returned with sad eyes and weary feet to the old office which he had in former days not only hated,

his dismissal. Then he had been gallant and gay among [illegible] thinking himself to be [illegible] around him; now he was [illegible] if not the humblest of [illegible]

[illegible] letters to Mr. Bar[illegible] some comfort from the kindness [illegible] "I still mean," he said, [illegible] to return some day to try [illegible] I will endeavor first to learn [illegible]"

POOR CHRISTINE.

[illegible] years ago [illegible] companion [illegible] at the great [illegible] of Rouen [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Christine.

[illegible]

first, that a few days had passed before he could do anything but roam and gaze around him. He had been for three days in Rouen before at length he took his post one morning before the west front of the cathedral and began to draw. It was a mild, warm summer's day, and the square was very quiet. Only a few people passing in and out of the church, and occasionally a child or two attracted by curiosity to steal near and stare at him, disturbed him as he worked and hour after hour passed happily over him. During hour after hour, too, there was one person besides himself who, having come to the square before him, remained till long after he had gone away — a girl selling rosaries and little images at the cathedral door. After he had been working for some time he noticed her. When his work was [illegible] before he turned homewards [illegible] a few minutes into the church, he [illegible] where she sat in the cool shadow [illegible] and looking into her basket [illegible] a little rosary of coral beads.

"How much?" he asked.

"[illegible] monsieur," she said.

She smiled and thanked him as he gave the money [illegible] and passed on. He thought for a moment "What a pleasant smile she has!" and then he thought no more of her till the [illegible] morning when he came back to resume his work and found her there again.

[illegible] how picturesque the [illegible] of her the great [illegible] white, the [illegible] figure [illegible] young, [illegible] pleasant as sunlight [illegible] make a sketch [illegible] thought and that day when [illegible] where she sat and [illegible] had a [illegible] woman gentle or sincere [illegible] had thought [illegible] himself sometimes [illegible]

[illegible] answered.

[illegible] smile that [illegible]

"I saw monsieur the first day he came," she answered, with a smile; "he came and stood looking up there," pointing with her finger to the church-front, "till I thought he was counting all the figures on it."

He gave a laugh, and then colored a little; young as he was, he blushed for a moment at the thought that when he did not know it a woman had been watching him.

"Well, I was not counting the figures exactly," he said; "but do you know what I have been doing these last two days? I have been drawing the church, — making a picture of it. I am a painter," he said, with youthful dignity.

"Ah! so?" And the bright brown eyes looked up into his face, not awe-struck, but a little curious and wondering.

"I will show you my picture presently, when I have got on a little further with it, and then you shall tell me if you think I have made it like. Now when you sit here all day, hour after hour," he said, inquiringly, "do you ever think much about the church?"

"Monsieur!" she said, and the brown eyes opened wider.

"I mean, do you look at it much and try to find out what the figures on it mean? Do you ever think about the people who built it?"

She looked at him with a half-pitying smile, and said, —

"Monsieur, the church is very old; they are all dead."

"All dead! I should think they were," he answered, quickly. "But what is to prevent you from thinking of them, though they *are* dead? You know they were alive once. Now one of them must have cut those little twisted shafts here once; have you never wondered who he was, or what became of him?"

She shook her head placidly.

"What would be the use? I could not find out," she said.

"No, you could not find out; but you might try to fancy them all at work here, might you not? and how they came, just as you come, day after day, all these hundreds of years ago, and set up stone after stone, and carved figure after figure. Think how they must have watched their work and grown happy at the sight of it. Just think of them all here, with their hammers striking the stone, and the noise of every blow in the air, all of them talking in a language that would be almost like a strange tongue to us now. You know it all *was* so; why can't you think of it?"

"It may be easy for monsieur to think of the dead," she answered, simply, "but for me I do not find it easy, unless it may be of the blessed saints," and she crossed herself; "but then we know that they lived; while as for those others —" she said, and, slightly shrugging her shoulders, broke off her sentence with a dubious smile.

He had nearly burst into an answer about the saints that was more impetuous than reverent; but happily he checked himself in time, and instead of speaking stood looking for a minute in silence up over the great, dark, glorious church-front, and wondering at what she had said. Out from the gray, solemn stones there seemed a thousand voices that spoke to *him*: how could it be, he thought, that this girl had passed her life under the shelter of its shadow, and yet that to *her* every stone of it was dumb.

"Then you don't care for it?" he said, abruptly, at last, turning to her again.

"Nay, monsieur is mistaken," she answered, gently. "See, it is like home to me here; when it is hot summer, I sit here in the cool shade; when winter comes, I shelter myself there within the porch. It is like a good friend to me; other things change, but it never changes. When I am glad I go in and kneel down and thank the blessed Virgin, and when I am sad I go there too, and say my prayers. No, monsieur is wrong; I care for it."

She raised her face with a sudden smile as she paused, and, eager to believe that all the world cared for what he loved, eager for a universal sympathy with his own enthusiasm, he looked with pleased contentment into the girl's clear, honest eyes, and, —

"Well, I am glad you like it," he said, heartily. "I thought you could not have lived here so many years, and have cared nothing for it. You have lived in Rouen all your life, do you say? how long a time is that?"

"I am twenty," she said.

"Are you? Why you are older than I am, then! And what is your name?"

"Christine, monsieur," she answered.

Some one passing into the church had stopped beside her basket, and was beginning to look over its little stock of images and beads. She had to turn round to attend to him, and then before his purchase was made another customer came. Frank lingered and looked on for a few minutes; then he said, "Good by," and the boy and girl smiled to one another, and parted with a friendly nod.

He went home, and there was something pleasant to him in the thought which crossed him once or twice during the remainder of the day, that in the morning he should see Christine again. Several times her face rose brightly up before him, with its contented, honest smile, and sent a kind of warmth into his heart; for, fair and dear to him as was this old Rouen, yet he moved as a stranger in it, and no other lips than those of hers had given either greeting or kindly word to him. And so, when he went to his post again next day, and she, who had been watching for him, at once when he appeared nodded and smiled to him across the square, instead of stationing himself in his accustomed place and beginning his work, as he had meant to do, he walked straight to her in a sudden impulse of gratitude for her cheery little token of welcome, and, like a thorough Englishman, put out his hand to her.

"You are the only creature that I know in Rouen!" he exclaimed, "except my landlady, and she is quite old. As I came along just now, I was wondering whether you would be here before me."

"Ah, monsieur," she said, laughing, "I have been here for hours. Look there, it is ten o'clock. Do you think I begin my day so late as at ten o'clock?"

"Is it really ten? Then I must be quick and begin my work, too. By the way, I wonder — O, may I call you Christine?" he asked, abruptly.

"Certainly, monsieur; it is my name."

"Thank you. Well, I was going to say, I wonder, Christine, if you would let me make a sketch of you?"

"Of *me*?" and the girl blushed with sudden half-shy pleasure.

"I think I could do it, if you would n't mind sitting to me. I don't catch likenesses always very well, but I think I should succeed with yours. May I try?"

"But monsieur could find so many prettier girls —"

"O, I don't want prettier girls; I would rather

have you," he interrupted her bluntly. "You will let me do it, then, won't you? When may I begin? If I were to come early to-morrow — say at eight o'clock — would you be here then? Would that suit you?"

"Any hour that suited monsieur."

"Very well, then; eight o'clock to-morrow morning. And now I must go to my picture." He turned half away, and then looked suddenly back. "Have you a father and mother, Christine?" he said.

"No father, monsieur, but I have a good mother. She makes up all my rosaries for me. I buy the beads and take them to her, and she strings them — so. She makes these crosses, too. She is very feeble, but she does all that for me."

"And then you come and sell them, Christine?" he said, quickly. "Do you know, I have a mother, too, and I work for her. We are not very rich, and I make drawings and sell them."

"God bless you, then, monsieur," she answered, fervently; "you will never be sorry for doing that."

He was touched by her genuine tone of sympathy.

"No, I know I shall not. I would rather help her than do anything else in the world," he said, and the color rose up to his cheek.

She smiled, looking in his face as he spoke. After a moment's silence she said, simply and earnestly,

"It is sometimes hard to me to earn a living, harder than I hope it will ever be to you, monsieur; but I would rather be just a poor girl as I am, and have my mother with me, than be the greatest lady in Rouen without her." And then she glanced up with a sunny look that cleared away the tears which had risen to, a moment to her eyes, and "But even me, the world does not treat me very badly," she said, cheerfully. "It is only a little hard to me now and then, and when it is, I go in there and pray to the dear Virgin, and before long, the sunshine comes back again. It never stays long away. There are many good people in the world, monsieur, to keep the poor from starving."

She had a sweet voice, lower, too, rather than French women's voices often are. The face too, had sweetness in it. He saw that now, though he had only noticed its bright, pleasant honesty before.

"But I am keeping you from your picture," she said smilingly, after a moment's silence.

That was true, so with a [illegible] words he turned away, and stationing himself in the chosen place, to work. It was a calm, [illegible] summer day, windless and cloudless, [illegible] with a softness, brightness in it that shone through the thin clouds. He sat up, worked on, and, as his sketch went on, [illegible] and much a possession of himself of the [illegible] in the [illegible] beyond. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

bond of sympathy had sprung up between him and the simple, untaught, poor French girl, — real human sympathy, such as made even the sight of her across the square a thing that kept his young heart warm. He liked to look up now and then and catch her smile: it was as good as sunlight to him. The old stones had their voices for him and tales to tell him, noble and sweet and sad, but while he listened to them it was good also to lift his eyes up sometimes and look upon a friendly, living face. He knew it was: he knew as he sat at work that his day had been the brighter for Christine.

Nor was it the last, by many a one, that she helped to brighten for him. From this time forward she became his one friend and one companion in Rouen; and no gentler friendship, no more honest and pure companionship ever existed than that between these two stray wanderers, — the girl, whose portion in this world was the selling of her beads at the church-porch, and the boy, whose beckoning beacon-light was burning on the high hill.

He made his sketch of her. It was a feeble little sketch, yet like enough to her, and true enough to fill them both with pleasure and pride. She sat to him morning after morning till he had finished it. He drew her just as she was, in her common dress, with her basket by her side, and the gray, sculptured wall beside her, and he made her talk to him all the time he worked. She had tried to begin at first by sitting stiff and prim, with her eyes immovable and her lips closed, but he had soon laughed her out of that.

"I shall never make anything of you unless you begin to talk," he told her.

"But how can monsieur draw my mouth if I talk?" she asked.

"O, never mind that: I'll tell you when I come to your mouth," he said, and by degrees he got her to talk, and presently she talked so cheerily and heartily — for by nature she was no lover of silence, and could chatter and chirp like any bird — that she often, altogether forgot that she was sitting for her picture, which was exactly what he wanted her to do.

And so at last the little sketch was finished, and they looked at it, holding it between them, with proud, bright, happy eyes.

"Ah, if my mother could see it!" she said, with a sigh of simple delight.

"Well, why should n't she see it?" he asked. "Let us take it to her together, Christine."

"Would monsieur wish it?" she said, half timidly.

"I should like to see your mother, and she would like to see this, I am sure; and then — " he paused and looked, at the little picture tenderly. "Well, you see, I don't think I could exactly give it to her, Christine," he said, "because I want so much to keep it myself, but I will tell you what I will do if she likes it: I will make a copy of it for her."

"[illegible] good." But the color [illegible] her face with pleasure.

"I should like to make a copy, and you know it would be [illegible] not to give you one; so that's settled. And now will you take me home with you to see your mother?"

[illegible] more than one walk together. She knew the old town, well, and, [illegible] evenings, when the cathedral doors were [illegible] side by side for a little [illegible] scanning our the old houses [illegible] young and happy, at bright shop-windows.

But he never yet had gone home with her. She had talked about her mother to him often, but with intuitive delicacy she had never even hinted at a wish that he should go and see her in the poor home where they lived.

Yet she had no false shame, and when they set out on their walk together this evening she merely said to him once, simply and quietly, "It is but a poor place, monsieur," and then without further apology she took him to it.

It was an upper room in a small house in a very old street. The stairs that led up to it were so dark that as they ascended she had to take him by the hand to guide him up; but the room itself was bright enough when they entered it, for its two high windows looked to the sunset. A clean and pure room, too, bare enough of furniture, but with sweet fresh air entering it through the open panes, and a scent of flowers coming in from pots of mignonette upon the sill. A small, shrunk, sickly-looking woman was sitting in an old arm-chair close to the light, and Christine went softly to her side and kissed her.

"*Ma mère*, this is monsieur, who has come to see you," she said, quickly.

And then he came forward and took the thin hand into his. It was a delicate, white, worn face, "Not like Christine's," he thought — until she spoke, and he suddenly caught upon her lips what was like the dying shadow of Christine's smile.

Long afterwards, when many years had passed, Frank Liston sometimes tried to recall and bring to life again the hours that he subsequently passed within this room. How were they spent? What had he done? What had they talked of? What had been the charm that had made these three — so unlike in all outward circumstances as they were — draw to each other? He could never tell, — could never breathe life again into the dead ashes of those hours. Twenty years afterwards, could he have gone and spent hours each day with two poor untaught women, — women who could not read or write, who neither knew nor dreamt of the height or depth of anything in this great world, whose universe was almost bounded by the four square walls of the mean habitation where they dwelt, — could he have passed hours each day with such as these, and found his heart grow knitted to them? He could not. But he did it once, in the old, dead days of his early faith and hope, when he saw a brother or a sister in every kind face he looked on, and when the pure high heart gazed forth on all the world through the light of its own transfiguring sunshine.

Day after day, and even week after week passed on, and he remained still in Rouen. He had meant when he left home to visit some three or four of the Norman or Bretaigne towns; but he had let his heart get wedded to this one old city by the Seine, and he could not leave it till his holiday was ended. It called him to stay with voices that he could not resist; it spread its silent beauty out before him, discovering to him day by day some new unexpected loveliness; it gave him its old gray walls to study, the records of its grandeur and its decay; it gave him its old heart to disinter; and it gave him Christine. Perhaps *she* kept him more than all beside; perhaps the one human interest was deeper than all that could attach itself to sculptured stones; but he, at least, if it was so, was scarcely conscious of it. He did not seek to weigh the separate interests apart; he only knew that she was to him, that she remained to him through his whole life, one inseparable portion of Rouen, and of that summer's holiday.

It was a perfect holiday, even although each day till almost sunset he worked away bravely at those sketches of his, — those sketches which were half right, because the feeling in him for everything around him was so deep and so true, and yet which in their execution were nearly always so immature and feeble, except when here and there some momentary inspiration gave to the hand a sudden strength. It would have been no holiday to him at all if he had been compelled to lay his pencil down. Such work as he did here was his best refreshment, his dearest rest. With never-ending delight he drew all day; and every evening he passed with Christine.

Sometimes they spent the whole of those evenings up in the poor garret in the narrow street; but more often she would carry her basket and her earnings home, and then they would wander far out of the town together, southwards across the river, or out to the open country, north and west, or eastward, away upon the hills. They would sit in woods and fields, playing sometimes like children, gathering flowers and filling the hollows of their hands with water from the hill stream. She could sing prettily, and she would teach her merry French songs to him, singing them again and again, till he learnt both air and words. And then he would talk to her. He was full of dreams and hopes about his life, and of love for a hundred things, living and dead, that she had never heard of, and of enthusiasm and reverence and faith; and of all these he talked to her: he would spend hours so, pouring out his boyish heart; how half of all he said to her must, in her ignorance, be like a dead language to her — he forgot that; she listened and sympathized with him, and that was all he asked.

They spent six weeks so. At the end of that time they parted. The last hours that they spent with one another were on a bright, soft Sunday evening. They took their last walk eastward by the river, and then up on the rising ground to the summit of Mount St. Catherine, and there sat down on the hilltop, with the fair city lying at their feet.

"O Christine, I shall never see it all again, perhaps!" he said, when he had sat gazing at it for a long time.

They had come here together and had spent other evenings so before now; the hill, the town, the river, the dark cathedral towers against the summer sky, had all become familiar to the boy's eyes that were to see them now no more.

"Perhaps you will come here again next Sunday, when I shall be hundreds of miles away, Christine," he said. "I wonder if all this will seem like a dream then?"

"It will not seem like a dream to *me*," she answered, softly. "*You* will have other things to do; you will be at home then with the people that you love about you; but *I* shall have nothing to do, monsieur, but to sit still and think of all this time."

She always called him "Monsieur," even still. He had asked her long ago to call him by his name, but she had never done it.

"I have never been so happy in all my life," he said presently; he had thrown himself down on the grass, and laid his head upon her knees; he was looking at the old town, not at her. "If I lived for a hundred years I never should forget these weeks. If ever I have a holiday again, shall I come back, Christine?"

"I should be glad if you came back," she said.

She was bending down a little, not touching him as he lay, but only looking at him with the lashes low over her eyes.

"If I came back next summer — I don't think I could, but supposing that I did — should we have all our old walks over again? Do you know, Christine, they say we never enjoy the same thing twice in the same way. But I don't believe that. If I were to come back again next year, why should we not be just the same again as we are now?"

"Perhaps we change when we do not know it," she said.

"We need never change in some things," he answered, hastily. "I don't know whether you mean to forget *me*, Christine; but I shall remember *you* to the last hour I live."

"Monsieur, I shall not forget you," she answered, softly, after a moment's silence. "What shall I have to do when you are gone, but to remember? When I come back here, can I forget how we walked and sat together? When I go home to my mother, can I forget how your coming used to make her face bright? It is not those who remain behind that forget. I do not think *you* will forget us when you go away; perhaps you will think of us often; but you will think of us — you said it truly — as if we were parts of a dream; while *we* —" with a passionate gesture that he did not see, she clasped her hands, and uttered her last words with a broken sob, — "monsieur, when *we* lose you, we lose our daily bread!"

He turned his face round, and looked up, and saw her cheeks wet with sudden tears. Then, at that sight, half awed and wholly touched, the youth reached up his hand and clasped hers in it, and drew her arm down round his neck.

"Christine, I owe you more than I have given you, a thousand times," he cried. And holding her hand still, he raised it to his lips, and reverently and almost passionately kissed it.

His last night in old Rouen! Long after he had parted from Christine he was still wandering about the dark old streets, all lying quiet under the solemn summer sky, and going from church to church that he had loved, to take his last farewell of every noble front and kingly porch. And long after even that final walk was ended, he stood at his own window, leaning on his balcony, and looking down upon the river that flowed silently beneath the stars; dreaming some dreams, the memory of which all colored by the glorious illusions of his youth remained with him through after years, till both boyhood and youth had fled.

He went away very early in the morning. The diligence in which he was to leave began its journey at six o'clock, and by a quarter to six Christine and he were standing together in the court-yard whence it was to start. They stood apart from the other passengers, away from the confusion and the jostling of the people, very quiet, hand in hand.

They were together for about ten minutes, but there was something during those minutes in the choices of both of them that almost choked their words.

"Christine, I will come back again," he said to her, two or three times.

Once he looked in her face and said, "Don't forget me!" And the poor girl's lips quivered as he spoke, with a look that he never afterwards forgot.

He stood clasping her hand in his until he heard his name called, and the summons given him to take his place. Then he turned round and looked into her face, and said, half audibly, —

"Christine!"

"Monsieur!" she answered, with a wild, sudden sob.

She threw her arms about his neck. By one passionate impulse they kissed each other; and with that first and last embrace they parted, and never met more.

The old man had told this story, standing in the shadow of the church.

"And did you never see her again, grandfather?"

"Never, my boy. It was a dozen years before I came here again, and she was gone then; I could never discover when or where; she might have been somewhere in the town, but I could not find her. The traces that the poor leave behind them soon pass away."

"But she may be alive and here yet; she may be here now."

"Ay, Fred, she may. She may be in here, not fifty feet away from us, telling her beads at this moment amongst the old women kneeling on the floor. But if I knew that she was, do you think I would go in and try to find her?" He shook his head, and smiled, half sadly. "We cannot put life into dead bones, Fred," he said, "nor throw a bridge across from youth to age. If I found her now, do you think we should rush into each other's arms? Nay, my lad, the girl and boy we have been talking of died and were buried fifty years ago."

He stood and leaned upon his stick, looking up again to where the swallows were flying in and out above the porch, till presently there came a sound of music towards them through the door.

"We are losing the mass, my boy; let us go in."

And so they went in, and listened to the gorgeous music that was rolling and swelling along transept and aisle.

BEAUMARCHAIS IN LONDON.

It is stated in the newspapers that the alleged MS. play in four acts of Beaumarchais, said to have been discovered in England by M. Fournier some years ago, will, after many delays, be actually produced at the Théâtre Français. Its authenticity will no doubt have been carefully ascertained by the proper authorities, for the names of Beaumarchais and mystification are by no means incongruous. That most amusing scamp of the eighteenth century — concerning whom M. de Loménie has written rather a solemn book, and who ought to be specially dear to this generation, inasmuch as he was the first man to whom was revealed the great truth that everything which is serious and everybody who is in earnest are "slow" — was certainly often in England, and manuscripts of his are preserved here, some of rather equivocal character. He came on divers Bohemian missions, as an agent, to make matters smooth between Madame du Barri and the libeller Thevenot de Morande; as a spy, commissioned by the French Court to look after the epicene Chevalier d'Eon; and on sundry contraband financial projects of his own. What particular mission he was after in London in May, 1776, we do not know, but on the 8th of that month he addressed a letter in French to the *Morning Chronicle*, which reminds one so much of his own immor-

tal "Figaro" that it may be worth translating and presenting to our readers. It is reprinted in a collection of his works along with other "jeux d'esprit," but these works, except his two famous plays, are forgotten, and few will search for it there.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle (of May 6, 1776).

Sir,—I am a foreigner, a Frenchman, and a man of honor. If this information does not fully apprise you what I am, at all events it shows what I am not, and in times like these that is something.

The evening before last, at the Pantheon, after the concert and while the dance was going on, I found under my feet a lady's cloak, of black satin, lined with the same, and with a lace border. I do not know to whom this cloak belonged. I never saw the person who wore it — there or elsewhere; and all the inquiries I have since made have failed in ascertaining anything about her.

I beg you therefore, Mr. Editor, to announce the discovery of the cloak in your journal, in order that it may be faithfully returned to the owner. But, in order to avoid mistakes, I have the honor to inform you that the lady who lost it wore on that occasion pink feathers. I think she had diamond drops in her ears, but of this I am not so certain. She possesses a very good figure. Her hair is *blond argenté*. Her complexion is brilliantly fair. Her throat is long; her waist rather long also. She is tall, and has the prettiest foot in the world. I have even satisfied myself that she is very young, lively, and rather absent; that she is very quick in her movements; and that she has a decided taste for dancing.

If you ask me, Mr. Editor, why, as I observed her so closely, I did not immediately give her back her cloak, I have the honor to repeat to you what I said before, that I never saw this lady. I know neither her eyes, nor her features, nor her dress, nor her demeanor.

But if you persist in asking how, never having seen her, I can describe her to you so closely, I, on my side, must express myself surprised that so accurate an observer as yourself does not know that the mere inspection of a woman's cloak is sufficient to convey all those particulars which are required to identify her.

But without boasting of an accomplishment which is scarcely one at all, since the late Zadig gave so admirable an explanation of it, suppose, Mr. Editor, that on examining this cloak I found in the hood attached to it two or three hairs of a beautiful light color, and also a few ends of rose-colored feathers adhering to the lining; you perceive that it required no great effort of genius to conclude that the plume and the locks of this blonde lady must have answered to the specimen. Thus much is plain.

And inasmuch as such locks as these never grew on a dark forehead, or even one of impeachable complexion, analogy would have taught you, as it did me, that the person in question must have possessed a skin of dazzling fairness. Which no observer can dispute without casting discredit on his judgment.

Again, a slight abrasion or fraying on each side of the interior lining of the hood, such as could only have been produced by the continual rubbing of two little hard bodies in motion, proved to me, not that she wore earrings with drops that day, neither have I affirmed it, but that she is in the habit of wearing them. Although, between you and me, it is not at all likely that she would have omitted to put on such ornaments for a day of conquest. But, never mind this, if I reason badly, Mr. Editor, do not spare me: rigor is not injustice.

The rest needs no explanation. It will be seen that it was enough for me to examine the ribbons which fastened the hood round the neck, and to tie them together in a knot just at the length where they were crumpled by ordinary tying, to satisfy myself that, the space encircled by the knot thus formed being inconsiderable, the throat usually encompassed by it is very slender and elegant. No difficulty on that point. Next, measuring attentively the space comprised between the top of the clock behind, and the marks of horizontal folds, formed just below the waist by the action of the wearer in tightening the cloak about her in order to bring the charms of her figure into greater development and exhibit the fall of its lower portion with the lace border at bottom, no amateur would doubt for a moment, any more than I did, that the lady was tall, rather long-waisted, and finely shaped. This is self-evident; the form is visible beneath the drapery.

Now, suppose, Mr. Editor, that in examining the body of the cloak you had found on the black satin the impression marked in dust of a very pretty little shoe, would you not have reflected that if any other woman had trodden on the cloak after the fall, she would certainly have deprived me of the pleasure of picking it up? You would, therefore, have concluded at once that the impression was made by the shoe of the loser of the cloak. Then you would have said if her shoe is very small her pretty foot is still smaller. I do not claim any merit for having ascertained this: the simplest observer might have done the same.

But this footstep, made in passing, and evidently unperceived by her who made it, indicates not only extreme quickness of step, but also a preoccupation of mind, of which grave, cold, elderly people are seldom susceptible. Whence I simply conclude that my charming blonde is in the flower of her age, full of liveliness and *distraite* in proportion.

Again, reflecting that the spot where I found her cloak was just on the way towards the place where the most active dancing was going on, I inferred that she was very fond of that amusement, since no less attraction would have sufficed to make her forget her cloak and tread upon it. It was impossible, I think, to arrive at a different conclusion. And, though a Frenchman, I boldly refer the question to all the *honnêtes gens* of England.

Also, when I remembered next day that in a place where so many people passed I had picked up this cloak without interruption (which proved that it had just been dropped), and without being able to discover her who had dropped it, which proves that she was already a long way off, I said to myself, "Surely this young person is the most alert beauty in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and if I do not add America, it is because people have become of late *diablement* alert in that country."

Had I carried my researches further I might perhaps have learnt in addition, from her cloak, what is her rank and quality. But when one has discovered that a woman is young and handsome, does one not know nearly all about her that one wishes to learn? Such, at least, was the notion in my time in some good cities in France, and even in some villages, such as Marly, Versailles, and the like.

Do not, then, be surprised, Mr. Editor, that a Frenchman who has made the fair sex the object of his special and philosophical study all his life should have found out, on the mere view of the cloak of a lady whom he never saw, that the beautiful blonde with the rose-colored plume to whom it belonged unites to the dazzling beauty of a Venus the slender neck of a nymph, the figure of a Grace, and the youth of a Hebe; that she is vivacious, absent, and so fond of the dance that she forgets everything else as she hastens to join it, on the feet of a Cinderella, with the swiftness of an Atalanta.

And be still less astonished if, occupied all night with the sentiments inspired in me by so many charms, I made for her, on my awaking, these innocent little verses, for which her cloak and your paper, Mr. Editor, will serve as a passport.

We spare our readers the verses, which are of the commonplace order of gallantry. The writer signs himself "L'Amateur Français," and says that a letter addressed to C. B., at the coffee-house, St. James's, shall be duly answered. The *Chronicle* carries the romance no further. The Pantheon was in 1776 the novel and fashionable place for public balls.

THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF.

BY MISS THACKERAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF ELIZABETH."

PREFACE.

We have all of us in the course of our life's journeys sometimes lived for a little while in places which were wearisome and monotonous to us at the time: which had little to attract or to interest; we may have left them without regret, never even wishing to return. But yet as we have travelled away, we may have found that through some subtle and unconscious attraction, sights, sounds, and peculiarities which we thought we had scarcely noticed, seem to be repeating themselves in our brains; the atmosphere of the place seems to be haunting us, as though unwilling to let us escape. And this peculiar distinctness and vividness does not appear to wear out with time and distance. The pictures are like those of a magic-lantern, and come suddenly out of the dimness and darkness, starting into life when the lamp is lighted by some chance association: so clearly and sharply defined and colored, that we can scarcely believe that they are only reflections from old slides which have been lying in our store for years past.

The slides upon which this little history is painted, somewhat rudely and roughly, have come from Petitport in Normandy, a dull little fishing town upon the coast. It stands almost opposite to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. The place is quite uninteresting, the district is not beautiful, but broad and fertile and sad and pleasant together. The country folks are high-spirited and sometimes gay, but usually grave, as people are who live by the sea. They are a well-grown, stately race, good-mannered, ready and shrewd in their talk and their dealings; they are willing to make friends, but they are at the same time reserved and careful of what they say. English people are little known at Petitport — one or two had stayed at the Château de Tracy "dans le temps," they told me, for Madame herself was of English parentage, and so was Madame Fontaine who married from there. But the strangers who came to lodge in the place for the sake of the sea-bathing and the fine sands were from Caen and Bayeux for the most part, and only remained during a week or two.

Except just on fête days and while the bathing time lasted, everything was very still at Petitport. Sometimes all the men would go away together in their boats, leaving the women and children alone in the village. I was there after the bathing season was over, and before the first fishing fleet left. The fishermen's wives were all busy preparing provisions, making ready, sewing at warm clothes, and helping to mend the nets before their husbands' departure. I could see them hard at work through the open doors as I walked up the steep little village street.

There is a precipitous path at the farther end of the village, which leads down to the beach below. One comes to it by some steps which descend along the side of a smart little house built on the very edge of the cliff, — a "châlet" they call it. It has many windows and weathercocks, and muslin curtains, and wooden balconies, and there is a sort of embankment or terrace-walk half-way to the sea. This was Madame Fontaine's châlet, the people told me, — her husband had left it to her in his last will and testament, — but she did not inhabit it. I had never seen any one come out of the place except once a fiercely-capped maid-servant with beetle brows, who went climbing up the hill beyond the châlet, and finally disappeared over its crest. It seemed as if the maid and the house were destined to be blown right away in time; all the winds came rushing across the fields and the country, and beating against the hillside, and it was a battle to reach the steps which led down to the quiet below. A wide sea is heaving and flashing at one's feet, as one descends the steep, the boats lie like specks on the shingle, birds go flying wind-blown below one's feet, and the rushing sound of the tide seems to fill the air. When I reached the foot of the cliff at last, I looked about for some place to rest. A young countrywoman was sitting not far off on the side of a boat, — a shabby old boat it was, full of water and sand and seaweed, with a patch of deal in its old brown coat. I was tired, and I went and sat down too.

The woman did not look round or make any movement, and remained quite still, a quiet figure against the long line of coast, staring at the receding tide. Some sailors not far off were shouting to one another, and busy with a fishing-smack which they had dragged up high and dry and safe from the water. Presently, one of the men came plodding up over the shingle, and I asked him if he wanted his boat.

"Even if I wanted it, I should not think of disturbing you and Mademoiselle Reine," answered the old fellow. He had a kindly puzzled weather-beaten face. "Remain, remain," he said.

"Hé, huh!" shouted his companions, filing off, "come and eat." But he paid no attention to their call, and went on talking. He had been out all night, but he had only caught cuttle-fish, he told me. They were not good to eat, — they required so much beating before they could be cooked. They seize the boats with their long straggling legs. . . . . "Did I hear of their clutching hold of poor old Nanon Lefebvre the other day, when she was setting her nets? Mademoiselle Reine could tell me the long and the short of it, for she was on the spot and called for help."

"And you came and killed the beast, and there was an end of it," said Mademoiselle Reine, shortly, glancing round with a pair of flashing bright eyes, and then turning her back upon us once more.

Hers was a striking and heroic type of physiognomy. She interested me then, as she has done ever since that day. There was something fierce, bright, good-humored about her. There was heart and strength and sentiment in her face — so I thought, at least, as she flashed round upon us. It is a rare combination, for women are not often both gentle and strong. She had turned her back again, however, and I went on talking to the old sailor. Had he had a good season, — had he been fortunate in his fishing?

A strange doubting look came into his face, and he spoke very slowly. "I have read in the Holy Gospels," he said, turning his cap round in his hands, "that when St. Peter and his companions were commanded to let down their nets, they enclosed such a multitude of fishes that their nets brake. I am sorry that the time for miracles is past. I have often caught fish, but my nets have never yet broken from the quantity they contained."

"You are all preparing to start for Dieppe?" I said, to change the subject.

"We go in a day or two," he answered; "perhaps a hundred boats will be starting. We go here, we go there — may be at a league's distance. It is curious to see. We are drifting about; we ask one another, 'Hast thou found the herring?' and we answer, 'No! there is no sign'; and perhaps at last some one says, 'It is at such-and-such a place.' We have landmarks. We have one at Asnelles, for instance," and he pointed to the glittering distant village, on the tongue of land which jutted into the sea at the horizon. "And then it happens," said the old fellow, "that all of a sudden we come upon what we are searching for. . . . . We have enough then, for we find them close-packed together, like this"; and he pressed his two brown hands against one another.

"And is not that a miracle to satisfy you, Christophe Lefebvre?" said the woman, speaking in a deep, sweet voice, with a strange ringing chord in it, and once more flashing round.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he said, quite seriously, "they are but herrings. Now St. Peter caught trout in his nets. I saw that in the picture which you showed me last Easter, when I went up to Tracy. I am only a rough man," he went on, speaking to me again. "I can't speak like those smart gentlemen from Paris, who make 'calembours,' and who have been to college; you must forgive me if I have offended you, or said anything wrongly. I have only been to one school at our little village; I learnt what I could there. . . . ."

"And to that other school, Christophe," said the deep voice again; and the young woman pointed to the sea.

Then he brightened up. "There, indeed, I have learnt a great many things, and I defy any one of those fine gentlemen to teach me a single fact regarding it."

"And yet there are some of them — of the fine gentlemen, as you call them," she said, looking him full in the face, "who are not out of place on board a boat, as you ought to know well enough."

Lefebvre shrugged his shoulders. "Monsieur Richard," he said, "and M. de Tracy too, they liked being on board, and are not afraid of a wetting. Monsieur Fontaine, pauvre homme, it was not courage he wanted. Vous n'avez pas tort, Mademoiselle Reine. Permit me to ask you if you have had news lately of the widow? She is a good and pretty person" (he said to me), "and we of the country all like her."

"She is good and pretty, as you say," answered the young woman, shortly. "You ask me for news, Christophe. I had some news of her this morning; Madame Fontaine is going to be married again." And then suddenly turning away, Mademoiselle Reine rose abruptly from her seat and walked across the sands out towards the distant sea.

CHAPTER I.

ADIEU, CHARMANT PAYS.

FIVE o'clock on a fine Sunday, — western light streaming along the shore, low cliffs stretching away on either side, with tufted grasses and thin, straggling flowers growing from the loose, arid soil, — far-away promontories, flashing the distant shores, which the tides have not yet overlapped, all shining in the sun. The waves swell steadily inwards, the foam sparkles where the ripples meet the sands.

The horizon is solemn dark blue, but a great streak of light crosses the sea; three white sails gleam, so do the white caps of the peasant-women, and the wings of the sea-gulls as they go swimming through the air.

Holiday people are out in their Sunday clothes. They go strolling along the shore, or bathing and screaming to each other in the waters. The countrymen wear their blue smocks of a darker blue than the sea, and they walk by their wives and sweethearts in their gay-colored Sunday petticoats. A priest goes by; a grand lady in frills, yellow shoes, red jacket, fly-away hat, and a cane. Her husband is also in scarlet and yellow. Then come more women and Normandy caps flapping, gossiping together, and baskets and babies, and huge umbrellas. A figure, harlequin-like, all stripes and long legs, suddenly darts from behind a rock, and frisks into the water, followed by a dog barking furiously. More priests go by from the seminary at Asnelles. Then perhaps a sister of charity, with her large, flat shoes, accompanied by two grand-looking bonnets.

I believe M. le Sous-préfet himself had been seen on the sands that afternoon, by Marion, by Isabeau, by Madame Potier, and all the village, in short. M. le Maire had also been remarked walking with the English gentlemen from the château; one pair of eyes watched the two curiously as they went by. The little Englishman was sauntering in his odd loose clothes; Monsieur Fontaine, the maire, tripping beside him with short, quick military steps, neat gaiters, a cane, thread gloves, and a curly-rimmed Panama hat. M. Fontaine was the taller of the two, but the Englishman seemed to keep ahead somehow, although he only sauntered and dragged one leg lazily after the other. Pélottier the inn-keeper had been parading up and down all the afternoon with his rich and hideous bride. She went mincing along with a parasol and mittens and gold ear-rings and a great gold ring on her forefinger, and a Paris cap stuck over with pins and orange-flowers. She looked daggers at Reine Chrétien, who had scorned Pélottier, and boxed his great red ears, it was said earrings and all. As for Reine, she marched past the couple in her Normandy peasant dress, with its beautiful old laces, and gold ornaments, looking straight before her, as she took the arm of her grandfather, the old farmer from Tracy.

Besides all these grown-up people, there comes occasionally a little flying squadron of boys and girls, rushing along, tumbling down, shouting and screaming at the pitch of their voices, to the scandal of the other children who are better brought up, and who are soberly trotting in their small bourrelets and bibs and blouses by the side of their fathers and mothers. The babies are the solemnest and the funniest of all, as they stare at the sea and the company from their tight maillots or cocoons.

The country folks meet, greet one another cheerfully, and part with signs and jokes; the bathers go on shouting and beating the water; the lights dance. In the distance, across the sands, you see the figures walking leisurely homewards before the tide overtakes them; the sky gleams whiter and whiter at the horizon, and bluer and more blue behind the arid grasses that fringe the overhanging edges of the cliffs.

Four or five little boys come running up one by one, handkerchief-flying umbrella-bearer ahead to the martial sound of a penny trumpet.

The little captain pursues them breathless and exhausted, brandishing his sword in an agony of command. "Soldats," he says, addressing his re-

[illegible] troupe. "Soldats, souvenez-vous qu'il ne faut jamais courir. Soldats, ne courrez pas, je vous en prie ... une, deux, trois," and away they march to the relief of a sand fort which is being attacked by the sea. And so the day goes on and the children play

> "Among the [illegible] and lumber of the shore,
> The [illegible], swarthy fishing nets,
> Anchors and rusty flukes, and boats updrawn."

And while they build "their castles of dissolving sand, to watch them overflow," the air, and the [illegible] and the colors in which all these people are moving seem to grow clearer and clearer; you can see the country people clambering the cliffs behind the village, and hear the voices and the laughter of the [illegible] assembled on the embanked market-[illegible]. And meanwhile M. le Maire and the Englishman [illegible] sands towards [illegible] shadows lengthening [illegible].

[illegible] little town before [illegible] M. [illegible] remarking to his [illegible] start to-morrow, and [illegible] Ma[illegible]."

[illegible]

again. "She was good to give me some the other day, with soupe aux choux: and I confess —"

"Comment, Monsieur Butler! You do not like our cider?" said the maire, looking quite surprised. "It is because you have the taste of your '*potter*' still in your mouth. Come back to us, and I promise to convert you."

"Very well, that is a bargain," said Butler, looking about him a little distractedly. Madame Pélottier, who happened to be passing, imagined that he was admiring her elegance. She drew herself up, stuck out her forefinger, and bowed. The maire, with a brisk glissade, returned the salute.

"I sometimes ask," Fontaine remarked, as he replaced his curly-rimmed hat, "how that excellent fellow, Pélottier, can have married himself with that monstrous person. She brought him, it is true, an excellent dot and a good connection at Caen, also at Bayeux: but in his place nothing would have persuaded me to unite myself with a young lady so disgracious and ill brought-up."

"Then you have thought of marrying again?" asked Butler, glancing at the spruce figure beside him.

The maire looked conscious, and buttoned his [illegible] contemplated some proposals," he [illegible] a person who was well-off, and who might have made an amiable mother to my child, but the affair came to nothing. I do not mind telling you it was Mademoiselle [illegible] herself that I had in view. After all, why should I marry? Hein? My good mother takes care of my little son; my [illegible] is much attached to him; I have an [illegible] devoted to our family [illegible]. Sometimes," said M. Fontaine, glancing at the [illegible], "a vague feeling comes [illegible] a suitable person. Life [illegible] more interesting. I [illegible] with the [illegible]. These are [illegible] imagination [illegible]."

[illegible] Butler amused. [illegible]

not pulled out his watch and escaped, saying he must go home. The maire took a disconsolate leave. Nemesis, in the shape of Madame Michaud, with some wrongs and a great deal to say about them, had overtaken Monsieur le Maire and held him fast prisoner, while Richard Butler marched off with that odd sauntering walk of his, and made the best of his way to the château.

He tramped along the foot of the cliff, crunching over seaweed and stones and mussel-shells. He passed old Nanette Lefebvre trimming her nets, sitting in a heap on the sand, with her bare legs in huge wooden sabots, and her petticoats tucked up. Though it was a fête day, the old fish-wife could not afford to miss her chance of a *bonne aubaine*. "J'allons mettre mes filets à la basse marée," said Nanon, quite contented. "Je vous souhaite le bonsoir, mon petit monsieur." Mr. Hook might have made a pretty sketch of the old brown face with the shrewd black eyes, and the white coif, of the crisp rocks, the blue sea, and the tattered striped petticoat. A peculiar brightness and clearness of atmosphere is like a varnish to the live pictures one meets with at every turn on the shores yonder. The colors are fainter and brighter than in England, the backgrounds lie flat, undiversified, scantily broken by trees, but the figures stand out in pale relief, with a grace, an unconscious pastoral sentiment which is almost unknown among us. Have we not outgrown the charm of tradition, old songs and saws, and ways and appliances, national dress, and simple country life? Faded, battered wire bonnets; vulgarity, millinery, affectation, parasols, crinolines, — it seems strange that such things should so surely supersede in time all the dear and touching relics of the bygoing still life of our ancestors. Perhaps a day will come when the old charm will exorcise the land again, bringing back its songs and rural poetry, its grace and vanishing sentiment.

It almost appears as if consciousness destroyed and blighted whatever it laid its fatal hand upon. We have all learnt to love and admire art in our daily life, and to look for it here and there; but as we look, somehow, and as we exclaim, — Here or there behold it! — the fairies vanish, the birds fly away, the tranquil silence is broken, the simple unconsciousness is gone forever, and you suddenly awake from your pleasant dream. A ruin enclosed by a wall and viewed with a ticket, a model old woman in a sham rustic cottage at the park gate; even the red cloaks of the village children which the lady at the hall brought down from Marshall and Snellgrove's, when she was in town last Tuesday, — all these only become scenes in a pantomime somehow. In these days, one is so used to sham and imitation, and Brummagem, that when by chance one comes to the real thing, it is hard to believe in it. At least, so Butler thought, as he trudged along.

Presently he began to climb the cliff, and he reached the top at last with the great fields and the sea on either side, and the fresh breezes blowing. He did not go into the village, but turned straight off and strode up the hill. He passed groups all along the road, resting or plodding through the dust. The west was all aglow with sunset, great ranges of cloud mountains were coming from a distance and hanging overhead in the sky. He beheld fiery lakes, calm seas, wonderful countries. He could see land and sky and sea glowing for miles and miles in wreathing vapors of loveliest tint, and golden sun-floods. Butler trudged along, admiring, wondering, and at the same time with his head full of one thing and another.

He was loath enough to go, but there was no help for it. He had been in scrapes and troubles at home, and had come away for a change, and now he felt he should get into a scrape if he stayed, and they had sent for him home again. His uncle, Charles Butler, had paid his debts once more, and his uncle Hervey had written him a long and discursive epistle conveying his forgiveness, desiring him to come back to his work and his studio. His aunt, Madame de Tracy, announced that she would accompany him to England, spend a short time with her two brothers, and make the way smooth for her nephew. Madame de Tracy had but ten fingers, but if she had possessed twenty she would have wished to have made use of each one of them in that culinary process to which the old proverb alludes. Her efforts had never been successful as far as Butler was concerned.

Dick, as his friends call him, had been cursed with a facility for getting into scrapes all his lifetime. He had an odd, fantastic mind, which had come to him no one knew how or why. He was sensitive, artistic, appreciative. He was vain and diffident; he was generous and selfish; he was warm-hearted, and yet he was too much a man of the world not to have been somewhat tainted by its ways. Like other and better men, Dick's tastes were with the aristocracy, his sympathies with the people. He was not strong enough to carry out his own theories, though he could propound them very eloquently, in a gentle drawling voice, not unpleasant to listen to. He was impressionable enough to be easily talked over and persuaded for a time, but there was with it all a fund of secret obstinacy and determination which would suddenly reassert itself, at inconvenient moments sometimes. In that last scrape of his, Dick having first got deeply into debt, in a moment of aberration had proposed to a very plain but good-natured young lady with a great deal of money. He had made the offer at the instigation of his relations, and to quiet them and deliver himself from their persecutions, and he then behaved shamefully, as it is called, for he was no sooner accepted, to his surprise and consternation, than he wrote a very humble but explicit note to the heiress, telling her that the thing was impossible. That she must forgive him if she could, but he felt that the mercenary motives which had induced him to come forward were so unworthy of her and of himself, that the only course remaining to him was to confess his meanness, and to throw himself upon her good-nature. Poor Dick! the storm which broke upon his curly head was a terrible one. He had fled in alarm.

His curly head had stood him in stead of many a better quality; his confidence and good manners had helped him out of many a well-deserved scrape, but he was certainly no sinewy hero, no giant, no Titan, like those who have lately revisited the earth — (and the circulating libraries, to their very great advantage and improvement). So far he was effeminate that he had great quickness of perception, that he was enthusiastic and self-indulgent, and shrunk from pain for himself or for others. He had been petted and spoiled in his youth, and he might have been a mere puppet and walking gentleman to this day, if it had not been for that possession, that odd little craze in his mind which seemed to bring him to life somehow, and force him into independence and self-denial; and Charles Butler, his eldest uncle,

used to make jokes at him, or occasionally burst out in a fume when Dick gravely assured him he believed himself possessed and unaccountable for his actions. But for all his vexation, the old man could not resist the young fellow's handsome face, and his honest, unaffected ways, and his cleverness and his droll conceit, and humility, and grateful ingratitude. So [illegible] his scrapes, after all, were thoughtless, not wicked [illegible] and so old Butler paid and paid, and preached a [illegible] and jibed a great deal, and offered him regular employment, but Dick would not be regularly employed, [illegible] not be helped, would not be made angry: it seemed [illegible] vain to try to influence him.

"If your pictures were worth the canvas," the old fellow would say, "I should be only too thankful to see you so harmlessly occupied: but what is this violet female biting an orange, and standing with her toes turned in and her elbows turned out? P. R. B.'s. I have no patience with the nonsense. Pray, were Sir Joshua, and Lawrence, and Gainsborough, and Romney, before Raphael or after? and could they paint a pretty woman, or could they not?"

"They could paint in their way," Dick would answer, twirling his moustache, "and I, probably, can appreciate them better than you can, sir. You haven't read my article in the *Art Review*, I see." And then the two would talk at one another for an hour or more. It all ended in Dick going his own way, wasting his time, throwing away opportunities, picking up shreds that he seemed to have thrown away, making friends wherever he went, with the children of light or darkness as the case might be.

As Dick walked along the high road to Tracy this afternoon, he replied to one greeting and another: good-humored looking women stepping out by their men-companions, grinned and nodded to him as they passed on: children trotting along the road cried out, "Bonsoir," in the true Normandy sing-song. Butler occasionally interrupted his somewhat remorseful meditations to reply to them. "What a fool he was!" he was thinking. Alas! this is often what people are thinking as they walk for a little way alone along the high road of life. How he had wasted his youth, his time, his chances. Here he was, at eight-and-twenty, a loiterer in the race. He had tried hard enough at times, but life had gone wrong with him somehow. "Why was he always in trouble?" poor Butler asked himself: "dissatisfied, out of pocket and temper? Why was he unhappy now when matters were beginning to brighten, and one more chance offered itself for him to retrieve the past?" He had a terror lest the future should only be a repetition of times gone by, — thoughtless imprudence, idleness, recklessness. He thought if he could turn his back upon it all, and take up a new life under another name, he would be well content, — if he could put on a blouse and dig in the fields like these sunburnt fellows, and forget all cares and anxieties and perplexities in hard physical labor and fatigue. A foolish, passionate longing for the simpler forms of life had come over him of late. He was sick of cities, of men, of fine ladies, of unsuccessful efforts, of constant disappointment and failure. He was tired of being tired and of the problems of daily life which haunted and perplexed him. Here, perhaps, he might be at peace, living from day to day and from hour to hour.

And yet he felt that the best and truest part of him, such as it was, was given to his art, and that he would sacrifice everything, every hope for better things, if he sacrificed to weariness, to laziness, — to a fancy, — what he would not give up for expediency and success. He was no genius, he could not look for any brilliant future; he was discouraged and out of heart. He blinked with his short-sighted eyes across the country towards a hollow far away, where a farmstead was nestling: he could see the tall roof gleaming among the trees and the stacks. How loath he was to go. He imagined himself driving cattle to market along the dusty roads; bargaining; hiring laborers, digging drains, tossing hay [illegible] carts; training fruit-trees, working in the fields. It was an absurdity, and Butler sighed, for he knew it was absurd. He must go, whether he would or not; he had seen the last of the place and the people in it; he had tasted of the fruit of the tree of good and of evil, it was too late, he could not be Adam living with his Eve in the Garden of Eden. It was a garden full of apples, bounteous, fruitful, which was spread out before him, stretching from the lilac hills all down to the sea, but it was not the Garden of Eden. Had Eve bright quick brown eyes, Butler wondered: did she come and go busily? did she make ciders and salads, and light fires of dried sticks in the evenings? Did she carefully pick up the fruit that fell to the ground and store it away? did she pull flowers to decorate her bower with, and feed the young heifers with leaves out of her hand? Did she scatter grain for the fowls of the air? did she call all the animals by their names and fondle them with her pretty slim fingers? did she, when they had been turned out of Paradise, weave garments for herself and for Adam with a spinning-wheel, as Butler had seen the women use in these parts? Had she a sweet, odd voice with a sort of chord in it? Dick sighed again and walked on quickly, watching a great cloud-ship high overhead. And as he walked writing his cares with his footsteps on the dust, as Carlyle says somewhere, a cart which had been jolting up the hillside passed him on the road.

It was full of country people: a young man with a flower stuck into his cap was driving, an old man was sitting beside him. Inside the cart were three women and some children. One little fellow was leaning right over, blowing a big trumpet and holding a flag. The other children were waving branches and pulling at a garland of vine-leaves, of which one end was dragging, baskets were slung to the shafts below, two dogs were following and barking, while the people in the cart were chanting a sort of chorus as they went jolting along the road.

They sang while the children waved their branches in accompaniment. It looked like a christening party, with the white ribbons and flowers. One of the young women held a little white baby in her arms: another sat as if she was in a boat, holding fast a pretty little curly-headed girl, while the other arm dropped loosely over the side.

As the cart jogged past him, the children recognized Butler, who was well known to them, and they began to call to him, and to wave their toys to attract his attention. The two men took off their caps, the women nodded, and went on singing: all except the young woman who had been leaning back, — she looked up, smiled, and made the little girl next her kiss her hand to the wayfarer.

"Good by, Reine," said Butler, in English, starting forward. "I'm going to-morrow."

Reine, jogging away, did not seem to understand

what he said; she stretched out her long neck, half turned to the others, then looked back again at Dick. The other two women did not heed her, but went on shrilly chanting, —

> Si le chemin nous ennuie
> L'un à l'autre nous boirons!

And a second verse, —

> Voici tous gens de courage
> Lesquels s'en vont en voyage
> Jusque par-de-là des monts
> Faire ce pélérinage.
> Tous boire nous ne pouvons.
> Que la bouteille on n'oublie.
> En regrettant Normandie,
> En regrettant . . . .

went the chorus with the men's voices joining in. There was a sudden decline in the hill, and the horse that had been going slowly before, set off at a trot. Reine was still leaning back and looking after Butler. Dick never turned his head as he walked quietly on towards Tracy. It seemed to him as if the sun had set suddenly, and that a cold east wind was coming up from the sea.

The cart jogged off towards the farmstead which Dick had seen nestling among the trees, — Dick went on his road through the growing dusk. About half an hour later, Madame Michaud, belated and in a great hurry, drove past him in her little open gig; she pulled up, however, to offer him a lift, which Butler declined with thanks.

The road makes a sudden turn about a mile before you reach the château, and Dick could perceive the glow of the windows of the old place already beginning to light up. He could also see a distant speck of light in the plain, shining through darker shadow. Had Reine reached home, he wondered? was that the flare of the Colza blaze through the open door of the dwelling, or the lamp placed in the window as a signal to Dominic and her grandfather that the supper was ready? "It is as well I am going to-morrow," Butler ruefully thought once more.

It was almost dark by the time he reached the iron gates of the Château de Tracy, where his dinner was cooking, and his French relations were awaiting his return. They were sitting out — dusky forms of aunts and cousins — on chairs and benches, upon the terrace in front of the old place, enjoying the evening breeze, fresh though it was. English people would have huddled into cloaks and bonnets, or gathered round close up to the wood-fire in the great bare saloon on a night like this; but French people are less cautious and chilly than we are, and indeed there are no insidious damps lurking in the keen dry atmosphere of Normandy, no hidden dangers to fear as with us. To-night the mansarde windows in the high roof, the little narrow windows in the turret, and many of the shuttered casements down below, were lighted up brightly. The old house looked more cheerful than in the daytime, when to English eyes a certain mouldiness and neglect seemed to hang about the place. Persons passing by at night, when the lamps were lighted, travellers in the diligence from Bayeux, and other wayfarers, sometimes noticed the old château blazing by the roadside, and speculated dimly, — as people do when they see signs of an unknown life, — as to what sort of people were living, what sort of a history was passing, behind the gray walls. There would be voices on the terrace, music coming from the open windows. The servants clustering round the gates, after their work was over, would greet the drivers of the passing vehicles. As the diligence pulled up, something would be handed down, or some one would get out of the interior, and vanish into this unknown existence, — the cheerful voices would exchange good nights. . . . . When Richard Butler first came he arrived by this very Bayeux diligence, and he was interested and amused as he would have been by a scene at the play.

It was by this same Bayeux diligence that he started early the next morning after his walk along the cliff. Madame de Tracy, who always wanted other people to alter their plans suddenly at the last moment, and for no particular reason, had endeavored to persuade her nephew to put off his departure for twenty-four hours. But Dick was uneasy, and anxious to be off. He had made up his mind that it was best to go, and this waiting about and lingering was miserable work. Besides, he had received a letter from a friend, who was looking out for him at a certain shabby little hotel at Caen, well known to them both. Dick told his aunt that he would stay there and wait until she came the next day, but that he should leave Tracy by the first diligence in the morning; and for once he spoke as if he meant what he said.

And so it was settled, and Richard packed up his picture overnight, and went off at seven o'clock, without his breakfast, in the rattling little diligence. An unexpected pleasure was in store for him. He found M. Fontaine already seated within it, tightly wedged between two farmers' wives, who were going to market with their big baskets and umbrellas, and their gold earrings and banded caps. M. le Maire was going into Bayeux, "*pour affaire*," he informed the company. But Richard Butler was silent, and little inclined to the conversation which M. Fontaine tried to keep up as well as he could through the handles of the baskets with his English friend, with the other occupants of the vehicle, and with the ladies on his right and his left. He suited his subjects to his auditory. He asked Madame Nicholas if she was going to the fair at Creuilly, and if she had reason to believe that there would be as much amusement there this year as the last. He talked to Madame Binaud of the concert in the church the week before, and of the sum which M. le Curé had cleared by the entertainment. To Dick he observed, in allusion to his intended journey, "What a wonderful power is *le steam!* You can, if you choose, dine at Paris to-night, and breakfast in London to-morrow morning. What should we do," asked Fontaine, "without the aid of this useful and surprising invention?"

"Eh bien! moi qui vous parle, Monsieur le Maire," said Madame Binaud; "I have never yet been in one of those machines à vapeur, nor do I ever desire to go. Binaud, he went up to Paris last harvest-time, and he came back, sure enough. But I don't like them," said Madame Binaud, shaking her head, and showing her white teeth.

Madame Binaud was a Conservative. She was very stout, and wore a high cap with big flaps that were somewhat out of date. Madame Nicholas was a bright, lively little woman, with a great store of peaches in her basket, a crinoline, a Paris cap, and all the latest innovations.

They went on slowly climbing the hill for some time, and as they turned a corner, Dick caught one more sight of Petitport, all white against the blue sea, and very distinct in the early morning light. Then the diligence rolled on more quickly, and the great towers of Bayeux Cathedral came rising across the plain. Butler looked back again and again, but he could see the village no more. What

was the charm which attracted him so strangely to the poor little place? he asked himself. Did he love the country for its own sake, or only for the sake of the people he left there? But the diligence was banging and rattling over the Bayeux stones by this time, and it was no use asking himself any more questions.

"Monsieur," solemnly said Madame Binaud, as she and her friend prepared to get down, "je vous souhaite un bon voyage."

"Bon jour, messieurs!" said Madame Nicholas, cheerfully, while M. Fontaine carefully handed out the ladies' baskets and umbrellas, and a pair of sabots belonging to Madame Binaud.

The maire himself descended at the banker's. It was an old-fashioned porte-cochère, leading into a sunny, deserted courtyard. M. Fontaine stood in the doorway. He was collecting his mind for one last parting effort. "My dear fren'! good voyage," he said in English, waving his Panama, as Dick drove off to the station.

M. Fontaine accomplished his business, and jogged back to Petitport in the diligence that evening, once more in company with Madame Binaud and Madame Nicholas, who had disposed of her peaches.

"Il est gentil, le petit Monsieur Anglais," said Madame Nicholas. "Anglais, Allemand; c'est la même chose, n'est-ce pas, Monsieur Fontaine?"

"Not at all, not at all; the nations are entirely distinct," says Fontaine, — delighted to have an opportunity of exhibiting his varied information before the passengers.

"I should like to know where he has got to by this time," said Madame Binaud, solemnly nodding her stupid old head.

Dick is only a very little way off, sitting upon a pile, and saying farewell for a time to the country he loves. "Adieu, charmant pays de France," he is whistling somewhat dolefully.

There is a river, and some people are sitting on some logs of wood which have been left lying along the embankment, there is a dying sunstreak in the west, and the stars are quietly brightening overhead.

The water reflects the sunstreak and the keels of the ships which are moored to the quai. Beyond the quai the river flows across a plain, through gray and twilight mystery towards Paris with its domes and triumphal arches miles and miles away. Here, against the golden-vaulted background, crowd masts and spires and gable-roofs like those of a goblin city, and casements from which the lights of the old town are beginning to shine and to be reflected in the water.

The old town whose lights are kindling is Caen in Normandy. The people who are sitting on the logs are some country folks, and two English travellers who have strolled out with their cigars after dinner.

It seems a favorite hour with the Caennois; many townsfolk are out and about. They have done their day's work, their suppers are getting ready by the gleaming gable lights, and before going in to eat, to rest, to sleep, they come to breathe the cool air, to look at the shipping, to peer down into the dark waters, and to stroll under the trees of the Cours. The avenues gloom damp and dark and vaporous in the twilight, but one can imagine some natures liking to walk under trees at night and to listen to the dreary chirping of the crickets. For English people who have trees and shady groves at home, there are other things to do at Caen besides strolling along the dark Cours. There are the quais, and the quaint old courts and open squares, and the busy old streets all alight and full of life. They go climbing, descending, ascending with gables and corners, where shrines are and turrets with weathercocks, and bits of rag hanging from upper windows; carved lintels, heads peeping from the high casements, voices calling, pigeons flying and perching, flowers hanging from topmost stories, and then over all these the upward spires and the ivy-grown towers of the old castle standing on the hill, and down below crumbling Roman walls and green moats all luxuriant with autumn garlands. All day long the bright Norman sky had been shining upon the gardens and hillsides, and between the carved stones and parapets and high roofs of the city.

Richard Butler had been wandering about all the afternoon in this pleasant confusion of sight, and sound, and bright color. He had missed the friend he expected to meet, but this did not greatly affect him, for he knew he would turn up that night at the hotel, — at the table-d'hôte most likely; and, in the mean time, wandering round and about, stopping at every corner, looking into every church, noting the bright pictures, framed as it were in the arches, staring up at the gables, at the quaint wares in the shops; making mental notes of one kind and another, which might be useful some day, — he had spent a tranquil, solitary afternoon. He had seen a score of subjects; once sitting on a bench in one of the churches, a side door had opened, and with a sudden flood of light from a green courtyard outside, an old bent woman came in, carrying great bunches of flowers. She came slowly out of the sunlight, and went with dragging step to the altar of the beautiful white Virgin, where the tapers were burning. And then she placed the flowers on the altar and crept away. Here was a subject, Butler thought, and he tried to discover why it affected him. A pretty young girl tripping in, blushing with her offering and her petition, would not have touched him as did the sight of this lonely and aged woman, coming sadly along with her fresh wreaths and nosegays. Poor soul! what can she have to pray for? "Her flowers should be withered immortelles," he thought, but the combinations of real life do not *pose* for effect, and the simple, natural incongruities of every day are more harmonious than any compositions or allusions, no matter how elaborate. Butler thought of Uhland's chaplet, "Es pflückte blümlein männigfalt," and taking out his note-book he wrote down, —

"Old people's petitions, St. G. 4 o'clock. Offering up flowers, old woman blue petticoat, white stripe. Pointed Gothic doorway, light from l to r through Red St. glass. Uhland."

The next place into which he strolled was a deserted little court of exchange, silent and tenantless, though the great busy street rolled by only a few score yards away. There were statues in florid niches, windows behind, a wonder of carved stonework, of pillars, of polished stems and brackets. It was a silent little nook, with the deep sky shining overhead, and the great black shadows striking and marking out the lovely ornaments which patient hands had carved and traced upon the stone. It was all very sympathetic and resting to his mind. It was like the conversation of a friend, who sometimes listens, sometimes discourses, saying all sorts of pleasant things; suggesting, turning your own

dull and wearied thoughts into new ideas, brightening as you brighten, interesting you, leading you away from the worn-out old dangerous paths where you were stumbling and struggling, and up and down which you had been wandering as if bewitched.

Dick went back to the table-d'hôte at five o'clock, and desired the waiter to keep a vacant seat beside him. Before the soupe had been handed round, another young man not unlike Dick in manner, but taller and better looking, came strolling in, and with a nod and a smile, and a shake of the hand, sat down beside him.

"Where have you been?" said Dick.

"Looking for you," said the other. "Brittany, — that sort of thing. Have you got on with your picture?"

"Yes," Butler answered, "finished it, and begun another. You know I'm on my way home. Better come, too, Beamish, and help me to look after all my aunt's boxes."

"Which aunt's boxes?" said Beamish, eagerly.

"Not Mrs. Butler's," Dick answered, smiling. "But Catherine is flourishing, at least she was looking very pretty when I came away, and will, I have no doubt, be very glad to see me again."

And then, when dinner was over, and the odd-looking British couples had retired to their rooms, the two young men lighted their cigars, and strolled out across the Place together, went out and sat upon the log, until quite late at night, talking and smoking together in the quiet and darkness.

[To be continued.]

A MAN WITH A LARGE FAMILY.

The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe is the traditional representative of the parent afflicted with a large family. The Old Woman might have had seventy children; perhaps she had more; certainly she had so many "she did n't know what to do." There is a man in Bristol, however, who beats the Old Woman out of sight in respect to the number of his family. "How many has *he*, then?" the reader will ask. Well, to reply with the same precision of language as was used by the member of Parliament, who, not being familiar with the principles of Euclid, once described a rent in a ship's side as "about as long as a bit of string," it may be said that George Müller of Bristol has more than a mile of children. Place them in a line, with a couple of yards between each of them, and then count up what space will be covered by one thousand one hundred and fifty children, — that being the number for which George Müller has to provide daily. It is considered a large family when fifteen sit down to table, — but eleven hundred and fifty! That is something like a family. What a fortune the man must have, to fill so many mouths. It is a respectable colony that has to be dealt with! Eleven hundred and fifty dinners for three hundred and sixty-five days a year; ditto breakfasts and teas; eleven hundred and fifty children to clothe and to educate! Then they live in houses which are more like castles than ordinary dwellings. Beds for eleven hundred and fifty; schoolrooms for eleven hundred and fifty; play-rooms for eleven hundred and fifty; nurseries for a large portion of the eleven hundred and fifty; play-grounds for those who are old enough to dance on the spring-board or swing on the round-about, and toys for the little ones. Then there is an army of nurses, and teachers, and servants. Again the reader will say, "What a fortune the man must have!" The surmise is entirely erroneous. George Müller is a poor man. He has nothing but what people choose to give him, and the rule of his life is never to ask anybody for anything, and never to publish the name of anybody who gives him anything. What! A poor man keep eleven hundred and fifty children in these handsome dwellings, feed them, clothe them, and educate them? Preposterous? So it would appear; and yet it is not preposterous, when the matter is explained, although it may have something of the wonderful, and even of the miraculous, in it.

George Müller, whose name will probably hereafter be identified with orphanages, as the name of Robert Raikes is identified with Sunday schools, is a Prussian by birth, having been born at Kroppenstaedt, near Halberstadt, in 1805. His father was a collector of excise for the Prussian government. In 1829, Mr. Müller came to England, with the intention of becoming a missionary in connection with the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. This connection, however, never was formed, and he became the minister of a small congregation of 'Brethren' at Teignmouth. In 1832, he went to Bristol, and with Henry Craik, the eminent Hebrew scholar, became a minister among the Brethren there. These co-workers stipulated that they should have no fixed salary, — a practice which Mr. Müller adopted at Teignmouth; and from that day to this Mr. Müller has never had any salary, although he has preached regularly in Bristol for over thirty-four years. A man who has no means, who declines to accept a salary, and who also makes it a fixed rule of life never to ask anybody for anything, is in rather a peculiar position.

Mr. Müller having adopted this course, had nothing to depend upon but what people who knew his habits chose to give him. One person would send him a present of a hat, another would send him a suit of clothes; and it happened at times that these precarious gifts did not always come exactly when they were wanted, and Mr. Müller occasionally was dressed in the reverse of what is called "the extreme of fashion." Still he preached, cheerfully; and shortly before 1836, notwithstanding the fact that many a time he had not sixpence in the world, he conceived the idea that it was his duty to do something in the way of providing for poor orphans who had lost both father and mother by death. Accordingly, on the 11th of April, 1836, he fitted up the house he was then living in at No. 6 Wilson Street, Bristol, for thirty orphans, who were to be supported in exactly the same way as himself, — that is, by the bounty of donors, who, under no circumstances, were asked for anything, and whose names, whether they gave much or little, were never published. Viewed as an ordinary attempt to provide for orphans, this was an extraordinary experiment.

What followed is a perfect romance of faith and benevolence. Often after Mr. Müller had filled his house with orphans, he was reduced to the last extremity to provide for them. Sometimes he had to sell furniture to supply them with food. He made it a rule never to go into debt, and to pay for everything as it was bought; and many a time at the close of the day he had no money for next day's supplies. Still the orphans never went without either food or without ample clothing. The struggles were extraordinary; and the manner in which the extreme necessities of the hour were frequently met is one of the most singular stories that ever

eral Vogel von Falkenstein, commander of the seventh army corps, began his career in 1813, when he ran away from home to enlist in a rifle corps. His frame was so slight and delicate that he was scarcely thought capable of carrying his arms, but nevertheless he won his lieutenant's epaulettes within a year, and at the engagement of Montmirail was obliged to take command of his battalion, all his seniors having been put *hors de combat*. On this occasion he won the iron cross. He took a distinguished part in the barricade struggle of 1848, and in 1864 was appointed chief of Von Wrangel's staff.

CLEOPATRA.

"Her beauty might surface the jealous brows,
Turn shame to love and pain to a tender sleep,
Abet the strong nerve of hate to sloth and tears;
Make spring rebellions in the sides of frost,
Thaw out dank winter with hot August sparks,
Convert sweet blood into the husks of death,
And from strange beasts enforce harsh courtesy."
T. Heyman, *Fall of Antony*, 1655.

Her mouth is fragrant as a vine.
A vine with birds in all its boughs:
Serpent and scarab for a sign
Between the beauty of her brows
And the amorous deep lids divine.

Her great curled hair makes luminous
Her cheeks, her lifted throat and chin.
Shall she not have the hearts of us
To shatter, and the loves therein
To shed between her fingers thus?

Small ruined broken strays of light,
Pearl after pearl she shreds them through
Her long sweet sleepy fingers, white
As any pearl's heart veined with blue,
And soft as dew on a soft night.

As if the very eyes of love
Shone through her shutting lids, and stole
The slow looks of a snake or dove;
As if her lips absorbed the whole
Of love, her soul the soul thereof.

Lost, all the lordly pearls that were
Wrung from the sea's heart, from the green
Coasts of the Indian gulf-river:
Lost, all the loves of the world — so keen
Towards this queen for love of her.

You see against her throat the small
Sharp glittering shadows of them shake;
And through her hair the imperial
Curled likeness of the river snake,
Whose bite shall make an end of all.

Through the scales sheathing him like wings,
Through hieroglyphs of gold and gem,
The strong sense of her beauty stings,
Like a keen pulse of love in them,
A running flame through all his rings.

Under those low large lids of hers
She hath the histories of all time;
The fruit of foliage-stricken years;
The old seasons with their heavy chime
That leaves its rhyme in the world's ears.

She sees the heart of death made bare,
The ravelled riddle of the skies,
The faces faded that were fair,
The mouths made speechless that were wise,
The hollow eyes and dusty hair:

The shape and shadow of mystic things,
Things that fate fashions or forbids:
The staff of time-forgotten kings
Whose name falls off the Pyramids,
Their coffin-lids and grave-clothings:

Dank dregs, the scum of pool or clod,
God-spawn of lizard-footed clans,
And those dog-headed hulks that trod
Swart necks of the old Egyptians,
Raw draughts of man's beginning God:

The poised hawk, quivering ere he smote,
With plume-like gems on breast and back;
The asps and water-worms afloat
Between the rush-flowers moist and slack;
The cat's warm black bright rising throat.

The purple days of drouth expand
Like a scroll opened out again:
The molten heaven drier than sand,
The hot red heaven without rain,
Sheds iron pain on the empty land.

All Egypt aches in the sun's sight:
The lips of men are harsh for drouth,
The fierce air leaves their cheeks burnt white,
Charred by the bitter blowing south,
Whose dusty mouth is sharp to bite.

All this she dreams of, and her eyes
Are wrought after the sense hereof.
There is no heart in her for sighs:
The face of her is more than love, —
A name above the Ptolemies.

Her great grave beauty covers her
As that sleek spoil beneath her feet
Clothed once the anointed soothsayer:
The hallowing is gone forth from it
Now, made unmeet for priests to wear.

She treads on gods and god-like things,
On fate and fear and life and death,
On hate that cleaves and love that clings,
All that is brought forth of man's breath
And perisheth with what it brings.

She holds her future close, her lips
Hold fast the face of things to be:
Actium, and sound of war that dips
Down the blown valleys of the sea,
Far sails that flee, and storms of ships:

The laughing red sweet mouth of wine
At ending of life's festival:
That spice of cerecloths, and the fine
White bitter dust funereal
Sprinkled on all things for a sign;

His face, who was and was not he,
In whom, alive, her life abode;
The end, when she gained heart to see
Those ways of death wherein she trod,
Goddess by god, with Antony.

Algernon Swinburne.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

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THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF.

BY MISS THACKERAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF ELIZABETH."

CHAPTER II.

THE TWO CATHERINES.

THERE are some things dull and shabby and uninteresting to one person, which to another are all shining with a mysterious light and glamour of their own. A dingy London hall, with some hats on pegs, a broad staircase with a faded blue and yellow Turkey carpet, occasionally a gloomy echoing of distant plates, and unseen pots and pans in the kitchens below; a drawing-room up above, the piano which gives out the usual tunes over and over again, like a musical snuff-box; the sofa, the table, the side-table, the paper-cutter, the *Edinburgh*, and the *Cornhill*, and the *Saturday Review*; the usual mamma with her lace-cap, sitting on the sofa, the other lady at the writing-table, the young man just going away standing by the fireplace, the two young ladies sitting in the window with waves of crinoline and their heads dressed. The people outside the window passing, repassing, and driving through Eaton Square, the distant unnoticed drone of an organ, the steeple of St. Peter's Church. This one spot, so dull, so strange to Madame de Tracy after her own pleasant green pastures, so like a thousand others to a thousand other people, was so unlike to one poor little person I know of; its charm was so strange and so powerful, that she could scarcely trust herself to think of it at one time. In after years she turned from the remembrance with a constant pain and effort, until at last by degrees the charm travelled elsewhere, and the sunlight lit up other places.

My little person is only Miss George, a poor little twenty-year-old governess, part worried, part puzzled, part sad, and part happy too, for mere youth and good spirits. You can see it all in her round face, which brightens, changes, smiles, and saddens many times a day. She catches glimpses of the Paradise I have been describing as she runs up and down stairs in pursuit of naughty, refractory Augusta, or dilatory little Sarah, or careless Lydia, who has lost her lesson and her pinafore and her pocket-handkerchief, or of Algy, whose life hangs by a leather strap as he slides up and down the precipitous banisters, and suspends himself from the landing by various contrivances of his own. "What a noise those children are making," says the aunt, looking up from her letter to the mamma, in the drawing-room. The young man shuts the door as the little person goes past flying after Algy; she captures him, and brings him back a sulky little prisoner to the school-room on the stairs, where she herself, under the grand-sounding title of "governess," is a prisoner too. In this Domestic Bastile, with its ground-glass windows, from which escape is impossible, — for they look into the areas deep down below, and into mews where there are horses and coachmen constantly passing, — all the ancient terrors and appliances are kept up; — solitary confinement, the Question by Torture (Pinnock, Mangnall, &c., are the names given by the executioners to the various instruments). The thumbscrew stands in one corner of the room, with a stool which turns round and round, according to the length of the performer's legs; a registry is kept of secret marks where the various crimes and offences are noted down. Heavy fines are supposed to be levied; utter silence and implicit obedience are requested.

But all this is only in theory after all; the prisoners have conspired, mutinied, and carried everything before them since Miss George's dominion set in. She presides in her official chair by the table, with her work in her hand, looking very bright and pretty, and not in the least like a governess. All the things about her look like a school-room; the walls and the maps, and the drugget, and the crumpled chintz. There are a few brown-paper books in the cases, and there is a worn-out table-cover on the table, and a blotted inkstand. There are blots everywhere, indeed, inside the books, on the chairs, under the table, on the ceiling, where ingenious Algy, with a squirt, has been able to write his initials and those of Miss Cornelia Bouchon, a former governess; there are blots on the children's fingers and elbows, and on Sarah's nose, and all over Augusta's exercise; only Miss George seems free from the prevailing epidemic.

There she sits, poor little soul! round-faced, dark-eyed; laughing sometimes, and scolding at others, looking quite desperate very often; as her appealing glances are now cast at Algy, now at Augusta or Lydia, as the case may be. Little Sarah is always good and gives no trouble; but the other three are silly children and tiresome occasionally. The governess is very young and silly, too, for her age, and quite unfitted for her situation. To-day the children are especially lively and difficult to deal with. An aunt arriving in a cab, with a French maid with tall gray boxes; with chocolate in her bag; with frizz curls and French boots, and a funny-looking bonnet; welcomings, embracings, expeditions proposed; Dick with a bag slung across his shoulder; the spare room made ready, a dinner-party to-morrow, the

[illegible] little thing [illegible] What a strange new [illegible] thoughts and [illegible]

The sympathetic friend who could rouse the [illegible] the mighty [illegible] could bewitch the [illegible] was at last. Cath- [illegible] King [illegible] at [illegible] a [illegible]

back on the drawing-room table, where it had been lying for weeks past.

At luncheon she duly gave her message. Only Mr. Butler and his two daughters, hungry, blown about, cheerfully excited by their morning's expedition, were present.

Mr. Butler was the usual middle-aged Englishman, with very square-toed boots and grizzly whiskers. He was fond of active pursuits. He talked gossip and statistics. He naturally looked to his older brother Charles, who had never married, to assist him with his large family. Daughters grown up, and growing daily, tempestuous school-boys at Eton, a midshipman, two wild young fellows in India, another very promising stupid son at college, who had gone up for his little-go with great *éclat*, Mr. Butler would tell you. There was no end to the young Butlers. But, unfortunately, Charles Butler greatly preferred Dick to any of his brother's sons. The boy was like his mother, and a look in his eyes had pleaded for him often and often when Dick himself wondered at his uncle's forbearance. Now the cousins only resembled their father, who greatly bored Charles Butler with his long stories and his animal spirits.

"We must go without mamma, if it is to be to-morrow," said Catherine Butler.

"We could not possibly go without a chaperone," said Georgina, who was great on etiquette. She was not so pretty as Catherine, and much more self-conscious.

"Capital cold beef this is," said Mr. Butler. "Can't Matilda play chaperone for the occasion? By the by, Catherine, I am not sorry to hear a good report of your friend Mr. Beamish. I can't afford any imprudent sons-in-law. Remember that, young ladies."

"Should you like Dick, papa?" said Georgie, with a laugh.

"Humph, that depends," said her father, with his mouth full of cold beef. "I should have thought my brother Charles must be pretty well tired out by this time, but I believe that if he were to drop to-morrow, Dick would come in for Muttondale and Lambswold. Capital land it is, too. I don't believe my poor boys have a chance,—not one of them. Down, Sandy, down." Sandy was Catherine's little Scotch terrier, who also was fond of cold beef.

"Dick is such a dear fellow," said Catherine Butler, looking very sweet and cousinly, and peeping round the dish-covers at her father. "Of course, I love my brothers best, papa; but I *can* understand Uncle Charles being very fond of Richard."

"O, Richard is a capital good fellow," said Mr. Butler (not quite so enthusiastically as when he spoke of the beef a minute before). "Let him get hold of anything he likes, and keep it if he can. I for one don't grudge him his good fortune. Only you women make too much of him, and have very nearly spoilt him among you. Painting and music is all very well in its way, but mark my words, it may be pushed too far." And with this solemn warning the master of the house filled himself a glass of sherry, and left the room.

Miss George, as she tied on her bonnet-strings after luncheon, was somewhat haunted by Dick's sleepy face. The visions of Geraint, and Launcelot, and Enid, and King Arthur's solemn shade, still seemed hovering about her as she went along the dusty road to Kensington, where two little figures were beckoning from behind the iron rail of their school-house yard. Presently the children's arms were tightly clutched round Catherine's neck, as the three went and sat down all in a heap on Mrs. Martingale's gray school-house sofa, and they chattered and chirped and chirrupped for an hour together, like little birds in a nest.

CHAPTER III.

BY THE RIVER.

CATHERINE had forgotten her morning visions; they had turned into very matter-of-fact speculations about Totty's new hat and Rosa's Sunday frock, as she came home through the park late in the afternoon. A long procession of beautiful ladies was slowly passing, gorgeous young men were walking up and down and along the Row, looking at the carriages and parasols, and recognizing their acquaintances. The trees and the grass were still green and in festive dress, the close of this beautiful day was all sweet and balmy and full of delight for those who could linger out in the long daylight. The Serpentine gleamed through the old elm-trees and in the slant sun-rays. Catherine was delighted with the sweet, fresh air and childishly amused by the crowd, but she thought she had better get out of it. As she was turning out of the broad pathway by one of the small iron gates of the park, she came face to face with Dick Butler walking with a couple of friends. He took off his hat as he passed, and Miss George again bowed with the air of a meek little princess.

"Who is that?" said Beamish. "I don't know her."

Mr. Beamish was destined to improve his acquaintance, for there came a little note from Mrs. Butler to Dick early next morning.

"MY DEAR RICHARD,—I am very sorry to find that I cannot possibly join your party this afternoon, but the girls and your aunt will be delighted to come. The children declare you would be horribly disappointed if they did not make their appearance. I am afraid of their being troublesome. May I send Miss George to keep them in order?—They are beyond their sisters' control, I fear.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"S. BUTLER.

"P. S.—Will not you and Mr. Beamish be amiable and look in upon us this evening? you will find some friends."

Dick's studio was in Queen's Walk. He lived in one of those old brown houses facing the river. He could see the barges go by, and the boats and the steamers sliding between the trees which were planted along the water-side. An echo of the roar of London seemed passing by outside the ancient gates of his garden; within everything was still and silent, and haunted by the past. An old dais of Queen Anne's time still hung over his doorway, and he was very proud of his wainscoted hall and drawing-room, and of the oaken stairs which led up to his studio. His friend lived with him there. Mr. Beamish was in the Foreign Office, and had good expectations. As he was an only son, and had been very rigidly brought up, he naturally inclined to Dick, and to his Bohemian life, and the two young men got on very well together. The house had been a convent school before they came to it, and gentle, black-veiled nuns had slid from room to room, rosy, ragged children had played about the passages

and the oaken hall, and had clattered their mugs, and crumbled their bread and butter, in the great bow-windowed dining-room at the back. The young men had seen the place by chance one day, were struck by its quaintness and capabilities, and they agreed to take it together and to live there. The children and the nuns went away through the iron gates. Butler put workmen in to repair, and polish, and make ready, and then he came and established himself with his paint-pots and canvases.

The studio was a great long room, with a cross-light that could be changed and altered at will; for which purpose heavy curtains and shutters had been put up. There was matting on the floor, and some comfortable queer-shaped chairs were standing round the fireplace. The walls were panelled to about four feet from the ground, and from hooks and nails and brackets hung a hundred trophies of Butler's fancies and experiences. Pictures begun and never finished, plaster casts, boxing-gloves, foils, Turkish pipes and scimitars, brown jugs of graceful, slender form, out of Egyptian tombs. Bits of blue china, and then old garments hanging from hooks, Venetian brocades of gold and silver, woven with silk, and pale and strange-colored stuffs and gauzes, sea-green, salmon-color, fainting blue, and saffron and angry orange-browns. English words cannot describe the queer, fanciful colors.

There was a comfortable sofa with cushions, and a great soft carpet spread at one end of the room, upon which the tea-table stood, all ready laid with cakes and flowers. Beamish had gone out that morning and bought a wagon-load of flowers for the studio and the balcony. There was a piano in a dark corner of the room, where the curtains cast a gloom, but the windows on the balcony were set wide open, and the river rolled by gray and silvery, and with a rush, carrying its swift steamers and boats and barges. The distant banks glimmered through the fluttering branches, a [illegible] stood here and there under the trees, with [illegible] of the stream. It was a strange [illegible] of mediæval [illegible] the heart of [illegible]. The young [illegible] have worn [illegible] or a [illegible] in [illegible] [illegible] well, [illegible] just [illegible] the [illegible] Miss [illegible] [illegible] Beamish [illegible] walk.

am going to take you away if you are troublesome."

"He won't be troublesome, Miss George. He never is," said Dick, good-humoredly. "Look here; won't you sit down?" and he pushed forward the enormous tapestried chair in which he had been lounging. Catherine sat down. She looked a very small little person in her white gown, lost in the great arm-chair. She glanced round curiously, with her bright eyes, and forgot her rôle of governess for a minute.

"How delightful the river is — what a dear old place," she said, in her plaintive, childish voice. "What nice china!" — she happened to have a fancy for cracked bowls and teapots, and had kept the key of her step-mother's china-closet. "This is Dutch, is n't it?" she asked. And then she blushed up shyly, and felt very forward all of a sudden.

"Here is a nice old bit," said Beamish, coming up to Dick's assistance, with a hideous tureen he had picked up at a bargain. "Butler and I are rival collectors, you know."

"Are you?" said Catherine, blushing again.

"Yes," said Beamish. And then there was a pause in the conversation, and they heard the river rushing, and both grew shyer and shyer.

Meanwhile, Dick was going about with the children, who had fortunately preserved their composure, and who seemed all over the place in a minute.

"And now show us something else," said Algy. "Miss George!" he shouted. "I mean to be an artist like Dick — when I'm a man."

"What a brilliant career Algy is chalking out for himself, is n't he, Beamish?" said poor Dick.

"He might do worse," Beamish answered, kindly. "You must let Miss George see your pictures. He has painted a capital picture this time, Miss George."

Dick had meekly turned it with its face to the wall. "They don't want to see my pictures," said Dick; and he went on pulling one thing out after another, to the delight of the three little girls who stood all in a row, admiring in his wonderful possessions. Algy was inspecting a lay figure, and [illegible] by the [illegible] Poor little Miss George, meanwhile, [illegible] shyer and shyer every [illegible] was [illegible] for the others to [illegible] Beamish [illegible]

[illegible] Catherine [illegible]

They all went and sat round the tea-table in a group. Madame de Tracy and Georgina were upon the sofa. The children were squatting on the floor, while Miss George stood handing them their cakes and their tea, for Dick's chairs were big and comfortable, but not very numerous. Catherine Butler, with deft, gentle fingers, dipped the china into the basin, poured water from the kettle with its little flame, measured, with silver tongs and queer old silver spoons, the cream and sugar into the fragrant cups. She might have been the priestess of the flower-decked altar, offering up steaming sacrifices to Fortune. Beamish secretly pledged her in the cup she handed with her two hands, and one of her bright, sudden smiles. A little person in white, who was standing against some tapestry in the background, cutting bread and jam for the hungry children, caught sight of the two, and thrilled with a feminine kindness, and then smiled, hanging her head over the brown loaf. Dick, who was deeply interested in the issue of the meeting that afternoon, was sitting on the back of the sofa, and by chance he saw one Catherine's face reflected in the other's. He was touched by the governess's gentle sympathy, and noticed, for the first time, that she had been somewhat neglected.

"You want a table, Miss George," said Dick, placing one before her, and a chair. . . . . "And you have no tea yourself. You have been so busy attending to everybody else. Catherine, we want some tea here. . . . . Beamish, why don't you go and play the piano, and let us feast with music like the Arabian Nights? . . . ."

"How pretty the flowers are growing," cried little Sarah, pointing. "O, do look, Miss George, dear. . . . ."

"It 's the sun shining through the leaves," said Madame de Tracy, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"The water shines too," said Augusta. "I wish there was a river in Eaton Square; don't you, Catherine?"

"I envy you your drawing-room, Dick," said Madame de Tracy, conclusively. "Mr. Beamish, pray give us an air."

Beamish now got up and went to the piano. "If I play, you must show them your picture," he said, striking a number of chords very quickly, and then he sat down and began to play parts of that wonderful Kreutzer sonata, which few people can listen to unmoved. The piano was near where Catherine Butler had been making the tea, and she turned her head and listened, sitting quite still with her hands in her lap. I think Beamish was only playing to her, although all the others were listening round about. I know he only looked up at her every now and then as he played. Little Catherine George had sunk down on a low chair by the children, and had fallen into one of her dreams again. . . . . She understood, though no one had ever told her, all that was passing before her. She listened to the music; it seemed warning, beseeching, prophesying, by turns. There is one magnificent song without words in the adagio, in which it seems as if one person alone is uttering and telling a story, passionate, pathetic, unutterably touching. Catherine thought it was Beamish telling his own story in those beautiful, passionate notes to Catherine, as she sat there in her gray cloud dress, with her golden hair shining in the sunset. Was she listening? Did she understand him? Ah, yes! Ah, yes, she must! Did everybody listen to a story like this once in their lives? Catherine George wondered. People said so. But, ah! was it true? It was true for such as Catherine Butler, perhaps, — for beautiful young women, loved, and happy, and cherished; but was it true for a lonely and forlorn little creature, without friends, without beauty (Catherine had only seen herself in her glass darkly as yet), with no wealth of her own to buy the priceless treasure of love and sympathy?

The sun was shining outside; the steamers and boats were still sailing by; Catherine Butler's future was being decided. Little Catherine sat in a trance; her dark eyes were glowing. Beamish suddenly changed the measure, and crashed about the piano, until by degrees it was Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," which went swinging through the room in great vibrations. Then Catherine George seemed to see the mediæval street, the old German town, the figures passing, the bridegroom tramping ahead, the young men marching along in procession. She could almost see the crisp brocades and the strange-cut dresses, and hear the whispering of the maidens following with the crowned bride; while from the gables of the queer old town — (she even gave it a name, and vaguely called it Augsburg or Nuremberg to herself) — people's heads were pushing and staring at the gay procession. It was one of those strange phantasmagorias we all know at times, so vivid for the moment that we cannot but believe we have seen it once, or are destined to witness it at some future time in reality.

Beamish left off playing suddenly, and bent over the instrument, and began talking to Catherine Butler in low, eager tones. Madame de Tracy and Georgie, who had had enough music, were standing at the window by this time, watching the scene outside. The children, too, had jumped up, and ran out one by one upon the balcony. Not for the first time, and, alas! not for the last, poor child! a weary, strange, lost feeling came over Catherine George, as she sat on an overturned chest, in the great, strange room. It came to her from her very sympathy for the other two, and gladness in their content. It was a sharp, sudden thorn of aloneness and utter forlornness, which stung her so keenly in her excited and eager state that two great tears came and stood in her eyes; but they were youthful tears, fresh and salt, of clear crystal, unsoiled, undimmed as yet by the stains of life.

Dick, who was himself interested for his friend, and excited beyond his custom, and who had begun to feel a sort of interest in the sensitive little guest, thought she was feeling neglected. He had noticed her from across the room, and he now came up to her, saying, very gently and kindly, "Would you care to see my picture, Miss George? my aunt and my cousin say they want to see it. It 's little enough to look at."

As he said, it was no very ambitious effort. An interior. A fishwife sitting watching for her husband's return, with her baby asleep on her knee. One has seen a score of such compositions. This one was charmingly painted, with feeling and expression. The colors were warm and transparent; the woman's face was very touching, bright and sad at once; her brown eyes looked out of the picture. There was life in them, somehow, although the artist had, according to the fashion of his school, set her head against a window, and painted hard black shadows and deeply marked lines with ruthless fidelity. The kitchen was evidently painted from a real interior. The great carved cupboard, with the two wooden birds pecking at each other's beaks, and

the gleaming steel hinges, with two remarkable rays of light issuing from them; the great chimney, with the fire blazing; (the shovel was an elaborate triumph of art;) the half-open window, looking out across fields to the sea; the distaff, the odd shuttles for making string, hanging from the ceiling; the great brass pan upon the ground with the startling reflections. It was all more than true to nature, and the kitchen — somewhat modified, and less carefully polished — might be seen in any of the cottages and farmsteads round about the Château de Tracy for miles.

"My dear Dick, you have made an immense start," said his aunt. "It's admirable. It's by far the best thing you have done yet. Who is it so like? Catherine, only look at the brass pan and the cupboard. Madame Binaud has got just such a one in her kitchen."

Dick shrugged his shoulders, but he was pleased at the praise. "I have another thing here," he said, smiling, "only it is n't finished." And he rolled out another canvas on an easel.

"It's quite charming! What's the subject?" said Madame de Tracy, looking through her eye-glass.

"O, I don't know. Anything you like. A cart — Normandy peasants going for a drive — coming back from market," said Dick, blushing and looking a little conscious. . . . . "I have been obliged to paint out the girl's head, Georgie. I wish you'd sit to me." And looking up as he spoke — not at Georgie — he met the glance of two soft, dark eyes which were not Georgie's. "I wish you would sit to me, Miss Georgie," said Dick, suddenly inspired. "You would make a distinguished dishwiper, would n't she, Aunt Matilda?"

"I think Miss Georgie would look very nice indeed in the costume," Madame de Tracy good-humoredly said. "She [illegible] like all our girls." And Madame [illegible] Miss Georgie [illegible] Dick.

"[illegible] Mr. Butler," said Miss Georgie [illegible]

[illegible]

"Yes, [illegible]

[illegible]

Dick glanced at him, and then at the river, and then at his friend again. "Well!" he said, at last, pulling a leaf off a twig.

"It is all right," Beamish said, with the light in his face as he put out his hand to Dick: and then the two cordially shook hands, to the surprise of some little ragged children who were squatting in the road.

CHAPTER IV.

EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY.

CATHERINE held little Sarah's hand tightly clasped in hers as they went home along the busy streets. She had not met with so much romance in her short, hard life, this poor little Catherine, that she could witness it unmoved in others. She had read of such things in books before now, of Lord Orville exclaiming with irresistible fire, "My sweet, my beloved, Miss Anville!" of Rochester's energetic love-making, of Mr. Knightley's expressive eyes, as he said, "My dearest Emma, for dearest you will be to me, whatever may be the result of this morning's conversation." And she had read of the sweet bunch of fragrant lilac, which a young lover had sent to his lady, and now here was a sweet bunch of lilac for Catherine Butler: so the little governess called it to herself, and the sweetness and scent seemed diffused all round, until they, the bystanders, were all perfumed and made fragrant too.

Catherine had heard Mr. Beamish saying, "I shall come this evening and see you," as he put Miss Butler into the carriage. The girl had not answered, but her face looked very sweet and conscious, as she bent over and held out her hand to him. Poor Dick was looking on too, and a little old woman came into his head. "En regardant la Normandie," it went, "En regardant. . . ." This sweet [illegible] love-making made the way seem [illegible] pleasant, [illegible] children [illegible] [illegible] the road. The [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

small table near the doorway. This was when there was nobody there. When there was company the aspect of things was very different. Both the chandeliers would be lighted, the round sofa wheeled out into the middle of the room. Three ladies would be sitting upon it with their backs turned to one another; Georgina and a friend, in full evening dress, suppressing a yawn, would be looking over a book of photographs.

"Do you like this one of me?" Georgina would say, with a slight increase of animation. "O, what a horrid thing!" the young lady would reply; "if it was me, I should burn it, — indeed I should. And is that your sister? — a Silvy I am sure." "Yes, my cousin Richard cannot bear it; he says she looks as if her neck was being wrung." In the mean time, Catherine Butler, kindly attentive and smiling, would be talking to Old Lady Shiverington, and trying to listen to her account of her last influenza, while Mrs. Butler, with her usual tact, was devoting herself to the next grander lady present. Madame de Tracy, after being very animated all dinner-time, would be sitting a little subdued with her fan before her eyes. Coffee would be handed round by the servants. After which the climax of the evening would be attained, the door would fly open, and the gentlemen come straggling up from dinner, while tea on silver trays was being served to the expectant guests.

Mr. Butler, with a laugh, disappears into the brilliantly-lighted back-room with a couple of congenial white neckcloths, while Mr. Bartholomew, the great railway contractor, treads heavily across the room to his hostess, and asks if these are some more of her young ladies? and how was it that they had not had the pleasure of their company at dinner? "My daughter Augusta is only twelve, Mr. Bartholomew, and is not thinking of coming out," Mrs. Butler would say; "and that is Miss George, my children's governess. It amuses her to come down, poor girl. *Have* you had any tea?"

Miss George, far from being amused by all this brilliancy, generally kept carefully out of the way; but on this particular evening, after the five o'clock tea at the studio, she had been haunted by a vague curiosity and excitement, and she felt as if she must come down, — as if it would be horrible to sit all alone and silent in the school-room, out of reach, out of knowledge, out of sight, while below, in the more favored drawing-room, the people were all alive with interest and expectation and happiness.

Just before dinner she had met Madame de Tracy on the stairs, fastening her bracelets and running down in a great hurry. Catherine looked up at her and smiled as she made way, and the elder lady, who was brimming over with excitement and discretion, and longing to talk to every one on the subject which absorbed her, said, —

"Ah, Miss George, I see you found out our secret this afternoon — not a word to the children. Mr. Beamish is coming to-night after dinner to speak to my brother. Hush! some one is on the stairs."

Miss George was not the only person in the establishment who surmised that something was going on. Madame de Tracy's vehement undertones had roused the butler's curiosity; he had heard the master of the house confessing that he was not totally unprepared; while Mrs. Butler was late for dinner, an unprecedented event, and had been seen embracing her daughter with more than usual effusion, in her room up stairs. Mrs. Butler was one of those motherly women entirely devoted to their husbands and children, and who do not care very much for anybody else in all the world, except so far as they are conducive to the happiness of their own family.

She worked, thought, bustled, wrote notes, arranged and contrived for her husband and children. Her davenport was a sort of handmill, at which she ground down paper, pens, monograms, stamps, regrets, delights, into notes, and turned them out by the dozen. Her standard was not a very high one in this world or in the next, but she acted industriously up to it such as it was, and although her maternal heart was stirred with sympathy, she was able to attend to her guests and make small talk as usual. I do not think that one of them, from her manner, could have guessed how she longed secretly to be rid of them all.

Catherine George, who was only the little governess and looker-on, felt her heart stirred too as she dressed in her little room up stairs to come down after dinner: unconsciously she took more than usual pains with herself; she peered into her looking-glass, and plumed and smoothed out her feathers like a bird by the side of a pool.

She thought her common gown shabby and crumpled, and she pulled out for the first time one of those which had been lying by ever since she had left her own home. This was a soft India muslin, prettily made up with lace and blue ribbons. Time had yellowed it a little, but it was none the worse for that, and if the colors of the blue ribbons had faded somewhat, they were all the softer and more harmonious. With her rough dark hair piled up in a knot, she looked like a little Sir Joshua lady when she had tied the bead necklace that encircled her round little throat, and then she came down and waited for Augusta in the empty drawing-room.

Catherine was one of those people who grow suddenly beautiful at times, as there are others who become amiable all at once, or who have flashes of wit, or good spirits; Catherine's odd, sudden loveliness was like an inspiration, and I don't think she knew of it. The little thing was in a strange state of sympathy and excitement. She tried to think of other things, but her thoughts reverted again and again to the sunny studio, the river rushing by, the music, the kind young men, and the beautiful, happy Catherine, leaning back in the old carved chair, with her bright eyes shining as she listened to Beamish's long story. The sun had set since he had told it, and a starlight night was now reigning overhead. The drawing-room windows were open, letting in a glimmer of stars and a faint incense from Catherine Butler's flowers outside on the balcony. Little Miss George took up her place in a quiet corner, and glanced again and again from the dull drawing-room walls to the great dazzling vault without, until the stars were hidden from her by the hand of the butler who came in to pull down the blinds and light the extra candles, and to place the chairs against the wall. Whilst he was thus engaged in making the room comfortable, he remarked that "the ladies would not be up for ten minutes or more, and if Miss George and Miss Augusta would please to take a little ice there would be plenty of time?"

"Yes, certainly," said Augusta; "bring some directly, Freeman." And she and Miss George shared their little feast with one spoon between them.

The ladies came up from dinner, and Augusta was summoned to talk to them, and little Miss George was left alone in her corner. She was

quite happy, although she had no one to speak to: she was absorbed in the romance of which she had conned the first chapters, and of which the heroine was before her in her white gauze dress, with the azalias in her hair.

And so one Catherine gazed wondering and speculating, while the other sat there patiently listening to the old ladies' complaining talk, — to stories of doctors, and ailments, and old age, and approaching death, coming so soon after the brilliant strains of youth, and music, and romance.

One Catherine's bright cheeks turned very pale; the other, who was only looking on, blushed up, when almost immediately after the tea-tray, the door opened, and Dick and Mr. Beamish walked in without being announced. Mrs. Butler looked up and smiled and held out her hand. Mr. Butler came striding forward from the back-room. Madame de Tracy put up her eyeglass; Catherine Butler looked down, but she could say "yes" quite quietly to old Lady Shiverington, who asked, in a loud whisper, if that was Mr. Beamish. "The young men come to dinner, my dear, time after time," said the old lady, nodding her ancient head, "but they are all so much alike I don't know one from another."

And so this was all that Catherine had come out of her school-room to see? Charles Butler had been looking on too from the other end of the room, with little blinking eyes instead of dark fawn-like orbs, and at this stage of the proceedings he moved out of the way, and came across and sank down, much to Miss George's alarm, in a vacant arm-chair beside her. There she sat in her muslin, fair, pretty, soft, with shy, quick, curious glances; and there sat the old fellow with his wrinkled face and thick eyebrows: she need not have been afraid, though he looked somewhat alarming. If Mr. Bartholomew, who was standing by, could have known what was passing in the minds of these two people, he might have been struck [illegible] by the [illegible] they were [illegible] playing.

"Mr. [illegible] has been in great force to-night," thought Mrs. Butler; "[illegible] mystery, — [illegible] — [illegible] six [illegible] Dick [illegible] — but I suppose [illegible] woman of sense would [illegible] a word to say to him, and he will make [illegible] himself sooner or later. [illegible]

[illegible] saw his [illegible]

Here Mr. Butler suddenly gave a grunt and said, —

"I am quite convinced the fault of all arm-chairs is that they are not made deep enough in the seat; my legs are quite cramped and stiff from that abominable contrivance in which I have been sitting. I cannot imagine how my brother can go to sleep in it night after night in the way he does."

"Is n't Mr. Butler's arm-chair comfortable?" said Catherine, smiling. "The children and I have always looked at it with respect: we never should venture to sit in it, or not to think it deep enough in the seat."

"I see Mr. Beamish is not too shy to occupy the chair of state," said old Mr. Butler, glancing at Catherine from under his thick eyebrows, and unconsciously frightening her into silence.

Catherine was oppressed by circumstance, and somewhat morbid by nature, as people are who have lively imaginations, and are without the power of expansion. She had lived with dull people all her life, and had never learnt to talk or to think. Her step-mother was a tender-hearted and sweet-natured sad woman, who was accustomed to only see the outside of things. Mrs. George had two dozen little sentences in her repertory, which she must have said over many thousand times in the course of her life: and which Catherine had been accustomed hitherto to repeat after her, and to think of as enough for all the exigencies and philosophy of life. But now everything was changing, and she was beginning to idea thoughts for herself, and to want words to put them into: and with the thoughts and the words, alas! came the longing for some one to listen to her strange new discoveries, and to tell her what they meant. But it was not old Charles Butler to whom she could talk. She looked across the room.

Yes, Beamish was there installed: they were all welcoming him for the sake of their beloved princess. "Ah, what am I thinking!" thought Catherine again; "would there be any one in the world to care if —" She did not finish the sentence, but a vague impossibility, in the shape of a Geraint with sleepy eyes and without a name, passed through her mind. As chance would have it, Dick Butler came sauntering up at this minute, and she started and blushed as usual, and her visions vanished. Catherine almost felt as if he must see them flying away.

It was not Dick, with his short-sighted eyes, who saw the little visions flying away; but there were others present who were more experienced and [illegible] what was passing. Madame de Tracy was a woman of lively imagination, who scarcely knew any of the people present, and had nobody to talk to [illegible] at the end of a [illegible] began to think that her [illegible]

[illegible] was say- [illegible] Miss George [illegible] and [illegible] himself he had [illegible]

the next church you visited, Richard"; but Catherine George liked every word, and listened in delighted attention. Catherine listened; she had better far have sat up all alone in her school-room, poor child, with her candle-ends and fancies of what might have been.

Later in life, when people have outlived the passionate impatience of youth, when the mad, wild longings are quieted, and the things their own, perhaps, and no longer valued, for which they would have given their lives once, — long ago, — when people are sober and matter-of-fact, when they have almost forgotten that strange impetuous self of former days, it is easy to blame and to phoo-phoo, to crush and brush away the bright, beautiful bubbles which the children are making in their play. Madame de Tracy did not feel one moment's remorse, sentimental as she was, when she came across and interrupted little Catherine's happy half-hour, and Dick in his eloquent talk.

Dick was asking Catherine what she thought of the five o'clock tea. "We had music, Uncle Charles, had n't we, Miss George? Beamish played first fiddle, *Ah ti voglio ben assai*, a Neapolitan air, Uncle Charles. Nobody ever sung it to *you*." And Dick, who was excited and in high spirits, began humming and nodding his head in time. He suddenly stopped, — old Charles made a warning sign. "Miss George was present and knows all about it; don't be afraid, she is discretion itself, and of course we are all thinking about the same thing. What is the use of pretending?"

"If Miss George is discretion itself, that quite alters the case," said Mr. Butler.

Meanwhile Dick was going on, "Look at Uncle Hervey performing the *pere noble*, and making Beamish look foolish. Dear old Beamish, I should n't let him marry Catherine if he was not the best fellow in the whole world."

"My niece is fortunate to have secured such a paragon," said Charles, showing his sympathy by a little extra dryness.

"Their faces are something alike, I think," said Miss George, timidly; "they seem very well suited."

"Of course," said Dick; "£ 5,000 a year in prospect, — what can be more suitable? If they had no better reason for wanting to get married than because they were in love with one another, then you should hear the hue-and-cry their affectionate relatives can raise."

"Quite right too," said old Mr. Butler.

Catherine glanced from one to the other.

"You don't think it quite right, do you, Miss George?" said Dick, and then his aunt came up and carried him off.

"Young fellows like Dick often talk a great deal of nonsense," said old Butler, kindly, as Catherine sat looking after the two as they walked away arm in arm. "Depend upon it, my nephew would no more wish to marry upon an incompetence than I should. Remember, he is not the man to endure privation except for his own amusement."

He spoke so expressively, blinking his little gray eyes, that the girl looked up curiously, wondering whether he could mean anything. All the evening she had been sitting there in her white gown, feeling like a shade, a thing of no account among all this living people, a blank in the closely written page, a dumb note in the music. A sort of longing had come over her to be alive, to make music too; and now to be warned even, to be acting a part ever so small in this midsummer night's dream, was enough to thrill her sad little childish heart with excitement. Could he be warning her? Then it came like a flash, and her heart began to beat faster and faster. There was something possible after all besides governessing and lesson-books in her dull life, something to beware of, to give interest, even the interest of danger, to the monotonous road. To be scorned did not seem to her so unutterably sad as to be utterly passed by and ignored. Charles Butler never guessed the harm he had done.

It was not the Miss George who had dressed herself in her yellowed muslin who went up stairs to bed that night. It was another Catherine George. The little moth had burst out of its cocoon, the wings had grown, and it was fluttering and fluttering in the candle's beautiful golden light.

My simile would have been better if Catherine, the moth, had not herself blown out her candle when she reached her bedroom up stairs. She was hanging out of her window, trying to drink the night calm into her veins. "Is that bright, beautiful planet my star, I wonder?" the governess was thinking. "How gayly it sparkles; it seems to be dancing in space. How the night wanes and shines; how the stars blaze beyond the house-tops! Did any one ever tell me that was my star? Why do I think so?" As Catherine gazed at the heavens and thought all this, not in words, but with quick sensitive flashes, down below, just under her feet, the well was being dug into which the poor little philosopher was doomed to tumble. Ah me! was truth at the bottom of it, I wonder, instead of up overhead in the beautiful shining stars of good promise?

It seemed to little Catherine as if a burst of sunshine had come out suddenly into her dull life. She did not know whence or how it came; she did not know very clearly what she was feeling; she did not tell herself that she ought to shut her heart and ears and eyes, until some one suitable in fortune and worldly circumstances came across her way. She is only twenty years old, impressionable, soft-hearted. What can her girlish day-dreams have taught her? Can she have learned from them to mistrust people who are kind, to be careful and cautious and reserved, — to wall up and bury the natural emotions of youth?

For the first time in her short life, ideas, feelings, sensations hitherto unthought and unfelt, came crowding upon Catherine George. Everything seemed changed, although she walked the same walks in the square, — corrected the same mistakes in the children's exercises, — sat in her old place in the school-room. The walls seemed to have opened somehow to let in the unfamiliar crowd of strange, new ideas, of feelings impossible to realize or to define. The difference in Catherine was not greater than that which a passing cloud makes in the sky, or a burst of sunshine breaking across the landscape. Out of the vague images and shadows which had hitherto made up her solitary life came a sudden reality. The drifting dreams and fancies of what might be had vanished forever; they were gone, and in their stead it was to-day; and Catherine, as she was, — no ideal self to be, — who was sitting there, and who had awakened one morning to find herself living her own life in the world of the present. Other discoveries she might make as she travelled farther; and times might come to her, as to most of us, when solemner visions close round about once more, and we realize with terrible distinctness that we are only dreaming in a kingdom of mists and shadows, — a kingdom where the sounds die

into silence, where the suns set day by day. But at this time everything was real and keen enough to the poor little thing, of vast meaning and moment, never to finish, she thought, — never to seem of import less vital, — never, ah never!

[To be continued.]

THE CAMPAIGN IN GERMANY.

For the last two months I have been wandering about Europe in search of a war. From a variety of causes, which I need not enter into here, I have always — north as well as south of the Alps — been just too late for the battle. In fact, if I am to speak the plain, honest truth, though I have been in the midst of great armies since the very outbreak of the war, I have never seen a corpse lying unburied on the ground till the other night, when I myself was all but being one of the victims of the great railway accident at Wildenschwert. This being the case, I could only give you second-hand reports of battles I have not witnessed. It is true that, if I had been present at the series of great victories by which Prussia has overthrown the military power of Austria, I should probably have known very little more about them than I do now. People talk vaguely about seeing a battle; but it is only those who have seen battles who are aware how very little is to be seen after all. Years ago there was an exhibition of a model of the field of Waterloo shown in London. In order to give additional attraction to the show, the exhibitor was an old Waterloo soldier. He had been there by rote, and could explain most [illegible] the evolutions by which the great Napoleon was defeated, but when he was asked what his own personal observation of the battle amounted to he had to confess candidly that he had stood all day in the corner of a square, and had seen nothing but a great [illegible] smoke. Now, [illegible]

[illegible]

grounds on which it is based, which I want to explain in this article. At the time I left England not only was public sympathy very strongly in favor of the Austrians, but the almost universal conviction was, that if France did not interfere to help her, Prussia would inevitably be defeated. The reasons why we bestowed our sympathies on what proved to be the weaker side are obvious enough. We thought the Prussians were the aggressors in the war, as they undoubtedly were; we considered they had behaved most unjustifiably towards Denmark, — a matter about which there was a good deal to be said on both sides; and we believed, with truth, that they had treated us most cavalierly in the abortive London conferences, though we forgot that it was entirely the fault of our own government if we placed ourselves in a position where Prussia could slight us with impunity. And, what perhaps weighed with us more than deeper considerations, we did not like the Prussians personally.

Every English traveller knew that the Austrians were much better behaved, much more courteous to strangers, much pleasanter to meet with, much greater gentlemen in manners and dress and language, than their northern neighbors: and this experience of the tourist world had produced a deep impression on the public mind. In truth, so long as our national views of foreign questions are to be based on sentimental considerations instead of cold study of facts, we had rather better reasons than usual in such cases to show for our preference for Austria. No great national or political issue appeared to common English apprehensions to be involved in the struggle; and, in spite of the event, we have no particular cause, I think, to feel ashamed if most of us at first wished success to the defeated party.

It is [illegible] what [illegible] would prove the [illegible] Austrians [illegible] the Prussians [illegible] the war, and [illegible] Austria. Assuming the theory to have [illegible] the facts [illegible] the time of the [illegible] Prussia [illegible] the [illegible] Prussia [illegible] Prussia [illegible]

choose to think, we were really correct in our assumptions, and that Austria would certainly have won, if it had not been for the needle-gun, about which we knew nothing, and could know nothing. Now, that our military men did know nothing or little about breech-loaders I believe to be the truth. Though our military administration is the most costly in the world, we never seem to have any officers competent to profit by experience at any place where experience is likely to be learnt. Our military *attachés* are generally well-connected officers, — out of employment or out at elbows; to whom the post is given as a convenient sinecure; while in time of war, we either, as in Schleswig, send out no professional commissioners at all, or else, as in the case of this last conflict, we send them out just too late to be of any practical use. Still, though we individually were unacquainted with the "Zundnadel-Gewehr"; yet other nations — and Austria above all — had studied the weapon carefully beforehand; and, though different opinions were formed as to its imperative excellence, no competent military judge even imagined for one moment that the possession or non-possession of the needle-gun was of sufficient importance to decide the fate of a campaign. Of course the whole world may have been mistaken; but, to say the least, the antecedent probability is immensely strong in favor of the supposition that the campaign was decided by many other causes besides the especial efficacy of that peculiar weapon. Some few of these causes may be ascertained easily enough by any one who is content to look at facts as they are.

In the first place, Prussia is an united country, whilst Austria is a mere conglomeration of different nations connected by a dynastic union. Hungary, Bohemia, Croatia, Venetia, Gallicia, Silesia, and Austria proper have little other tie between them than that which for a hundred years bound France to England. They do not like each other, and most of them have no particular affection for their common sovereign. But in Prussia the case is different. If we omit a part of Posen, there is not a more homogeneous country in all Europe than Prussia. She has no Venetia, no Algeria, no Ireland. Her people speak the same language, are trained with the same uniform system, have to a great extent the same common faith. Any person who has followed at all attentively the long, wearisome conflict between the Prussian Parliament and the Court, must have been struck by two circumstances. First, that, even when the struggle was at its bitterest, and when Herr von Bismarck pressed most cavalierly on the popular party, nobody ever proposed or mooted the idea of a change of dynasty; and, secondly, that there never was the slightest talk of any disruption of the monarchy. It is little more than a century ago since Frederick the Great took Silesia by force from Austria, and yet this province is now as loyal and as intensely Prussian as Brandenburg itself. And, when the whole force of the kingdom was engaged in a gigantic struggle, the Rhine provinces were left utterly denuded of troops, without the least apprehension of any local outbreak being even possible.

Then, too, the Prussians have the great advantage of being contented with their own government on the whole; an assertion which cannot be made about the Austrians. The Prussians wished, and rightly wished, for fuller political liberties than they now enjoy; but, whenever they obtain what they want, they will not have to use their power to rectify gross abuses in the administration.

In most things which affect the daily life of ordinary men, Prussia is, and has been for years, excellently well governed. In all social relations there is absolute personal liberty; justice is administered with proverbial fairness, and the bureaucracy, however vexatious in its dealings, is utterly free from the taint of corruption; the system of national education is the best in Europe; the people are very lightly taxed; there is next to no national debt; and the whole government of the country, from the Court downwards, is conducted with a more than republican economy. Now, not one of these statements could be applied to Austria. With an enormous debt, an ignorant and priest-ridden population, an enormous taxation, a body of officials notoriously corrupt, and an extravagant administration, she entered the lists against Prussia hopelessly overweighted.

When the war was first seriously anticipated, it was undoubtedly unpopular in Prussia; but the character of this unpopularity was hardly understood abroad. The war was objected to by the people, not because they did not sympathize with the object for which it was to be waged, but because they hesitated to believe that these objects could be promoted by it. The patriotism of a Prussian has inevitably a sort of dual nature which it is difficult for an Englishman to appreciate. The Prussians — I am speaking of the educated classes, who alone make their voices heard abroad — are patriots first as Germans, then as Prussians. Their first ambition is to see Germany great, united, powerful, and free; their next is to see Prussia aggrandized. For a long time it was believed, even in Berlin itself, that Herr von Bismarck simply wished to make war in order to enlarge the territories of Prussia, and that he had no intention of making Germany identical with Prussia. But when it once became clear that, willingly or unwillingly, knowingly or ignorantly, the war with Austria meant a war for the creation of a united Germany under the leadership of Prussia, popular feeling changed; and the cause of the government became forthwith the cause of the nation.

Moreover, the northern Germans, though they received with distaste the idea of a conflict with their southern brethren, were firmly convinced that such a conflict was, sooner or later, inevitable. Prussia was, in their judgment, the representative in the Fatherland of free thought, intellectual culture, material progress, popular government, and national independence; while Austria, by virtue or vice of her conditions of existence, was the representative of Ultramontanism, aristocratic rule, internal weakness, and foreign intervention. Between the two antagonistic principles thus embodied there could be no permanent peace. One of the two must make place for the other; and the contest could never be decided without an appeal to arms. Even taking a lower ground, it was evident there could never be one Germany, unless either Prussia or Austria ceased to exist as a great German power; and Austria was never likely willingly to recede from her hereditary position, unless she was compelled to do so by force. How far these views were founded on fact it is not necessary to consider now. It is enough to say, that they were generally believed among the Germans of the north, and the circumstance of their being so believed secured for the war against Austria the sympathy, not only of the Prussians, but of the people of the northern states. Nobody who has talked much

height, good shape, straight as an arrow, with moustaches and goatee turning slightly gray, and having the energetic look and decisive air of our officers of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. I asked him, in execrable English, "Will you please tell me which is Mr. Dickens's house?"

The gentleman replied, in very good French, "Allow me to show you the way there. I am Charles Dickens."

On the way he talked in the most friendly manner about Paul Feval, whose talents he esteems very highly, and about Fechter, with whom he is extremely intimate. I noticed that he had a very sympathetic tone of voice, and a clear and abrupt way of talking, which added to his military manners.

We reached his house, situated at an angle of the village. In front of it lay a lawn stretching to the road. A large garden, likewise belonging to Mr. Dickens, lies on the other side of the road; it is reached by a subterranean passage under the road. The stable-yard, the stables, and carriage-houses are on the right of the house.

Like most English cottages, Mr. Dickens's is plainly built and kept up with the most perfect order. It is not more than two stories high. As you enter, there is a small drawing-room on the right, containing Mr. Dickens's library; next is Mr. Dickens's study, which is very plainly furnished, and has no ornament except two or three bronzes. The windows open on a sort of garden surrounding the house, and, as the house stands on a high piece of ground, an extensive view of the neighboring country may be enjoyed from them. On the left is a large drawing-room, filled with everything to make one comfortable, and decorated with great luxury, but with no attempt at show. Perfect taste reigns over everything. The drawing-room opens into the dining-room; under the dining-room is the kitchen. Above these rooms are the bedchambers, which are irregularly distributed, but they are exceedingly comfortable and profusely furnished with those numerous and vast utensils which are indispensable to the toilette of every Englishman.

After talking for a few minutes in his study, Mr. Dickens introduced me to his family. It consisted that day of his daughter and sister-in-law. He has several other children, as many as six or eight, I believe; but his sons, kept in London by their profession, rarely come out to see him except on Sundays. Another of his daughters is married to a cousin of Wilkie Collins, the author of "The Woman in White." The daughter I had the honor to meet at Gadshill is a young and beautiful lady of twenty, whose courteous and kind features are a good deal like those of her father. Both of the ladies spoke French, and their conversation had a French turn, which was probably due to the annual visit they make to Paris. Dickens is very fond of France and the French.

Whatever may be the popularity he enjoys in his own country, he has too vigorously attacked hypocrites, pseudo-Christians, and humbug philanthropists to be free from enemies. He gives them no thought, and none the less continues his crusade against abuses. I need scarcely say, that, while attentively reading his works, without being carried away by the charm of the events he unrolls before one's eyes, one may discover a great many philosophical views and observations upon social economy. While writing in a tone of raillery, he sometimes advances very practical ideas, which would be esteemed very highly, were they suggested by the official pen of a political writer.

Dickens's favorite time for working is in the morning. He rises very early and sets to work at once. He lightly breakfasts at about half past nine and continues to work until twelve o'clock. At this hour he lunches. After lunch he goes out into the fields, and does not return home until half past six o'clock. He walks every day some eight or ten miles. He walks rapidly.

Dickens's writing is, as I have said, fine and regular. It is not unlike Paul Feval's hand. He keeps and has had bound the manuscript of some of his works. It seems to me his favorite novel is "David Copperfield." However, he rarely speaks of his works; but when he is driven to talk of them, he talks about himself with rare impartiality, without vanity and without false modesty. His conversation is striking by its vivacity, natural tone, and the absence of everything like humbug and studied attitude.

In England, where old abuses are more difficult to uproot than anywhere else, and where custom acquires the force of law, a foreigner can scarcely conceive what talents and energy are required to overthrow a defective institution by attacking it openly. Dickens has never assumed the airs of a reformer, either in his conversation or writings; nevertheless, few men have exercised so much influence as himself on the national mind. The reforms which are just beginning to be introduced into the incredible intricacy of English pleadings and legal practice were prepared, so to say, furtively, several years ago in his works by calling public attention, and by stigmatizing the rapacity of pettifoggers. His raillery has none of the brutality of English sarcasm, neither does it consist of a cutting word or a biting phrase, as is the case with some of our French writers. It is felt everywhere in the aggregate of the events and persons he groups and makes act against the enemy whom he incessantly attacks.

Born at Landport, Portsmouth, in February, 1812, Mr. Dickens is now fifty-three years old. Judging by his gait and appearance, the vivacity of his conversation, and the lustre of his gray-blue eyes, one would scarcely think he was forty years old. Nevertheless, his hair, which still curls, is beginning to silver. His family wished to educate him for the bar. The two years he passed in a solicitor's office (this solicitor was an intimate friend of his father) made him familiar with the intricacies of English law, and proved of signal service to him afterwards in more than one of his novels. To escape the bar, and at the same time earn a livelihood, he reported for the *True Sun* and afterwards for the *Morning Chronicle*. It was in this latter newspaper he wrote some short, detached articles, which were afterwards collected and published under the title of "Sketches by Boz." In 1837 he began to publish the "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club"; it was published in numbers, had an immense success, and established his reputation at once.

Charles Dickens possesses a remarkable talent for reading. He reads admirably and with wonderful spirit. I have been told by several persons that he acts comedy with rare perfection, and that it was formerly one of his favorite amusements. He is, as I have already said, on an intimate footing with Fechter, who has obtained an immense success in the part of Hamlet, and who is now the manager and one of the chief actors of the Lyceum Theatre.

After my first excursion to Gadshill I returned there with M. and Mme. Fechter, and stayed two or three days with him. It is impossible for anybody

[illegible] would not suffer him to [illegible] the coveted entertainment. The [illegible] became [illegible] of the adventures [illegible] the [illegible]. The [illegible] frankness with which he [illegible] the [illegible] facts goes far to make us [illegible] sympathize with his feelings and opinions.

[illegible] the material point to be [illegible], and we [illegible] with the utmost freedom. The author of the MS. has not transmitted his name, and all our [illegible] on his head have been unproductive. We [illegible] examined with the utmost care the correspondence of [illegible] during the time our author was in his service, and our labour has been completely fruitless. But notwithstanding the absence of this valuable information, the MS. possesses a character of truth from an [illegible] of facts confirmed by the correspondence of Voltaire.

Our publication is a publication marked by good faith; the *original* manuscript is in our hands, and any person wishing to inspect it shall have full liberty to do so."

Now this proceeding is much more gentlemanly and agreeable than that adopted a century since by the author of Ossian's Poems. It may be objected to us that the word "author" is here used out of its natural sense, but we can quote *Punch* as our model. He distinctly names Lord William Lennox as the author of Sir Walter Scott's romances. The [illegible] we repeat is agreeable, but did not Mr. [illegible] produce the quasi [illegible] of Shakespeare [illegible] the cursive hand and the [illegible] of the seventeenth century so [illegible] the Halliwells of his

cated in the college of Louis le Grand, and while yet a boy wrote some essays for which that wonderful and self-indulgent lady, Ninon de l'Enclos left him a legacy.

His juvenile tragedy of *Œdipus* induced his father, who had designed him for the law, to allow him to devote himself to literature; it also effected his release from the Bastile, where he had spent some comfortless weeks for writing satires on the government of the day. Taking up his residence in England through disgust at the non-success of two other tragedies, he published the "Henriade" by subscription, learned English, and gave Congreve a salutary lesson in self-appreciation. *Brutus* appeared in 1730, and was followed by *Zara*, that tragedy which has since wrung so many tears from sensitive Parisians. His "Lettres Philosophiques" dealt so impudently with Christian philosophy that the not very moral or religious ministers of Louis XV. gave powers to the constable to "comprehend him as a vagrom infidel," and disturber of public morals, such as they were. Taking shelter from the storm in Madame du Châtelet's chateau at Cirey, on the borders of Champagne and Lorraine, he wrote in that asylum of Venus and Minerva his plays of *Alzire* and *Mahomet*. The last-mentioned tragedy let him down still lower in the estimation of such of the public as happened to be conscientious Christians, but *Merope*, acted in 1743, obtained his admission to the court of "Louis the Well-beloved" as Gentleman of the Bedchamber and State Historian. In 1746 he became an Academician, but contriving to get into sundry literary squabbles he repaired to Luneville in Lorraine, where Stanislaus, King of Poland and father of the Queen of France, kept his little court. There, alternately quarrelling with and fondling the lady of his heart, he remained from 1746 to 1749. In 1750 he repaired to the court of that kindred spirit, Frederic of Prussia. It would be a rare thing to find two eminently sensual and selfish philosophers, men uninfluenced by the sweet Christian virtues, living long in amity. Frederic and Voltaire were no exceptions. So little pleased was our hero with his royal friend and patron, that he did not feel comfortable till he had placed all France and a considerable part of Germany between them. The latter portion of his life was spent at Ferney in le Pays de Gex. He had been for a long time subject to great bodily infirmity; and the excitement consequent on a visit to Paris in 1778, where he was welcomed with the utmost enthusiasm, hastened his death, which occurred on the 30th of May in that year. He made a profession of Christian faith towards his departure.

Gabrielle Emilie Marquise du Châtelet Lomont, one of the most remarkable women of the 18th century, was born at Paris, 17th December, 1706. She studied Italian and Latin with her father, the Baron de Breteuil, but soon looking on such studies as mere pastime, she betook herself to the mathematical and physical sciences. From among her crowd of suitors the learned and beautiful Gabrielle selected the Marquis by whose name she is known. After some time she thought her hours might be more profitably employed in studying Platonics and Newton's Principia with Maria François Arouet than in discussing horses, dogs, ploughs, and harrows with her wedded lord, who seems to have treated this change in his wife's feelings with much indifference. While she and her devoted philosopher were partaking the hospitalities of the King of Poland at Luneville in 1747, M. de Saint Lambert, a young captain of the Lorraine Guards, became their friend, and she found herself, willing or not, transferring the personal attachment just now felt for the caustic philosopher, to the mindless but fascinating guardsman, and nothing left for the forsaken old love but learned esteem. Voltaire raged at first like a Hyrcanian tiger, but he could not exist without her society, and his intended departure for Paris was suspended. On the 10th of September, 1749, she died, having given birth to a child a few days before. Voltaire could not obtain rest or sleep for many days, owing to his excessive grief. The nameless secretary of M. Havard's MS. says he effected his recovery by the "exhibition" of some unfeeling letters of his idol. A translation of Newton's Principia, accompanied by algebraic illustrations, was made by this lady, but not published till seven years after her death.

MADAME DU CHÂTELET AT HOME.

Our servant *sans nom* says he entered into the service of Madame du Châtelet in January, 1746, she then residing in her city mansion in the city of Paris. His duties seem to have been of the lightest description, viz. that of purchasing new fashions, and what he calls "executing particular commissions." The lady took a cup of coffee with cream in the morning, and then occupied her time till supper in abstruse studies with Voltaire or some academician, or in trying on gowns and caps. In the course of six months she took supper ten times at home (the nameless servant counted them). On some of these occasions she and her philosopher supped *tête-à-tête*, on others the company reached the number of five, the Duc de Richelieu being their most frequent guest.

The cellar was only indifferently furnished. Their wine merchant sent in a couple of dozen bottles at a time, the white kind doing duty for champagne, and when the supply was nearly used, another two dozen were ordered.

Mr. X. (we give this name to the unknown power for convenience), on the morning after his arrival, was summoned, along with the chambermaid, to assist at Madame's toilet. He had been used to the free-and-easy manners of the court of Lorraine, but he knew not the extent to which pure innocence or thorough lack of modesty could go till his domestication in the household of Madame du Châtelet.

By way of pendant to this sketch of independence among the great, Mr. X. next submits an outline of a supper taken by five ladies of quality at a cabaret. They had spent the evening in the Bois de Boulogne, and in a tavern at Chaillot they took supper. At the commencement they sent away their five lackeys, and ate and drank and talked, probably with little mutual edification, till five o'clock in the morning, when Mons. X. paid the bill and called their chariots. The five ladies were: —

1. Marchioness de Deffand, a lady not rigid in her morals, separated from her husband soon after her marriage, and a much esteemed friend of Horace Walpole's, Voltaire's, and D'Alembert's.

2. Madame de Graffigny, authoress of the "Letters of a Peruvian Lady." Some ladies of unedifying lives have written exemplary novels; our own era does not lack examples.

3. Mme. de la Popelinière; whose husband, the financier, wrote a nice book, and had it illustrated with costly engravings. Its character may be guessed at when it is known that the dissolute

[illegible]

[illegible] letter of instructions Mme. de Pompadour [illegible] a more [illegible] than that of mistress to the [illegible] and personal Louis XV. At first she [illegible] were good friends, but "when the [illegible] she spoke many a word of ill intent in [illegible] to the crowned voluptuary. Voltaire thought he might be more comfortable at Sans Souci with the philosophic Fritz, and so asked permission from Louis to take the "journey due north." It was ungraciously granted, and when the petitioner was still within hearing he heard him observe to those close to him, "There will be a madman the less in France." Mr. X. asserts that his master, before he set forth to visit his dear friend, made him [illegible] most insulting letter to some female (blank [illegible] name) and subscribe his own name (to [illegible] X [illegible] was) to it. The secretary [illegible] as there was consid- [illegible] Voltaire was a [illegible] into [illegible]

X

chievous questions, and enjoy the hot point to which the ensuing discussion frequently arose. Beyond a certain degree on the social thermometer he would not allow the quarrel to proceed, but this not satisfying Voltaire's bitter feelings towards Maupertuis, he composed his "Micromegas" (the Little Great), an ill-natured satire on the voyage to the North Cape, and read it in MS. to his brother savans, the object of the satire excepted.

Frederic, hearing the circumstance, was resolved to let the mischief proceed no further. So he privately communicated his will to all the printers of Berlin, that they should execute no literary work for the present without his express sanction. Voltaire, applying to one of the body to put his "Micromegas" in type, was informed of the royal command. This not meeting his views, he took away the MS., promising to return with it in a day or two, after making some desirable corrections and additions. He did return as he said he would, and presented a "Defence of Lord Bolingbroke's Remarks on History." On the printer showing this to the King, he was only too ready to affix his imprimatur to an anti-scriptural tract, and the printing went on.

When half the work was in type the author managed to introduce the "Micromegas," and procure several proofs, which he distributed among his friends. Frederic held Maupertuis in much estimation, and when he heard of the new device for his confusion, he put his persecutor under arrest. Things becoming very uncomfortable on both sides, the satirist effected his return to France, and the friends of little faith became bitter enemies. Witness this note of Frederic to his sister, the Margravine of Bayreuth:—

"I have allowed Voltaire to depart with little regret. He is a dangerous madman, who is fit for nothing but to be tied up; you would scarcely credit all the tricks and mischiefs he has perpetrated here. It is a humiliating thing that so much wit and knowledge do not tend to make men better. I have declared for Maupertuis. I considered I ought to do so, as his probity is so well known to me. I have not done, however, all that he wished. I am somewhat annoyed that his self-love should have been so irritated by the scratches and bites of an ape, whom besides he has seen so well whipped."

Our poet-philosopher was not a moral man, in the strict or lax sense of the word. His conduct, however, was innocent in comparison with the tone of some of his writings. The confidential amanuensis of Voltaire is decent in his language, so is his editor, and both have used much discretion in their march over the quags and sloughs of their subject. We omit that part of the narrative which bears on the domestic virtues of Voltaire's niece, Mme. Denis, not that the subject is calculated to do any harm; it is merely disgusting.

NOBLE CARD SHARPERS.

In the commencement of October, 1746, Mme. du Châtelet went with the Court to Fontainebleau. She enjoyed the privilege of a stool in the Queen's drawing-rooms and of being cheated at her card-tables. Voltaire followed her thither. Before setting forth Madame had collected all her ready cash, and, as Mr. X. expresses it, had squeezed M. Lacroix her steward as dry as any chip. She found herself in possession of 400 louis, and M. de Voltaire, who did not play, carried with him half that amount.

Their departure was attended with some little discomfort. Their servants were to have only about 10*d*. English money for wages per day, and as living was rather expensive at the royal village, they refused to stir. All were dismissed in consequence except Madame's chambermaid. Mr. X. having left the lady's service some time before, was sought out by M. de Voltaire's agents, and he accordingly set out by the "water coach," and found his new master as well as Madame domiciled with the Duc de Richelieu.

The first evening spent at the Queen's gambling table, Madame easily lost her 400 gold pieces. On her return home she despatched her "huzzar" to Paris to raise a new supply, and for the second evening Voltaire's 200 pieces enabled her to make an appearance at the *Jeu de la Reine*. They went in search of the former stray louis, much to Mons. V.'s discontent, for he knew the value of money. The third evening she had, on her approach to the fatal table, 380 louis, borrowed at high interest by her steward, and in a few minutes she was relieved of their weight. Rendered desperate, she then mortgaged her word, and did not cease till she owed nearly four thousand pounds sterling!

Voltaire, whose infatuation for this woman kept him ever at her side, becoming frightened at the magnitude of her losses, hinted to her in English that her infatuation had prevented her all along from seeing that she was playing with cheats. She was somewhat startled at what he said, and looking round she perceived that his words had been understood by some of the standers-by, and that some unfriendly movements were taking place. They quitted the company at once, returned to the Duke's, got the chambermaid and coachman to look about them, started for Paris, but broke down at Essonne. The fracture being repaired, neither the gentleman, nor the lady, nor the chambermaid, nor the coachman, had a sou in possession to pay the smith, and he protested by Vulcan his patron that payment should be found. A gentleman of their acquaintance riding by to Fontainebleau, extricated them from their fix, and in the midst of hearty laughter they separated. Voltaire stopped at Villejuif near Paris, and wrote to the Duchess of Maine at Sceaux an account of the terror he was in of the exalted cheats whom he had rashly denounced. At nightfall a trusty servant of the Duchess's received the terrified savant into a cabriolet, drove him to Sceaux, and there he spent two months in a remote chamber of the chateau, his presence being unknown to any of the residents of the castle except the Duchess and one or two confidential domestics.

And how did Mme. du Châtelet make up her debt of honor? Simply by abstaining from gambling for six weeks, and bringing such strong influences to bear on people in power that she obtained the right of nomination to the post of Farmer-General of taxes. This, besides clearing off her debt, left her during life an income of some few thousand livres. The great folk of the day could not have insured the future revolution by forethought and grasp of plan more inevitably than they did by allowing themselves every possible indulgence for the day, and never bestowing a thought on the morrow.

Meantime she did not forget her friend. She exerted all means at her command to mollify the offended cheats of high degree, and when all danger was passed, she proceeded to Sceaux to bring the good tidings. For eight days, balls, fireworks, comedies, and pleasant reunions of every kind, celebrated the happy event, the Marchioness herself

filling the parts of *Issa* in "Zelindor, King of the Sylphs," and that of *Fanchon* in the "Originaux" of Voltaire. Mme. was excellent in the parts of country damsels, arch chambermaids, and all such characters.

DEATH OF MADAME DU CHÂTELET.

MME. DU CHÂTELET'S death occurred at Luneville, and in the bedchamber of the Queen of Poland. Mons X. attributes it to a draught of iced Orgeat taken imprudently after her lying in. Her friend Mme. de Boufflers, her husband, M. de Voltaire, and M. de Saint Lambert, were all in the chateau at the time, and all were deeply affected. Voltaire in chief, though for a long time he had occupied but a small portion of her affections. He and Saint Lambert were the last who quitted the chamber of death, and here we quote our authority.

"M. de Voltaire, overpowered by grief, fell down at the foot of the staircase near the sentry-box, and struck his head against the flag. His lackey, who was following him, raised him, assisted by M. de Saint Lambert. Voltaire, seeing this gentleman, cried out, still weeping bitterly, 'Ah! it is you that have killed her!' . . . . And they retired to their separate apartments, borne down by sorrow."

Very sharp are the scourges reserved for our pleasant vices. Mme. de Boufflers, as she was leaving the room where the dead woman lay, bade Mr. X. to take a ring enriched with small diamonds off her finger, and keep it safe till demanded. Next day she opened the collet in the presence of M. de Saint Lambert, took out his miniature, presented it to him, returned the ring to Mr. X., and desired him to give it up to the Marquis du Châtelet. Three or four days after, Voltaire requested the same most useful Mr. X. to secure the same ring for a moment, open the collet, and bring him his miniature which he would find enclosed. Guess his mortification when he was told what has been just related! Raising his eyes to the clouds he exclaimed, "O woman, woman! I supplanted Richelieu, Saint Lambert supplanted me; one nail drives out another: it is in the order of nature: each has his turn: so wags the world."

HOW VOLTAIRE WAS WON FROM HIS GRIEF.

POOR Voltaire could no more console himself after his loss than Calypso in the school-book. Stoicism or suicide was the only comforter which the gentlemen of the *Encyclopædia* reserved for themselves. At one time he thought of retiring to his friend, Dom Calmet * at Senones, but he reflected that he should probably find the dull, regulated life of the monastery little to his taste, and perhaps be incommoded by wasps or vampires. So turning his thoughts to the very opposite quarter, he wrote to his dear friend and sympathizer, Lord Bolingbroke, announcing an intended visit. Meanwhile he could not get natural rest, and frequently wandered through his rooms in the cold winter nights calling on his lost treasure. Stumbling over a book on one of these occasions, he was unable to rise or make himself heard at first, his voice was so weak.

At last X. hearing him, ran to his aid, but being more hasty than fortunate, he tumbled over him, thus adding to his discomfort. He raised him half stiffened with cold, got him into bed, made a fire, and restored him by dint of rubbing with warm towels.

His cure is given in the words of his attached servant, who seems to have been more addicted to listening at keyholes and picking up unconsidered trifles than so accomplished a gentleman ought.

"As I was much attached to him, and feared to lose him, I attempted his cure by means of some letters of Mme. du Châtelet, which I had secured when they were burning her papers. Happily I had come on some in which M. de Voltaire was very harshly treated. So I told him he should not lament so much for a woman who had not loved him. Notwithstanding his weakness he made a bound at these words. 'How, sir! she did not love me?' 'No, Monsieur, and I have the proof in my hands.'

"I handed him the letters, and the perusal rendered him silent for several minutes. He grew pale, he trembled with rage and vexation for having been so long duped by one whom he could scarce believe capable of such perfidy. At last he took heart, and became calm; but he repeated more than once, 'She deceived me, but who would have believed it!' From that moment he never again called on her at night. He recovered his health and resumed his ordinary way of life, to the great satisfaction of his friends.'

The editor expresses his vexation at this point of the journal at the non-preservation of these efficacious letters. But, admitting the genuineness of the MS., might not Mons. X. have forged the documents for the purpose of effecting a cure on his much-valued master? Among the Encyclopædian Sadducees such a proceeding would be looked on with much less disfavor than a pious fraud among mere Christians.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WICKED MANUSCRIPT.

THE last anecdote we shall give of Voltaire's life, in connection with that of Mme. du Châtelet, has relation to the abominable satire he composed on the pure-souled and enthusiastic Maid of Orleans. One night during one of the proverbially free-spoken "little suppers," the Duke of Richelieu alluding to the dreary poem on the subject of Joan of Arc, by Chatelain, descanted on the pleasure it would give the company then assembled, and all the sympathetic supper-takers that night in France, if their darling poet would compose a poem on the same subject and in the spirit of the *Fabliaux*.

The hint was taken, the licentious work was composed, and read in select committees, and delighted them beyond measure, but then to get into print was the rub. The existing regulations would not allow such a free-spoken book to appear; but what obstacle could not the united ingenuity of M. de Voltaire and Mme. du Châtelet surmount! M. Lemercier, a bookseller, who furnished them and their friends with all forbidden publications, had a printer in his employ, who procured for them two printing-cases, which they intended to convey to Cirey, Mme.'s country house, and there the marchioness, aided by a compositor or two, would set up the type, and Voltaire would correct the proofs. The scheme fell through. The journeyman, either fearing the punishment inflicted on the printers of forbidden works, or not satisfied with the wages offered, would not take the journey, and the owner of the type, after waiting a fair time for payment, threatened legal proceedings. They prevailed on him to take it back, and accept a reasonable sum for its deten-

* Every Biblical scholar knows the value of the "Dictionary of the Bible" compiled by this laborious and learned Benedictine, whose works, sectional and ecclesiastical, in fifty-three folios, form a considerable library. He was born at Mesnil la Horgne in 1672, and died at Abbey of Senones in Lorraine in 1757. At eighty years of age he wrote his curious work on the apparitions of angels, demons, and ghosts, and on the Hungarian vampires.

tion. Voltaire afterwards gave the MS. to Frederic, who carried it with him to the wars, as (the comparison is very odious) Alexander did the Iliad. Prince Charles of Lorraine happening to beat the Prussian King at Molwitz, a pandour secured the poem and the casket in which it was enshrined, and sold them to Herr Gamont, one of Charles's valets, and gifted, as may be supposed, with a taste for forbidden fruit. This worthy having paid a crown for the prize, got it printed at Brussels, and the Devil and he had the satisfaction to see six editions issued between 1755 and 1761. The author, grieving perhaps to see the public taste vitiated by incorrect texts, published a revised and improved edition in 1762 in Geneva.

Mme. du Châtelet forfeited any sympathy or pity which her beauty, her conversational charms, and her great talents might excite in the hearts of literary people, by assisting at the reading out of passages from an infamous book such as this, and even offering her services in the setting up of the type.

HOW VOLTAIRE MANAGED A ROGUISH PRINTER.

VOLTAIRE had found by cruel experience that printers were, even as other tradesmen, liable to be drawn from the highway of upright dealing into discreditable by-paths when a prospect of securing some hundreds of copies of a popular work at little cost opened before them. While perdue in the Chateau at Sceaux as already related, he dissipated his ennui by writing the three short tales, *Memnon*, *Zadig*, and *Babouc*. He took the following ingenious method of preventing the printer from striking off some hundreds of extra copies for his own emolument. He showed the MS. of *Zadig* to Prault the printer, and agreed to pay him so much for an impression of 1,200 copies. Prault accepted half what he asked at first for the job, as the thoughts of the extra copies presented themselves while the bargain was making. The size, the paper, and the type being agreed on, and Prault having engaged to furnish 1,200 copies two days after the impression was worked off, Voltaire handed over the second half of the MS. commencing in the middle of a chapter, telling Prault to begin with it at the top of a page, and use despatch. There were, he said, many corrections and changes to be made in the first part, but he should have it as soon as these were made. Prault carried off his copy quite content, rejoicing in the clear gain to arise from the little speculation alluded to.

The same day, Robert Machuel, a Rouen printer then in the city, was summoned, and the same ceremony was re-enacted, the second citizen getting the first moiety of the copy, and being directed to have it ended exactly at the bottom of a printed page. "The second half required corrections, and would be furnished in course." Each half was thus printed and furnished to the author, who, sending for women employed by bookbinders, got his entire impression sewed in four days at his own house, and the copies sent to their intended addresses, all being given away to his friends or well-wishers.

The printers continued to besiege him with messages and letters for the remainder of the copy, but the "author was sick, and could not be," &c., &c. At last they sent in their little bills for the work done, and were paid. Another edition immediately appeared, and Prault and Machuel discovered they had incurred expense in producing their extra half copies. They would run a great risk of detection by getting the corresponding complements printed to make their stock salable. Neither of them knew who was his coadjutor, and Prault never forgave Voltaire for his ingenious and cold-blooded share in the business.

This affair is treated in the lives of Voltaire somewhat differently, but they agree in the account furnished by Mr. X. or his editor as to the main fact.

THE FIRST REPRESENTATION OF "ORESTES."

VOLTAIRE was not blessed with the happy temperament of Charles Lamb, nor even that of his fellow-countryman, H. de Balzac, one of whom joined the audience in hissing his own piece, and the other was found fast asleep in a box when all was over. He had created many enemies among the friends and admirers of Crebillon the Elder by selecting the same classic subjects for the groundwork of his plots. His "Orestes" being about to appear, he came to Paris from Luneville in company with the old King of Poland, who was then on his journey to see his daughter, wife of Louis XV. The sorrows or joys of love had no part in the play, and there was a strong opposition organized. Still four acts passed without condemnation. In the fifth a lady had to enter upon particulars in her speech not usually heard from woman's lips, and the play came to a stormy end.

The author at the very time was suffering from fever, yet at the end he collected the opinions of his well-wishers, went home, rewrote the fifth act, suppressed the speech, made some changes in the other acts, and all this by two o'clock in the morning. X. says he then set him to write out the separate parts, and when that task was achieved, carry them as fast as a carriage and four would enable him, to the different actors and actresses.

A full house waited the second representation, and the ill-wishers of the author were quite prepared to seize on the faulty portions as they occurred. Great was their disappointment at their omission, and the disappointment was equalled by their wonder on finding a new fifth act carried through by the performers with as much fire and completeness, as if they were at the fiftieth performance.

The weak frame animated by the fiery heart and intellect, and now under the visitation of fever, had nearly gone to pieces on this occasion. He persisted in his intention to return to Luneville, and his faithful X. succeeded in reaching that asylum with the breath still in the body of his master. He says that the cares of Mme. du Châtelet soon restored him. It is to be feared that no woman of her school could long attend to the wants and whims of an invalid, even if he contained the spirit of ten philosophers within his own frame, and be able to keep at arm's length disadvantageous comparisons connected with some gay, robust, handsome young fellow of her acquaintance.

VOLTAIRE'S PRIVATE THEATRE, AND THE COMPANY TRAINED THERE.

WHAT an energetic and persevering spirit was wrapt up in that frail tenement of clay, called Voltaire, and how freely and instantaneously flashed the fire of his resentment against the highest powers of Christendom when a real or fancied affront was offered him. One essential element of success entered deeply into his system, — a determined purpose not to be disheartened by one or two failures in a darling project. Being embroiled with the ac-

tors and actresses of the Théâtre Français, he got his second floor converted into a small theatre, and sent his faithful X. among the amateur establishments through the city in search of promises of talent. Thus he might try the effect of some unacted pieces in his own little theatre, before submitting them to the mercies of the many-headed monster, the public.

The envoy was best pleased with a company he found in an upholsterer's garret at the entrance of the Old Rue du Temple. Mandron, a young journeyman upholsterer, was the chief of the troupe; he acted old men in a very pleasing style. Lekain was the second. He had not a prepossessing appearance, but was full of intelligence. Heurtaux, the third in estimation, was also an actor of judgment, and afterwards obtained a place in the company of the Margravine of Bayreuth, whence he was transferred to the Theatre Royal, Berlin. Mlle. Baton (what an unfortunate stage name!) was young, and agreeable in face and figure, but exhibiting little talent. The rest were *amateurs*. X. having made his report, he was commissioned to present M. de Voltaire's compliments to the entire troupe, and to request them to call on him at their earliest convenience, with a view to the private representation of some of his historic pieces.

The message gave great joy to the poor aspirants, and they were all assembled in Voltaire's salon next morning at 9 A. M., from the "Noble Father" to the prompter.

Voltaire, making his appearance, spoke kindly to every one in succession, questioned them on the parts they were best accustomed to, and encouraged them to declaim before him. He noticed those we have already named, and trusted to make something out of them after giving them some hints and instructions on style, &c. He requested them to come next day, and represent the piece they were best exercised in. It was not unwelcome to his ears, when they named *Mahomet*, which indeed Mons. X. had found them enacting on his first visit.

The audience of this first piece on Voltaire's own stage consisted of himself, his niece Mme. Denis, and about half a dozen others, and whenever enunciation or action were not to his taste, he stopped the performance till he had shown the correct rendering of the passage. Mandron presented *Zopire*, Lekain *Mahomet*, Heurtaux *Séide*, and Mlle. Baton *Palmire*, and the guards, &c., were represented by the rest of the company. The representation passed off well, and the happy company were kept for supper.

Here with glowing faces and beating hearts they received the master's compliments, and the slips of their parts for "Rome Preserved." Mandron was *Cicero*, Lekain *Cinna*, Heurtaux *Catilina*, Mlle. Baton, *Fulvie*, and the rest of the troupe the citizens, conspirators, &c. They also produced *Zaïre* and the [illegible] in which Mme. Denis and Voltaire's [illegible] took parts. Their acting was [illegible] with a will. Had they not to please their patron, and was they not to enjoy a nice supper [illegible] and [illegible] wine?

W[illegible] that they might venture on the production of "Rome Preserved" before a larger audience, [illegible] with suitable dresses from the wardrobe of the Théâtre Français, dresses which [illegible] Condition. The [illegible] was also invited to [illegible] and there being something very interesting in the production of the piece, [illegible] regarding the little place of entertainment, the performers, and the patron, they eagerly accepted the invitation, and the curtain rose before a crowded audience. Due encouragement was given to the efforts of the little company, and the principal performers received due applause.

As a rule, Roman Catholic clergymen are not allowed to be present at theatrical representations. However, Mons. X. says that Rev. Simon de la Tour, Principal of the Jesuits' College, attended that evening. This gentleman was, in turn, tutor of the Prince de Conti, Principal of the College Louis le Grand, and Procureur-General of Missions. It was to him that Voltaire addressed that letter, dated 7th February, 1746, in which he expressed so much gratitude to his Jesuit instructors. This reverend friend had read the play, and was not unwilling to be witness of its effect when acted.

The same evening saw, in a corner of the audience portion of the theatre, the President Henault, Messrs. D'Alembert, Diderot, Marmontel, the Abbés Voisenon and Raynal, and other distinguished literary characters.

For the next two months the happy master of the little theatre was importuned for tickets, and every night of representation the house was full,—those who could not get admission this night having the preference the next. What the author of the pieces had foreseen, and wrought for, came to pass. The visitors and the comédiens Français urged him to let some of these fine pieces be transferred to the regular boards,—a request too gratifying to his own vanity to be refused. So the dramas already mentioned, together with "Tancrède" and the "Orphan of China" were produced, Mademoiselle Dumesnil and Mademoiselle Clairon embodying the chief female characters.

During these representations, Voltaire took particular notice of Lekain, and marked his anxiety to improve. He struggled against adverse powers till he got him admitted into the company at the "Great House." There being, as in the instance of our own Edmund Kean, a peculiar originality about him which his brother actors did not like to imitate, or could not if they had, he suffered some annoyance during his year of probation. At last they became accustomed to his style of declamation and acting, and ceased to annoy him. He succeeded better in his performance before the court than before the city. Louis XV. said of him, "He makes me, who am not accustomed to cry, cry heartily." He went on studying and getting golden opinions from the public, and using himself up in the service of the same public, till his death, which occurred on the 8th of February, 1778. The two ladies mentioned above gave Voltaire no small trouble in his distribution of the characters. Mlle. Dumesnil made her first appearance at the Théâtre Français in 1747. She was the original *Mérope*, and late in life wrote a confutation of the Memoirs of Mlle. Clairon. This latter lady presented herself for the first time in the character of *Phèdre* in 1743. She was an authoress also, having published "Reflections on Theatrical Declamation" in 17[illegible]. Both died in 18[illegible].

VOLTAIRE IN A FORGIVING MOOD.

VOLTAIRE was, as may be easily gathered from what has been said, very easily offended, and prone to revenge. He was, however, generous and placable on occasion. Not content with his success in other departments of literature, he once essayed opera, wrote the libretto of "Samson," and M. Rameau

composed the music. A certain M. Travenol, belonging to the orchestra, finding himself aggrieved during the preparation of the piece, wrote and dispersed a most bitter pamphlet on Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet written by M. Baillet de Saint Julien. The poet, terribly exasperated, made his complaint to the lieutenant of police, who, setting his spies at work, soon brought the offence home to M. Travenol, and lodged him in the Bicêtre.

The father of the culprit sought out the offended poet, threw himself on his knees before him, and so wrought on his better nature that he at once went along with him to the police lieutenant, and obtained the liberation of the offender. Such a cabal, however, was formed against him that he was unable to bring out "Samson," and M. Rameau got back his music, and turned it to other purposes. This is Mons. X.'s version of the matter. In the "Voltairiana" Justice seems to have found herself sufficiently embarrassed. After making M. Travenol pay 300 francs to M. de Voltaire, she insisted on M. de Voltaire returning 500 francs to M. Travenol. It would require more time and patience than are at our disposal to place a clear statement of the tangled process before the reader.

A SERMON OF VOLTAIRE'S.

Our strong-minded man occasionally put on the appearance of Christian belief when it suited his purpose, or when he wished to do a kindness to some believer or believers. The Abbé d'Arty being appointed to preach the panegyric of Saint Louis before the King, began his task betimes. Having spent three months on the composition, he showed it to some of his lettered friends in Paris, but did not feel very comfortable after hearing their various judgments. In his trouble he paid a visit to Voltaire, bringing with him his aunt and Mme. du Châtelet. He presented his written copy, and begged the great man to cast his eye over it, and mark the defective passages. The ladies seconded his request, which Voltaire very unwillingly complied with, saying the thing was not in his way at all. However he fell to, and when the Abbé called next day he returned the MS. scored in every page. He had the courage or cruelty to tell the poor author that it was a most commonplace performance, not worthy of a scholar in the sixth form, and that the uttering of it in the pulpit would do him no credit.

What was to be done? The very best thing, under the circumstances, was done by the Abbé, and his aunt, and Mme. du Châtelet. They earnestly besought the ready writer to compose a completely new panegyric. One of the company went down on knees to add force to the entreaty, and though the patron over and over protested that such an operation was altogether out of his line, his scruples were powerless before Mme. du Châtelet's urgencies. He and she were leaving Paris the same day for her chateau at Cirey, and as soon as they arrived, he took pen and paper, and composed the panegyric. His amanuensis made a fair copy, and put it in an envelope, and on the fifth day after the affecting ceremony in Paris the happy Abbé received his treasure. He had six weeks to commit it to memory, and make other necessary preparations. This delivery was a success, and in consequence of it, or of other merits, he was promoted to a bishopric.

The sermon, according to our authority, was printed by the Abbé as the product of his own brain; however, Mons. X. says that he was considerate enough to send a copy to the author. He also says that he (Mons. X.) furnished a copy to M. Beaumarchais for the edition of his master's works printed at Kehl. There it certainly appeared, and it has been included in all late editions of Voltaire's works. This same Abbé d'Arty also applied to J. J. Rousseau for a funeral oration on the late Duke of Orleans, which he expected he would be called on to pronounce. Rousseau supplied the article, but it was never published, the Abbé not having received commands to preach it. Rousseau himself is the authority for this anecdote.

HIS KINDNESS TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

The nameless secretary relates several instances of his patron's kindness to people in distress and talented young laborers in the field of literature. To these last he was useful in giving sound literary advice as well as in forwarding their worldly views. Thus he would say to an aspirant for literary renown, —

"When the access or furor of composition seizes on you, give free scope to your imagination. Do not let it cool by amusing yourself polishing a verse or rounding a phrase. Write at speed whatever presents itself to your mind. When the rage of composition has passed, you will have time enough to revise your work, and to polish it at your leisure. Every time you reperuse it, new ideas will present themselves, and you will find always something to retrench and occasionally something to add. Be guided in your corrections by reason, good sense, and good taste."

"POOR AS A POET" NOT APPLICABLE IN HIS CASE.

Mr. X. in fixing Voltaire's yearly income at 77,498 livres, say roundly £3,750, does not differ much from statements made by other authorities on this head. Let not free-thinking young shopkeepers, or clerks in insurance or government offices, who have some poetical or dramatic or *encylopedie* ability, on the announcement of that very respectable income, quit their counters and desks, and take to a literary life. M. de Voltaire was one who knew the value of money, and how to make it productive. He had claims on the municipality of Paris, a pension from the Duke of Orleans, another as historiographer of France, another as Gentleman of the Bedchamber, gains by lottery-tickets, a revenue from the commissariat of the Italian army, one from a government source not intelligible to us, "contracts on the two halfpence per shilling," and mortgages or bonds given by five dukes, a count, and several gentlemen with DE to their names.

AN EDITOR'S MORAL MISTAKES.

M. Havard, the possessor of the lucky MS., is full of admiration, reverence, and enthusiasm for the author of the *Pucelle* and other pieces of prose and poetry written in the same spirit, — a spirit such that we can scarcely imagine a greater outrage inflicted on a pure-minded Christian than a command to read them. We have met somewhere with a story of the younger Crebillon which comes in here very apropos. He carefully kept his own novels and others of the same class from the eyes of his daughter. But one unlucky afternoon she found his bookcase unlocked, and not dreaming that anything written by her father, so circumspect in discourse, at least in her hearing, could be other than good, she fell to read one of his novels. There she found things so jarring and

inconsistent with everything of a pure or edifying nature to which she was accustomed, it was like a furious tempest on a calm lake just now enjoying the sunshine. Her unhappy father returning home at a late hour found his book-case open, the most wicked of his novels lying on the table, and his poor child wildly raving in the paroxysm of a fever. She expired in frightful agony within the twenty-four hours. It was perhaps but a tale, but certainly a probable one, and who can count the evil that must have been wrought, and will continue to be wrought, on still uncorrupted minds by the perusal of innumerable passages in the works of M. de Voltaire?

However, M. Havard is exceedingly wroth with those who have at any time censured his darling great man.

"One of the finest geniuses of modern times, a man who has rendered the most signal services to humanity entire! who has been, is, and shall eternally be its glory. . . . . Victorious over all his enemies, he descended to his tomb while gazing on the dawn of a social revolution, the result of his writings, and whose epoch he nearly fixed in one of his own letters."

After quoting the expressions of that other edifying regenerator of the human species, Frederic of Prussia, "Even dead the patriarch of the crushers has left an entire arsenal, in which the necessary arms are inexhaustible," our enthusiastic editor proceeds:—

"In effect, how much has he not contributed to purge poor human nature of everything that can impair its dignity or impede its march; and have not his writings ever tended to the accomplishment of this great work (viz. the abolishment of Christianity, and the restoration of the old pagan abominations)!

"All his life he has cried out, 'Avaunt the absurd! make room for Reason! I have placed her on an altar. All ye of good sense surround her, let her be your divinity! Be firm, immovable; and truth, justice, and right, that serenity which is to set the world in equilibrium, shall not be overthrown. Truth, justice, right! you are the great beacon-lights of the human intelligence. I have proved it. I have put good sense on the way; let it not come to a halt, and your ranks shall fill day after day.'

"These words shall be heard through all ages. Thus thy [Voltaire's] memory, thy writings, shall be imperishable. The good thou hast done to humanity is inscribed on the vault of heaven, because the impure voice of thy insulters cannot reach there [sound logic and consistent metaphor]!"

It is simply matter of astonishment how any one with common-sense, even though not under the influence of a Christian spirit, could so write of the Goddess of Reason, and the benefit conferred by infidelity and immorality on the world, while recolleting the doings of that frail deity and her worshippers in the good old days of Danton and Robespierre.

If anything could make us trust in the genuineness of the MS., it would be the tenor of the spirit of the passage just quoted, and of that which pervades the work. Some of Voltaire's good qualities are unfairly mentioned, but they are altogether overshadowed by his weaknesses, and pettiness, and selfishness, and bitter resentment of injuries real or fancied.

In conclusion, we can but repeat, that, whether the picture was sketched and finished during the seven years which the supposed writer claims to have spent in the household of the philosopher, or was completed from materials carefully collected and elaborated during our own day, it possesses many of the qualities that contribute to form a truthful and valuable resemblance of the people and things of France in the middle of the eighteenth century, and the genius which shed on them that sort of light sometimes thrown over cemeteries and marshes by the decomposition of their unhealthy vapors.

BLACK SHEEP.

BY EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE BALANCE.

NOT one word came from Mrs. Carruthers for full six weeks. The hope which had sprung up in George Dallas's breast after the interview with his mother in the housekeeper's room had gone through the various stages common to unfulfilled desires in men of sanguine temperaments. It had been very bright at first, and when no letter came after the lapse of a week, it had begun to grow dim, and then he had endeavored to reason with himself that the very fact of no letter coming ought to be looked upon as a good sign, as showing that "something was doing." Then the absence of any news caused his hope to flicker until the recollection of the old adage, that "no news was good news," made it temporarily bright again; then as the time for payment of the renewed bill grew nearer and nearer, so did George Dallas's prospects become gloomier and yet more gloomy, and at last the light of hope went out, and the darkness of despair reigned paramount in his bosom.

What could his mother be about? She must have pretended that she had some bill of her own to pay, and that the money was immediately required: old Carruthers must have questioned her about it, and there must have been a row: she must have tried to "collar" the amount out of the housekeeping—no! the sum was too large: that was absurd! She had old friends,—people who knew and loved her well, and she must have asked some of them to lend it to her, and probably been refused: old friends always refuse to lend money. She must have tried—confound it all, he did not know, he could not guess, what she had tried! All he did know, to his sorrow, was, that she had not sent the money: all he knew, to his joy, was, that, though he was constantly seeing Stewart Routh, that worthy had, as yet, uttered no word of discontent at its non-appearance.

Not he! In the hand which Stewart Routh was at that moment playing in the greater game of life, the card representing a hundred and forty pounds was one on which he bestowed very little attention. It might, or it might not, form part of the old trick, either way; but it had very little influence on his strategy and finesse. There were times when a five-pound note might have turned the chance, but this was not one of them.

Driven into a corner, pressed for the means of his humble pastime of the moment, by burning creditors, Stewart Routh would have let an indemnified the money due to him by George Dallas. Present circumstances were more fortunate, and he only needed George Dallas's assistance in his schemes. For Stewart Routh's measures for raising money were of all kinds and of all dimensions: the elephant's trunk of his genius could pick up a five-pound note from a flat at cards, or could move the lever of a gigantic city swindle. And he was

"in for a large thing" just at this time. Men attending professionally the betting-ring at the great steeple-chase then coming off noticed Routh's absence with wonder, and though he occasionally looked in at two or three of the second-rate sporting clubs of which he was a member, he was listless and preoccupied.

If he took a hand at cards, though from mere habit he played closely and cautiously, yet he made no great points, and was by no means, as usual, the dashing Paladin round whose chair men gathered thickly, and whose play they backed cheerily. No! The paltry gains of the dice-box and cards paled before the glamour of the fortune to be made in companies and shares; the elephant's trunk was to show its strength now, as well as its dexterity, and the genius which had hitherto been confined to "bridging" a pack of cards, or "securing" a die, talking over a flat or winning money of a greenhorn, was to have its vent in launching a great City Company. Of this scheme Dallas knew nothing. A disinherited man, with neither name nor influence, would have been utterly useless; but he was reserved for possible contingencies. Routh was always sending to him to call, always glad to see him when he called, and never plagued him with allusions to his debt. But in their interviews nothing but mere generalities were discussed, and George noticed that he always received a hint to go, whenever Mr. Deane was announced.

But although Stewart Routh was seen but seldom in his usual haunts, he was by no means inactive or neglectful of his own interests. Day after day he spent several hours in the City, diligently engaged in the formation of his new Company, — a grand undertaking for working some newly-discovered silver-mines in the Brazils; and day after day were his careful scheming, his elaborate plotting, his vivacious daring, and his consummate knowledge of the world rewarded by the steady progress which the undertaking made.

The temporary offices in Tokenhouse-yard were besieged with inquirers; good brokers with City names of high standing offered their services; splendid reports came from the engineers, who had been sent out to investigate the state of the mines. Only one thing was wanting, and that was capital; capital, by hook or by crook, Mr. Stewart Routh must have, and was determined to have. If the affair were to be launched, the brokers said, the next week must see it done; and the difficulty of raising the funds for the necessary preliminary expenses was becoming day by day more and more palpable and insurmountable to Stewart Routh.

The interval of time that had witnessed so much activity on the part of Mr. Stewart Routh, and had advanced his schemes close to a condition of imminent crisis, had been productive of nothing new or remarkable in the existence of George Dallas. That is to say, on the surface of it. He was still leading the desultory life of a man who, with an intellectual and moral nature capable of better deeds and nobler aspirations, is incurably weak, impulsive, and swayed by a love of pleasure; a man incapable of real self-control, and with whom the gratification of the present is potent, above all suggestions or considerations of the contingencies of the future. He worked a little, and his talent was beginning to tell on the popularity of the paper for which he worked, The Mercury, and on the perceptions of its proprietors. George Dallas was a man in whose character there were many contradictions.

With much of the fervor of the poetic temperament, with its sensuousness and its sensitiveness, he had a certain nonchalance about him, a fitful indifference to external things, and a spasmodic impatience of his surroundings. This latter was apt to come over him at times when he was apparently merriest, and it had quite as much to do with his anxiety to get his debt to Routh discharged, and to set himself free from Routh, as any moral sense of the danger of keeping such company, or any moral consciousness of the waste of his life, and the deterioration of his character. George Dallas had no knowledge of the true history of Routh's career; of the blacker shades of his character he was entirely ignorant. In his eyes, Routh was a clever man, and a good-for-nothing, — a "black sheep" like himself, a sheep for whose blackness Dallas (as he did in his own case) held circumstances, the white sheep, anything and everything except the man himself, to blame. He was dimly conscious that his associate was stronger than he, — stronger in will, stronger in knowledge of men, and somehow, though he never defined or acknowledged the feeling to himself, he mistrusted and feared him. He liked him, too; he felt grateful to him for his help; he did not discern the interested motives which actuated him, and, indeed, they were but small, and would by no means have accounted for all Routh's proceedings towards Dallas. Nor is it necessary that they should; a villain is not, therefore, altogether precluded from likings, or even the feebler forms of friendship, and Dallas was not simply silly and egotistical when he believed that Routh felt kindly and warmly towards him.

Still, whether a merciful and occult influence was at work within him, or the tide of his feelings had been turned by his stolen interview with his mother, by his being brought into such positive contact with her life and its conditions, and having been made to realize the bitterness he had infused into it, it were vain to inquire. Whatever his motives, however mixed their nature or confused their origin, he was filled, whenever he was out of Routh's presence, and looked his life in the face, with an ardent longing to "cut the whole concern," as he phrased it in his thoughts. And Harriet? — for the "whole concern" included her, as he was forced to remember, — Harriet, the only woman whose society he liked, Harriet, whom he admired with an admiration as pure and respectful as he could have felt for her, had he met her in the least equivocal, nay, even in the most exalted position. Well, he would be very sorry to lose Harriet, but, after all, she cared only for Routh; and he was dangerous. "I must turn over a new leaf, for *her* sake" (he meant for his mother's), "and I can't turn it while they are at my elbows." From which conviction on the part of George Dallas it is sufficiently evident that Routh and Harriet had ample reason to apprehend that Dallas, on whom they desired to retain a hold, for more reasons than one, was slipping through their fingers.

George Dallas was more than usually occupied with such thoughts one morning, six weeks after his unsuccessful visit to Poynings. He had been very much with Routh and Deane during this period, and yet he had begun to feel aware, with a jealous and suspicious sense of it, too, that he really knew very little of what they had been about. They met in the evening, in pursuit of pleasure, and they abandoned themselves to it; or they met at Routh's lodgings, and Dallas surrendered himself to the charm

which Harriet's society always had for him. But he had begun to observe of late that there was no reference to the occupation of the earlier part of the day, and that while there was apparently a close bond of mutual confidence or convenience between Routh and Deane, there was some under-current of mutual dislike.

"If my mother can only get me out of this scrape, and I can get the Piccadilly people to take my serial," said George Dallas to himself one morning, when April was half gone, and "the season" was half come, "I shall get away somewhere, and go in for work in earnest." He looked, ruefully enough, round the wretched little bedroom, at whose small window he was standing, as he spoke; and he thought impatiently of his debt to his coarse, shrewish landlady, and of the small liabilities which hampered him as effectually as the great one.

It was later than his usual hour of rising, and he felt ill and despondent: not anxious to face the gay, rich, busy world outside, and still less inclined for his own company and waking thoughts in the shabby little den he tenanted. A small room, a mere apology for a sitting-room, was reached through a rickety folding-door, which no human ingenuity could contrive to keep shut, if any one opened the other door leading to the narrow passage, and the top of the steep dark staircase. Through this yawning aperture George lounged disconsolately into the little room beyond, eying with strong disfavor the preparations for his breakfast, which preparations chiefly consisted of a dirty table-cloth and a portion of a stale loaf, popularly known as a "heel." But his gaze travelled further, and brightened: for on the cracked and blistered wooden chimney-piece lay a letter in his mother's hand. He darted at it, and opened it eagerly, then held it for a moment in his hand unread. His face turned very pale, and he caught his breath once or twice as he muttered, —

"Suppose it's to say she can't do anything at all." But the fear, the suspense, were over with the first glance at his mother's letter. She wrote: —

"Poynings, 13th April, 1861.

"My dear George: I have succeeded in procuring you the money, for which you tell me you have such urgent need. Perhaps if I admired, and felt disposed to act up to a lofty standard of sentimental generosity, I should content myself with making this announcement, and sending you the sum which you assure me will release you from your difficulties, and enable you to commence the better life on which you have led me to hope you are resolved. But, not only do the circumstances under which I have contrived to get this money for you make it impossible for me to act in this way, but I consider I should be very wrong, and quite wanting in my duty, if I failed to make you understand, at the cost of whatever pain to myself, the price I have had to pay for the power of aiding you.

"You have occasioned me much suffering, George. You, my only child, to whom I looked in the first dark days of my early bereavement, with such hope and pride as I cannot express, and as only a mother can understand, — you have darkened my darkness and shadowed my joy, you have been the source of my deepest anxiety, though not the less for that, as you well know, the object of my fondest love. I don't write this to reproach you, — I don't believe in the efficacy of reproach; but merely to tell you the truth, — to preface another truth, the full significance of which it may prove beneficial to you to understand. Sorrow I have known through you, and shame I have experienced for you. You have cost me many tears, whose marks can never be effaced from my face or my heart; you have cost me infinite disappointment, bitterness, heart-sickness, and domestic wretchedness; but now, for the first time, you cost me shame on my own account.

"Many and great as my faults and shortcomings have been through life, deceit was equally abhorrent to my nature and foreign to my habits. But for you, George, for your sake, to help you in this strait, to enable you to release yourself from the trammels in which you are held, I have descended to an act of deceit and meanness, the recollection of which must forever haunt me with a keen sense of humiliation. I retain enough of my former belief in you, my son, to hope that what no other argument has been able to effect this confession on my part may accomplish, and that you, recognizing the price at which I have so far rescued you, may pause, and turn from the path leading downward into an abyss of ruin, from which no effort of mine could avail to snatch you. I have procured the money you require, by an expedient suggested to me accidentally, just when I had begun utterly to despair of ever being able to accomplish my ardent desire, by a conversation which took place at dinner between Mr. Carruthers and his family solicitor, Mr. Tatham. The conversation turned on a curious and disgraceful family story which had come under his knowledge lately. I need not trouble you to read, nor myself to write, its details; you will learn them when I see you, and give you the money; and I do not doubt, I dare not doubt, George, that you will feel all I expect you to feel, when you learn to how deliberate, laborious, and mean a deception I have descended for your sake.

"I can never do the same thing again; the expedient is one that it is only possible to use once, and which is highly dangerous even in that one instance. So, if even you were bad and callous enough to calculate upon a repetition of it, which I could not believe, my own dear boy, I am bound to tell you that it never could be. Unless Mr. Carruthers should change his mind, consequent upon an entire, radical, and most happy change in your conduct, all pecuniary assistance on my part must be entirely impossible. I say this, thus strongly, out of the kindest and best motives towards you. Your unexpected appearance and application agitated and distressed me very much; not but that the sight of you, under any circumstances, must always give me pleasure, however closely pursued and overtaken by pain. For several days I was so completely upset by the recollection of your visit, and the strong and desperate necessity that existed for repressing all traces of such feelings, that I was unable to think over the expedients by which I might procure the money you required. Then as I began to grow a little quieter, accident gave me the hint upon which I have acted secretly and safely. Come down to Poynings in three days from this time. Mr. Carruthers is at present away at an agricultural meeting at York, and I can see you at Amherst without difficulty or danger. Go to the town, but not to the inn. Wait about until you see my carriage. This is the 13th. I shall expect you on the 17th, by which day I hope to have the money ready for you.

"And now, my dear boy, how shall I end this letter? What shall I say? What can I say that I have not said again and again, and with sadly little

effect, as you will not deny? But I forbear, and I hope. A feeling that I cannot define, an instinct, tells me that a crisis in my life is near. And what can such a crisis in my life mean, except in reference to you, my beloved and only child? In your hands lies all the future, all the disposition of the 'few and evil' years which remain to me. How are you going to deal with them? Is the love, which can never fail or falter, to be tried and wounded to the end, George, or is it to see any fruition in this world? Think over this question, my son, and let me read in your face, when I see you, that the answer is to be one of hope. You are much changed, George, the bitterness is succeeding the honey in your mouth; you are 'giving your strength for that which is not meat, and your labor for that which satisfieth not,' and though all the lookers-on at such a career as yours can see, and always do see, its emptiness and insufficiency plainly, what does their wisdom, their experience, avail? But if wisdom and experience come *to yourself*, that makes all the difference. If *you* have learned, and I venture to hope you *have*, that the delusive light is but a 'Will of the Wisp,' you will cease to pursue it. Come to me, then, my boy. I have kept my word to you at such a cost as you can hardly estimate, seeing that no heart can impart *all* its bitterness to another; will you keep yours to me?

"C. L. CARRUTHERS."

"What does she mean? What can she mean?" George Dallas asked himself this question again and again, as he stood looking at the letter in his hand. "What *has* she done? A mean and deliberate deceit, — some dishonorable transaction? My mother could not do anything deserving to be so called. It is impossible. Even if she could contemplate such a thing, she would not know how to set about it. God bless her!"

He sat down by the table, drew the dingy Britannia metal teapot over beside his cup, and sat with his hand resting idly upon the distorted handle, still thinking less of the relief which the letter had brought him, than of the mysterious terms in which it was couched.

"She can't have got it out of Carruthers without his knowing anything about it?" he mused. "No; besides, getting it from *him* at all is precisely the thing she told me she could not do. Well, I must wait to know; but how good of her to get it! Who's the fellow who says a man can have only one mother? By Jove, how right he is!"

Then George ate his breakfast hastily, and, putting the precious letter in his breast-pocket, went to Routh's lodgings.

"I dare say they're not up," he thought as he knocked at the door, and patiently awaited the lingering approach of the slipshod servant. "Routh was as late as I was last night, and I know she always sits up for him."

He was right; they had not yet appeared in the sitting-room, and he had time for a good deal of walking up and down, and much cogitation over his mother's letter, before Harriet appeared. She was looking anxious, Dallas thought, so he stepped forward even more eagerly than usual, and told her in hurried tones of gladness that the post had brought him good news, and that his mother was going to give him the money.

"I don't know how she has contrived to get it, Mrs. Routh," he said.

"Does she not tell you, then?" asked Harriet, as she eyed with some curiosity the letter which Dallas had taken out of his pocket, and which he turned about in his hand, as he stood talking to her. As she spoke, he replaced the letter in his pocket, and sat down.

"No," he answered, moodily, "she does not; but she did not get it easily, I know, — not without a very painful self-sacrifice; but here's Routh."

"Ha! Dallas, my boy," said Routh, after he had directed one fleeting glance of inquiry towards his wife, and almost before he had fairly entered the room. "You're early; any news?"

"Very good news," replied Dallas; and he repeated the information he had already given Harriet. Routh received it with a somewhat feigned warmth, but Dallas was too much excited by his own feelings to perceive the impression which the news really produced on Routh.

"Is your letter from the great Mr. Carruthers himself?" said Routh; "from the provincial magnate who has the honor of being step-father to you, — your magnificent three-tailed bashaw?"

"O dear, no!" said the young man, grimly; "not from him. My letter is from my mother."

"And what has she to say?" asked Harriet, quickly.

"She tells me she will very shortly be able to let me have the sum I require."

"The deuce she will!" said Routh. "Well, I congratulate you, my boy! I may say I congratulate all of us, for the matter of that; but it's rather unexpected, is n't it? I thought that Mrs. Carruthers told you, when you saw her so lately, that the chances of her bleeding that charming person, her husband, were very remote."

"She did say so, and she was right; it's not from him she's going to get the money. Thank Heaven for that!"

"Certainly, if you wish it, though I'm not sure that we're right in being over-particular whence the money comes, so that it does come when one wants it. What is that example in the Eton Latin Grammar, — 'I came to her in season, which is the chief thing of all'? But if not from Mr. Carruthers, where does she get the money?"

"I — I don't know; but she does not get it without some horrible self-sacrifice; you may depend on that."

"My dear George, Mrs. Carruther's case is not a singular one. We none of us get money without an extraordinary amount of self-sacrifice."

"Not a singular one! No, by George, you're right there, Routh," said the young man, bitterly; "but does that make it any lighter for her to bear, or any better for me to reflect upon? There are hundreds of vagabond sons in England at this moment, I dare say, outcasts, — sources of shame and degradation to their mothers, utterly useless to any one. I swear, when I think of what my mother must have gone through to raise this money, when I think of the purpose for which it is required, I thoroughly loathe myself, and feel inclined to put a pistol to my head or a razor to my throat. However, once free, I — there — that's the old cant again!"

As the young man said these words, he rose from his chair, and fell to pacing the room with long strides. Stewart Routh looked up sternly at him from under his bent brows, and was about to speak; but Harriet held up a finger deprecatingly, and when George Dallas seated himself again, and, with his face on his hands, remained moodily gazing at the table, she stole behind him and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"I know you would not intentionally wound *me*, Mr. Dallas," she said. "I say you would not intentionally wound *me*," she repeated, apparently in answer to his turning sharply round and staring at her in surprise; "but you seem to forget that it was I who counselled your recent visit to your mother, and suggested your asking her for this sum of money, which you were bound in honor to pay, and without the payment of which you — who have always represented yourself most dear to her — would have been compromised forever. I am sorry I did so, now that I see my intentions were misunderstood, and I say so frankly."

"I swear to you, Har — Mrs. Routh, I had not the slightest idea of casting the least imputation on your motives; I was only thinking — You know I 'm a little hot on the subject of my mother, not without reason, perhaps, for she 's been a perfect angel to me, and — one can't expect other people to enter into these things; and, of course, it was very absurd. But you must forget it, please, Mrs. Routh, and you too, Stewart. If I spoke sharply or peevishly, don't mind it, old fellow!"

"I?" said Routh, with a crisp laugh. "I *don't* mind it; and I dare say I was very provoking; but you see I never knew what it was to have a mother, and I 'm not much indebted to my other parent. As to the money, George, — these are hard times, but if the payment of it is to drive a worthy lady to distress, or is to promote discord between you and me, why, in friendship's name, keep it, I say!"

"You 're a good fellow, Stewart," said Dallas, putting out his hand; "and you, Mrs. Routh, have forgiven me?" Though she only bowed her head slightly, she looked down into his face with a long, steady, earnest gaze. "There 's an end of it, then, I trust," he continued; "we never have had words here, and I hope we 're not going to begin now. As for the money, that must be paid. Whatever my mother has had to do is as good as done, and need not be whined over. Besides, I know you want the money, Stewart."

"That 's simply to say that I am in my normal state. I always want money, my dear George."

"You shall have this, at all events. And now I must be off, as I have some work to do for the paper. See you very soon again. Good by, Stewart. The cloud has quite passed away, Mrs. Routh?"

She said "Quite," as she gave him her hand, and their eyes met. There was eager inquiry in his glance; there was calm, steadfast earnestness in hers. Then he shook hands with Routh, and left the room.

The moment the door closed behind him, the smile faded away from Routh's face, and the stern look which it always wore when he was preoccupied and thoughtful settled down upon it. For a few minutes he was silent; then he said, in a low voice: "Harriet, for the first time in your life, I suppose, you very nearly mismanaged a bit of business I intrusted to you."

His wife looked at him with wonder-lifted brows. "I, Stewart? Not intentionally, I need not tell you. But how?"

"I mean this business of George's. Did not you advise him to go down and see his mother?"

"I did. I told him he must get the money from her."

"A mistake, Harry, a mistake!" said Routh, petulantly. "Getting the money means paying us; paying us, means breaking with us!"

"Breaking with us?"

"Nothing less. Did you not hear him when the remorseful fit was on him just now? And don't you know that he 's wonderfully young, considering all things, and has kept the bloom on his feelings in a very extraordinary manner? Did you not hear him mutter something about 'once free'? I did not like that, Harry!"

"Yes, I heard him say those words," replied Harriet. "It was my hearing them that made me go up to him and speak as I did."

"That was quite right, and had its effect. One does not know what he might have done if he had turned rusty just then. And it is essential that there should not be a rupture between us now."

"George Dallas shall not dream of breaking with us; at least, he shall not carry out any such idea; I will take care of that," said Harriet, "though I think you overrate his usefulness to us."

"Do I? I flatter myself there is no man in London forced to gain his bread by his wits who has a better eye for a tool than myself. And I tell you, Harry, that during all the time we have been leading this shifty life together, we have never had any one so suitable to our purposes as George Dallas."

"He is certainly wonderfully amenable."

"Amenable? He is a good deal more than that; he is devoted. You know whose doing that is, Harry, and so do I. Why, when you laid your hand on his shoulder I saw him shiver like a leaf, and the first few words from you stilled what I thought was going to be a heavy storm."

She looked up anxiously into his face, but the smile had returned to his lips, and his brow was unclouded. Not perfectly satisfied, she suffered her eyes to drop again.

"I know perfectly well," pursued Routh, "that the manner in which Dallas has stuck to us has been owing entirely to the influence you have over him, and which is natural enough. He is a bright young fellow, impressionable as we are — " again her eyes were raised to his face, "— at his age; and though from the scrapes he has got into, and his own natural love of play (more developed in him than in any other man I ever met), though these things keep him down, he is innately a gentleman. You are the only woman of refinement and education to whose society he has access, and as, at the same time, you have a sweet face and an enormous power of will, it is not extraordinary that he should be completely under your influence."

"Don't you overrate that same influence, Stewart?" she asked, with a faint smile.

"No man knows better how to appraise the value of his own goods, — and you are my goods, are you not, Harry, and out and away, the best of all my goods? Not that that 's saying much. No: I understand these things, and I understand you, and having perfect confidence and trust in you, I stand by and watch the game."

"And you 're never jealous, Stewart?" she asked, with a half laugh, but with the old expression of anxious interest in her eyes.

"Jealous, Harry? Not I, my love! I tell you, I have perfect trust and confidence in you, and I know your thorough devotion to our affairs. Let us get back to what we were talking about at first, — what was it exactly?"

Her eyes had dropped again at the commencement of his reply, but she raised them as he finished speaking, and said, "We were discussing the amount of George Dallas's usefulness to us."

"Exactly. His usefulness is greater than it seems. There is nothing so useful in a life like ours as the outward semblance of position. I don't mean the mere get up; that, most fools can manage; but the certain something which proclaims to his fellows and his inferiors that a man has had education and been decently bred. There are very few among our precious acquaintances who could not win Dallas's coat off his back, at cards, or billiards, or betting, but there is not one whom I could present to any young fellow of the smallest appreciation whom I might pick up. Even if their frightful appearance were not sufficiently against them, — and it is, — they would say or do something in the first few minutes which would awake suspicion, whereas Dallas, even in his poverty-stricken clothes of the last few weeks, looks like a gentleman, and talks and behaves like one."

"Yes," said Harriet, reflecting, "he certainly does; and that's a great consideration, Stewart!"

"Incalculable! Besides, though he is a thorough gambler at heart, he has some other visible profession. His 'connection with the press,' as he calls it, seems really to be a fact; he could earn a decent salary if he stuck to it. From a letter he showed me, I make out that they seem to think well of him at the newspaper office; and mind you, Harriet, he might be uncommonly useful to us some day in getting things kept out of the papers, or flying a few rumors which would take effect in the money market or at Tattersall's. Do you see all that, Harry?"

"I see it," she replied; "I suppose you're right."

"Right? Of course I am! George Dallas is the best ally — and the cheapest — we have ever had, and he must be kept with us."

"You harp upon that 'kept with us.' Are you still so persuaded that he wishes to shake us off?"

"I am. I feel convinced, from that little outburst to-night, that he is touched by this unexplained sacrifice on the part of his mother, and that in his present frame of mind he would give anything to send us adrift and get back into decent life. I feel this so strongly, Harriet," continued Routh, rising from his seat, crossing to the mantel-shelf, and taking a cigar, "that I think even your influence would be powerless to restrain him, unless —"

"Unless what? Why do you pause?" she asked, looking up at him with a clear, steadfast gaze.

"Unless," said Routh, slowly puffing at his newly-lighted cigar, "unless we get a fresh and a firm hold on him. He will pay that hundred and forty pounds. Once paid, that hold is gone, and with it goes our ally!"

"I see what you mean," said Harriet, after a pause, with a short, mirthless laugh. "He must be what they call in the East 'compromised.' We are plague-stricken. George Dallas must be seen to brush shoulders with us. His garments must be known to have touched ours! Then the uninfected will cast him out, and he will be reduced to herd with us!"

"You are figurative, Harry, but forcible: you have hit my meaning exactly. But the main point still remains, — *how* is he to be 'compromised'?"

"It is impossible to settle that hurriedly," she replied, pushing her hair back from her forehead. "But it must be done effectually, and the step which he is led to take, and which is to bind him firmly to us, must be irrevocable. Hush! Come in!"

These last words were in reply to a knock at the room door. A dirty servant-girl put her tangled head into the room, and announced "Mr. Deane" as waiting down stairs. This statement was apparently incorrect, for the girl had scarcely made it before she disappeared, as though pulled back, and a man stepped past her and made one stride into the middle of the room, where he stood looking round him with a suspicious leer.

He was a young man, apparently not more than two or three-and-twenty, judging by his figure and his light, active movements; but cunning and deceit had stamped such wrinkles round his eyes, and graven such lines round his mouth, as are seldom to be seen in youth. His eyes, of a greenish-gray hue, were small and deeply sunk in his head; his cheekbones were high, his cheeks fringed by a very small scrap of whisker running into a dirt-colored tuft of hair growing underneath his chin. His figure was tall and angular, his arms and legs long and awkward, his hands and feet large and ill shaped. He wore a large thick overcoat with broad fur collar and cuffs, and a hood (also fur-lined) hanging back on his shoulders. With the exception of a very slight strip of ribbon, he had no cravat underneath his long limp turnover collar, but stuck into his shirt-front was a large and handsome diamond pin.

"Why, what the 'tarnal," he commenced, placing his arms akimbo and without removing his hat, — "what the 'tarnal, as they say down west, is the meaning of this little game? I come here pretty smart often, don't I? I come in gen'lly right way, don't I? Why does that gal go totin' up in front of me to-day to see if you would see me, now?"

"Some mistake, — eh?"

"Not a bit of it! Gal was all right, gal was. What I want to know is, what was up? Was you a practisin' any of your little hankey-pankeys with the pasteboards? Was you a bitin' in a double set of scrip of the new company to do your own riggin' of the market? Or was it a little bit of quiet connubiality with the mar-darm here in which you did n't want to be disturbed?"

Stewart Routh's face had been growing darker and darker as this speech proceeded, and at the allusion to his wife his lips began to move; but they were stopped by a warning pressure underneath the table from Harriet's foot.

"You're a queer fellow, Deane!" he said, in a subdued voice. "The fact is, we have a new servant here, and she did not recognize you as l'ami de la maison, and so stood on the proprieties, I suppose."

"O, that's it, — eh? I don't know about the proprieties; but when the gal knows more of me, she'll guess I'm one of 'em. Nothing improper about me, — no loafin' rowdy ways such as some of your friends have. Pay my way as I go, ask no favors, and don't expect none." He gave his trousers-pocket a ringing slap as he spoke, and looked round with a sneering laugh.

"There, there! It's all right; now sit down, and have a glass of wine, and tell us the news."

"No," he said, "thank 'ee. I've been liquoring up in the City, where I've been doin' a little business, — realizing some of them Lake Eries and Michigans as I told you on. Spanking investments they were, and have turned up trumps."

"I hope you're in the hands of an honest broker," said Routh. "I could introduce you to one who —"

"Thank 'ee, I have a great man to broke for me, recommended to me from t' other side by his cousin who leads Wall Street, New York City. I have given him the writings, and am going to see him on Tuesday, at two, when I shall trouser the dollars to the

the circumstances, we must take Miss George, or Dick will fancy . . . ."

"O, certainly, if you all wish it," said Mrs. Butler. "Will you have any more tea, Matilda? Now, children, what are you all about? You may go and ask Miss George to the picnic; and then come up and help me to dress."

Meanwhile Richard was walking away, biting and pulling his moustache. He went along Eaton Square until he came to the public house at the corner of Hobart Place. There he was stopped by a crowd of children and idlers who had taken up their position on the pavement, for Mr. Punch was squeaking at the top of his voice from his pulpit, and they had all gathered round to listen to his morality. The children had already taken up their places in the stalls and were sitting in a row on the curb-stone. "Ookedookedookedoo," said Mr. Punch, "where's the babby? Throw the babby out of window."

"Dook! dere it go," cried another baby, sitting in the gutter and clapping its dirty little hands.

Richard stopped for a minute to look at Punch's antics: going on with his reflections meanwhile. It seemed to him as if the world, as it is called, was a great cruel Punch, remorselessly throwing babies and children out of window, and Miss George among the rest, while the people looked on and applauded, and Toby the philosopher sat by quite indifferent in his frill collar.

"That poor little thing," he was thinking, "her wistful, helpless glances move me with pity: was there ever a more innocent little scapegoat? O, those women! their talk and their assumption and suspicions make me so angry I can scarcely contain myself. *De mere classe*," and he began to laugh again, while Punch, capering and singing his song of "ooke-look," was triumphantly beating the policeman about the head. "Would they think Reine *de mere classe*, I wonder?" Dick said to himself: "will it be her turn some day to be discussed and snubbed and patronized? My poor noble Reine," — and Richard seemed to see her pass before him, with her eager face, — "is there one of them to compare to her among the dolls and lay figures *de mere classe*?" He walked on. Punch's shrieks were following him, and ringing in his ears with the children's laughter. As he went along, the thought of Reine returned to him again and again, as it had done that day he walked along the sands to Tenby: again and again he was wondering what she was doing: was she in her farm superintending, was she gone on one of her many journeys along the straight and dusty roads, was she spinning flax perhaps at the open door, or reading by the dying daylight out of one of her mother's old brown books . . . . A distant echo of Punch's weird "ooke-lookedoo" reached him like a warning as he walked away.

The day at Lambswold was a great success, the children thought. It was about twelve o'clock, when the shadows were shortest and the birds most silent, that the dog and the fly from the station came driving up the stony path into the court. Charles Butler moved on them all at the door, shaking hands with each as they assembled on the steps. Catherine, and the children [illegible] in the fly, and the others followed them in the dog. The house had been shut for months, and now, the instant after the arrival, the windows were thrown open in the [illegible] stairs to the bedrooms, and children raced round and round. Sandy was scampering up and down. It was like one of Washington Irving's tales of the Alhambra, and of deserted halls suddenly repeopled with the life of other days. There was a great array of muslins, and smart hats and feathers. Catherine, too, had unconsciously put out all her simple science to make herself look harmonious as it were, and in keeping with the holiday, with the summer parks, and the gardens full of flowers, with the fields through which they had been speeding, daisy-sprinkled, cool, and deeply shadowed, with cattle grazing in the sunshine; in keeping with the sky which was iridescent, azure, and gently fleeced; in keeping with her own youth and delight in its freshness. As Miss George came with her pupils, smiling, up the ancient flight of stone steps leading to the house, Charles Butler was pleased with the bright, happy face he was looking down upon. It is only older people, after all, who are quite unselfish and feel the greatest pleasure in witnessing the happiness of others.

"I am very glad to see you here," he said, shaking hands with her courteously.

Mrs. Butler, who was in the hall, looked round surprised at the unusual urbanity. Catherine George herself was not surprised, she expected everybody to be kind to-day, everything to be delightful. The pretty figure came climbing the steps, with all the landscape for a background. The sun was shining through the flying folds of her muslin draperies, it was again reflected in the burning feather in her hat. The lights shone from the dark eyes in anticipation of the happiness which was already hers. What did not she expect? — for the minute, anything, everything. Like many of us, she thought happiness was yet to come, and behold, the guest was here beside her. Happiness is but a shy goddess, as we all know: she comes bashfully into the room, all the hearts suddenly leap and the eyes begin to brighten, but she is very apt to fly if we rush forward to embrace her. "How remarkably well Miss George is looking," said Beamish, to his future mother-in-law.

"O yes," said Mrs. Butler, "remarkably well."

CHAPTER VI.

MY LOVE IN HER ATTIRE DOTH SHOW HER WIT.

The morning room at Lambswold was a gray, melancholy, sunshiny room. The light shone in through two great open windows on the gray walls and ancient possessions. A glass drop chandelier, quaint and old-fashioned, reflected it in bright prisms. A shrouded harp stood in one corner of the room. There was an old pink carpet, with a pattern of faded wreaths; a tall chimney-piece, with marble garlands yellowed by time; and fountains and graceful ornamentations. A picture was hanging over it — a picture of a lady, all blue and green shadows in a clouded world of paint, with a sort of white turban on her head. She had the pretty, [illegible] which belonged to the women of her time, who still seem to be smiling archly out of the frames of their gaping descendants.

Through the window there was a sight of a lawn and a great spreading tree, where frames were busy preparing the tables, and beyond them again a [illegible] pool in which [illegible] kills.

"Ah, how pretty," said Catherine Butler, stepping out of the room through the window.

Beamish, who had been [illegible] coming down, and who had [illegible] she turned to much to Dick's new

friend, Mr. Holland, followed her to give her a scolding; but Catherine met him with a smile and a great red rose she had just pulled off the trellis. And so the two made it up, and stood picking rosebuds for one another, like a Dresden shepherd and shepherdess.

"What time do we dine?" said Hervey. "I suppose this is only luncheon, Charles?"

"Humph!" said Charles, "I don't know what this is, — earwigs most likely. Dick would have it out there."

"Alas! we are no longer young enough to go without our dinners, my dear brother," cried Madame de Tracy. "Do you remember — ?"

"I see the croquet-ground is in very good order," said Georgie, who had been standing absorbed before one of the windows, and who had not been listening to what they were saying; while Frank Holland (he was a well-known animal painter) walked straight up to the chimney and looked up at the picture.

"Is n't this a Gainsborough?" asked the young man.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," said Dick, who began to play showman, "is the celebrated portrait of my great-aunt, Miss Paventry, the heiress. She brought Lambswold into the family, and two very ugly wine-coolers, which shall be exhibited free of any extra charge. That" — pointing to a picture between the windows — "is Richard Butler, the *first* martyr of the name. He was burned at the stake at Smithfield in Queen Mary's reign, surnamed the — "

"What a charming picture!" said Holland, who had been all this time looking at the portrait of Miss Paventry, while the children stood round staring at him in turn.

"Charming!" echoed Dick, suddenly astride on his hobby-horse; "I did n't expect this from you, Holland."

"Ta ta ta," said Charles Butler. "What have I done with the cellar key? I shall only get out my second-best sherry; it is quite good enough for any of you." And the host trotted off with a candle to a sacred inner vault, where nobody but himself ever penetrated, — not even Mundy, the devoted factotum upon whose head it was always found necessary to empty the vials before anything could be considered as satisfactorily arranged.

Meanwhile Dick was careering round and round at full gallop on his favorite steed, although he was lounging back to all appearance on the sofa by Madame de Tracy. "I see no charm in a lie," he was saying, in his quiet, languid way; "and the picture is a lie from beginning to end." Holland was beginning to interrupt, but Dick went on pointing as he spoke: "Look at that shapeless, impudent substitute for a tree; do you see the grain of the bark? Is there any attempt at drawing in those coarse blotches meant, I suppose, for ivy-leaves? Look at those plants in the foreground, — do you call that a truthful rendering of fact? Where is the delicate tracery of Nature's lacework?"

"In the first place I don't quite understand what you mean by a rendering of fact," said Holland; "I can't help thinking you have cribbed that precious phrase out of a celebrated art-critic."

"The phrase is n't English," said Madame de Tracy, who always longed to rush into any discussion, whether she understood or not what it was all about.

"I hate all the jargon," said Holland, drawing himself up (a tall figure in an iron-gray suit, such as young men wear now-a-days, with a smart yellow rose in the button-hole). "Art-critic! art-history! word-painting! germ-spoiling of English. Pah! I tell you, my dear fellow, whatever you may choose to criticise, Gainsborough looked at Nature in the right way. I tell you he 'd got another sort of spectacles on his noble nose than what are worn now-a-days by your new-fangled would-be regenerators of art. If you want the sort of truth you are talking about, you had better get a microscope at once to paint with, and the stronger the instrument the more truthful you 'll be. I tell you," continued Holland, more and more excited, "if you and your friends are right, then Titian and Giorgione and Tintoret are wrong."

"Hang Titian!" interrupted Dick, with quiet superiority, while his hobby-horse gave a sudden plunge and became almost unmanageable. "He was utterly false and conventional, — infernally clever, if you like. But we want truth, — we want to go back to a more reverential treatment of Nature, and that is only to be done by patience and humble imitation."

The reformer Dick was still lounging among the cushions, but his gray eyes were twinkling as they did when he was excited.

Miss George, who had been listening absorbed all this time, looked up into his face almost frightened at the speech about Titian. Mrs. Butler said, "Fie, fie, you naughty boy!" with lumbering playfulness. The sun was shining so brightly outside that the roses looked like little flames, and the grass was transfigured; the children were tumbling about in it.

Miss George should have remembered that there was youth and inexperience to palliate Richard Butler's irreverence. Youth has a right to be arrogant, or is at least an excuse for presumption, since it can't have experience; and, moreover, Dick's exaggeration had its kernel of truth amidst a vast deal of frothy pulp.

The Truth, as Dick would write it, was that he and his comrades were reformers, and like reformers they would have broken the time-honored images of the old worship in their new-born zeal. It is healthier to try and paint a blade of grass to the utmost of your ability, than to dash in a bold background and fancy you are a Reynolds or a Gainsborough. But honest Dick will find that to imitate blades of grass and bits of fern and bird's-nests with bluish eggs, however well and skilfully, is not the end and the object of painting. And, indeed, the right treatment was already visible in his works, fighting against system and theories. What can they produce but dry pieces of mechanism?

The true painter is the man who paints with his soul, and so finds his way to the hearts of his fellow-creatures.

"She was a most delightful person, I believe," said Mrs. Butler, gazing in her turn at Miss Paventry. "She never married."

"It is very curious," said Holland, "but don't you see a decided likeness?" and he looked from the picture to one of the persons present, and then back at the picture again.

"You mean Miss George," said Dick. "I've often noticed it; but she has got a much prettier and more becoming hat on than that affair of poor old Aunt Lydia's. I like your red feather," said he, turning to Catherine. "If I were a woman," Dick went on, still contrary and discursive, "I should like to

where she went, until she found herself in a quaint, sunny nook, where all sorts of old-fashioned flowers were blowing — tiger-lilies, white lilies, balsam, carnations — in a blaze against the lichen-grown walls. The colors were so bright, the place so silent, and sweet, and perfumed, that Catherine, coming into it, forgot her dull speculations. It had been a flower-garden that Miss Paventry had laid out once upon a time, and it had been kept unchanged ever since. Quaint, bright, strange, it was the almost forgotten perfume of other times that these flowers were exhaling.

Catherine stayed there a long time. She could not tear herself away. She was standing by a tall lily, with her nose in the cup, sniffing up the faint, sleepy fragrance, when she heard steps upon the gravel walk, and, turning round, she saw a bright red cap, and beside it a careless figure coming along with the peculiar swinging walk she knew so well. Ever after the scent of lilies conjured up the little scene.

Long afterwards Dick, too, remembered the little figure turning round with startled eyes, and looking as guilty as if it were a crime to be found smelling the lilies. Holland thought she might have been an Italian Madonna in her framework of flowers, such as the old painters loved to paint.

"Have you been hiding yourself away here all the afternoon?" said Dick. "Ain't it a charming little corner?"

The two young men waited for a few minutes, and seemed to take it for granted Catherine was coming back to the house with them.

"Do you dislike our cigars?" said Butler, seeing that she hesitated.

"O no! It was . . ."

She stopped short, blushed, and came hastily forward. What would Mrs Butler say, she was thinking, and then she was afraid lest they should have guessed what she thought.

What would Mrs Butler say? [illegible] when she saw the [illegible] coming home [illegible] coming again [illegible]

Catherine's [illegible] was [illegible] the signs to destroy. [illegible] Catherine [illegible] the signs. No one [illegible] manner [illegible] the poor [illegible] silly.

[illegible]

daughter-in-law would be delighted with her, Ernestine is so fastidious."

"I really cannot advise you," said Mrs. Butler. "This is a warning to me never to engage a pretty governess again."

"She cannot help being pretty," said Madame de Tracy. "I detest ugly people," remarked this Good Samaritan. "I believe she would be a treasure to Ernestine. Those beloved children are darlings, but they speak English like little cats; the accent is deplorable, and yet their mother will not allow it. I am sure she ought to be eternally grateful to me if I take back Miss George."

"Pray take care, my dear Matilda," said Mrs. Butler. "Interference is always so undesirable. I always try to keep to my own side of the way. I really could not blame Ernestine if she should. . . . ."

Madame de Tracy could not endure opposition. "I do not agree with you. There is nothing so valuable as judicious interference. I know perfectly what I am about: Ernestine will be quite enchanted." Madame de Tracy was so positive that Mrs. Butler hesitated: she disliked scenes and explanations. Here was an easy way of getting rid of the poor little objection at once, without effort or trouble: she would be provided for, and Mrs. Butler was not without one single grain of kindness in her composition. Miss George had been very useful and conscientious; she had nursed Algy when he was ill. Mrs Butler was angry with Catherine, but she did not wish her harm: she was, to a certain point, a just woman with her temper under control.

"I think it would be an excellent opportunity," said she, "if Ernestine really wishes for a governess for her children, and you are not afraid of the responsibility."

"O, I will answer for that," said Madame de Tracy, [illegible] a woman to the two young men. "The thing is arranged. Hushabye [illegible]

Madame de Tracy's warnings usually came after the [illegible] Catherine, [illegible] and [illegible] for the first [illegible] the words and the manner of [illegible] What had they been saying? what did [illegible] Her [illegible] apprehensions conjured up a [illegible] commands in store, [illegible] making. The reality [illegible] almost. It very [illegible] impossible. They [illegible] and it see all the [illegible] the most in the same [illegible] Catherine was [illegible] All the way home in the [illegible] the [illegible] dusky with [illegible] and [illegible] said [illegible] Victoria [illegible] the white

thing," said Charles. "He forgot the soda-water. I had to telegraph to G——"

"Thanks so much," said Mrs. Butler, coming up. "Now, children? Has any one called a cab for them? The carriage has come for us."

"Good night, Miss George," said Dick, under a lamp-post; and everybody else said, "Good night, good night."

[To be continued.]

SNEEZING CONSIDERED HISTORICALLY.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from *Le Grand Journal.*]

WERE I connected with the Academy of Sciences, I should begin by entering upon the profoundest anatomical considerations touching the phenomenon of sneezing, its causes and its effects. Next, I should proclaim, as gravely as becomes an immortal Academician, that this phenomenon has its origin in the human organism, just as laughter, tears, gaping, hiccups, and itching. Lastly, I should write on this subject a great big thick book, stuffed full of all sorts of learned and technical matter, so that no human being would venture to read it.

After all, I should do nothing more than to exhibit the scientific progress made by time present in a question which baffled all the efforts of Aristotle the Peripatetician, Plutarch the moralist, Polydorus Virgilius the philologist, Skookins the learned German, Bartholinus the Danish anatomist, Strador the Italian antiquarian, and *tutti quanti*, despite their empirical dissertations on this subject.

Sneezing was anciently considered as one of the most important acts of the vital functions of the human species.

A book-worm, who has wriggled through the dustiest chronicles known, assigns the origin of sneezing to the death of our common father, Adam. He invokes, to confirm his opinion, a tradition which, if he is to be believed, is as old as the oldest Rabbins. He would have us believe that to sneeze and to give up the ghost were synonymous terms, and the same phenomenon from the days of Adam to the days of Jacob. The latter patriarch was the first to revolt against the usages and customs of his family, and so energetically resisted tradition, in this noisy manner of kicking the bucket, that the phenomenon of sneezing instantly turned a complete summersault, went from Omega heels over head to Alpha, and, ceasing to be the sign of death, forthwith became the infallible sign of life. After Jacob's day, whenever children made their appearance for the first time in this world, they announced — and continue to announce — their arrival by sneezing.

This is not all. Our book-worm having added that the son of the Shunamite woman, who was recalled to life by the voice of Elisha the prophet, sneezed seven times consecutively the moment he recovered his senses, a melomaniac instantly declared that the different tones of these characteristic sneezes suggested the idea of the seven tones of Guy Aretin's gamut.

A bold sculptor (who was in natural philosophy the Ben Franklin of his day), Prometheus, took it into his head, one morning, to make a clay statue. The rub was not to fashion a little inert monster of clay, but to give it life and motion. One day, while Minerva was returning to heaven, after a long sojourn on earth, he slipped among her retinue, reached heaven, under the wise goddess's wing, and stole the celestial fire he required to animate his clay statue and make it a human being, a real man. To conceal the celestial fire, after he had stolen it, he provided himself with a small tube called "narthex." After sealing, hermetically, this precious tube with stars (which he stole out of the Milky Way), he hastened to earth; and the first thing he did, after reaching *terra firma*, was to take a star-screw and unstar the tube. Then he placed the open end under the nose of his statue to make it absorb celestial fire precisely as dentists now-a-days give their patients chloroform. The moment the divine phlogistic reached the brain of the clay statue, the statue, becoming a man, bobbed his head up and down and gave a most formidable sneeze. Thereupon Prometheus, not less astonished at himself than delighted with his work, exclaimed, "Much-good-may-it-do-you!" This sacramental wish the generations of the Christian era changed into "God bless you!" although Polydorus Virgilius pretends that the latter interjection was never used before A. D. 591, during the Pontificate of Gregory the Great. Be this as it may, Prometheus's wish made so much impression on the new creature that he never forgot it, and took care to repeat it to his descendants, who have perpetuated it to our day.

Of a truth, I no more guarantee the veracity of Prometheus's odd adventure than I do the truth of the Rabbins' assertion about Jacob. Nevertheless, we may believe that one or the other of these marvellous stories was from the earliest ages known to the different races of the human species, for we find the traditional wish of Prometheus and of Jacob more or less modified among all the nations of the earth. This was probably the reason that Aristotle and so many other philosophers discussed the curious question until they found "no end, in wandering mazes lost."

In the days of Aristotle, sneezing was greeted with marks of great veneration by everybody present when it occurred. A Persian precept is recorded in these words in Zoroaster's Zend-Avesta: "And whensoever it be that thou hearest a sneeze given by thy neighbor, then shalt thou say unto him 'Ahunovar' and 'Ashim Vuhu,' and so shall it be well with thee." Chaste Penelope herself paid conspicuous homage to tradition on a solemn occasion. One day, while surrounded by her adorers, she prayed the gods to restore Ulysses to her. Her supplication was scarcely ended, when her son Telemachus gave so loud a sneeze that the echoes of the palace repeated it with many an atchou! — chou! — chou! When Penelope heard this unexpected noise, she screamed with delight, "Much good may it do ye!" and capered with joy, sure now that her prayers would speedily be answered.

Sneezing was regarded by Xenophon's army as a most favorable omen. While an Athenian general was exhorting his troops, to raise their spirits to their fathers' pitch of valor, as he was about to lead them in a decisive but most perilous battle, a soldier sneezed. His comrades, instantly convinced that the gods had used his nose for a trumpet to communicate their oracle to them, approving the imminent engagement, rushed on the enemy like so many lions.

Upon another occasion — O human versatility! — the omen which had so effectually aided Xenophon's designs came nigh being interpreted for a sinister omen, overwhelmning Timotheus and his sailors with defeat.

The Athenians had resolved upon a naval expedition. As they sailed out of port, Timotheus sneezed. The whole fleet heard it. The sailors

and marines rose as one man, and clamored to return to port. Luckily Timotheus was a leader of ready wit and great presence of mind. He exclaimed, "By Hercules! And do ye, O Athenians, who lay claim, not unjustly, to be considered the brain of Greece, do ye marvel because one man out of ten thousand has a cold in the head? How ye would bawl were all of us so afflicted!" Thereupon their confidence returned, and once more they commanded victory.

The omen was interpreted as favorable or unfavorable, according to place and time. Among the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans there were sworn augurs, whose profession was to inform mortals of the signification of their latest sneeze, that they might govern themselves accordingly. These old bores did business cheap.

At Rome sneezes were commonly interpreted favorably. For instance, it was commonly believed that Cupid sneezed whenever a beautiful girl was born, and in this way presented his best compliments to Venus and the Graces instead of sending his card around by a servant or by Mercury, the Postmaster-General of those days. The most acceptable compliment a fast fellow of the Tiber could lisp and drawl to his lady-love was *Sternuit tibi amor!* "Love has sneezed for you!"

Even the ferocity of Tiberius softened into something like humanity under the happy influence of an opportune sneeze. The day it occurred, he rode about the streets of Rome to recieve the congratulations of his delighted subjects.

If a tradition is to be credited, Julius Cæsar would never have dared to cross the Rubicon, had he not previously been so lucky as to sneeze in a most formidable manner. Again, had he been fortunate enough to sneeze at the portal of the senate the day that he crossed it for the last time, the conspirators would have sheathed their sharpened daggers, and their sacrilegious *Ave Imperator* had never been uttered.

Plutarch says that Socrates owed his proverbial wisdom to nothing in the world but the sneezes by which his familiar genius sent him seasonably charitable warnings.

The favorable signification attributed to sneezing was probably disseminated by Rome throughout the world. It is even probable that the tradition was transplanted so far as that mysterious Atlantides, by some unhappy wretches exiled by Nero or Domitian. We are led to this belief by the knowledge that, when the Spaniards conquered Peru, the cacique never sneezed but his subjects were at once informed of the "auspicious" event by public signals, which invited them forthwith to pray the god Sun to give light to their Master *forever*.

If some authors are to be believed, sneezing was, and still is, regarded in a different light in Africa. If Helvetius is to be credited, nothing could be more curious than the kingdom of Monomotapa at the solemn moment when His Most Sacred Majesty, the Sable King of that country, surrounded by his Court, happened to sneeze. Every person present was obliged (however difficult he found the feat) to imitate the august example. The servants of the royal household were in turn in duty bound likewise to sneeze. The subjects who lived in the neighborhood of the palace were required to take up the sneeze, which their neighbors must repeat. In this way sneeze followed sneeze from the foot of the throne to the uttermost frontiers of the kingdom.

In Asia, on the other hand, and more especially among the Siamese, sneezing is regarded as something lugubrious. All men are persuaded that it is an infallible sign of woe to the unhappy mortal who cannot suppress it. These Asiatics are sure that there are judges in their infernal regions constantly busy recording in a huge ledger all the sins of men, who must a little sooner or a little later appear for judgment at their dreadful bar. Frayomppaban, the presiding judge, is incessantly examining this huge ledger, where each human creature's last hour is marked with red ink, and wherever his long, scrawny fingers are laid on this page, and trace the human being's existence, the man sneezes with might and main.

HISTORY OF A WOODEN SHOE.

TOWARDS the end of September, 1832, it was announced amongst the artistic circles of Paris, that Nicolo Paganini had fallen seriously ill, at the conclusion of a grand concert given by the illustrious violinist. He was attacked by a low intermitting fever, which refused to yield to the remedies employed, and even gave rise to apprehensions for his life.

Paganini, whose leanness was already almost spectral, now seemed to have his frail existence suspended by a thread, which the slightest shock might sever. The physicians unanimously ordered solitude, absolute repose, and a strict regimen as to diet.

In order to carry out these prescriptions, Paganini removed to the Villa Lutetiana, in the Faubourg Poissonnière. This excellent establishment, which no longer exists, was intended exclusively for the reception and cure of wealthy invalids. A spacious, comfortable house stood in a large, park-like garden, where each patient could ramble at will, and enjoy either solitude or society at his choice. A great charm of this house was that every one lived just as he or she pleased; in the evening either retiring to the solitude of his apartment, or joining in the games, music, and conversation held in the drawing-room. Paganini naturally belonged to those who preferred passing the evenings in quietness and retirement. There was plenty of gossip about him in the drawing-room: three or four censorious old maids fell on him tooth and nail.

"Ladies," began one, "have you seen this great musician? He salutes no one, and never speaks a word. He takes his bowl of soup in an arbor in the garden, and then hastens away if any one approaches. What an oddity he must be?"

"That's part of his malady," said another; "people say that there is some terrible mystery about his life: some love-story, I imagine."

"Not at all," added a third: "Paganini is a miser: there's no mystery about that. Do you remember that concert which was organized in favor of the families who had suffered from the inundation at St. Etienne? The great violinist refused to take part in it because he would have had to play gratuitously. Depend upon it he fears that, were he to mix in our society, he might be asked for similar favors."

"Paganini guessed pretty well how he was regarded by his fellow-boarders, but, like Gallio of old, he cared for none of these things. His health became gradually better, yet in the whole house he never exchanged a word with any one except Nicette. This was the housemaid who attended on him; a cheerful, innocent country-girl, whose gay

prattle, when she served his meals, often availed to dispel the cloud which habitually darkened the brows of Paganini.

One morning Nicette presented herself with a sad, drooping countenance, and served breakfast without uttering a word. The musician, who was amusing himself with carving a piece of ivory for the handle of a dagger, noticed the change in the young girl, and questioned her upon it.

"What's the matter, my child? You look sad; your eyes are red; some misfortune has befallen you, Nicette?"

"O yes! sir."

"Would it be indiscreet to ask you what it is?"

"No sir, not precisely; but—"

Paganini fixed his great black eyes on the girl's troubled countenance.

"Come," he said; "I see how it is. After having made you a thousand promises *he* has quitted you, and you no longer have any tidings of *him*."

"Ah! poor fellow! He has quitted me certainly, but it was not his fault!"

"How is that?"

"Because in the conscription he drew a bad number, and he has been sent away with a great long gun on his shoulder, and I shall never see him again," sobbed poor Nicette, as she buried her face in her white apron.

"But, Nicette, could you not purchase a substitute for him?"

The girl, withdrawing her apron, smiled sadly through her tears.

"Monsieur is jesting," she said; "how could I ever buy a substitute?"

"Does it cost very dear?"

"This year men are tremendously dear, on account of the report that there is going to be a war. Fifteen hundred francs is the lowest price."

The musician pressed Nicette's little plump hand between his long sallow fingers, as he said,—

"If that's all, my girl, don't cry; we'll see what can be done."

Then, taking out his pocket-book, he wrote on a blank leaf,—

"*Mem.* To see about giving a concert for the benefit of Nicette."

A month passed on; winter arrived, and Paganini's physician said to him,—

"My dear sir, you must not venture out of doors again until after the month of March."

"To hear is to obey," replied the musician.

During the winter a comparative degree of health and strength returned to Paganini. Having no longer the pleasant, shady arbors of the garden as a refuge, he began gradually to linger a little in the drawing-room. After dinner he used to throw himself on a sofa of crimson velvet, and pass half an hour in turning over a volume of engravings, or in sipping a glass of sugared water flavored with orange-flowers. The old ladies of the society gossiped on about him and his odd ways, but he affected not to hear, and certainly did not heed them.

Christmas-eve approached. On the anniversary of the birth of Our Lord, a custom exists in France, very dear to its juvenile inhabitants. A wooden shoe is placed at the corner of the hearth, and a beneficent fairy is supposed to come down the chimney laden with various presents and dainties, with which he fills it. It is calculated that one year with another the Christmas wooden shoe enriches the trade of Paris with two million francs.

On the morning of the 24th December four of Paganini's female critics were in consultation together.

"It will be for this evening," said one.

"Yes, for this evening; that's settled," replied another.

After dinner Paganini was, according to his custom, seated on the drawing-room sofa, sipping his *eau sucrée*, when an unusual noise was heard in the corridor. Presently Nicette entered, and announced that a porter had arrived with a case, directed to Signor Paganini.

"I don't expect any case," said he; "but I suppose he had better bring it in."

Accordingly, a stout porter entered, bearing a good-sized deal box, on which, besides the address, were the words, "*Fragile, with care.*" Paganini examined it with some curiosity, and having paid the messenger, proceeded to open the lid. His long, thin, but extremely muscular fingers accomplished this task without difficulty, and the company, whose curiosity caused them somewhat to transgress the bounds of good manners, crowded around in order to see the contents of the box.

The musician first drew out a large packet, enveloped in strong brown paper, and secured with several seals. Having opened this, a second, and then a third envelope appeared; and at length the curious eyes of twenty persons were regaled with a gigantic wooden shoe, carved out of a piece of ash, and almost large enough to serve for a child's cradle. Bursts of laughter hailed the discovery.

"Ah!" said Paganini, "a wooden shoe. I can guess tolerably well who has sent it. Some of these excellent ladies wish to compare me to a child who always expects presents and never gives any. Well! be it so. We will see if we cannot find some method of making this shoe worth its weight in gold."

So saying, and scarcely saluting the company, Paganini withdrew to his own apartment, carrying with him the case and its contents.

During three days he did not reappear in the drawing-room; Nicette informed the company that he worked from morning till night with carpenter's tools. In fact, the musician, whose hands were wondrously flexible and dexterous in other things besides violin playing, had fashioned a perfect and sonorous instrument out of the clumsy wooden shoe. Having enriched it with one silver string, his work was complete. Next day a public notice appeared, that on New Year's eve Paganini would give a concert in the large hall of the Villa Lutetiana. The great master announced that he would play ten pieces, five on a violin, five on a wooden shoe. The price of the tickets was fixed at twenty francs each. Of these only one hundred were issued, and it is needless to add that they were immediately purchased by the *élite* of the *beau monde*, who, during several months had missed the pleasure of hearing Paganini. The appointed evening arrived; the hall, furnished with comfortable chairs, was prepared and lighted for the occasion, elegant equipages were stationed along the Faubourg Poissonnière, and expectation was on tip-toe to know what the announcement respecting the wooden shoe could possibly mean.

At length Paganini appeared, smiling, with every appearance of renewed health, and on his favorite violin played some of those marvellous strains which never failed to transport his auditors to the seventh heaven of delight. Then he seized the shoe, which, in its new guise of a violin, still preserved somewhat of pristine form, and, his whole being lighted up with

enthusiasm, he commenced one of those wondrous improvisations which captivated the souls of his hearers. This one represented first the departure of a conscript, the tears, the wailing of his betrothed, then the stormy life in the camp, and on the field of battle, and finally, his return, accompanied by triumph and rejoicing. A merry peal of wedding-bells completed the musical drama. Long and loud were the thunders of applause; even the old ladies who disliked Paganini could not refrain from clapping, and bouquets, thrown by fair and jewelled hands, fell at the feet of the musician. In a corner of the hall, next the door, Nicette was weeping bitterly; the symphony of the conscript had gone straight to her heart. At the end of the concert the receipts were counted; they amounted to two thousand francs.

"Here, Nicette," said Paganini, "you have five hundred francs over the sum required to purchase a substitute; they will pay your bridegroom's travelling expenses."

Then, after a pause, he continued, "But you will want something wherewith to begin housekeeping. Take this shoe violin or this violin-shoe, and sell it for your dowry."

Nicette did so, and received from a rich amateur six thousand francs for Paganini's wooden shoe.

It is now, we believe, in the possession of an English nobleman, who was [illegible] Royal Ambassador at Paris.

MR. TIDDIJOHN.

[illegible]

"I cannot join in your mirth, sir," replied my queer little companion, drawing up his squat figure to its full height. "When I see such a being stretched, limp and pale, upon a saltish bench, rejecting the offices of friendship, and — and a good deal more — and with a countenance expressive of the most profound indifference as to the eventualities of the voyage — I ask myself, *can* this be Glory?"

"Glory?"

"Glory, sir. *My* Glory. My wife's name is Gloriana. Our family name is Tiddijohn."

I bowed.

"I have the honor, sir," resumed my friend, "to be the husband of that lady, on whom I noticed that you were bestowing very marked attention. I feel it — I always do — as a compliment to myself. I accept your homage in the best spirit. I took the liberty of addressing you contrary to the customs of the circle in which we move, for the purpose of inviting you to express, in the frankest and most unreserved manner, your opinion of my wife."

I glanced at Mrs. Tiddijohn. It was an unlucky moment. She was rising on her elbow, while an attendant sylph, or naiad . . . . It is no matter, for I was already in a position to confess, with all sincerity, that the wife of my curious little friend was unquestionably a very beautiful woman. It is easy to understand, further, that the beauty that can vindicate itself under such adverse conditions must be of no mean order.

"Gloriana," I thought. "[illegible] she is worthier [illegible] than that [illegible] iron-hearted [illegible] upon which [illegible] be-stowed [illegible]"

She had resumed her recumbent position, and I could see [illegible] her small [illegible]

[illegible]

passed my sunny childhood among the streams and woodlands of that beautiful domain."

"You are connected with the family?" I asked.

"I *am*, sir," replied Mr. Tiddijohn, calmly; "my mother was wife of the Duke's under-butler. She subsequently became housekeeper. His grace, as all the world is aware, resided principally in a modest lodging in Paris, and my mother's chief duties for many years consisted in admitting little groups of people (who thought they were taking pleasure) at one end of the picture-corridors for sixpence apiece, and dismissing them peremptorily at the other for a shilling.

"My excellent mother found this occupation so profitable, that she conceived the idea of bringing me up to the same, and I had already mastered the pictorial history of the noble Brandons, down to the ninth century, when—you'll hardly believe your hears, sir" (Mr. Tiddijohn was becoming excited), "a horder come for to sell the 'ole lot of 'em down to the Lady Halithea, who died unmarried, of 'ooping-cough, haged nine. Hafter this sackereligious act, nothing prospered. A wing of the mansion was burned down, tenants bolted, hagents come to grief, the dook died, and my mother gave warning, which was took.

"She had saved a good lump of money, sir,—so, at least, I thought it *then*," continued Mr. Tiddijohn, "nigh five hundred pound. My father proposed to take charge of this sum, to add to it the whole of his savings (which proved to be nine-pound-seven), take the whole to America, and invest it in the purchase of land. My mother and I were to return, for the present, to Simmery-axe, and jine him—my guv'nor, that is—at a futur period.

"He promised to write, and kep' his word; but he took ten years to do it, and then he only mentioned that he would write again. I was, by this time, about twenty, and thought I should like to do something for a living, seeing it was n't very probable that my guv'nor, and the five hundred pound odd, had come to any good. My mother asked me what I should like best to be. I made answer, 'A traveller.' You see, I had read a many books of travel, Sindbad, Peter Wilkins, Robinson Crusoe, ansetterer, and had a great wish to visit foreign lands. We had a relation in the dry goods line at Liverpool, and when my mother wrote, telling him my wishes, and asking his advice, he, Mr. Normicutt, replied, 'All right. Send him to me.'

"Well, sir, I took an affecting leave of my mother, promising to return in five year at the outside, and to send her, in the mean time, little tokens of my safety and remembrance,—a diamond, some purses of sequins, a hundred monkeys, or so,—and off I started in high spirits for Liverpool.

"The event did not justify my expectations. Five minutes' conversation with Mr. Normicutt revealed the fact that my journeyings were to be solely in the interests of the Messrs. Sprounce and Alkali, manufacturers of fancy soaps, and to be limited, for the present, to the three northern counties of my native land.

"Sir, it was a disappointment. But I resigned myself, like a man, to the course destiny had prepared, and for three years did my very best to propagate the illusion that Messrs. Sprounce and Alkali's soaps were better than anybody else's, notwithstanding that that spirited firm were content to supply them at one-third the usual cost. Such extraordinary success attended my representations, that I was at length taken into partnership, and was doing very fairly, when my mother received a second communication from America.

"It was written by a lawyer in Memphis, and informed us that my father was dead. He died, sir, from over-excitement, occasioned by an extraordinary stroke of good fortune. He had, it seemed, invested his money in the purchase of a piece of land, near which a town of considerable size was intended to be built. The site proved unhealthy. The town went elsewhere, and my father's property sank to zero. Unwilling to report this result to us, he had managed to support himself in various ways, until some remarkable discoveries in the land immediately adjoining his own induced him to attempt similar researches. The result may be told in three short words. But, sir, they are significant. *He struck oil.* When informed by the agent that he was realizing one thousand pounds a day, he fainted, and when, after a short but severe illness, he awoke to the consciousness that one hundred and twenty thousand pounds had been offered for the produce of his land, he merely ejackerlated, 'Take it,' and expired."

Mr. Tiddijohn was silent for a moment; then, after a glance at his wife, resumed:—

"I was a rich man now, sir, but I cannot say that I was a happier one. I could now travel, if I liked, in reality, and I did. I embarked on the salt seas, and sailed, sir, for Bullone. The voyage occupied two hours and a half. Were there any overland route to England, I should certainly prefer it. After some time, I endeavored to induce my mother to jine me; but she wrote that she was wedded to Simmery-axe, and also to the curate of a chapel there, who had about nineteen children, and wanted a motherly woman to take the place of his deceased partner.

"Left alone in the world, I returned to England, and took a handsome lodging at the West-end. 'What shall I do next?' I asked.

"'Marry,' said my mother, who was nursing her fourteenth step-child, 'and surround yourself with such cherubs as these.' (Her eldest 'cherub' was six-and-twenty.)

"I had no objection to marry; and, indeed, had a secret suspicion that that was what I wanted. 'Man the 'ermit,' you are aware, sir, pined, till woman smiled. But it was not so easy to find *my* mate. Whether a childhood passed among the noble Brandons had elevated my taste, or whether I had gleaned a little bit of romance from my books, I cannot say, but I felt that not one of the young ladies I had hitherto known could fill the aching void in this buzzom. Coarse, sir, coarse. Sometimes showy, but coarse in grain.

"My great amusement was to stroll in the Park with my friend Jack Prosser (for, though I was a swell now, I did not cut my old mates of the commercial-room), and speculate upon which of the beautiful delicate young creatures that flew past us, sitting, lightly as snow-flakes, upon their graceful steeds, and rosy with exercise and mirth, should be my choice, provided I could get her? But these were all dreams. I had, at that time, sir, no position in society, except that of lolling over the rails in company with the Earl of Griffinhoof, or my Lord Viscount Fizgig, whom I did n't know.

"It was of little use that Prosser reminded me of my wealth.

"'There 's *you*,' said my friend, kindly, 'with your five thousand a year, that could buy up half the nobs and swells (if their debts was paid) that 's

prancing about here; and you're in the dumps because you can't catch a countess at once?'

"'I don't particularly want a countess,' says I, 'for that wouldn't make me a count; and I shouldn't like to have to call my wife my lady. All I ask, Prosser, is a lovely, sweet, angelic—Hush,—look here!'

"There passed us, at this moment, a gentleman and lady on horseback. The gentleman had large grizzled moustaches, and a proud, fierce look, though, at the time they came by, he was laughing at something his companion had said. The lady was nearest to us,—so near, that I could have touched the amethyst top of her delicate riding-whip. She turned her face full towards me for a second; but that was enough. The next thing I was conscious of was a pull at my sleeve. Prosser was hailing me as if I had been five hundred yards off.

"'I say! Hoy! Tiddijohn! What's the matter now? Halloa!'

"I rubbed my eyes, as if waking.

"'Jack,' I gasped, 'did you see *that?* Was it human?'

"'Human! What d'ye mean?' said Jack. 'I say, old fellow, collect yourself; they're a starin' at us.'

"'I *am* collected,—all of a heap,' I said, faintly attempting a joke. 'But, Jack,—that girl,—she shot me!'

"'*Shot* you?' ejaculated Prosser.

"'I felt it pass through me,' I replied (and so I had),—'in at my eyes, through my heart, out at my toes.'

"'It's well it's gone,' said Jack, gruffly.

"'But I feel it still. Jack, if that's love, I'm taken sudden, and fatally.'

"'I hope not,' says Jack. 'That would be a bad job, *that* would, for you've no chance *there*.'

"'Eh? What? You know her?'

"'Very well,' said Jack. 'Our people supplies her with lace. She has just chosen a—'

"'Her name?'

"'Caliver. She's the only daughter and heiress of General Sir Sampson Caliver,—that proud old military swell she was riding with. He's a very unpleasant card, *I* can tell you, and precious short with everybody but her. They're in tip-top society, and he wants her to marry a dook.'

"'What dook?' said I, bewildered. 'I'll tear her from that dook's arms! I'll—'

"'Don't be an ass,' said Prosser, kindly. 'It's no use, dear old boy. Why, she was a quizzing you as she passed! It's that weskit and cravat. I've often 'inted that you dress too loud.'

"'Quizzing! . . . . Loud! . . . . Prosser!' I gasped, 'you don't understand. Lady—princess—queen—whatever she may be, I love her all the same. *I* can't help her station. If she was a barefooted beggar, I'd marry her, and she should ride in a chariot of gold. As it is, I shall love her, secret, for the rest of my life, and leave my fortune to the dook's second son. For legal purposes, I desire to know her Christian name.' I took out my note-book.

"'Gloriana,' said Jack.

"'Glori—' (my trembling fingers almost refused to write her beautiful name). 'Prosser,' I continued, 'I want to be alone. Good by, old boy, for the present. We meet to-night, as usual—half past nine—Harmonic Hedgehogs.' And we parted.

"I walked across the Park. It has been said that, in moments of great excitement, fancy plays us all manner of tricks, and I was n't at all surprised to see, in fiery characters six foot high, written on the air, 'Approaching Marriage in 'Igh Life.—We rejoice to learn that a marriage has been arranged between the lovely and accomplished daughter of General Sir Sampson Caliver, G. C. H., K. C. B., and his Grace the Dook of Ampassy-Etcetera.' Well, may they be blest! O Gloriana! beautiful phantom! I have seen you, loved you. From this hour forth you sit, though you don't know it, enshrined in my heart of hearts. No vile unworthy thought shall ever approach your throne,—no selfish hope, no vain desire. Thus only can I be worthy to cherish your sweet image, to worship you, my fairy queen—my goddess-bride—my—

"'Hi! hi! there! *Hah!*' rang in my ears; and the next moment I was flying, head over heels, I knew not whither! I suppose I was unconscious for a moment, for, on recovering, I found myself on the ground, in the ride, with my head on somebody's knee, the centre of a large circle of people, on foot and horseback. A sort of altercation seemed to be going on.

"'Atrocious carelessness!' 'But he was repeatedly called to.' 'Culpable disregard of human life!' 'Galloping swell—little *he* cares,' &c.

"'The gentleman has tendered his card and address, and desired that this person be looked to,' said one of the horsemen, quietly.

"'Yes, five shillin's for a cab, and take away the dead 'un,' growled a bystander. 'Take t'other into custody, *I* say. If 't had been one of *us*, he'd ha' been in the station-'ouse by now.'

"'You had better ride on with your daughter, Sir Sampson,' said the quiet voice, 'and let *me* look to this.'

"I raised myself with some difficulty. Sir Sampson, calm and haughty, and Gloriana, pale and frightened, stood before me in the midst of the excited mob. I cast one glance upon her.

"'Hear me,' I said. '*Will* you be silent, and hear me? The fault was *mine*,—solely mine. This gentleman was in no way to blame. I want neither his card nor his assistance.'

"'I should think not!' bawled the voice of Jack Prosser, who, attracted by the hubbub, had run back to see what was 'up.' 'Assistance? nothing of the sort! My friend has ten thousand a year!' shouted Jack, in a voice that might have been heard at Charing-cross.

"'Hush! hush! Jack, and get me away,' I said, faintly; and, with one more glance at Gloriana, relapsed into insensibility.

"I had received a severe blow on the head, and was much shaken besides. The doctor feared concussion of the brain, and kept me very quiet and low; but I was better on the fourth day, and was then informed that a servant had called every day with inquiries, and, on the last occasion, had left a note. I glanced at the monogram on the seal, and tore it open:—

"'137 Hyde Park Square.

"'Dear Sir: It is with sincere pleasure that I learn that you have sustained no serious injury from the accident, occasioned (I must frankly confess) by my carelessness, but which, with most gentlemanlike feeling, you attributed to your own. My daughter unites with me both in condolence and congratulation. Trusting that an acquaintance so inauspiciously begun may ripen into an intercourse of a far

more agreeable character, I remain, dear sir, your faithful servant,

"'SAMPSON CALIVER.'

"Whoever taught Sir Sampson the delicate Italian hand in which this note was written would have been highly pleased to notice how well the gallant general had retained, through all the haste and scramble of military life, the light, firm touch of youth! He would have remarked, further, that Sir Sampson preferred a crow-quill, and scented his pink despatches with the fragrance of the jessamine. My heart told me *who* had written that note, and who had not objected to write that she wished our acquaintance might improve.

"It did improve, sir. Before I had left my room, Sir Sampson called on me in person, and sat for nearly ten minutes, talking very agreeably. He seemed much struck with the luxury and elegance of my apartments, and observed that it needed nothing but a few Rembrances and Leonardodavinchys to make it perfect. As I did n't know for certain what he meant, and thought it might be some new kind of bath, or boot-jack, I assented, and said I would get half a dozen or so the first time I could stroll out towards Soho. Sir Sampson smiled, and nearly knocked me down a second time by pressing me to come to lunch on a certain day, when his daughter would be ('From home,' I thought) delighted to show me some pictures, which might guide my choice.

"We are approaching Cowes. I shall not, therefore attempt to describe the tumult of emotion in which I passed the intervening time. I was, however, sufficiently collected to reform my wardrobe. My costume on the eventful day was quietness itself, being, according to the fastidious Jack, compounded of the undertaker and the parish clerk.

"All that morning passed in a species of dream. I knew that I was presented to Gloriana, — that I sat and talked with her and her father, — goodness only knows what I said! — and that, after a trying progress through the picture-gallery, in which the rich music of Gloriana's voice kept me entirely unconscious of the meaning of her observations, we sat down to a sumptuous lunch. A fourth cover had been laid. I supposed it was for the dook. But we did n't wait for him, and he did n't come.

"All this time, sir, though I was at the very 'eight of 'appiness, I felt that I was a fool. She could never be more or less to *me* — poor half-educated fancy-soap man — than an object of distant adoration, and, when my idol was withdrawn, where should *I* be? I put on a strong resolution, and, filling a bumper of port, I drank *her* health and Sir Sampson's, and then said I must go.

"'But, my dear Mr. — Mr. Tiddijohn,' said the General, 'this must not be your last visit. We are not so easily satisfied. You must dine with us, say to-morrow, if your numerous engagements permit. You have not yet heard my daughter's voice, you know.'

"I looked at her so quickly, that I caught her knitting her beautiful brow at her father, as if she did n't quite indorse his invitation. So I began stammering an excuse. But Sir Sampson would not listen. He put my numerous engagements aside in no time, and I found myself, on the following day handing Gloriana in to dinner. The same mysterious cover was laid for a fourth party, but nobody came. The dook, I thought, takes it very coolly!

"Miss Caliver was gentle and patronizing, — sometimes, I thought, just a trifle sarcastic, — but what could I expect? If you come to that, what business had I there at all?

"After she had left us, there was a pause. I was afraid Sir Sampson was about to return to the subject of the Rembrances and Somethingvinchys, which I had discovered were pictures, but, instead of that, he suddenly inquired, —

"'Pray, Mr. Tiddijohn, do you pay frequent visits to your American estates?'

"I replied that I had not an acre of land of my own, but that I had considerable sums invested in the United States securities, which returned a large income.

"'I have always been of opinion,' resumed my host, 'that a moderate income — say ten thousand a year — is the most enjoyable and the least embarrassing fortune that an English gentleman can possess.'

"I remarked that I should be perfectly willing at any time to risk the embarrassments attendant upon such a state of things, but hardly expected that the opportunity would present itself.

"The General slightly raised his eyebrows.

"'I — excuse me, sir,' he said, 'I do not wish to be indiscreet, but I certainly heard — from whom was it, some friend of yours, Lord Fizgig? — that you were precisely in the enviable situation I have mentioned?'

"I replied, frankly, that the partiality of Lord Fizgig, whom I knew very well (by sight), had perhaps exaggerated my possessions. I had six thousand a year, my mother having contented herself with *one*, which would ultimately revert to me.

"Sir Sampson looked a little grave, but seemed gratified by this candid statement, and shook hands with me across the corner of the table.

"'You will excuse, my young friend,' he said, kindly, 'the interest I — and I think I must say my daughter also — feel in the prosperity of one who has given such proofs of a high and noble nature. And permit me, while on this subject, to express my astonishment that Mr. Tiddijohn has not hitherto formed some matrimonial alliance befitting his wealth and station.'

"Mr. Tiddijohn's heart gave a slight bound. Does he, *can* he, recognize the possibility of my contending for such a prize as he speaks of — as — as, for instance, his own peerless child?

"I hesitated, and mumbled something in my frank way about uneducated tastes, humble desires, &c.

"'Come, come, my good friend, that won't do, you know,' said the General, good-humoredly; 'nobility has claims; so has wealth. Many a titled damsel (did she know your personal worth as well as we) would willingly exchange her ancient name for that of Tiddijohn! But perphas you do not care for titles and ancient lineage?'

"I honestly avowed that I cared for neither. To possess the object of one's idola — that is to say, preference — was, in my opinion, the climax of human felicity.

"'And such an idolatrous preference you have formed, eh, Tiddijohn?' said the General, with a smile. 'Ah! you hesitate. You color. How is this? Come, I am an old man of the world; you are a young one. We are not upon even terms, unless I am as candid as yourself. Tiddijohn, *you love my daughter*.'

"I started from my chair.

"'General! — Sir Sampson! — your daughter? — So wild — so presumptuous a hope —'

[illegible]

"I remember [illegible] Then, being [illegible] my [illegible] That, thereupon, she screamed aloud. That the General burst into the room, and, without hesitation, collared me on the spot, branding me as 'drunken clown,' 'insolent beggar,' &c., and upbraiding me with this base return for the kindness and hospitality I had received.

"'You — *you* — a bag fellow — a dealer in soapsuds — presume to love my daughter? Out of my house, miscreant, or —'

"'Patience, papa — *dear* papa!' said my beautiful mistress, interposing. 'He meant no harm. O, let him go! See how pale he looks! And he only frightened me a very little!'

"'How!' roared the foaming General. 'You plead for him? Minion! You — you care for him?'

"'No, no!' exclaimed my beloved. 'I hate him!'

"'Then here goes!' shouted the general. And he threw up the window. Glorianna shrieked, and cast herself between us.

"'Papa, papa, this is cruel and wicked! You shall not harm this gentleman — [illegible] I will protect him with my life!'

[illegible]

escaped you," I answered. "Miss Calver announced that she hated me, — 'hate' was the word. I love her; and not a whit the less for her honest declaration; but I no longer seek her hand. For her sake, I shall go unmarried to the grave. Sir Sampson, I owe you something for your intended good offices. It was my declared purpose to bequeath my whole fortune to the second son of your daughter's marriage with the duke. If I apportion fifteen thousand of that fortune to meet the pressing needs of her father, I shall but be anticipating, by as much, the benefit I intended for her and hers. Accept it freely, and if it smooth the way to a renewal of the ducal match, I — I shall endeavor — to — to rejoice —'

"The General caught my hand. He was much agitated, and I saw that a powerful struggle was in progress between his better feelings and his pride.

"'You are a generous fellow, Tiddijohn,' he said at length, 'and I regret . . . . . Well, well, my good friend, I accept your noble offer.' And the poor General hung his head as the last words died on his lips.

"Well, sir, you may suppose that this exciting scene told severely on my spirits. Foreign travel was recommended, and I returned to Bulloine, determined — not to forget Gloriana: that was impossible — but to think of her as little as I could, and never to look at an English paper if I could help it, especially that part of it which expresses the editor's pleasure at the impending marriage of two exalted personages he never saw in his life, and who don't care twopence about him.

"Six months had passed, when, as I was one day walking on the quay, there landed, from the Folkestone steamer, a party that attracted my attention. It consisted of two ladies in deep mourning, a distinguished-looking gent, with uncommon fine beard and moustaches (who seemed very attentive to the younger lady, and carried her shawls and little bag), and a maid-servant. As they passed me, the young lady's veil blew aside. GLORIANA!

"I staggered back out of the way, but our eyes had met. She stopped short with an expression of joy, and stepped hastily towards me, holding out both her little hands.

"'Dear Mr. Tiddijohn, this is, indeed, fortunate! Aunt, let me present you to this kind friend of — of my poor —' She burst into tears.

"Her aunt came to the rescue, and in a few moments I was made aware that the General had died suddenly a short time since, leaving among his papers a memorandum recording his transaction with me; his earnest gratitude for what he termed my generosity; and his deep regret that all his subsequent endeavors to trace me out had failed.

"'You will come and see us, dear good friend,' said Gloriana, smiling through her tears. 'Here is our address in Paris. Come soon.'

"'If — if the duke has no objections,' I stammered, glancing at the stolid member of the party, who had been a silent, and, as I thought, a stern and gloomy witness of the scene.

"'The duke?' exclaimed Gloriana.

"'The gentleman —'

"'Hush, hush, Mr. Tiddijohn. That is our [illegible]

"'But aunt?' [illegible]

"'Hush, [illegible]

[illegible]

THE SESSION OF THE POETS.

[illegible]

I.

At the Session of Poets held lately in London
The Bard of Pembroke was called for the chair
With his venerable [illegible]
[illegible]
He bolted at the [illegible]
"Come, boys!" he exclaimed, — "[illegible]
together!"
And he sat in the [illegible] with a smile on his face
While well, eye, like a surgeon's [illegible]
[illegible]
Sat the Vice-Chancellor Browning, [illegible]
Grant.

II.

The company gathered embowered green and [illegible]
Both strong hands and weak hands, [illegible]
graves,
Fat bards and lean bards, little and tall bards,
Bards who wore whiskers, and others who [illegible]
Of looks, men, and things was the bards' [illegible]
[illegible]
Some praised Eros, some dressed in [illegible]
And then there was talk of the state of the [illegible]
And when the Laureate would answer [illegible]
Lane.

III.

Right stately sat Arnold, — [illegible]
Genesis, her Blues were [illegible]
With problematic England [illegible]
And looking as [illegible] he
He bowed to the Laureate, with "[illegible]
— Reading?"
[illegible]
Then left to his perfect and [illegible]
On touching the lowest of his [illegible]

IV.

Close at hand, hugged [illegible]
[illegible]
Has [illegible]
How [illegible]
A [illegible]
Remorse [illegible]
Who [illegible]
And [illegible]
And [illegible]

V.

How [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Again [illegible]
[illegible]

VI.

What [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Master Swinburne, and squealed, glaring out thro' his hair,
"All Virtue is bosh! Hallelujah for Landor!
I disbelieve wholly in everything! — There!"

VII.

With language so awful he dared then to treat 'em. —
Miss Ingelow fainted in Tennyson's arms,
Poor Arnold rushed out, crying "Sœcl' inficetum!"
And great bards and small bards were full of alarms:
Till Tennyson, flaming and red as a gypsy,
Struck his fist on the table and uttered a shout:
"To the door with the boy! Call a cab! He is tipsy!"
And they carried the naughty young gentleman out.

VIII.

After that, all the pleasanter talking was done there. —
Who ever had known such an insult before?
The Chairman tried hard to rekindle the fun there,
But the Muses were shocked and the pleasure was o'er.
Then "Ah!" cried the Chairman, "this teaches me knowledge. —
The future shall find me more wise, by the powers!
This comes of assigning to younkers from college
Too early a place in such meetings as ours!"

BLACK SHEEP.

BY EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

GOING DOWN.

On the evening of the day appointed for the dinner, Mr. Philip Deane stood on the steps of Bertini's restaurant in the Strand in anything but a comfortable frame of mind. His tall, rather too stout figure, in its expensive, was puckered and set in rigid lines; his right hand was perpetually diving into his waistcoat-pocket for his watch, to which he constantly referred; while, with a slight stick which he carried in his left, he kept striking his leg in an irritable and irritating manner.

Mr. Deane had cause for annoyance: it was a quarter past seven, and neither of the guests whom he had invited had as yet appeared, though the dinner had been appointed for seven sharp. Crowds of men were pouring into and out of the restaurant, the first hungry and expectant, the last pleased and replete; and Mr. Deane envied the first for what they were about to receive, and the last for what they had received. Moreover, the crowded diners had in several cases pushed against him with scant ceremony, and Mr. Deane was not accustomed to [illegible] was the result of his [illegible] the steps lighting their cigars with something like impatience, and Mr. [illegible] Suddenly [illegible] his shoulder was gently touched [illegible] — [illegible]

"My dear Deane, a thousand apologies for keeping you waiting. Now, my dear fellow, a pleasant [illegible]"

"Never a bit of course," said Mr. Deane.

"Really it was not in this instance. I went round to the Mercury office to look at some proofs, and they kept me to do an article on a subject which I had had the handling of before, and which — "

"No one else could handle arter you, eh? Pretty tall opinion you newspaper-writin' fellows have of yourselves! And why did n't you bring Routh with you when you did come?"

"Routh? I have n't seen him for three days. Is n't he here?"

"Not he! I've been coolin' myself on this a'mighty old doorstep since seven o'clock, only once goin' inside just to look round the saloon, and I've not set eyes on him yet."

"How very odd!"

"So very odd, that I'll see him somethingest before I wait for him any longer! Come you in with me. I took a table right slick opposite the door, and we'll go and strike up at once."

He turned on his heel as he spoke, and walked up the passage into the large coffee-room of the restaurant. Dallas, who followed him closely, noticed him pause for an instant before one of the looking-glasses in the passage, put his hat a little more on one side, and throw open the folds of his fur-lined coat. Beneath this noticeable garment Mr. Deane wore a large baggy suit of black, an open-worked shirt-front with three large diamond studs in it, a heavy gold watch-chain. There was a large diamond ring on the little finger of each hand. Thus tastefully attired, Mr. Deane, swaggering easily up the centre of the coffee-room and slapping his leg with his stick as he went, at length stopped at a vacant table, and clinked a knife against a tumbler.

"Now, waiter! Just look smart and slippy, and bring up our dinner right away. One of my friends is here, and I'm not a-goin' to wait for the other. He must take his chance, he must: but bring up ours at once, d'ye hear? Why, what on airth is this?"

"This" was a boy of about twelve years of age, with a dirty face and grimy hands, with an old peakless cap on its head, and a very shiny, greasy, ragged suit on its back. "This" seemed to have been running hard, and was out of breath, and was very hot and hazy in the face. Following Mr. Deane's glance, the waiter's eyes lighted on "this," and that functionary immediately fell into wrathful vernacular.

"Hallo! what are you doing here?" said he. "Come, you get out of this, d'ye hear?"

"I hear," said the boy, without moving a muscle. "Don't you hurry yourself at that way often, or you'll bust. And what a go that 'd be! You should think of your precious family, you should!"

"Will you —"

"No, I won't, and that's all about it. Here, gentleman" — to Deane — "you're my pitch; I've [illegible] this for you." As he said this, the boy produced from his pocket a set of strings, a pair of musical [illegible], and a [illegible] note, and handed the latter to Deane, who stepped aside to the nearest [illegible] in the great imagination of the [illegible] sat himself down on the edge of a [illegible] and surveyed the [illegible] with [illegible] contemplation. He [illegible] in thinking [illegible] everything [illegible] he took up a corner of the [illegible] then he passed his hand lightly over [illegible] overcoat, which was lying on an adjacent chair. This gave the wicked his chance of bursting out again.

"Leave that coat alone, can't you? Can't you keep your fingers off things that don't belong to you? Thought it was your own, perhaps, did n't you?" This last remark, in a highly sarcastic tone, as he lifted the coat from the chair and was about to carry it to a row of pegs by the door. "This ain't your mark, I believe? Your tailor don't live at Hamherst, does he?"

"Never mind my tailor, old cock! P'raps you 'd like my card, but I 've 'appened to come out without one. But you can have my name and address — they 're wery haristocratic, not such as you 're used to. Jim Swain 's my name — Strike-a-light-Jem — 60, Fullwood's-rents. Now, tell me who 's your barber!" The waiter, who had a head as bald as a billiard-ball, was highly incensed at this remark (which sent some young men at an adjoining table into roars of laughter), and he would probably have found some means of venting his wrath, had not a sharp exclamation from Deane called off his attention.

"Get up dinner, waiter, at once, and clear off this third place, d'ye hear? The other gentleman ain't comin'. Now, boy, what are you waiting for?"

"No answer to go back, is there, guv'nor?"

"Answer? No; none."

"All right. Shall I take that sixpence of you now, or will you give it me to-morrow? Short reck'nings is my motter. So if you 're goin' to give it, hand it over."

Unable to resist a smile, Deane took a small coin from his purse and handed it to the boy, who looked at it, put it in his pocket, nodded carelessly to Deane and Dallas, and departed, whistling loudly.

"Routh is not coming, I suppose?" said Dallas as they seated themselves at the table.

"No, he has defected, like a cussed skunk as he is, after giving me the trouble to order his dinner, which I shall have to pay for all the same. Regular riles me that does, to be put in the hole for such a one-horse concern as Mr. Routh. He ought to know better than to play such tricks with me."

"Perhaps he is compelled to absent himself. I know —"

"Compelled! That might do with some people, but it won't nohow do with me. I allow no man to put a rudeness on me. Mr. Routh wants more of me than I do of him, as I 'll show him before long. He wants me to come to his rooms to-morrow night — that 's for his pleasure and profit, I guess, not mine — just depends on the humor I 'm in. Now here 's the dinner. Let 's get at it at once. There 's no screwin' nor scrapin' in the ordering of it, and you can just give Routh a back-hander next time you see him by telling him how much you liked it."

Deane unfolded his table-napkin with a flourish, and cleared a space in front of him for his plate. There was an evil expression on his face; a mordant, bitter, savage expression, which Dallas did not fail to remark. However, he took no notice of it, and the conversation during dinner was confined to ordinary commonplaces.

Mr. Deane had not boasted without reason; the dinner was excellent, the wines were choice and abundant, and with another kind of companion George Dallas would have enjoyed himself. But even in the discussion of the most ordinary topics there was a low coarseness in Deane's conversation, a vulgar self-sufficiency and delight at his own shrewdness, a miserable mistrust of every one, and a general arrogance and conceit which were highly nettling and repulsive. During dinner these amiable qualities displayed themselves in Mr. Deane's communication with the waiter; it was not until the cloth had been removed, and they were taking their first glass of port, that Deane reverted to what had annoyed him before they sat down.

"That Routh 's what they call a mean cuss, t'other side the water," he commenced; "a mean cuss he is, and nothing else. Throwing me over in this way at the last minute, and never sending word before, so that I might have said we shall only be two instead of three, and saved paying for him! He thinks he 's cruel wide awake, he does; but though he 's been at it all his life, and it 's not six months since I first caught sight of this little village nominated London, I don't think there 's much he could put me up to now!"

He looked so expectant of a compliment, that Dallas felt bound to say, "You certainly seem to have made the most of your time!"

"Made the most of my time? I reckon I have! Why, there 's no s'loon, oyster-cellar, dancing-shop, night-house of any name at all, where I 'm not regular well known. 'Here 's the Yankee,' they say, when I come in; not that I 'm that, but I 've told 'em I hail from the U-nited States, and that 's why they call me the Yankee. They know me, and they know I pay my way as I go, and that I've got plenty of money. Help yourself — good port this, ain't it? — ought to be, for they charge eight shillings a bottle for it. Why, people out t'other side the water, sir, they think I 'm staying in titled country-houses, and dining in Portland Place, and going to hear oratorios. I 've got letters of introduction in my desk which would do all that, and more. Never mind! I like to shake a loose leg, and, as I flatter myself I can pretty well take care of myself, I shake it!"

"Yes," said Dallas, in a slightly bitter tone, with a vivid recollection of his losses at cards to Deane; "yes, you can take care of yourself."

"Rather think so," repeated Deane, with a jarring laugh. "There are two things which are guiding principles with me, — number one, never to lend a dollar to any man; number two, always to have the full value of every dollar I spend. If you do that, you 'll generally find yourself not a loser in the end. We 'll have another bottle of this eight-shilling port. I 've had the value of this dinner out of you, recollect, so that I 'm not straying from my principle. Here, waiter, another bottle of this eight-shilling wine!"

"You 're a lucky fellow, Deane," said George Dallas, slowly finishing his second glass of the fresh bottle; "you 're a lucky fellow, to have plenty of money and to be your own master, able to choose your own company, and do as you like. I wish I had the chance!" As Dallas spoke, he filled his glass again.

"Well, there are worse berths than mine in the ship, and that 's a fact!" said Deane, calmly. "I've often thought about you, Dallas, I have now, and I 've often wondered when you 'll be like the prodigal son, and go home to your father, and succeed the old man in the business."

"I have no father!"

"Hain't you though? But you 've got some friends, I reckon, who are not over-delighted at your campin' out with the wild Injuns you 're living among at present?"

"I have a mother."

"That 's a step towards respectability. I suppose

you'll go back to the old lady, some day, and be welcomed with open arms?"

"There's some one else to have a say in that matter. My mother is — is married again. I have a step-father."

"Not generally a pleasant relation, but no reason why you should n't help yourself to this eight-shilling wine. That's right; pass the bottle. A step-father, eh? And he and you have collided more than once, I expect?"

"Have what?"

"Collided."

"Do you mean come into collision?"

"Expect I do," said Deane, calmly.

"I'm forbidden the house. I'm looked upon as a black sheep, — a pest, — a contamination."

"But the old gentleman would n't catch anything from you. They don't take contamination easy, after fifty!"

"O, it's not for himself that Mr. Carruthers is anxious; he is infliction proof, — he — What is the matter?"

"Matter? Nothing! What name did you say?"

"Carruthers, — Capel Carruthers. County family down in Kent."

"Go ahead!" said Deane, tossing off his wine, refilling his glass, and pushing the bottle to his companion; "and this old gentleman is not anxious about himself, you say; where is your bad influence likely to fall, then?"

"On his niece, who lives with them."

"What's her name?"

"Clare. Clare Carruthers! Is n't it a pretty name?"

"It is so, sir! And this niece. What's she like, now?"

George Dallas tried to throw a knowing gleam into his eyes, which the perpetual motion of the decanter had rendered somewhat bleared and vacant as he looked across at his companion, and said, with a half-laugh, "You seem to take a great interest in my family, Deane?"

Not one whit discomposed, Philip Deane replied, "Study of character as a citizen of the world, and a general desire to hear what all gals are like. Is Miss Clare pretty?"

"I've only seen her once, and that not too clearly. But she struck me as being lovely."

"Lovely, eh? And the old man won't have you at any price? That's awkward, that is!"

"Awkward!" said Dallas, in a thick voice, "it's more than awkward, as he shall find! I'll be even with him — I'll — Hallo! What do you want, intruding on gentlemen's conversation?"

"Beg pardon, sir," said the waiter, to whom this last remark was addressed; "no offence, gentlemen, but going to shut up now. We don't a supper-house, gentlemen, and it's going on for twelve o'clock."

Indeed, all the other tables were vacated, so Deane rose at once and paid the bill which the waiter had laid before him. Dallas rose, too, with a staggering step.

"Coat, sir," said the waiter, handing it to him, "other arm, sir, please; gently does it, sir, that's it!" And with some little difficulty he pulled the coat on. George Dallas cursing in and the country tailor who had made it, as he stood rocking unsteadily on his heels and glaring vacantly before him.

"Come along, old horse," said Deane; "you'll be fixed as firm as Washington Capitol when we get into the air. Come along, and we'll go and finish the night somewhere!"

So saying, he tucked his companion's arm firmly within his own, and they sallied forth.

CHAPTER VI.

DELAY.

George Dallas felt that his fortunes were in the ascendant, when he arose on the morning following the dinner with Deane, and found himself possessed of ten pounds, which he had been sufficiently sober to win at billiards the previous night, and consequently in a position to pay off his landlady, and turn his back upon the wretched lodging, which her temper, tyranny, and meanness had made more wretched. He lost no time in packing up the few articles he possessed, — mainly consisting of books and drawing materials, — and these, together with his scanty wardrobe, he threw into a couple of trunks, which he himself carried down the steep dark staircase and deposited in a cab. The landlady stood at the door, in the gray morning, and watched her late lodger, as he strode down the shabby little street, followed by the luggage-laden cab. She watched him, wondering. She wondered where he had got the money he had just paid her. She wondered where he had got the money to pay an extra week's rent, in default of a week's notice. When she had dunned him yesterday, as rudely and mercilessly as usual, he had said nothing indicative of an expectation of an immediate supply of money. He had only said that he hoped to pay her soon. "Where did he get the money?" the old woman thought, as she watched him. "I hope he come by it honest. I wonder where he's going to. He did not tell the cabman, leastways so as I could hear him. Ah! It ain't no business of mine: I'll just turn the rooms out a bit, and put up the bill."

So Mrs. Gunther (for that was the lady's name) re-entered the shabby house, and a great activity accompanied by perpetual scolding pervaded it for some hours, during which the late tenant was journeying down to Amherst.

George Dallas strictly observed the directions contained in his mother's letter, and having started by an early train, reached Amherst at noon. Rightly supposing that at such an hour it would be useless to look for his mother in the little town, he crossed the railroad in a direction leading away from Amherst, struck into some fields, and wandered on by a rough footpath which led through a copse of beech-trees to a round bare hill. He sat down when he had reached this spot, from whence he could see the road to and from Pyringe. A turnpike was at a little distance, and he saw a carriage stopped beside the gate, and a footman at the door receiving an order from a lady, whose bonnet he could just discern in the distance. He stood up and waited. The carriage approached, and he saw that the liveries were those of Mr Carruthers. Then he struck away down the side of the little hollow, and crossing the railway at another point, entered the main street of the little town. It was market-day. He avoided the inn, and took up a position whence he could watch his mother's approach. There were so many strangers and what Mr Deane would have called "cranks" about, some buying, some selling, and many honestly and unfeignedly doing nothing, that an idler more or less was certain to pass without any

comment, and it was not even necessary to keep very wide of the inn. He stood with his hands in his pockets, looking into the window of the one shop in Amherst devoted to the interests of literature, which was profusely decorated with out-of-date valentines, much criticised by flies, and with feebly embossed cards, setting forth the merits of local governesses. At that time prophetic representations of the International Exhibition of '62 were beginning to appeal to the patriotic soul in light-blue drawings, with flags innumerable displayed wheresoever they could be put "handy." George Dallas calmly and gravely surveyed the stock-in-trade, rather distracted by the process of watching the inn door, between which and his position intervened a group of farmers, who were to a man chewing bits of whipcord, and examining samples of corn, which they extracted in a stealthy manner from their breeches-pocket, and displayed grudgingly on their broad palms. On the steps of the inn door were one or two busy groups, and not a man or woman of the number took any notice of Mrs. Carruthers's son. They took very considerable notice of Mrs. Carruthers herself, however, when her carriage stopped; and Mr. Page, the landlord, actually came out, quite in the old-fashioned style, to open the lady's carriage, and escort her into the house. George watched his mother's tall and elegant figure, as long as she was in sight, with mingled feelings of pleasure, affection, something like real gratitude, and very real bitterness; then he turned, strolled past the inn where the carriage was being put up, and took his way down the main street, to the principal draper's shop. He went in, asked for some gloves, and turned over the packets set before him with slowness and indecision. Presently his mother entered, and took the seat which the shopman, a mild person in spectacles, handed her. She, too, asked for gloves, and, as the shopman turned his back to the counter, rapidly passed a slip of paper to her son. She had written on it, in pencil, —

"At Davis's the dentist's, opposite, in ten minutes."

"These will do, thank you. I think you said three and sixpence?" said George to the shopman, who, having placed a number of gloves before Mrs. Carruthers for her selection, had now leisure to attend to his less important customer.

"Yes, sir, three and sixpence, sir. One pair, sir? You'll find them very good wear, sir."

"One pair will do, thank you," said George. He looked steadily at his mother, as he passed her on his way to the door, and once more anger arose, fierce and keen, in his heart, — anger, not directed against her, but against his step-father. "Curse him!" he muttered, as he crossed the street; "what right has he to treat me like a dog, and her like a slave? Nothing that I have done justifies — no, by Heaven, and nothing that I could do would justify — such treatment."

Mr. Davis's house had the snug, cleanly, inflexible look peculiarly noticeable even amid the general snugness, cleanliness, and inflexibility of a country town, as attributes of the residences of surgeons and dentists, and gentlemen who combine both those fine arts. The clean servant who opened the door, looked perfectly cheerful and content. It is rather aggravating, when one is going to be tortured, even for one's ultimate good, to be assured in a tone almost of glee, —

"No, sir, master's not in, sir; but he'll be in directly, sir. In the waiting-room, sir." George Dallas not having come to be tortured, and not wishing to see Mr. Davis, bore the announcement with good-humor equal to that of the servant, and sat down very contentedly on a high, hard horsehair chair, to await events. Fortune again favored him; the room had no other occupant; and in about five minutes he again heard the cheerful voice of the beaming girl at the door say, —

"No, m'm, master's not in; but he'll be in d'rectly, m'm. In the waiting-room, m'm. There's one gentleman a-waitin,' m'm, but master will attend on you first, of course, m'm."

The next moment his mother was in the room, her face shining on him, her arms round him, and the kind words of the truest friend any human being can be to another, poured into his ear.

"You are looking much better, George," she said, holding him back from her, and gazing fondly into his face. "You are looking brighter, my darling, and softer, and as if you were trying to keep your word to me."

"Pretty well, mother, and I am very thankful to you. But your letter puzzled me. What does it mean? Have you really got the money, and how did you manage to get it?"

"I have not got it, dear," she said, quickly, and holding up her hand to keep him silent, "but it is only a short delay, not a disappointment. I shall have it in two or three days."

George's countenance had fallen at her first words, but the remainder of the sentence reassured him, and he listened eagerly as she continued, —

"I am quite sure of getting it, George. If it does but set you free, I shall not regret the price I have paid for it."

"Tell me what it is, mother," George asked, eagerly. "Stay, you must not sit so close to me."

"I'm not sure that your voice ought to be heard either, speaking so familiarly, *tête-à-tête* with the important Mrs. Carruthers of Poynings, — a personage whose sayings and doings are things of note at Amherst," said Mrs. Carruthers, with a smile, as she took a seat at a little distance, and placed one of the samples of periodical literature strewn about the table, after the fashion of dentists' and surgeons' waiting-rooms, ready to her hand, in case of interruption. Then she laid her clasped hands on the table, and leaned against them, with her clear dark eyes fixed upon her son's face, and her steady voice, still sweet and pure in its tones as in her youth, as she told him what she had done.

"Do you remember, George, that on that wretched night you spoke of my diamonds, and seemed to reproach me that I should wear jewels, while you wanted so urgently but a small portion of their price?"

"I remember, mother," returned George, frowning, "and a beast I was to hint such a thing to you, who gave me all that ever was your own! I hoped you had forgiven and forgotten it. Can it be possible that you have sold — But no; you said they were family jewels?"

"I will tell you. When you had gone away that night, and I was in the ball-room, and later, when I was in my dressing-room alone, and could think of it all again, the remembrance of what you had said tormented me. The jewels you had seen me wearing were, indeed, as I had told you, not my own; nevertheless, the remembrance of all I had ever read about converting jewels into money occupied my mind that night, and occupied it after that night for days and days. One day, Mr. Tatham came to Poynings, and in the evening, being, as he

times worked with other dramatists; one of his *collaborateurs*, unlucky Massinger, sharing his unnoted grave: —

"Plays they did write together, were great friends,
And now one grave includes them in their ends."

He is said, too, to have had Shakespeare himself as an associate in the composition of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and the lost *History of Cardenio;* but it matters little, so far as Fletcher's fame is concerned. Nothing can disjoin the names of the poets who were one in brain, in heart, in soul; together they must be remembered; and if they are ever forgotten, Beaumont and Fletcher will be forgotten together.

The rhymed plays of the Davenants and Howards so offended the taste of the Duke of Buckingham, that he determined to try if their popularity was strong enough to resist the force of ridicule. Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, Martin Clifford, and Hudibras Butler enlisted in his service, and the confederates were soon ready to open the campaign. Plague and fire, however, interposed in behalf of the threatened dramatists, and for a while *The Rehearsal* was denied an opportunity of testing public opinion. When the opportunity came, the plays and playwrights against whom it was especially directed were wellnigh forgotten, and John Dryden was master of the situation. Under these circumstances, Buckingham remodelled *The Rehearsal* so as to bear upon the laureate's heroic plays, and fairly laughed them out of fashion. The duke and his coadjutors may claim the credit of having produced the first successful English burlesque, and, at the same time, the longest lived of its tribe. Actor after actor took up its hero, and Bayes was one of Garrick's favorite and most popular parts.

Colman and Garrick once clubbed together to produce a comedy; the result of the union was *The Clandestine Marriage*, one of the greatest successes achieved on our stage. The idea originated with Colman, as he was looking at the first plate of Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode:* but the editor of *Biographia Dramatica* makes him claim the authorship altogether, putting these words into his mouth: "Garrick composed two acts, which he sent to me, desiring me to put them together, or do what I would with them. I did put them together, for I put them in the fire, and wrote the play myself." On the other hand, Colman complained that his associate, accusing him of laying great stress upon having written Lord Ogleby purposely for him, remarked, "Suppose it should come out that I wrote it?" It had been agreed between them that their partnership should be kept secret until the play was acted and published; but the tale-bearing of good-natured friends, and Garrick's resolution not to play in the comedy, nearly brought their comedy and their friendship to a premature end. Colman writes to Garrick: "I understood it was to be a joint-work in the fullest sense of the word, and never imagined that either of us was to lay his finger on a particular scene and cry, *This is mine!* It is true, indeed, that by your suggestion Hogarth's proud lord was converted into Lord Ogleby, and that, as the play now stands, the levee-scene and the whole of the fifth act are yours; but on the conduct as well as dialogue of the fourth act, I think your favorite, Lord Ogleby, has some obligations to me." In reply, the actor simply says he considers Colman's account "somewhat erroneous"; and the original draft or sketch of the plot made by Garrick goes far to justify his curt comment.

This draft is a curiosity. Garrick had intended to act the chief part himself, and he cast the comedy before he wrote it. (This may seem reversing the proper order of things, but we suspect quite as many plays have been cast before writing as ever were written before being cast.) And the actors' names alone appearing in the sketch has a somewhat comical effect, for example: 'Act i. Scene 1. Enter Bride and O'Brien, who are secretly married, complaining how unhappy she is, and how disagreeably situated on account of their concealing their marriage. In this scene must be artfully set forth the situation and business of the *dramatis personæ*. The audience must learn that Mrs. Clive, the aunt, had two nieces, co-heiresses, and one of them is to be married to O'Brien, the son of Garrick, and nephew of Yates. They are met at the aunt's I suppose, to see which of the young ladies will be most agreeable to the young man. [Query, — whether there may not be a design to have a double match, — the father with the aunt?] The youngest sister, Pope, and the aunt fall in love with him, and all pay their court to Garrick on account of his son, which he interprets as love to himself. Yates, Garrick's brother, who lives in the country, — a rough, laughing, hearty fellow, — is come to approve of one of the young ladies for his nephew, and to see the grand family business settled. Bride declares her distresses at seeing that her sister and aunt are in love with her husband, and that his father takes their different attachment to him for passion. She seems to think that nothing but an avowal of their marriage will set all to rights; but O'Brien gives reasons for still concealing it, and says that their future welfare depends upon keeping the secret."

In another scene, Garrick and his servant, King, are positive that all the ladies are setting caps at Garrick, who acts accordingly; and of another, between himself and Mrs. Clive, the actor-author says, "This will be a fine scene worked up, with their mutual delicacies, not to open their minds too abruptly, nor to shock each other." The worthy pair finally resolve to indulge their own inclinations at the expense of everybody else, and "Pope comes from behind some flowering shrubs where she has been listening, and has overheard these precious persons laying their schemes and opening their minds to each other, and seeing Yates come along, she is resolved to make more mischief"; and here Garrick's invention came to a stand for a time apparently, for here ends his rough sketch of the comedy, destined to make the reputation of another actor, instead of adding one more to Garrick's long list of histrionic triumphs.

The present generation of dramatists scarcely seem to believe in union being strength, despite the good fortune attending *Masks and Faces* and *Plot and Passion*, two products of a partnership between Messrs. Tom Taylor and Charles Reade. Extravaganza writers have, indeed, occasionally worked in concert, and we have some remembrance of one burlesque boasting no less than half a dozen parents; sundry short-lived farces, too, owe their origin to more than one pen; but with these exceptions, the above-mentioned dramas fairly represent all the theatre has gained in our day by literary co-operation.

Pope's enemies, strong in numbers, if in nothing else, hesitated not to affirm that another name ought to have appeared with his upon the title-page of the *Essay on Man*. Lord Bathurst (according to

Dr. Hugh Blair) declared that the Essay was really the work of Lord Bolingbroke, turned into verse by the poet, and averred that he had read the original manuscript, and was puzzled which to admire most, the elegance of Bolingbroke's prose, or the beauty of Pope's poetry. The former, it was said, openly laughed at his friend for adopting and advocating principles at variance with his known convictions. The evidence against Pope's claim to the sole authorship is, however, too slight and too suspicious for us to admit the *Essay on Man* among partnership productions. We might as justly accept the authority of the cribbed couplet, —

> "Pope came off clean with Homer, but they say
> Broome went before, and kindly swept the way."

All Broome did for the *Iliad* was to supply a portion of the notes; with the *Odyssey* it was different. The first took the town by storm, and for a time the reading world was Homer mad. Pope, wisely determined to take fortune at the flood, lost no time in making known his intention of providing the *Iliad* with a companion. His five years' drudgery over that work had, however, exhausted his translating ardor, and he looked about him for some means of lightening the wearisome task. Learning that Broome and Fenton had partly anticipated his design, Pope prevailed upon them to join him in the producing an English version of the *Odyssey*, thus securing himself from their rivalry, while he lessened his labors. When the public were informed that Mr. Pope had *undertaken* the translation, they were also informed the subscription was not entirely for himself, but partly for two friends who had assisted him in the work.

His "mercenaries," as Johnson rudely terms them, had a larger share in the performance than "Mr. Pope the undertaker" allowed the world to suspect. Broome, whose work required a troublesome amount of touching up, translated the second, sixth, eighth, eleventh, twelfth, sixteenth, eighteenth, and twenty-third books, besides supplying all the notes. Fenton wrote the first, fourth, nineteenth, and twentieth books, doing his part so cleverly that few alterations were needed to render them fit to take their place beside Pope's own. Pope probably took this into account when he awarded him three hundred pounds for his four books, while paying Broome barely six hundred for his share. Pope himself netted nearly three thousand pounds by the venture.

Spite of this substantial return, the poet does not seem to have retained any pleasant recollection of the triple alliance. In the earlier editions of *The Dunciad*, he complained, —

> "Hibernian politics, O Swift, thy doom;
> And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome!"

He ridiculed his quondam assistant as a proficient in the art of sinking, and classed him among "parrots who repeat another's words in such a hoarse, odd voice as makes them seem their own," —

> "By Pope's applause, Broome gained a critic's fame,
> And by his envy lost the poet's name."

Broome declared he had committed no crime unless it was having said that Pope was no master of Greek; as if that was not quite sufficient to account for the statirist's resentment! Some years afterwards, Curll asked Broome to send him "any letter of Mr. Pope's he might wish to publish." Broome forwarded the publisher's application to Pope, and the former partners thereupon became once more friends.

A more congenial association was that formed by Swift, Gay, Arbuthnot, and Pope, for the publication of certain odd scraps and trifling pieces that had "casually got abroad." Pope says of himself and his coadjutors of the *Miscellanies*: "Methinks we look like friends side by side, serious and melancholy by turns, conversing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand, to posterity, in a free, natural, and easy manner." We fear posterity would have known little of the friends, if their fame rested on the *Miscellanies*; by which Pope pocketed £125, while Gay and Arbuthnot received a modest £50 apiece, and Swift was content with the barren honor of the connection, not getting a single penny for his share. Pope and Arbuthnot shared with Gay the responsibility of that terrible mistake, *Three Hours after Marriage*, a shocking bad comedy, out of the production of which sprang the inextinguishable warfare between Pope and Cibber. Scarcely more fortunate were the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, the result of an alliance among Pope, Arbuthnot, Swift, Parnell, and Gay; which came to grief with its first volume. Warburton looked upon this as a disastrous event for literature; but Johnson, with justice, dismisses the unfinished work as one that has been little read, or, when read, has been forgotten, as no man could be wiser, better, or merrier by remembering it. Pope had a finger in Thomson's poetical pie, giving *The Seasons* the benefit of his experience and taste, and pruning and dressing *Agamemnon* before it was introduced to the public. He was suspected, too, of helping Gay over *The Beggars' Opera*, but denied the soft impeachment, although he admitted having given his friend a hint or two towards the perfecting of that famous musical comedy.

It was a happy hour that brought Addison and Steele together, and inspired them to form a partnership fraught with rich consequences to English literature. When the *Spectator* came to delight and improve society, it was something new to have humor without coarseness, satire without scurrility, wit without ill-nature; and great is the debt of gratitude owing to the twin revolutionists who did their spiriting so gently and so well. Rich as that first of periodicals is in charming essays, pre-eminent among its contents stand the pages devoted to good Sir Roger de Coverley and his surroundings. Somehow, we always associate Addison's name with that of the genial old knight, loving, as one of his editors says, to be deluded with the notion that the whole was the work of one mind; but to Steele must be awarded the credit of creating, not only Sir Roger himself, but Will Honeycomb, Captain Sentry, Sir Andrew Freeport, and the immortal club; and some of the best and most Addisonian "bits" were actually due to Steele's genius. The "perverse widow," too, belongs to Steele, although she might have been originated by either of the partners, for both had sighed and suffered long, victims to the bewitchments of those exceptions to every rule; Steele lost his enchantress; Addison, more unlucky, gained his, and lived to think, if he did not say, like Mr. Weller, senior: "She was such an uncommon pleasant widder, it's a great pity she ever changed her condition; she don't act as a wife." Addison killed Sir Roger when the *Spectator* drew near its end; and if Budgell is to be believed, which we do not think he is, justified the act by declaring he did so to prevent any one else murdering his old friend.

At any rate, it is hardly fair to say: "The outlines of Sir Roger de Coverley were imagined and partly

traced by Steele; the coloring and more prominent lineaments elaborated by Joseph Addison; some of the background put in by Eustace Budgell; and the portrait defaced by either Steele or Tickell with a deformity which Addison repudiated." That Tickell had any share at all in the Coverley papers is more than doubtful, and Budgell's part was a very limited one. All save two or three were written by Addison and Steele; and if the former wrote two papers to Steele's one, so many of the salient traits of the characters in this little drama sprang from Sir Richard's fertile fancy, that they may honestly divide the fame between them.

The last literary partnership we shall notice arose out of a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances, and like its appropriately-named product, may be said to be *Quite Alone*. This unlucky story, bearing the joint names of Messrs. Sala and Halliday, claims the first-named author as its real parent. Mr. Sala had about half written the novel when he started for America as war-correspondent of a daily paper, and nothing doubting his ability to complete it, handed the unfinished story to the editor of a popular periodical, who forthwith introduced *Quite Alone* to the public. Mr. Sala, however, soon found he had underrated the difficulties in his way. To guard against postal uncertainties, he was compelled to use a manifold writer, which did not conduce to ease of composition, particularly when his powers of self-concentration were taxed by the hubbub of war and travel.

"In a new country, among strange scenes and strange people, hurrying from place to place, badgered and baited and hated, always abused, often in peril of life, and under all hazard compelled to send home every week from six to eight columns of matter to a London newspaper, — in the midst of noise, confusion, smoke, cursing and swearing, battle, murder, and sudden death": what wonder that the unhappy novelist broke down? First, he lost the thread of his narrative, and [illegible] forgot the very names of the personages he had created; and when things came to the pass, there was nothing [illegible] to give in altogether. Meanwhile, he often at home was driven to desperation by the [illegible] "copy," and at length was obliged [illegible] [illegible] Mr. [illegible]

[illegible]

desire. *Quite Alone* is a curiosity of literature as it is; it would be a still greater one as a novel with two endings.

PRETTY ACTRESSES.

The classic taste for burlesque which has been so sedulously cultivated has given rise to a set of performers who can lay claim to being original and primitive upon more grounds than one. That the species always existed we have sufficient evidence, but its developments take so strong and decided a part in the modern shape that, except in wide lines, we cannot assume that the parent is altogether represented by the offspring. There are, of course, points of resemblance, but they are few, and not at all of a character to be particularized. Some of them we may touch upon, but others do not admit of disquisition. Without recalling the "palmy days of the drama" to give an authority to the opinion, we are inclined to believe that there never was a time in the history of the stage when our actresses exposed themselves so much beyond the degree required for the honest purposes of their art as the present. The female gentlemen of our burlesques display themselves in a fashion which indicates the level to which the profession has fallen, and the manner in which their saucy attitudes are applauded serves to show that they have indeed succeeded in making the taste by which they are enjoyed. When a famous French novelist habitually dressed in a coat and trousers, it was said of her that the disguise would have been complete if she had only been a little more modest; and when a young lady now struts her plantation dance, wriggles the jockey step, or flings the sailor's hornpipe, one is tempted to indulge in the reflection that the representations would be the more perfect for about as much reserve as would render them decent. It is not much for us to boast that our dancers are free from the brutalities of Wycherly or Vanbrugh, if we supplement strut and [illegible] with gestures systematically [illegible] and [illegible] woman as unclothed as a [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] much immodesty [illegible] of the old school.

[illegible]

actresses are, beyond a doubt, spoiled into a style of exhibition which places them on the very confines which divide the pure from the impure, and if they chose to play there, it can do them no harm to learn the exact position they have been induced to assume.

It is possible we may be reminded of the "Garter" motto; but there is little faith now-a-days in the guilelessness of White Quakers, or in the flimsy reasons behind which any other form of impudence disrobes. Stage Dianas may regard their Greek and natural integuments as quite consistent with the accepted reputation of the goddess, and in doing so may loop up a single garment until it as nearly as possible defeats the object of a garment altogether; but they must be prepared to have a second interpretation placed upon the mode in which the cold divinity is personified. We have seen a feminine Apollo within a few inches of being Belvidere, and a female Jupiter who could, with a slight change, have appeared as Menken. In fact, heathendom histrionically sets its face and legs against the innovation of clothing to within a tunic such as Mrs. Leo Hunter proposed to adopt, and such as Mr. Leo Hunter incontinently objected to. Even this tunic is being curtailed, and is following the wake of the bonnet of ordinary life. When the part demands a long gown, the invariable rule now followed in such a distressing case of obstructed talent, is to have the gown tucked to the knee at one side at least, and the stratagems by which that side is kept towards the audience proves how genius, even when trammelled, is able to take advantage of any little change for the employment of its choicest accomplishments.

But it is not on the stage alone that our pretty actresses figure so attractively. Colley Cibber regretted the exigency of the dramatic calling by which the instant graces of the player were lost to the world; but he knew nothing of photography, or of the camera sort of graces which the lady performers of our time are secure of transmitting to posterity. You may buy their portraits exactly as you have seen them perform. If there is a slight difference, the difference gives you the benefit of more than you noticed behind the footlights. The pretty actresses are fast driving the pets of the ballet to a desperate rivalry of attitudes. In truth, they have already done as much for the *carte* shops as English dancers, and it is only the Frenchwomen who can beat them on their own ground, and, we must admit, give them odds. Nor are you left in the dark, having paid your shilling, as to the identity of the lady whose picture you may purchase. Not only do you get her name, but you are presented with the familiar diminutive by which she chooses to be set down in the bills. Our pretty actresses desire to linger in the memory of the swell, the cad, the snob, and the gent by those mincing names which denote cordiality and acquaintance. Once or twice a year an opportunity is taken of rendering this cordiality almost intimate; for the swell, the cad, the snob, and the gent are invited to a bazaar, and at a small outlay can speak with the deities, and stare at them to their eyes' content. So that there is no reticence whatever on the part of the pretty actresses. Easy on the stage, free and easy in the *cartes*, liberal of their fascinations at special fêtes, we cannot determine where this generosity will cease. We shall not imitate Matthew Prynne, and hint that the rinderpest or the cholera are judgments for the airiness and vivacity of those theatrical ladies, nor do we think any worse will come of their vulgarizing a noble profession than the fact itself of their debasing it; but the public will discover this in time, and the genuine artists will get to the front.

Women are by their nature fitted for the stage; but they are best fitted for it as women, not as improbable boys, or other questionable nondescripts. Female beauty, archness, and mobility can all be diverted into decorous and amusing channels, without being pressed into competition with that impudence whose professional exponents had once a gallery set apart in our playhouses. We perhaps owe all this to the introduction of spectacle; but there is a sort of crave for it now which must be regarded from every point of view as deplorable. The practice is imitated in a clumsier style at certain music-halls, and no entertainment in London appears to be complete without whole troops of young girls who cannot be intended for anything but exhibition, inasmuch as they have no idea whatever of dancing. The idiotic gambols in which they keep time to the music are painful to witness. A thick-ankled Taglioni flouncing heavily twice, and then, with immense and evident exertion, sustaining herself on one leg; or a would-be Cerito coming out with a flip-flap and a course of hops, and then running away with the grace of a Cochin-China fowl: such is the style of the modern ballet as encouraged at the singing-taverns. The partners who engage in figures with these brilliant performers are got up like our pretty actresses, and never venture a jacket longer than that of a coastguard man. However, they are unable, in consequence of the law, to become quite as Olympian as the latter. Their diversions are limited to dumb-show, but they make the most of the opportunities within their reach. It is really a pity to prevent them from emphasizing their sportiveness with the slang choruses and dialogues of the burlesque.

As far as intellect, refinement, or decency is concerned, there is no distinction between what they do and what the pretty actresses do. Both contribute the same degree of moral entertainment to the minds of their respective audiences. Both are encouraged by similar expressions of approval and gratification. The appetite fed by managerial enterprise at the theatres is identical with that which the music-hall proprietors endeavor to satisfy. To be assured of this we have only to watch the old boy, well padded and preserved, with his rheumy eyes fixed on the stage while Diana exhorts her attendant nymphs, and compare the pious and intelligent expression of his countenance with that of an honest old mechanic or shopkeeper who is making a night of it at a music-hall, and rapping his dingy knuckles on the beer-damp tables while the *première danseuse* shakes her toe on a level with the top of his head.

ANTONY PAYNE, CORNISH GIANT.

On the brow of a lofty hill, crested with stag-horned trees, commanding a deep and woodland gorge, wherein "the Crooks of Combe" (the curves of a winding river) urge onward to the "Severn Sea," still survive the remains of famous old Stowe; that historic abode of the loyal and glorious Sir Beville, the Bayard of old Cornwall, "sans peur et sans reproche," in the thrilling Stewart wars. No mansion on the Tamar-side ever accumulated so rich and varied a store of association and event.

the anniversary of the day when Charles the First had been beheaded, a sub-officer of Payne's own rank had ordered a calf's head to be served up in a "William and Mary dish." This, in those days of new devotion to the House of Hanover, was a coarse and common annual mockery of the beheaded king; and delf, with the faces of these two sovereigns for ornament, was a valued ware (the writer has one large dish). When Payne entered the room, his comrades pointed out to him the insulting and practical jest, to him, too, most offensive, for he was a Stuart man. With a ready and indignant gesture he threw out of the window the symbolic platter and its contents.

A fierce quarrel ensued, and a challenge, and at break of day Payne and his antagonist fought with swords on the ramparts. After a strong contest — for the offender was a master of his weapon — Payne ran his adversary through the sword-arm and disabled him. He is said to have accompanied the successful thrust with the taunting shout, "There's sauce for thy calf's head!" When the strong man at last began to bow himself down at the approach of one stronger than he, the giant of Stowe obtained leave to retire. He returned to Stratton, his native place, and found shelter and repose in the very house and chamber wherein he was born.

After his death, neither the door nor the stairs would afford egress for the large and coffined corpse. The joists had to be sawn through, and the floor lowered with rope and pulley, to enable the giant to pass out towards his mighty grave. Relays of strong bier-men carried him to his rest, and the bells of the tower, by his own express desire, "chimed him home." He was buried outside the southern wall of Stratton church. When the writer was a boy, the sexton one day broke, by accident, through the side wall of a vast but empty sepulchre. Many went to see the sight, and there, marked by a stone in the wall, was a vault, like the tomb of the Anakim, large enough in these days for the interment of three or four of our degenerate dead. But it was empty, desolate, and bare. No mammoth bones nor mysterious relics of the unknown dead. A massive heap of silent dust!

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE English edition of Tennyson's "Elaine," illustrated by Doré, will be published in December.

ARTEMUS WARD'S contributions to *Punch* are not in the old showman's happiest vein. They have thus far displayed "a plentiful lack of wit."

AMERICAN admirers of Charles Dickens will indulge in pleasant anticipations on learning that he has lately been busily engaged in laying out the plot for another serial story.

IT is said that an opera is to be written for Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, on the story of Mdlle. de La Vallière. We hope that the tale is not true. What need is there for one in such favor as the lady enjoys to make market of a physical infirmity?

BURNS'S cottage is "for sale." The Ayrshire (Scotland) *Express* says: "The necessities of the Ayr Incorporation of Shoemakers compel them to dispose of the most valuable property in their possession, 'the auld clay biggin,' dear to all Scotsmen, and to every admirer of the greatest lyric genius of this or any country, if they would maintain, and desire to enhance, the yearly allowances of their aged members. We understand the cottage is now to be exposed by private bargain, at such a price as it may bring."

THE landscape-painter, D'Auria, and Taddei, the well-known actor, are among the recent victims of the cholera at Naples. D'Auria was an artist of considerable merit. Taddei had for many years made the fortune of the Teatro de' Fiorentini, and was an admirable interpreter of the works of Goldoni.

THE sorrowful intelligence lately received touching Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh is confirmed by private letters. The author of "Rab and his Friends," and other delightful papers, incorporated in two volumes entitled "Spare Hours," will, it is feared, charm us no more with his fresh and genial humor. His reason is supposed to be hopelessly impaired.

SEPTIMUS TENNYSON, a brother of the Poet Laureate, died recently at Cheltenham, England. He is described as "a gentle, trusting, lovable man," and "one who will be lamented by all who knew his great worth." He wrote several sonnets, originally published in the *Literary Gazette*, but failed to attain any reputation as a poet.

ONE of Sir Edwin Landseer's finest pictures, painted when his eye, hand, and judgment were in their fullest vigor, has been bequeathed to the National Gallery, under reasonable stipulations, by the late Mr. Newman Smith. The picture is the celebrated "Member of the Royal Humane Society," the noblest figure of a dog that ever looked out from canvas. The picture is to remain with the testator's widow for life. It is then to pass to the National Gallery; but, if the trustees do not suitably hang it within six months, the picture is to become the property of the testator's brother. The trustees are not likely to let such a prize slip from them.

SHOP-FRONT literature, says the *Athenæum*, is full of comic illustrations. The English advertisements in French hotels with their "Warm Baths at every o'clock," and in some German Hofs, with their "Here man dare not smoke," have their corresponding absurdities on this side the water. In the west suburb of London, a tobacconist's brilliant establishment has just been opened, over which is mounted the gilt inscription, in colossal letters, "Cigar Boutique." If the tobacconist's neighbor, the grocer, knows the difference between correct and incorrect French, the owner of the "Cigar Boutique" is likely to be treated as the grocer's coffee is said to be, — "roasted daily on the premises."

ONE of the Paris *chroniqueurs* furnishes us with the following page of gossip: —

"The Empress Eugénie is very fond of novel-reading, and especially favors such tales as contain records of exciting adventure, courage, and patience. On the evening before she left Paris for Biarritz, the Empress was absorbed in Edmond About's celebrated novel 'Trente et Quarante,' and wholly preoccupied with the fate of Captain Bitterlin, the most amusing personage of the fiction, when of a

sudden the Emperor requested her Majesty's presence. Very reluctantly, and not without expressing some regret, did the Empress lay aside the interesting volume to obey her lord and master. The next morning her Majesty left St. Cloud for Biarritz, not having been able to come to the *dénouement* of Captain Bitterlin's adventures. However, as she reached Biarritz a telegraphic despatch was handed to her. It came direct from the Emperor, and only contained these words, 'Le Capitaine Bitterlin est mort!"

A GARDENER near Paris vows by St. Fiacre he has made a green tulip — that, before Australia was discovered, black swan of floriculture — which he will show the world at the Great Exhibition. Patience!

MME. ANCELOT, an authoress of merit, who had her day of celebrity, is extremely ill. It may be remembered that the late Count Alfred de Vigny devised his estate to her. She is the widow of an author who was a member of the French Academy, who failed in writing tragedies, and became bankrupt in playing farces. Her daughter married M. Lachaud, the eminent advocate. She said, in her recently published Memoirs, "I have a daughter whose name is in nobody's mouth, and a son-in-law whose name is in the mouth of everybody."

THE French Emperor contemplates taking Charlemagne's life. Is his Majesty coming down to modern times, "taking all the gentlemen's seats by the way"? If crowned heads dive at this rate into inkhorns (especially since Herr von Bismarck has given the German warren of crowned heads so much leisure), untitled authors may have to struggle harder than ever for bread. It is no easy matter now for an obscure body, with a ream of blotted foolscap under his arm, to get at a publisher. When publishers are hedged round with crowns, there will be no such thing as obscurity getting at them at all.

WE take these two art-notes from the London *Reader:* "Mr. Hart, a native of America, but long resident at Florence, has lately completed a remarkable group, called the 'Triumph of Woman,' the aim of which is expressed by the action of a beautiful woman, who robs Cupid of his last arrow. Mr. Conelly, an English sculptor, also residing at Florence, has just completed an American subject for a wealthy American connoisseur. It is called the 'Return of Peace,' and the group is composed of three figures, — two female ones representing America and Peace, at whose feet there lies dead a form of the human-fiend stamp, conveying the idea of Rebellion crushed.

MEN sometimes satirize themselves. Over the door of Herr von Dreyse, inventor of the needle-gun, are the words "*Bete* und *Arbeite*" (pray and labor, *ora et labora*). But labor at what? Simply at inventions for killing! "I am now seventy-eight years of age," said Von Dreyse, whose gun has made a kingdom into an empire, "and have devoted my life to this work. I rise at four, and, with a few intervals of relaxation, work till I sleep." And the old man, with youthful enthusiasm, showed explosive balls, guns, pistols, — things that would rend, tear, lacerate, pierce, wound, and fill with devilish pains the human form. The Berlin correspondent who tells us all this was filled with a profound emotion. So are we. By nothing more than by that satirical motto.

DURING the recent meeting of the Devon Association for the Advancement of Literature, Science, and Art, at Tavistock, Sir John Bowring read a paper on language. In developing his subject, he said: "The languages of literature and civilization underwent changes not so much by a loss of any existing words, as by a constant influx of new additions to the nomenclature which was required to represent the progress of intelligence. It was believed that more than thirty thousand words have been added to our recognized vocabulary since the appearance of Johnson's Dictionary. It might be safely said that, for one ancient word which has been lost, twenty modern words have been found. There were two processes constantly going on in the world, — the disappearance of ancient idioms, and the fusion of many languages into one. Hundreds of languages, even in the memory of man, had ceased to exist, and the further we went back the greater was the number we discovered. The languages which were likely to last longest, and to spread most widely, were those that most readily welcomed the terms which advancing knowledge needed. In this respect our own was admirable.

"One man had written to prove that the language of Paradise was that which was still current in some of the islands of the Pacific; another had insisted that Welsh was entitled to the distinction; and a book, published by an author not unknown to fame, was believed to have demonstrated that the Enscava or Biscayan was the fascinating speech with which Eve tempted Adam. To the authority of Jeremy Bentham we owed some of the most useful words in our language, now generally employed and introduced into Acts of Parliament, as 'international,' 'codify,' 'maximise,' 'minimise,' and many others. It might be said in general that more than four fifths of the English tongue were traceable to a Gothic or Anglo-Saxon source. In the Lord's Prayer of 69 words, 64 were Anglo-Saxon. In Shakespeare, taking the passage 'To be or not to be,' there were, of 82 words, 70 Anglo-Saxon. In a passage from Swift of 88 words, he found 78; of Dr. Johnson in 87 words, 66 Anglo-Saxon. Among the languages likely to last as long as the human race endures was our own, planted as it was in every region of the earth, the adopted speech of several of the most prosperous, populous, and progressing nations, and possessing in every department of literature such noble and still augmenting treasures. It would owe its popularity not alone to its wide diffusion, but to its plastic character, and its willingness to welcome whatever was likely to strengthen its efficiency."

"THOSE who are obliged to remain in Paris at this blank season of the year are what the Germans call *schadenfroh* at the accounts of bad weather which come to us from the watering-places in France. We also find some consolation in the idea that the winter season will commence earlier this year than usual, and it is expected to be very brilliant. The Grand Opera is still giving 'Don Juan,' and Faure seems to sing better each time he returns to us from London. Verdi's 'Don Carlos' — which had been retarded by the obstinacy of Belval, the *basso profondo*, who thought the part assigned to him below his merits, and refused to sing,

thus obliging the director to seek a substitute — will be produced in the course of the winter. Verdi has been unable to superintend the rehearsal of his opera in person, as an affection of the larynx has obliged him to seek a remedy in the waters of Cauterets. The ballet in the third act (to please the gentlemen of the Jockey Club) will be the grandest ever attempted. It is to be intrusted to the veteran St. Léon, who has just started for Russia, in order to prevail upon the impresario of the opera at St. Petersburg to allow Mdlle. Granzow, who created such a furore here this year, to take the principal part as danseuse. Should he not succeed, Mdlle. Salvioni will take her place.

"Our Italian Opera will commence the season on the second of October. Adelina Patti and Lagrua will be the *prime donne*. We long for this event, as we shall again be able to listen to good music, without having our ears dinned by the abominable *claque*, which takes away so much from our enjoyment in the Paris theatres. The Italian Opera is the only place where this barbarous custom is not allowed. I am sorry to see by the *Musikalische Zeitung* that, whilst our managers are coining money with Mozart's music, the niece of the great composer, Fraülein Josepha Lange, is living in straitened circumstances at Vienna.

"Our artists are now hard at work preparing for the great exhibition next year. Meissonnier in his delightful residence at Poissy, Cabanel, Baudry, and even Ingres, aged eighty-six, who kept away from this year's Salon, intend to astonish the world. The veteran Corot, the inventor of the vaporous school of landscape-painting, now seventy-six years of age, has this year been obliged, by an attack of rheumatism, to remain within doors. He lives in the Rue du Paris Poissonnière, and on Wednesdays and Sundays his atelier is open to all comers. Baron Gustave Wappers, formerly president of the Academy of Antwerp, now a resident in Paris, has this year sent a very fine picture, 'The Widows of Egmont and Horn,' to the Salon at Brussels; it is many years since this artist, whose two pictures, 'Peter the Great at Saardam,' and 'Genoveva,' have been made known in England by engravings, has shown any of his works to the public. Baron Wappers found a kind patron and friend in the late lamented Prince Consort.

"Willaut, the *tenor assoluto* who left the brewing-vat for the stage some years ago, is to have his salary raised to 65,000 francs per annum. He has just been sued by his teacher of music at Avignon for 14,000 francs, but the ungrateful pupil offers but 2,000.

"The Théâtre Lyrique is also giving 'Don Juan' to nightly crowded houses. Mozart is decidedly in favor with the French. Wagner's 'Lohengrin' is to be given there this winter. There is rather a reaction in favor of Wagner, and people begin to think he has been badly used. Theophile Gauthier writes: 'Let us hope that the foolish sneers at the *Zukunftsmusik*, or music of the future, will not be repeated, and that we shall this time be allowed to listen with attention to the greatest musical genius of Germany.' This is well spoken, for the reception given to Wagner at the performance of his 'Tannhaüser' was a disgrace to a people who pretend to be at the head of civilization. Gounod's new opera of 'Romeo and Juliet' will also be given here. An opera by an English composer with a French name, Dervin-Duvivier, is in active rehearsal at the Lyrique; it is entitled 'Deborah.'"

DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

SAITH the white owl to the martin folk,
In the belfry tower so grim and gray:
"Why do they deafen us with these bells?
Is any one dead or born to-day?"

A martin peeped over the rim of its nest,
And answered crossly: "Why, ain't you heard
That an heir is come to the great estate?" —
"I 'ave n't," the owl said, "'pon my word."

"Are men born so, with that white cockade?"
Said the little field-mouse to the old brown rat.
"Why, you silly child," the sage replied,
"This is the bridegroom,—they know him by tha

Saith the snail so snug in his dappled shell,
Slowly stretching one cautious horn,
As the beetle was hurrying by so brisk,
Much to his Snailship's inward scorn:

"Why does that creature ride by so fast?
Has a fire broke out, to the east or west?" —
"Your Grace, he rides to the wedding-feast." —
"Let the madman go. What I want 's rest."

The swallows around the woodman skimmed,
Poising and turning on flashing wing;
One said: "How liveth this lump of earth?
In the air, he can neither soar nor spring?

"Over the meadows we sweep and dart,
Down with the flowers, or up in the skies;
While these poor lumberers toil and slave,
Half-starved, *for how can they catch their flies!*"

Quoth the dry-rot worm to his artisans
In the carpenter's shop, as they bored away:
"Hark to the sound of the saw and file!
What are these creatures at work at, — say?"

From his covered passage a worm looked out,
And eyed the beings so busy o'erhead:
"I scarcely know, my lord; but I think
They 're making a box to bury their dead!"

Says a butterfly, with his wings of blue
All in a flutter of careless joy,
As he talks to a dragon-fly over a flower:
"Ours is a life, sir, with no alloy.

"What are those black things, row and row,
Winding along by the new-mown hay?"
"That is a funeral," says the fly:
"The carpenter buries his son to-day."

FINIS.

FINIS, — the fittest word to end
Life's book, so mystical and solemn;
The fiat of a Roman judge;
The last stone of the finished column.

Finis, — our thrilling, parting word,
As standing by the grave we linger,
And hear the earth fall where the yew
Points downward with its sable finger.

Finis, — the saddest word of all,
Irrevocable, changeless, certain;
The parting sigh beside the dead;
The prompter's word to drop the curtain.

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A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

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THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF.

BY MISS THACKERAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF ELIZABETH."

CHAPTER VII.

"À QUOI JE SONGE."

MEANWHILE Catherine's fate was settled, and Mrs. Butler came into the school-room next morning to announce it. A sort of feeling came over her, poor child, that it was her death-warrant which this gracious lady in black silk robes was announcing in a particularly bland, encouraging tone of voice. What had she done? against whom had she conspired? of what treason was she guilty?

"O, why am I to go?" said Catherine, looking up, very pale, from her book, with round, dark, startled eyes.

Even Mrs. Butler's much-preoccupied heart was touched by the little thing's helpless, woe-begone appeal.

"You have always been quite invaluable to me, my dear Miss George, and I shall miss you excessively, but it is sincerely in your own interest that I am recommending this step to you," Mrs. Butler said, not unkindly.

"O no, no," said Catherine, feebly clutching at the table-cover. "This is too far, I cannot speak French. I could not bear to be away, to leave my sisters, everybody!" And she suddenly burst out crying. "O, I am so silly, so sorry," she sobbed, "for of course I must leave, if you wish it."

"Pray, my dear Miss George," said Mrs. Butler, still kind, yet provoked, "do not distress yourself unnecessarily. You are really quite blind, on this occasion, to your own advantage" (and this was a thing that was almost incomprehensible to Mrs. Butler). "Forgive me for saying so, but I do think it is your duty (as it is that of every one of us) to make the best of circumstances, particularly when there is an increase of salary and an excellent opportunity for improving in French. I do seriously recommend you to think my sister-in-law's proposal well over, and to consult your friends."

And the messenger of fate hastened off to her davenport, and poor Catherine sat crying, with the tears dripping over the page.

No, no, no: she could not bear to go tossing about all alone in the world; it was too hard, too hard. What was she to do? who would tell her what she was to do? Once a wild thought came to her of asking Dick to help her; he was kind, — he would not let them send her away. Why were they driving her from their door? What had she done? — what indeed? A swift terror jarred through her beyond the other sad, complex emotions that were passing in disorder through her mind. Could they think, could they imagine for one minute? The little pale face began to burn, and the eyes to flash, and her hands seemed to grow cold with horror; but no, no, it was impossible. They could not read her heart; and if they did, what was there for them to see? They were worldly, hard people; they did not know what friendship meant, how faithful it could be, how long it could last, how much it was ready to give, how little it required. And then after a time a revulsion came, and she felt as if all she wanted was to go, — to go away and hide her head from them all. If it were not for Rosy and Totty, she did not care what was to come.

She went to bed that night with a heart aching dully, and she dreamt sad dreams until the morning came; and then, as Mrs. Butler advised, Catherine thought of consulting her friends. She walked down to Kensington to Mrs. Martingale's school, where her two chief advisers were to be found, and she wrote a couple of notes, which she posted on her way: one was to Lady Farebrother, at Tunbridge Wells, who belonged to the religious community there; the other was to Mrs. Buckington, who was staying at Brighton for her health. It was another bright summer day; dinner was over, and the school-girls and governesses seemed to have agreed to a truce, and to have come out together for an hour's peace and refreshment on the green overgrown garden at the back of the house. Jessamines were on the walls, and there were spreading trees, under one of which the French governess was reading a limp *Journal des Demoiselles*, smelling of hairpins and pomatum from the drawer in which it was kept.

Miss Strumpf, the German governess (she was to leave this quarter, it was darkly whispered), was eating a small piece of cheese which she had saved from dinner, and a rotten-looking medlar she had picked up off the grass. Some of the girls were dancing a quadrille on the lawn; others were singing and aimlessly rushing about the space enclosed by the four moss-grown walls, against which jessamines, and japonicas, and Virginian creepers were growing. Rosy and Totty, and a few chosen friends, were in a group on the step of the cistern. Totty, who was a quaint and funny little girl of ten, with a red curly wig, and a great deal of imagination, was telling a story: her stories were very popular among the literary portion of the community; but her heroine came to an untimely end when the narrator heard who was up stairs.

Catherine was waiting in the great drawing-room with the many windows and the photograph books, and the fancy-work mats presented by retiring pupils, and the wax water-lily on the piece of looking-glass, a tribute from an accomplished dancing-mistress. She came to meet her sisters, looking very pale, with dark rings round her eyes.

"Cathy, Cathy, why do you look so funny?" said Totty, clutching her round the waist.

"O Totty dear," said Cathy, holding the children tight to her, and trying not to cry, and to speak cheerfully. "I look funny, because I am going away from Mrs. Butler's. I don't know what to do. I want you and Rosy to tell me what you think." And then she told them her little history, in her plaintive voice, holding the hands tight,—tight in hers. She had dreaded so telling them, that now that it was over she felt happier and almost relieved; it was not nearly so bad as she had feared.

"It is no use asking our aunts," said Rosy; "they will write great long letters, and be no help at all."

As for little Totty, she was so indignant with Mrs. Butler, so delighted at the promise of a whole six weeks' holiday next year to be spent alone with Catherine and Rosy in a cottage in the air, that she forgot the distance and the separation, and bore the news far more bravely than Catherine herself. Rosy, who was as tall as Catherine nearly, held her hand very tight, and did not say much. She was old for her age,—a downright girl, with more courage than poor little Catherine, and a sort of elder sister feeling for her, though she was only thirteen. But some girls have the motherly element strongly developed in them from their veriest babyhood, when they nurse their dolls to sleep upon their soft little arms, and carefully put away the little broken toy, because it must be in pain. And Rosy was one of these. She was not clever, but she seemed to understand with her heart what other people felt. She took Cathy's aching head in her arms, and laid it on her shoulder, and kissed her again and again, as a mother might have done.

"My poor old darling," said Rosy, "don't be unhappy at leaving us; I'll take care of Totty, and some day I'll take care of you too."

"But where shall we go to in the holidays?" said Totty, cheering up. "Let there be donkeys, please."

Fraulein Strumpf, who was curious by nature, happened to peep in at the drawing-room door, as she was passing, to see who the little girls' visitor might be. She was rather scandalized to see Rosy sitting in a big arm-chair, with her visitor kneeling on the floor before her, and Totty leaning with straggling legs and drooping curls over the arm. It seemed like a liberty in this gray, grim drawing-room to be kneeling down on the floor, instead of sitting upright and stiff at intervals upon the high-backed chair. Even the sunshine came in through the tall windows in subdued streaks, playing on the ancient ceiling and the worn-out carpet. The three heads were very close together, and they had settled that it was to be a farm-house in Surrey, where they had once stayed before.

"Do you remember the little wood where we picnicked?" said Rosy. "And the farmer's cart?" cried Totty, quite happy by this time. Catherine had all the troubles of youth to bear on her poor little shoulders, but she had also its best consolation. Here she was with the other two children almost happy again at the thought of a goeart and a baby-house, and some live toys to play with in the fields.

When she went away the color had come back into her cheeks. Rosy and Totty were leaning over the old-fashioned tall balcony, and kissing their hands. She saw them for many a day after, and carried one more vision away with her of the quaint old square, with its green garden and ancient panes and doorways, of the dear, dear little faces, smiling through their tears, and bidding her good speed.

She did not trust herself to say good by to them again: and when Madame de Tracy went off in her cab with her maid and her tall gray boxes, little Catherine vanished, too, out of her accustomed corner in the school-room, and Fraulein Strump reigned in her stead. The morning's post brought Catherine two letters, which she read in the railway carriage on her way to Dover.

MUTTON'S MANSION, Oriental Place, Brighton.

MY DEAR CATHERINE: Your letter was forwarded to me here from Park Crescent, which I left on Tuesday. For the last three weeks I had been feeling far from well, and scarcely strong enough to bear the exertion of my daily drive round the Regent's Park. My appetite also had fallen off sadly, and I hardly knew what it was to enjoy a meal. My good friend and able physician, Dr. Pattie, urgently recommended me to try sea air; and, notwithstanding my usual reluctance to move from home, I resolved to follow his advice. Dr. Pattie considers that there is nothing equal to sea bathing for strengthening the nerves and the appetite; and he also has a high opinion of the merits of a fish diet, believing it to be exceedingly light and nutritive. But the difficulty here, and I believe it to be the case in all seaport towns, is to get a variety of fish. I have only twice ventured to bathe, and found it very trying; but I must say that I am daily gaining strength, and that my appetite has certainly improved, although it is not yet all that I could wish. To return to your letter. I am truly concerned to hear that anything should have occurred to unsettle your plans, and make you think of leaving your present excellent situation; but I am not indeed in a fit state of health to be able to offer you any advice. Thinking tells so upon my nerves, that Dr. Pattie has forbidden me to make any exertion of the sort. Your aunt Farebrother is far better able than I am to take your affairs into consideration, so you had better write to her at once, and act upon what she says; at the same time using your own judgment in what you think best.

Ever your affectionate aunt,
SOPHIA BUCKINGTON.

TABOR VILLA, Mount Zion, Tunbridge Wells.

MY DEAREST NIECE: Surrounded as I am by duties that to every humble Christian spirit stand first and foremost in the path of life, I have but little leisure or inclination to attend to anything belonging to this world rather than to the next. I am the last person to whom you should apply for counsel, except, indeed, in matters relating to your spiritual welfare, for I have made it a rule never to waste time or thought over the trifling cares of every-day life. My sister, Mrs. Buckington, is better versed in worldly wisdom than I am, and I should recommend you always to ask and follow her advice in your little dilemmas; but you must not think that I am neglectful of you, or that I am not always ready to give my poor help in those subjects which lie within my field of work and thought. Only yesterday I had an opportunity of speaking long and earnestly about you with my dear friend and pastor, Mr. Bland. He and I both agreed that, should you decide upon going to France, the one essential point to be considered is, whether a young and feeble mind does not run a great risk of falling into the too-tempting snares of Popery. But then again Mr. Bland said, who could tell but that you might be the humble means of bringing some of those lost sheep to light? Surely it would be well to be provided with a few simple tracts, which you could distribute whenever you saw a fitting moment. Before you leave London, do not fail to go to the Religious Tract Society in Piccadilly

and ask for the Rev. Walpole Bland's Tracts for home and foreign use. By presenting a card of Mr. Bland's that I enclose you, you will get them at the reduced rate of half a crown a hundred, — a small sum indeed for so great a treasure! I should also be glad if you would take with you to France a little parcel of Irish point lace, for which the French ladies (always so fond of dress) would, I dare say, like to raffle thirty tickets, 12*s.* 6*d.* each, for the benefit of the Polish Protestant colporteurs.

I shall be glad to hear that you are getting on satisfactorily, and believe me,

My dear Catherine,
Yours affectionately,
P. G. Farebrother.

Catherine sighed as she folded up the two letters and put them into her pocket. It was not the first time she had corresponded with her step-mother's sisters, but she was too sad to take things philosophically and to laugh.

All the way Madame de Tracy was in high spirits; she was delighted to get back to her children, to carry off Miss George, to have secured a pure English accent for Nanine, and Henri, and Madelaine. She sat surrounded by bags of which the contents seemed to fly from one to the other, like in some one of those conjurer's tricks. From bag to bag Madame de Tracy and Barbe, her long-suffering attendant, pursued a Bradshaw, a rouleau of sovereigns, a letter which had arrived that morning, a paper-cutter, all of which were captured and replaced in their various homes, only to be dispersed and hunted for again.

"Barbe, I have left my parasol in the cab — and my purse! We must telegraph. I distinctly remember laying it down on the waiting-room table. Ah! what a misfo—"

"Madame, there it is in your lap," said Barbe, calmly, "and your parasol is behind you."

"Ah! what an escape!" sighed Madame de Tracy. "The tickets, and more than thirty pounds, are in this purse, and I could not possibly have lost them; I am utterly ruined, I have bought so many things in London. Miss George, I see your book wants cutting; give it to me, I adore cutting open books. I envy you, you look so calm, you have none of these troublesome concerns to attend to: but some one must do it. Barbe, where is the paper-cutter?"

They had started late in the afternoon, and were to sleep at Calais, and to go on to Tracy the next day. They crossed on a still night with a waning moon. Many and many a sad, confused thought must have come to the little traveller by the light of the creaking lamp in the cabin. Faces, pictures, all the events of the last few weeks, were dancing about in the darkness, voices were sounding, the children's faces were looking at her out of dark corners. The lamp swung on its hinges, the vessel throbbed and shook, Catherine felt as if she was, indeed, a waif upon a great sea tossed hither and thither by wayward winds. How oddly distinct the voices and images fell upon her brain; Kitty, Cathy, she seemed to hear her little sisters calling her through the moans of the sea, by all the names they liked to give her; and another voice sounded in her foolish little ears, and her last few words with Dick seemed to be repeated to her by all the rolling waves.

She had only seen him once after that day at Lambswold. Catherine thought it was a cruel fate which prevented their meeting. It was more likely a sensible precaution. Doors, stairs, conventionalisms, had been piled in a great heap between them, and there is nothing so hard to pass as these simple impediments. The stairs are carpeted and easy to climb, the doors are on the latch, with nice china handles to open them, there is nothing to prevent, and yet prison-bars have been burst open, burning deserts crossed, icy passes and steep mountains scaled and surmounted more easily than these simple obstacles.

There was a train to Paris, Madame de Tracy heard on landing, and she determined to go on. Catherine cared not. The night seemed to her like a sort of summary or epilogue to the little slice of a life which had belonged to her hitherto. She sat watching the black ghosts of trees, and walls, and wayside inns, flying past the windows, the single lights here and there in the dark plain, and listening to the voices at the little stations, sounding melancholy and sudden as voices always do in the dark.

Her protectress peacefully dreamt through the long hours that Catherine watched and wondered. What would the day be like that had not yet dawned, the new world which awaited her? thought the girl, with her wide-open, shining eyes. Catherine George somehow expected that the sun would never rise, that the land would be always dark, and strange, and desolate to her; that she would find herself utterly alone, and wandering here and there in the gloom. . . . .

She forgot in how great a measure one's future is made up of one's past, — how we see and understand things by all those which have preceded them, — how it is yesterday which makes to-morrow. The future is never so strange as we picture it to ourselves. A hundred golden threads bind us to it already. It is all one's whole past life which claims the future and draws it into itself. The lesson given long, long ago by the love which foresaw, teaches in after-years when the occasion has come. One thing recalls another, as one thing forebodes another, and sometimes the two together make a full chord of happiness, or may be, of sadness, so grateful and so sweet, that it seems as if it must be happiness.

At any rate, when the next day came, Catherine found that, instead of creeping slowly along, all gray and black, and dark and terrible, the future had come for her with a cheery clatter, and crack of whips, and blowing of horns, friendly faces looking out, a barking of dogs, some one to help her up the steps, as with cheerful confusion and noise and jingle they start through the bright, light streets and cross the fertile plains of Normandy.

They had all finished dinner at Tracy, and were sitting about in the great drawing-room. The muffled piano stood in the middle of the room; the lamps were placed here and there; the polished floors were only covered by little square carpets, sprinkled sparsely about. Two rows of pink-striped chairs stood in lines from the fireplace, over which the Tracys had erected a tall and elaborately-carved chimney-piece. The furniture of the castle corresponded in date to the mahogany reign of terror in England, but in France at that period all was harmony and fitness, and you need dread no four-post beds at Tracy, no fierce sideboards, no glowering washstands and looming wardrobes.

The old clock over the chimney was ticking nine o'clock, the windows were open upon a sea of moonlight in the garden. There were glasses and bottles upon a side-table, where Marthe de Coëtlogon, Ernestine's sister, was playing dominoes with the curé, who had been asked to dinner. Monsieur de

Tracy and Monsieur Fontaine, who had also had the honor of being invited, were smoking in the moonlit alleys of the garden.

Mademoiselle de Coëtlogon had a sweet, placid face, over which a smile would break now and then, not very often. She sat there in her long white dress, with her soft hair tied up simply with a blue ribbon, and the light of the lamp falling upon her face and the old curé's bald head. It seemed incongruous, somehow, that she should be playing dominoes, with that Madonna-like head, — still and tender at once. She had been vowed to the Virgin by her father from the day she was born. Her life had been saved by a miracle, it was said, and Marthe grew up strong and well, but never like other people. She had a vocation from her earliest youth; never changed her mind or faltered for one minute. She was four-and-twenty now. In a year she would be of an age, according to the French law, to decide for herself. No one could influence her: not Jean, who could not bear the subject named before him; not her mother, a widow, who, wistful, half timid, half angry, scolded, entreated, cried, and implored and forbade in vain. Ernestine, her sister, was the only one of them who did not really object; on the contrary, such devotion seemed to reflect a certain credit on the family. But all the same Madame de Tracy, at her mother's desire, did her best to distract her sister from her intentions, by taking Marthe all one year into the world. Madame de Coëtlogon, too, accompanied her daughter. Toilettes, *partis*, music, gayeties of every description, poor Marthe endured in patience; but all these well-meant distractions had a very different effect to that which the poor mother hoped and longed for.

It seemed strange to us commonplace, common-sense Protestant people, in these days of commonplace and common-sense, living in the rough-and-ready world of iron, of progress, of matter-of-fact, to hear of passionate revival and romance and abstract speculation, to be told of the different experiences of living beings now existing together. While the still women go gliding along their convent passages to the sound of the prayer-bells, with their long veils hanging between them and the coarse, hard world of every day, the vulgar, careworn toilers, the charwomen and factory hands of life are at their unceasing toil, amid squalor and grime and oaths and cruel denseness: the hard-worked mothers of sickly children are slaving, day after day, in common lodging-houses, feeding on hard fare, scraps and ends from the butchers' shops, or refuse and broken victuals from some rich neighbor's kitchen: while others, again, warmed and fed in the body, weary and starving mentally, are struggling through passionate sorrow and privation. . . . .

Are work and suffering the litanies of some lives? one wonders: are patience and pain and humiliation the fasts and the penances of others? No veils hang between the hard, brazen faces and the world: no convent bars enclose them other than the starting, ill-built brick walls of their shabby homes and lodging-places. But who shall say that the struggles, the pangs, prayers, outcries of all these women, differently expressed and experienced though they are, do not go up together in one common utterance to that place where there is pity for the sorrowful and compassion for the weary?

Dick Butler, who had a tender heart himself, said one day, smoking his pipe, to some one who had cried out she could not understand how the good God who made the little ones so pretty and so touching could bear to hear them weep for pain, — "People seem to think themselves in some ways superior to Heaven itself when they complain of the sorrow and want round about them. And yet it is not the Devil for certain who puts pity into their hearts."

It is vain to try to answer such questions, but it is difficult not to wonder and speculate, as every day one sees stranger and subtler contrasts and forms of life. There is the good mother of the family, — useful, busy, happy, bright-eyed and light-hearted, approaching her home, of which the shimmer seems to cheer and warm her as she sees it gleaming from a distance. There is the forlorn little traveller from Jerusalem, whose wounds have been bound up with wine and oil, coming in her charge to the inn.

On the sofa, like a little lady out of Watteau, eating bonbons, sits young Madame de Tracy, occasionally smiling at the good old curé's compliments. She is a graceful young woman, with bright blue eyes, with a plaintive expression; and as she really has everything in the world she wishes for, no wonder she is dissatisfied. Her life lies before her quite smooth, flat, uninteresting, all sunshine, and not a bit of shade anywhere, except what she can make for herself by raising an occasional storm, and, fortunately, her temper is easily upset.

Ernestine dressed charmingly, in white and lilac and pink; she left blue ribbons to Marthe. She was very graceful in all her movements, even when she was angry. Her husband was a plain, good-natured looking man, with a ribbon in his button-hole, and a hooked eye-glass. He was very rich, and gave her everything she liked, and attended very patiently to all her reproaches. Ernestine liked him, and was proud of his abilities and indignant at his want of ambition. She was very proud also of her blue eyes, which she inherited from her mother; and as she did not bury her talents in a napkin, they were very much admired in the world at Paris, where she had an apartment, all full of great vases and cabinets, in which she spent her winters. In the spring and the summer she came down to her mother-in-law's house.

Madame Jean de Tracy was just popping a chocolate bonbon into her mouth when her husband and M. Fontaine came in from the garden.

"Madame, we have just seen a carriage turn into the long avenue," said M. Fontaine, hastening to tell the news; "we surmise that it may be madame votre belle-mère returning."

"It is certain to be her," cried Ernestine; "she told us not to expect her; and it is so late too."

"It is no use going to meet her, she will be here directly," said Jean, walking to the door in his deliberate way.

Almost directly there was a sound of voices, of exclamations, — the cook, the valet-de-chambre, Sidonie, Madame Jean's maid, appeared to announce the safe arrival of the travellers. A couple of dogs came in barking, — even the children's bonne came rushing down from up stairs; the game of dominoes was interrupted: Jean embraced his mother very affectionately as she entered the room: Fontaine hovered about, deeply interested in the meeting, and hastened to relieve Madame de Tracy of her parasol; parcels were wildly handed about like buckets at a conflagration: then came more embraces, explanations, and exclamations. "You never came to meet me. I forgot to post my letter. Casimir brought us up in his little carriage." "Un-

fortunately we have dined. There is sure to be something. Bon jour, Barbe, here you are returned from England!" "We nearly did not get home at all; old Chrétien ran his cart up against us. He was quite tipsy. O, I am sure of it. Give us something to eat, for I am famished." All this in a crescendo, which was brought to a climax by a sudden shriek from Madame Jean.

"Who is that in the window?" she cried, pointing. "Look, there is somebody"; and she seized her husband's arm.

"I am really too forgetful. Come here, my dear child," cried Madame de Tracy. "Here is my dear young friend, Miss George, Ernestine; I have persuaded her to come back with me."

At this incantation the little apparition who had been standing clasping her great warm shawl, and childishly absorbed in the scene, wondering who each person could be, advanced blushing, with ruffled hair, and trailing her long draperies. She looked up into their faces with that confiding way she had. Madame Jean made her a little inclination; Jean came up and good-naturedly shook hands, *à l'Anglaise;* Monsieur Fontaine, parasol in hand, bowed profoundly. Tired as she was, hungry, preoccupied by her return home, an idea flashed through Madame de Tracy's fertile mind at that instant, which, alas! unlike many of her ideas, she was destined to put into execution.

"Monsieur Fontaine, our excellent maire," said she, going on with her introductions; "Mademoiselle de Coëtlogon, M. l'Abbé Verdier. Ernestine, we will give Miss George the yellow room, and some supper. My dear child, I am dying of hunger. I have eaten nothing but little tartlets all day."

The tartlets, the château, the moonlight, the ladies, the whole journey, seemed to come out of the *Arabian Nights*, Catherine thought, only the Abbé did not belong to them. The quiet little old man, sitting in the corner, caused a thrill to this stern Protestant of which he was happily unconscious.

Catherine and her protectress supped in the great dining-room, — a long and lofty room, with a fine ceiling, and many tall windows, barred and shuttered. The one lamp only lighted the table, where cold meat and cream cheese, and a melon and grapes, were spread. Jean accompanied them, and so did Ernestine, who flung a pretty white hood over her head, and sat watching them at their meal.

"And your grandmother, how is she?" asked Madame de Tracy of her son.

"She is as usual," said Jean; "she has heard of your return, and Baptiste has just come down to ask for a little supper for her from your table. Miss George, you do not eat. You must get a good appetite at Tracy. I hope you are going to stay with us for some time."

Again Catherine blushed up, and looked from her host to the little lady with the bright eyes. "I thought — I hoped —" she stammered.

"We have got her safe," interrupted Madame de Tracy, flurriedly, carving away at a cold chicken. "We are not going to part from her." Poor lady, her courage was failing her somewhat. She did not like the looks Madame Jean was casting at her little *protégée*. She made haste to send Catherine to bed as soon as she had done her supper. Baptiste, with a candle, and Barbe, were both deputed to show the way up the broad stone stairs, with curiously-scrolled iron railings, along a great stone passage, dark with shadows, and with windows at intervals looking on the moonlit courtyard. Their footsteps echoed, and their moon-shadows flitted along with them. Catherine looked out once, and saw a figure crossing the court. The iron gates opened to let it out, and she recognized the tall, dark gentleman they had called Monsieur Fontaine. "I imagined he was Monsieur de Tracy when I first came in," Catherine thought. "They were both very kind."

"What is that distant noise?" she asked Barbe, as she followed her up more stairs and passages.

"That is the sound of the sea, mademoiselle," said Barbe. "We hear it very well from here when the wind blows in this direction."

Catherine dreamt of the sea that night, of her journey, of the Abbé and Monsieur Fontaine, of Beamish, playing his marches and sonatas in Dick's studio. She dreamt that she heard the music even, and then, somehow, she herself was playing, and they were all listening to her; but the notes would not strike, in vain she tried, she could bring forth no sound; and the sea came nearer and nearer all the time, and the waves flowed in tune. It was a horrible dream, though when she awoke there was nothing much in it.

CHAPTER VIII.

REINE.

THE tide which sways between the two great shores of England and of France sometimes beats against our chalk-cliffs, which spread in long, low lines gleaming tranquilly in the sun, while the great wave-armies roll up with thundering might to attack them; sometimes it rushes over the vast sand-plains and sand-hills, the dunes and the marshes of France, spreading and spreading until its fury of approach is spent, and then perhaps, as the sun begins to set, and the sky to clear, suddenly the water stills and brightens, and the fishing-boats put out to sea with the retiring tide. Some people living on the shores listen to the distant moan of the waters as they roll and roll away; some are so used by long custom that they scarcely heed the sad echoing. But others are never accustomed. One woman has told me that for years after she first came to live in her husband's house by the sea, the consciousness of its moan never left her. She never could grow used to it. It haunted her in her sleep, in her talk, in her daily occupations. She thought at one time she should go mad if the sound did not cease; it would die away into the distance, and then come rolling nearer and louder, with passionate sobs and sudden moans, and the wild, startling, discordant cries of the water-birds. She had a foolish superstition that she should be happy when she ceased to hear the moan of the sea.

What is this strange voice of Nature that says with one utterance so many unlike things? Is it that we only hear the voice of our own hearts in the sound of the waves, in the sad cries of birds as they fly, of animals, the shivering of trees, the creaking and starting of the daily familiar things all about their homes?

This echo of the sea, which to some was a complaint and a reproach, was to Reine Chrétien like the voice of a friend and teacher, — of a religion almost. There are images so natural and simple that they become more than mere images and symbols; and to her, when she looked at the gleaming immensity, it was almost actually and in truth to her the

great sea, upon the shores of which we say we are as children playing with the pebbles. It was her formula. Her prayers went out unconsciously towards the horizon, as some pray looking towards heaven, in the words which their fathers have used; and some pray by the pains they suffer; and some by the love which is in them; and some, again, without many words, pray in their lives and their daily work, but do not often put into actual phrases and periphrases the story of their labors and weariness and effort. The other children on the shore are sometimes at variance with these latter in their play; for while they are all heaping up their stores of pebbles, and stones, and shells, and building strange, fantastic piles, and drawing intricate figures upon the sand, and busily digging foundations which the morning tides come and sweep away, suddenly they seem to grow angry, and they wrathfully pick up the pebbles and fling them at one another, wounding, and cutting, and bruising with the sharp edges.

How long ago is it since the children at their play were striking the flints together to make fires to burn the impious ones who dared to point to the advancing tides and say, See, they come to wash away your boundaries. The advancing tides, thanks be to God, have in their turn put out those cruel fires; but sharp stones still go flying through the air, and handfuls of sand, and pebbles, and long, straggling bunches of sea-weed that do no great harm, perhaps, but which sting and draggle where they fall.

Reine, on her sea-shore, picked up her stones with the rest of us, and carefully treasured the relics which she inherited from her mother, the good Catholic, since whose death her life would have been a sad one if it had not been so full of small concerns of uninterrupting work. She, too, like the other woman of whom I have been writing, heard the sound of the sea as she went about her daily occupations, but to Reine it seemed like the supplement and encouragement of her lonely life. She listened to it as she went her rounds from the great kitchen to the outer boundaries of the farm, across the orchards and fields to the garden a mile off where her beans were growing, or sometimes sitting, resting by the blazing hearth, where the wood was heaped and the dried colza grass flaring.

Reine's religion was that in which she had been brought up from a child. Her mother professed the same faith as the Marions, and the Sabeaus, and the Picards of the place. She had used the same words and outward signs as her husband until his death, — as old Pierre Chrétien, the grandfather, — but their sense was not the same. The old grandfather in his blouse rather avoided contemplating the future. He had a pretty clear idea of a place not unlike the chapel of the Delivrande, only larger, with statuettes at intervals, and Monsieur le Curé triumphant. It was more comfortable, on the whole, to retire to the kitchen of the Golden Sun, where Pélottier dispensed cider and good wine at twopence a bottle, and from whence Pierre's granddaughter, with angry, dogged eyes, had fetched him away on more than one occasion: a terrible apparition in her beauty and her indignation. The children themselves would fly before her on such occasions, and they were generally her best friends.

Reine was one of those people whose inner life works upon their outer life, and battles with it. She had inherited her mother's emotional nature, and her father's strong and vigorous constitution. She was strong where her mother had been weak. She had thoughts and intuitions undreamt of by those among whom she lived. But things went crossways with her, and she suffered from it. She was hard and rough at times, and had not that gentleness and openness which belong to education and to culture. Beyond the horizon dawned for her the kingdom of saints and martyrs, for which her mother before her had longed as each weary day went by: the kingdom where, for the poor woman, the star-crowned Queen of Heaven reigned with pitiful eyes. Reine did not want pity or compassion as yet. She was a woman with love in her heart, but she was not tender, as some are, or long-suffering; she was not unselfish, as others who abnegate and submit until nothing remains but a soulless body, a cataleptic subject mesmerized by a stronger will. She was not humble, easily entreated, unsuspicious of evil. The Devil and his angels had sown tares enough in her heart to spring up in the good soil, thick and rank and abundant; only it was good soil in which they were growing, and in which the grain of mustard-seed would spring up too, and become a great tree in time, with wide-spreading branches, although the thick weeds and poisonous grasses were tangling in a wilderness at its root.

Reine on her knees, under the great arch of Bayeux Cathedral, with the triumphant strains of the anthem resounding in her ears, would have seemed to some a not unworthy type of the Peasant Girl of Domremy, in Lorraine. As the music rung higher and shriller, the vibrations of the organ filled the crowded edifice. Priests stood at the high altar celebrating their mysteries; the incense was rising in streams from the censers; people's heads went bending lower and lower; to Reine a glory seemed to fill the place like the glory of the pink cloud in the Temple, and the heavens of her heart were unfolded. The saints and visions of her dim imaginations had no high commands for their votary: they did not bid her deliver her country, but sent her home to her plodding ways and her daily task, moved, disturbed, with a gentler fire in her eye, and with the soft chord in her voice stirred and harmonizing its harsher tone.

Reine's voice was a peculiar one, and must have struck any one hearing it for the first time. It rung odd, sudden, harmonious, with a sort of jar in it, or chord. Voices of this quality are capable of infinite modulation. Sometimes they soften into gay, yet melancholy music, like Mozart's, of which they always remind me; sometimes they harden into the roughest and iciest of discordant accents.

She liked going back by herself, after the service was over, quietly across the plain. She was strong, and the three miles to Tracy, skirting the road and the cornfields, were no fatigue to her, especially in the summer when the corn was waving gold, and the blue bright flowers and the poppies blazed among the tall yellow stalks. Sometimes Reine would ride back on her donkey. This was when she stopped at a low, long house with windows opening on the street at the entrance of the town, at the door of which she would find poor Annette waiting patiently, tied to a ring in the wall.

On these occasions Reine would go to the window and call out in her kindest voice, "Eh bien, Madame Marteau, am I to have Josette to-day to come and play with the little chickens?"

Josette was Reine's goddaughter, who had been christened Josephine Marie Reine des Cieux, after her "marraine." She was a tiny little girl, with two round eyes and a little tight black cap tied

under her chin, and a little black stuff pinafore and trousers to match. Reine was fond of the child, and charming with her. She was one of those people who are like angels when they protect and take care of others, and who are hard, ungrateful, suspicious, unjust, to those to whom they are obliged to look up.

On this particular Sunday, while the luncheon trays were steaming into the dining-room in Eaton Square, with Dick driving up to the door in a hansom, and Mr. Butler still rustling the *Observer* in his study, while Beamish and Catherine were slowly walking home from church, and little Catherine, who had preceded them, was standing all by herself in the school-room, vacantly plaiting and unplaiting the tassel of the blind, and pulling the ragged ends, and thinking of the future looming darkly, — it was her last day in the dismal little Bastile; and now that the end was come, she looked back with a child's passion of persistence and longing to the threads and straws with which she had beguiled her time; — while all this was going on in one small corner of the world, in another, Reine was pulling out her strong arms, and lifting little Josette on to the donkey's back.

Josette's mother — a careworn woman in shabby clothes — was standing in the sun, shading her dimmed eyes; — the light dazzled poor Madame Marteau. Her life was spent in a sort of twilight gloom, nursing the bedridden husband whose voice even now might be heard muttering and calling from an inner room. The poor woman looked on with a glimpse of pleasure in her sad face, grateful to Reine for carrying off the little maiden into a wholesome, bright atmosphere, where there were flowers growing, and little chickens running about, and a little boy to play with sometimes, to a place where Josette expanded with delight in all the glory of childhood, instead of being dwarfed into a precocious little woman by Père Marteau's railings and scoldings.

"Well, Josette, what does one say?" said Madame Marteau.

"Bo zour, marraine," lisped Josette, hanging her head, and pretending to be shy.

"Josette is coming home with me," said Reine, "to see Belette and Miné, and to ask Petitpère to give her some brioche," to all of which propositions Josette nodded her head. And then she said something which sounded like J'allonsvoirletitoto.

"They begin soon enough," said Madame Marteau, shrugging her weary shoulders. "She is always talking about le petit Toto. M. Fontaine must take care. . . . ."

Here, like a distant roll of musketry, came a volley of r-r-r's from the inner room. Reine frowned and turned away. Madame Marteau hastily nodded good by, and passed in, disappearing into the gloom, while Reine and little Josette rode on together through the sunlit fields.

Josette had her wish, and Toto was allowed to come and spend the day with her. Toto's grandmother favored Mademoiselle Chrétien, and never denied her requests. The two children dined with Reine and her father in the great dark farm-kitchen. They had soup with bread in it, and cider and stewed beef and cabbage, and as much galette as they could eat. Reine took care of them and old Chrétien; she poured out the cider, and went away herself to fetch a particular dish of eggs which her grandfather liked. Dominique dined with them too. The great dog came marching in through the open door; the cocks and hens came and peeped at them. Outside it was all sunny and still; inside there was galette and two pretty little plates and tumblers for the children to use, and all Reine's treasures, brooches and rosaries and reliquaries, for them to play with after dinner, and Reine herself bustling about with her gold earrings bobbing as she bent over the table. But she was silent, although she attended to them all, and she looked at the door once and sighed.

Old Chrétien joked her, and asked Dominique what was the matter. Reine answered short and quick. For one thing the thought of that poor woman's wretchedness oppressed her. "I name no names, because of the children," she said, "but it seems to me it must be like a hell upon earth to be chained to wild beasts, as some women are."

"And that is why she don't marry," said old Chrétien to Dominique, filling his glass. "Well, we all please ourselves! I have seen more than one ill-assorted couple in my time. . . . Here in this very room. . . ."

Reine flushed up. "Now, children, make haste," she said in her harsh, quick voice. "Dominique! you will be here. I shall come back in an hour. Petitpère, here is your pipe already lighted." And then taking one child by each hand, she dragged them away across the great deserted-looking court, and out at the arched gateway into the road, and into a tall hayfield which skirted it. Paris, the great dog, came too, and Reine pulled a book out of her pocket and sank down in the hay, while the two little things, hand in hand, swam and struggled through the tall grasses. Their heads only overtopped the hay by a very little. Toto made way and valiantly knocked down a marguérite which stood in Josette's way, and chased away a bluebottle which frightened her with its noises. Josette laughed and capered and danced on her little stout boots.

"O, the waves, the waves," cried Toto, as a soft wind came blowing from afar, bending the tall grass and the flower-heads, and shaking a few apples off the branches of the tree where Reine was sitting. "Come and fish for the apples," said she, smiling, as the two little creatures came tumbling and pushing through the deep sea of hay.

Monsieur de Tracy from the château happened to be passing along the high-road at that instant, and he, too, smiled good-naturedly and took off his hat.

"Bon jour, Mademoiselle Chrétien," he said. "Are you not afraid of spoiling your hay?"

Reine scarcely acknowledged his greeting; she looked fierce and defiant, and gave a little stiff nod, and went on reading a book.

"Is not that M. Fontaine's little boy?" said Jean, stopping and looking at the trio among the sweet dry grasses and flowers. The children were peeping at him bright-eyed and interested from a safe distance. Reine never lifted her eyes off her book: "Marie, qui avez mené une vie simple et laborieuse, priez pour moi afin que j'apprenne à me contenter de peu de chose et à travailler selon les devoirs de ma condition," she was murmuring to herself, and she did not cease her pious exercise until M. de Tracy had walked on.

"I wonder why that girl always behaves so strangely?" thought Jean, as he walked away. "Can my mother have vexed her in any way? I must ask my wife."

Madame Jean held up her pretty little hands at the question.

"Mon ami, it is not I who would like to answer

for what your mother may or may not have said," laughed she.

But Madame de Tracy had said nothing, and indeed she was a favorite with the people all about. They laughed at her flightiness and expansiveness, mistrusted her promise, but they could not help liking her. Reine took to her more kindly than to the rest of the family; all her worst self would come up when she was brought in contact with these people, who came stepping down from their superior grandeur to be intrusively civil to those who did not want them. "What does he mean by his Mademoiselle Chrétiens, and eye-glasses, and politeness?" thought the foolish girl. "I know well enough at what rate he holds us, and I try to tell him so in my way." Reine was not a bad girl, but the sight of all this prosperity turned her sour. "'How do you do? Take care of your hay'—Madame Jean's maddening little nod as she trips in her Paris toilette, and Mademoiselle Marthe's great blue eyes—it all offends me," said Reine, cutting the matter short.

This was the class to which her mother belonged. These were the men and the women who had cast her off, never forgiven her,—forgotten her utterly. These were the people who would do the same to-morrow again; who would insult her and scorn her, as they had scorned her mother before her, for all her beauty, and good blood, and wealth, if,—if she were not firm to a certain resolve she had made. No, she would never marry, never, never. Not if he came back again and again to ask her. Reine had an instinct about the person of whom she was thinking. She believed that no one whom she loved could help loving her; but she was proud at the same time. She knew her own worth, and a poor struggling painter, with all his education, did not seem to her any very brilliant match for an heiress like herself, with the blood of the D'Argouges in her veins, and the farms at Tracy, at Petitport, the oyster-parks at Courseulles, the houses at Bayeux, for her dower. "Venez, mes enfants," said Reine, shutting up her prayer-book when the hour was over, and leading them back by the way she had come under the archway across the great court, where Paris was lying stretched out like a lion in the sun, and where Reine looked to find her grandfather on the bench where he was accustomed to smoke his afternoon pipe. There was only Dominique on the bench, stretched out on his back at full length.

Reine went up and shook him angrily. "Dominique, are you not ashamed to sleep like a sluggard? Where is Petitpère?"

Dominique sat up and rubbed his eyes. "He's asleep in the kitchen," said he, hazarding the statement.

"Ah," [illegible] Reine, taking one step forward and looking [illegible] window, [illegible] the kitchen [illegible] as well as he when [illegible] asleep.

[illegible]

[illegible] Dominique [illegible] the [illegible] Reine [illegible] a girl [illegible]

riage to another old gentleman in a blouse, sitting at the same little table.

"Je te l'accorde," said Père Chrétien, "avec ses cent cinquante mille livres de rente. Mon ami Barbeau, elle est à toi."

"Merci bien, mon ami," said Barbeau, thumping the little wooden table.

"Et Madame Barbeau, what will she think of the arrangement?" said a countrywoman, who was sitting at the next table, looking round grinning.

Barbeau looked puzzled. "Ma femme?" said he. "Le père Chrétien se charge de tout. Buvons à sa santé!"

It was at this instant that the bottle was suddenly wrenched out of poor old Chrétien's trembling hand, and that Reine, pale and with black eyes gleaming, took him by the arm in her unflinching gripe.

"Come," she said, with a glance of indignation at the people who were grinning all round about under Pélottier's little vine bower, and she walked away back towards Tracy with her prisoner. Old Chrétien shambled beside her in silence; he knew her too well to attempt to make conversation under the circumstances. Only once a sort of groan escaped her. As they were turning the corner by the church, again she came upon the whole community of Tracys,—Jean and his wife, and his wife's brother and sister, and the three children running on ahead.

Old Chrétien attempted a low, uncertain bow. Reine thought she saw them smile. She gave one fierce glance and walked on: her heart was beating with indignation, with pride and passionate shame. They scorned her and her grandfather. Their glances, their laughter maddened her. There she was, condemned for life to live with a few tipsy men and vulgar dull women, who saw no shame in their husbands' degradation. There were those people born into an atmosphere of light and refinement. What had they done, what had she done, to deserve such happiness, such misery? Why was she not like the rest of her class? Poor grandfather,—poor old man, he was only what he had been taught to be from his earliest youth: his servile bow to the grandees from the castle, what was that but a part and parcel of the rest? She turned to him with a sudden tender impulse of pity and protection, and yet all the time a fierce impatience and anger were tearing at the woman's heart: as she walked along the dusty road, she stamped her foot in the dust once.

"Comme elle est en colère, cette Reine," whispered Marion Lefebvre, who saw them pass. "Le pauvre Père Chrétien, she leads him a rude life."

Poor Reine, she was wrong to be angry, to be impatient, to wish for the things which only time and slow progress can bring about. Like many another [illegible] she was [illegible] of her days [illegible] the people among whom she lived. And the [illegible] to pay the being some [illegible] heavy tax.

AN ENGLISH [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] I have [illegible] and I [illegible] with a [illegible] with [illegible] they became [illegible] and as they were of-

ten dying and being succeeded by other publications, they became a sort of repeated lectures *da capo*. They all had quotations from the poets, and were dotted with *Stubbsia* or some such words in italics, and were all rather long.

Nor am I going to write about the dulness of London, or about hunting or brewing. London is never dull to me, I don't hunt, and my interest in brewing is confined to its results. But I have a great liking for October. I like the grave and yet cheerful, bountiful, and hearty old month. He has his faults — what month has not? — but I maintain they are few, and, taking him as he should be, unsophisticated by a bad season, for his mornings and evenings, his air and his sunshine, his sobriety and good-humor, commend me to an English October. May, with all her airs, is a pert minx, and often proves a jilt withal. Spring, generally, is all very well, if you stick to your flannels, remember your umbrella, and listen to the birds for an hour or two. In fact, spring trades on the birds. It is a Jenkinson, and the birds are its standing quotation. Summer has its good points, — its long days, green foliage, Royal Academy, and so on, and we may add that it points onward to October. But it is also the time for baking pavements, boiling churches, dusty roads, and empty brooks. And with our present habits we are most of us in the full swing of work. Hot with talk and thought, we flow down Chancery Lane, along Whitehall, or through lanes capped by a belt of blue burning steel, a tide of human lava, and call it "genial." We describe it as Nature's holiday, because, I suppose, like deputations and such people, one works more than ordinary. Harvest comes; she gathers in her stores, makes her preserves, has a wet season by way of a thorough cleaning up, and then, clean and tidy, calm in mind and body, bright but not hot, cool but not chilled, takes her holiday in October.

Come out, my friend, before breakfast if you like, so it be not too long. We can even see the sun rise if we like, without shaking up before we are well shaken down. Never mind the road, we can get over the fields now. The slight haze, without a gloomy presage of heat or a touch of shivering dampness about it, improves the picture. The hint of winter is of the gentlest, and only sufficient to enable you to give it a less morose welcome when it comes. The brooks are full and merry. The trees — all *à-la-mode* before, as became "the season" — assert their individuality, decline to dress all in green, and enrich themselves and the scene with a hundred hues. Heirs of the departed flowers, they wear their tints with new grace, and employ their inherited riches with lavish and skilful hands. The air is pure, fresh, soothing, inspiriting. It does not "stir the Viking's blood," perhaps, nor need that element within us always be stirring. But neither does it dry it up. You may drink it — it is not brandy and water nor iced water. You may bathe in it — it is not Turkish, or shower, or tepid, but *sui generis*. It is the most pleasant of "vehicles" through which Nature "exhibits" her gaseous medicines; the most elastic, and pliant, and helpful medium in which to walk. It does not resist you and push you back, nor draw you forward by a languid suction. You, my dear sir, who conscientiously walked in August, for a constitutional, or to make a call, or affected delight in the steaming garden and its hissing bees, now walk because you like it. Your third mile, betrayed by your second, turns betrayer to the fourth, and so on, till your moral volition and sense of justice as regards railway dividends interposes to stop the series. Walking — yes, walking is the word — not scrambling, ploughing, or shuffling; for walking, I take it, implies freedom of action, liberty to be fast or slow. It is not walking, I take it, if you have to run to keep warm, or if you have to mince and loiter to keep cool. I understand by it a steady, easy, unembarrassed moving along, unscorched, undusted, and undrilled, now brisk and firm, with a sense of power, now measured and meditative, — these varieties, with power to add to their number, in the way of a leap with a male friend, or a hand-in-hand run with a female one, and so on, if you like. And this you can only do in October. Be so good as to remember that I mean all through October as a type. October may not always be "itself," and you may get what I call October days in March, or August, or December. But October is the type, and I say it's the time for walking.

And then the light! What an honest, mellow, wise, picturesque light it is! It has in it the result of various experiments in light. It is the proverb of lights, — its concentrated wisdom. The art of giving a full, round sun, without defying your gaze and punishing you; clouds which are not crape or wadding; a rich, carefully-colored sky, under which, nevertheless, you can see, and not wink or squint at the objects around; a haze which is not steam or fog, a glow which is not glare, a toning which is not obscurity, strength which is not coarse, and softness which is not feeble, is not to be acquired in a day, and therefore the other months are not to be blamed for what they cannot help. Neither are the foreign schools of landscape-painting, which are giving way before the English. If they have not an English October, how can they paint as if they had? October makes one charitable even towards foreign schools, towards perils past, hot weather, and immature, inexperienced months. It is a mantle in which you take well-balanced, rounded, stereoscopic views of things. If I were a Quaker, I should prefer to meet Baron Bramwell in October.

People say London is "empty" in October. Now an "empty" London has its charms. Once in a way Rotten Row, Regent Street, the Drawing Rooms, *et hoc genus omne*, are pleasant stimulants, and one sees and enjoys and learns a great deal in connection therewith. But those for whom they are a definition of London do not know what London is. The eloquence of London is sometimes greatest when it is unadorned, — when it speaks with an average, level tone, relieved for a time of its richer tropes and figures; when it wears the quiet grandeur of its "ferial days," as the ritualists would call them, the lone Londoner likes to feel how much London can do without.

Kensington Gardens seem more like his baronial property; the classic quarters of the town more classic; the Temple suggests dignity and leisure. We can remember the knights better than when the lane is thronged by bags of "refreshers." Wolsey *might* have been shampooed at Honey and Skelton's; the voice of Johnson and Goldsmith can be more than "part heard"; a hundred black doors inscribed "Attendance from 10 to 1" (i. e. from ten minutes to one) are eloquent of "the long." And then on Sundays you anticipate posterity, and hear, in a curatic state, all the future bishops and deans.

The pleasures of October do not disappear with daylight. The October evening is one of its best features. Having had in the day all the best of what summer has to give, you have at night the

best of winter's qualities, — his evening at home. You can have a fire if you like, and if you do not you need not. Coming home in the early October evening is one of the pleasantest of human things. In the country you see the sunset as you come; and as it gently melts into what is night, in the better meanings only of the word, the sense that you need not keep on working because it still seems day, and that you need not go to bed, since, after all, it is not night, is very delightful. The moon rises, and you do not shrink from her gaze as though you ought to be asleep; she seems to rise in a quiet, domestic manner, as though Nature, having got the children to bed, had lit her moderator and sat down to her tatting. And in town as you draw towards home, and the lamps light one by one, a pleasant home feeling settles upon you, a feeling as of a general condition of parlor, a general drawing of curtains and lighting of lamps, a sense of tea and toast, an appreciative perception of the fitness of things.

Then, too, is the season for that pleasant interval known in feminine language as "between the lights." Then, and not in winter, where Cowper puts it,

> "Has fancy, ludicrous and wild,
> Soothed with awaking dream of houses, towers,
> Trees, churches, and strange visages, expressed
> In the red cinders, while with poring eyes
> We gazed, ourselves creating what we saw."

Not in winter, for then it comes too early for tea to follow or precede, and tea, not work, is the thing just after the "parlor twilight." The quiet talk with the fire and the shadows does us good. They talk with us of Octobers gone and Octobers coming, and amongst others of the October of our days, the season which, if it follow a working spring and an honest, busy summer, may be as calm and as pleasant as any part of our days. You and I, my good friend, who are toiling in June or July, may even be reconciled to the toning down which is to come by the thought of our October, with its promise of garnered deeds, enriched landscapes, soft lights, and tea time. A day's work done, and yet a capacity for an evening's work to come, if need be; the leaves of life old enough to be golden, but not old enough to fall; with the nerve and freshness which so often come as in the October days, when the premature weariness and worn-outedness of the laborious summer have gone — it must be a pleasant experience. Some human Octobers indeed are sadder, — wet with tears, despoiled of treasures, chill with early winter; but many are of the truer type. So may ours be, my friend. Let us sit and think together, gravely but not gloomily, and let us interpret the forms we find in the fire into images of hope.

REVERENCE FOR INFERIORS.

Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Kingsley, and Mr. Ruskin are, on somewhat different grounds, all in favor of Mr. Eyre and the military revels which made so paradisaical a scene of Jamaica during a complete month of last autumn. Mr. Kingsley takes the mildest ground. He is in favor of judging a man by his unimportant antecedents, and declining to judge him by his more important consequents; — for putting his trust in Mr. Eyre on the strength of what he did in 1841, and declining to revise it, — or rather, without revising, confirming it, — on the strength of his more important achievements in 1865; for believing so firmly in a man who could walk through the desert round the Gulf of Carpentaria, and protect the Australian aborigines against the settlers, as to deem it wicked to criticise even his own account of what he did and did not do in Jamaica twenty-five years later. There is a simplicity in that view which would have some considerable influence on our judgments of history and life. Overend, Gurney, and Co. might plead, with Mr. Kingsley, that twenty-five years ago they were so cautious and so prosperous, that it is wicked to consider their recent failure as anything but a fresh laurel on their commercial brows. Lord Bacon, on the strength of his fresh, unsullied youth, might claim to have his ignoble and sullied age counted as a fresh addition to his fame. Nay, we might even judge Mr. Kingsley, so completely by his novels of *Yeast* and *Alton Locke*, as to insist on regarding his obsequious flattery to the House of Peers as a new act of literary audacity and clerical independence. Mr. Ruskin is not so intelligible in his view, indulging in his usual mysticism. He says Mr. Eyre was quite right to hang Mr. Gordon and others on suspicion, because a British citizen the other day seeing a (supposed) burglar invading his premises at night, was declared not wrong for shooting that invader on suspicion. Well, that depends surely on the other equally safe courses open. If the British citizen alluded to had had several policemen with him in his house ready and willing to take the supposed burglar off to the station-house, the jury would probably have declared the man who *preferred* the course of shooting on suspicion a murderer.

That was Mr. Eyre's case with regard to Mr. Gordon. He was a prisoner on board the *Wolverine*, without a possibility of escape, and Mr. Eyre preferred hanging him, without a particle of moral evidence against him, to keeping him there. And what was worse, he encouraged and praised subordinate officers for shooting, hanging, and flogging on suspicion to a wholesale extent. Mr. Carlyle comes last with his argument for Mr. Eyre. He says that Mr. Eyre extinguished with great presence of mind the spark of insurrection in a (moral) powder-room, — which is true, — and which we have all recognized; and affects to be unconscious that there is anything more to be said upon the matter. He takes no notice of the fact that Mr. Eyre declared the danger virtually over in four or five days, and yet sanctioned wholesale and indiscriminate shootings, hangings, and floggings for four weeks; that he read despatches showing him clearly what his subordinates were needlessly doing, and the fiendish spirit in which they were doing it, and merely forwarded them with words of general approbation to England; that after trampling out the threatening spark, he proceeded to trample down, or let others trample down, whole districts of fair promise, on the bare chance of their containing a spark that was not threatening; in one word, that he treated the poor colored people, because they were of a lower order of humanity, as no Englishman on earth would have dared to treat either Scotch, English, or even Irishmen in like circumstances.

This last reason indeed seems to be the true secret of Mr. Carlyle's and Mr. Ruskin's, if not of Mr. Kingsley's, sympathy with Mr. Eyre. "The English nation," says Mr. Carlyle, "never loved anarchy; nor was wont to spend its sympathy on miserable mad seditions, *especially of this inhuman and half-brutish type*, but always loved order and the prompt suppression of seditions, and reserved its tears for something worthier than promoters of such delirious and fatal enterprises who had got their

wages for their sad industry. Has the English nation changed, then, altogether? I flatter myself *it* has not, not yet quite; but only that certain loose, superficial portions of it have become a great deal louder, and not any wiser, than they formerly used to be." It may well be a question *which* these "loose, superficial portions" of the English nation, that have become "a great deal louder and not any wiser than they formerly used to be," really are. Mr. Ruskin's is the loudest and silliest voice which has been heard on this occasion; Mr. Kingsley and his House of Peers' speech may be bracketed equal with Mr. Ruskin; Mr. Carlyle is only less foolish, because he is more brief and more careful to keep out of view the facts on which he is commenting. But what we are now concerned to note is, the disposition of all three of these eminent writers, especially of the two most eminent of them, to justify unscrupulous brutality towards an inferior race which they would never have dreamt of justifying towards our own. It is because the Jamaica riot was "of the inhuman and half-brutish type" that Mr. Carlyle evidently approves an inhuman and wholly brutish modè of suppressing it. We never heard that he had defended the Peterloo slaughter, yet what was done in Jamaica was worse than fifty Peterloos. Mr. Ruskin tells us that he "would sternly reprobate the crime which dragged a black family from their home to dig your fields, and *more sternly* the crime which turned a white family out of their home that you might drive by a shorter road over their hearth." We suppose this means that Mr. Ruskin considers a less injustice to the higher race a greater crime than a greater injustice to the lower race. Indeed, both Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Carlyle have long been known as apologists of slavery and slaveowners; and they naturally feel therefore closely concerned in justifying that cruel and indiscriminate mode of suppressing insubordination, which has been habitually followed by slaveowners as long as slaveowners have been.

The truth seems to be that the literary aristocracy of England are contracting one of the worst vices of aristocracies of all kinds, the entire loss of reverence for inferiors, — the entire disappearance of that species of generosity, scrupulous respect, and even awe, in dealing with recognized inferiors, — with those whose character as well as fate lies more or less in your own power, — which is one of the deepest principles of Christianity, and the least within the reach of mere intellectual culture. Mr. Carlyle reproaches all who differ with him with merely taking up and re-echoing chatter that comes "from the teeth outwards," that is, which has no real source in principle and conviction at all. To us, on the contrary, *his* views seem to proceed "from the teeth *inwards*," that is, to originate in the carnivorous instinct, — in those canine teeth which grind the bones of their prey, — and to be ground down by the gnashing of these victorious incisors into the very substance of the mind's nourishment and the groundwork of its beliefs. Intellectual culture, directly it persuades itself, as it does in Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin, — it used at least to be otherwise with Mr. Kingsley, — that it has discovered the whole secret of a better state of society, and is capable, if only people would hearken and believe, of setting it straight again, becomes one of the most cruel of fanaticisms. The reason appears to be that it is always looking down from a supreme height, and looking down without any of that reverence for what lies below it, without any of that trust in possibilities far deeper and nobler than any which we have exhausted, without any of that fear of marring by our moral and intellectual presumption the development of better thoughts and larger faiths than any we have yet realized, which Plato inculcated in that "mutual reverence" which was to him the cement of human society, and Christ included in so many forms both of precept and example. Our Lord's thankfulness "that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes," might be paraphrased for our modern times — we need not say we speak seriously, and without any irony — into thankfulness "that Thou hast hid these things from Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Adderley, and hast revealed them to the workingmen's open-air meetings, the Anti-Slavery Society, and to the *Beehive*."

The truth is, that men of intellect have in a great measure ceased to believe in what they do not understand. They do not look at the lower levels of human nature as great seed-beds of feelings and hopes many of which have long withered out of their own hearts in consequence of the exclusive attention they have paid to other elements of their nature. They are not afraid of permanently injuring those below them by their want of delicacy, and generosity, and sympathy. They do not see the incalculably greater harm they do by exciting the fierce and just animosity of an inferior race, than even by exciting the same feelings in an equal race, — that they determine the future growth of the former incalculably *more* powerfully than the latter, and sacrifice infinitely greater chances of guiding it aright. We have excited keen and just animosity of late years, both in the people of the United States, by our false appreciation of their conduct and motives, and in the negro race, by our apologies for slavery and our gratitude to those who have treated them like slaves. We have done harm of course in both cases, but far more, we apprehend, in the latter than in the former. An injurious misjudgment by an equal is resented, refuted, perhaps visited with some act of retaliation, and then probably forgotten. The injurious treatment of an inferior hardens that inferior's character against all the higher influences you may bring to bear upon him, and so distorts his development. The cruelty of intellectual culture springs from its bareness, its narrow distinctness. It has formed a sort of pet picture to itself of what is desirable and needful for men, and harped upon these qualities till it has ceased to feel that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in its philosophy." Listen to Mr. Ruskin drawing his favorite indictments against the English people, — many of them no doubt for crimes of which they are really guilty, — and trying insanely to make out that indignation against the recent government of Jamaica is only a pharisaic pretence, really swelling the list of our iniquities: —

"As the matter stands, the official removal of Mr. Eyre from his place was an act of national imbecility which had not hitherto its parallel in history. It was the act, as this threat of prosecution was the cry, of a nation blinded by its avarice to all true valor and virtue, and haunted therefore by phantoms of both. It was the suicidal act of a people which, for the sake of filling its pockets, would pour mortal venom into all its air and all its streams, would shorten the lives of its laborers by thirty years, that it might get its needle packets twopence each cheaper, and which would communicate its liberty to foreign nations by forcing them to buy poison at the cannon's mouth, and prove its chivalry to them by shrinking in panic from the side of a people being slaughtered, — though a people who had

given them their daughter for their future Queen, — and then would howl, in the frantic collapse of their decayed consciences, that they might be permitted righteously to reward with ruin the man who had dared to strike down one seditious leader and rescue the lives of a population."

Does Mr. Ruskin really mean that the contractors or companies who sell bad water for the sake of making profit, the employers who are heedless of their laborers' lives, the advocates of a forced Chinese opium traffic, and the politicians who advocated the desertion of Denmark, have all "in the collapse of their decayed consciences" been particularly prominent in this pharisaic attack, as he deems it, on Governor Eyre? If he does mean this, he must have some curious evidence in his pocket which it would be well for him to produce. If he does not, then we charge him with using rhetoric that has no meaning or a false meaning, and which any one might far more fairly ascribe to the collapse of a "decayed conscience" in himself. The truth, as he probably knows, is, that of the prominent men who have taken up most strongly this demand for justice to the Jamaica negroes, almost all have been equally prominent in denouncing the "avarice" to which he alludes, in pushing forward measures of protection for the English laborer, in resisting the Chinese opium war, and if not also in advocating (as we did) the tender of assistance to Denmark, in resisting it on grounds which they believed to be the highest and the purest. But all these are Mr. Ruskin's pet abuses, and slavery is one of his pet institutions. There is no non-conductor of ordinary pity and sympathy like that of private dogma, inclining the holder of it to wink hard at the evils which it produces in practice.

Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin have made up their minds that the lower races should be managed and governed by the higher, and they decline to recognize any evil which results from the application of their principle. If they believe in reverence for inferiors at all, they attach so much more importance to the compulsion of inferiors by superiors as to make the former principle a sterile one. "Seditions of the semi-brutal sort" by "semi-brutes" they wish to see crushed out with armed heels; but government of the wholly brutal sort by men who are civilized, and not brutes, they applaud. If you are only capable of better things, you may commit without a shadow of blame the atrocities for which those incapable of better things are to be shot down. A picturesque theory of a certain ideal relation between men, which somehow never gets itself realized, seems, however inefficient for the purpose for which it is invented, to be exceedingly efficient in ever after blinding the mind which invents it to hostile *facts*. Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin are clad in complete mail, which is absolutely proof against the simple facts of the recent dealings of the government of Jamaica with the population of the island. They stand, having their loins girt about with theory, and having on the breastplate of theory, and their feet shod with the preparation of a gospel of theory, and taking the shield of theory, — which proves quite effectual to quench all the fiery darts of the enemy, — and having on the helmet of theory, and the sword of theory, — which is *not* the Word of God, but a very impotent human word indeed; and therefore, though they are impenetrable to the truth themselves, they win no way with those who have not case-hardened themselves, by false dogma, against the obvious truth that wholesale brutality and indifference to justice in suppressing sedition on the part of the civilized, is infinitely worse and requires far severer judgment than "semi-brutality" in committing sedition on the part of "semi-brutes."

A VISIT TO JUAN FERNANDEZ.

THERE is an island wilderness, far in the South Pacific, that has a romantic history, and, in my humble opinion, one that has had something to do with the history of England. I refer to Juan Fernandez.

In the year 1849 I was aboard of a New Bedford whaler that called at this island for wood and water. I stepped upon its shore in Cumberland Bay, on the north part of the island, and landed with an indescribable feeling of interest such as I had never before experienced, even when first landing from a long voyage in a foreign and tropical land. I was on the scene where the romantic adventures of Robinson Crusoe were supposed to have occurred, and, for a moment, the well-remembered enchantment of Defoe's delightful romance again enthralled my spirit.

It was that romance that had first turned my thoughts from school to the cocoa-groves of far-off regions; and, in my wanderings on "the element that never tires," I have met with many who, like me, have been led from home to wander in foreign lands by reading the story of Robinson Crusoe. It is partly for this reason that I have said that Juan Fernandez has had something to do with the history of England. What I felt, thousands have felt. Their love of adventure has been prompted or cherished by reading the story of Defoe, which, therefore, has had much to do with the history of the great maritime power of England. In confirmation of this belief, I have the characteristic remark of a young Irish shipmate, who, on first stepping ashore on Juan Fernandez, observed, "Had it not been for this island, I should not be here now!"

I have stated that I landed on the island with an indescribable feeling of interest. Such must certainly have been the case, for, during the first half-hour of my wanderings along the shore of the bay, my eyes were often trying to discover something of the ruins of Mr. Crusoe's hut. No trace of this distinguished residence was found, but, instead, we saw the dwellings of two Chilian families, and a hut inhabited by two sailors, who immediately wished to drink to our better acquaintance.

The sailors, one of whom was English and the other American, had a little industry; but perhaps this was not much to their credit, for it was apparently only inspired by a love of rum and tobacco. Their industry was displayed in providing for the wants of whaling vessels that occasionally call at the island. They cut wood, and acted as guides in hunting the wild goats on the mountains.

The Chilians did little more than live. Their principal amusements, we were told, were smoking cigaritas while listening to a young man of one of the families twang a guitar.

Juan Fernandez is about thirteen miles in length, and seven in its greatest breadth, and is situate one hundred and ten leagues from the coast of Chili. It has been the site of many strange scenes. It was once a favorite rendezvous for buccaneers who lived by preying on the Spanish merchant vessels laden with the riches of Chili and Peru.

Many celebrated English navigators, such as

Dampier, Byron, and Lord Anson, have visited the island. The visit of the latter was made in the year 1741, or about thirty-one years after Alexander Selkirk, whose history suggested to Defoe the tale of Robinson Crusoe, had been removed from the island.

Anson and his squadron had had a long and stormy passage round Cape Horn, and the crews of the vessels, on reaching the island, were dying with scurvy. So enervated were all by this disease, that they could hardly bring the vessels to anchor. On board the "Centurion," the commodore's ship, two hundred and ninety-two men had been lost; and of the two hundred and fourteen that remained, nearly all were affected with the disease.

The "Gloucester," another of Anson's ships, lost an equal number of men, and on entering Cumberland Bay, after being a month vainly endeavoring to work in, there were but eighty-two men alive, and the most of them were in a dying state. A few days more and the vessel would have drifted about the ocean, a floating coffin for a few of those who had once comprised its crew.

So wonderful is the effect of fresh vegetable food and fish in combating the disease, that a residence of three months, living on the antiscorbutic food growing on the island in great variety, restored to perfect health all except a few who were too far gone with the disease, and were only taken ashore to die.

Juan Fernandez is a very fertile island, and in this respect it cannot, perhaps, be better described than by one or two quotations from Anson's voyages, wherein it is stated that "the excellence of the climate and looseness of the soil render this place extremely proper for all kinds of vegetation; for if the ground be anywhere accidentally turned up, it is immediately overgrown with turnips and Sicilian radishes."

Again, in the same work, it is stated that "some particular spots occur in these valleys where the shade and fragrance of the contiguous woods, the loftiness of the overhanging rocks, the transparency and frequent falls of the neighboring streams present scenes of such elegance and dignity as would with difficulty be rivalled in any other part of the globe. It is in this place, perhaps, that the simple productions of unassisted nature may be said to excel all the fictitious descriptions of the most animated imagination."

If this could be said of the island then, who shall describe it at the time of my visit in 1849, when its productions had been wonderfully increased, and principally by Commodore Anson's efforts? He planted on the island many seeds, besides the stones of apricots, plums, and peaches; and a large variety of the best fruit, unknown on the island in Anson's time, is now growing there.

Eight years after Anson's visit the Spaniards established a penal settlement at Juan Fernandez. The convicts were kept part of the time in some caves in a high hill facing the harbor. In 1751 this settlement was broken up by an earthquake which destroyed thirty-five people, including the governor and his family.

Not long after Chili obtained its independence from Spain, its government established another penal settlement on the island, and the place again became a scene of murders and mutinies, until the island was deserted.

Some families from Chili once came to reside on the island, and were joined by some sailors who had absconded from a whaler. The sailors could or would not conduct themselves in a proper manner, and were all killed by the Chilians.

The island was again deserted, the Chilians being taken to Valparaiso, where they were tried for murder and acquitted.

Extremes meet. Juan Fernandez, with all its resemblance to what we may call a paradise, sometimes exhibits a little evidence that man alone may be vile amidst scenes of natural innocence and loveliness.

In 1835 a volcanic eruption took place at sea one mile from the land, in four hundred and eighty feet of water. For twenty-four hours, smoke, water, and fire were thrown into the sky.

From each of the many settlements that have been made on the island and afterwards broken up, various domestic animals, such as goats, dogs, cats, and donkeys, have been left to look after themselves, and at the time of our visit were running wild, the dogs being at war with all the others. In this war the goats are the favorite game of the dogs, and they would long ago have been exterminated, had nature not endowed them with the ability of leaping from rock to rock on the mountains, and thus gaining places where they are safe from the pursuit of their enemies.

We stayed three days at the island, and one of those days was devoted by the officers to the amusement and business of goat-hunting. I was then foolish enough to think myself fortunate in being one of the crew who was chosen to accompany them in the hunt. The two runaway sailors who had made the island their home acted as guides, and we started for the mountains.

On our way up the valleys we passed groves of fruit-trees, several varieties being in full bearing. This was in the latter part of December; and on the sides of the little hillocks we found the ground red with wild strawberries.

The native forest trees, or those not introduced into the island by Anson and others, are nearly all aromatic. The largest tree on the island is the myrtle, but we saw none of these that could be called large.

Although the forests, unlike those of most islands of the Pacific, are free from undergrowth, our journey to the mountains was not free from much toil; for our guides, in place of leading us up one winding valley, conducted us over many of the hills that divided several. The fatigue, however, of climbing the hills and crossing the streams, under a hot sun, was endured with a strange feeling of satisfaction that I have never met with while visiting the lions of a large city.

The island is a place no thinking mariner can visit without emotions peculiar to his profession. I was on a lone and nearly uninhabited island, one that should be the abode of several thousands of people, but one that had often proved fatal to those who had striven to tame the wilderness, and seems doomed to be a place where there shall only be enough of human life to feel that the island can be a home for solitude, — about which, I suppose, Alexander Selkirk's poetical opinion is also the practical one: —

"O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

"I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own."

The valleys and hills we crossed had once been familiar to the adventurous men who sailed with the old English and Spanish navigators of whom I had been in childhood so delighted to read. I could nearly fancy that the footsteps of the long departed should be distinctly seen. When viewing the historical scenes of thickly and long inhabited lands, this feeling cannot so strongly arise. The streets and fields we behold are trodden every day by many feet, and we cannot fancy that we may have been their only visitors since the time to which our memory strays.

The goats on the island are not easily obtained. They are constantly hunted by the wild dogs, and occasionally by the officers of whaling vessels. On our approaching them they fled to their well-known retreats on the mountains, from which they seldom stray far. They are not now as they have been described by the poet Cowper, in his beautiful lines upon "Alexander Selkirk"; for they were so well "acquainted with man" that their "tameness" was anything but "shocking" to us. After about four hours' hard work, we obtained three goats. Three or four others were shot, but fell in places inaccessible to us, and had, to our regret at the needless slaughter, to be left, like Selkirk, "out of humanity's reach."

The goats' flesh was an agreeable change from our usual "salt horse" and pork: but I believe that the dinner we made of them was made most agreeable by the fancy of most of the men that they were eating some of "Crusoe's goats."

During the night of the third day at the island the anchor was hove, and in a few hours we "ran the place under water," with the hope that we should never see it again. Independent of its romantic associations, Juan Fernandez is worth seeing once: but whoever sees it twice is unfortunate,—unfortunate in wanting two long and far for happiness. From its position on the globe—its loneliness, its beauty, and fertility—the island hardly seems, to a native of Europe, a part of this earth, but a fragment of another. This assertion, applicable to its loveliness as well as its loneliness, is partly confirmed by an observation I have heard made by a sailor, who boasted that he had been "all over the world and to Juan Fernandez"!

SILCOTE OF SILCOTES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY,

AUTHOR OF "RAVENSHOE," "THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

ST. MARY'S IN THE CITY.

St. Mary's Hospital was founded much about the same time as Christ's Hospital, was nearly as rich, as that very rich institution, and in some respects closely resembled it. Like Christ's Hospital, it was founded in the Catholic ages, and its boys were a miserable and [illegible] set. There was [illegible] between the two institutions, and St. Mary's could [illegible] its faults, but none of its excellences, as its scholars [illegible] prove so. Christ's Hospital, I think, [illegible] St. Mary's will [illegible] Christ's Hospital [illegible] years, some very rich [illegible]. St. Mary's [illegible] out anything [illegible] the poor—a good many boys who had much better have been turned out.

Some little mistake in the founder's will had begun the ruin of this place. Lands had been left in Essex, Northumberland, and Cornwall for its maintenance, from which the master was to receive £50 a year, and eight fellows £20 a year each, that they might educate in the fear of God, grammar, plainsong, and the use of organs, and also maintain, free of cost, any boys that might be recommended to them by any future benefactors of the hospital. But, out of the surplus funds of the hospital, twelve boys were annually to be apprenticed to trades, or, if they seemed to have gifts, to be sent to the universities of Oxford or Cambridge. Moreover, each year, the two best scholars were to be sent, the one to St. Paul's, Oxford, the other to St. Dominic's at Cambridge, at which colleges funds had been provided for their maintenance.

A foolish, rambling, kindly bequest. Let us see very shortly how it was acted on.

The first thing to notice is, that the institution became richer year by year, until its wealth was gigantic. As years rolled on, the wild, bleak, hungry farms in Cornwall, where rent had been so difficult to collect, came to turn out their tons upon tons of tin, and the Northumberland estates vomited up their tons of coal in rivalry. The Lincolnshire estates now almost equalled in wealth the two others put together. The spire of Fenton Magna, one of the livings which came into their gift at the Reformation, which once gathered tithe from a little easterly knot of poor farms, and dominated a great salt-water-ruined tract, spreading easterly to the sea, now looked on broad rich fen lands as far as the eye could reach, and gathered its tithe from eight thousand acres of the richest and best-farmed land in the world, instead of from eight hundred of the poorest and worst-farmed. They were as rich as Christ Church, and had eight good livings in their gift. Let us see how they used their wealth.

They were bound to receive, and to maintain any boy nominated by any future benefactor of the hospital. This was an awkward clause, because any one might have claimed to maintain a boy for a guinea. Illegally, but perhaps reasonably, they instituted an order of governors: any man giving them a hundred pounds down was to be a life governor: if they had been less wealthy, one could have excused them from this precaution. With regard to the twelve boys to be apprenticed or sent to the university, they read that clause liberally, and apprenticed the whole lot of them. With regard to the two scholars that were to be sent to St. Paul's and St. Dominic's, why, they carried out their founder's will, and sent them there: and the funds left for their provision had increased in much the same proportion as their own, so that these young gentlemen had as little to complain of as the master and fellows of St. Mary's. The rest of the money they put into their own pockets, without fear of royal commissioners.

Well, [illegible], however. Granby Dixon was the man who did the business yesterday, but Arthur Silcote, Granby Dixon's Balliol friend, was the [illegible] in the matter, and when he moved he [illegible] with a will. The thing was commissioned, [illegible]. It was worse than Dowlah. The commissioners had no difficulty whatever in the matter [illegible] shamefully: they, having arranged the first [illegible] matters made their curtsy to the masters, fellows, and governors, saying at the same time, through their chairman, that they left the rest to the governors: whose authority had

been so long respected, now that it could not be resisted.

Our little friend, James, had been nearly a year at the school, and was beginning to get used to it, if not to like it. This place was warm, there was always enough to eat here, and the people were kind. No putting on of hard boots on frozen feet here. No dinners of dry crusts, no battling with hail, snow, or long, dull, driving southwesterly rain. In this place kind and strong hands had conquered Nature, so that the young and the feeble might rest from the lower strife to prepare themselves for the higher one. Still, Nature had not always been unkind to him; she had sometimes her tender, gentle moods. There had been long, cloudless days, with the blue unstained, from sunrise to sunset; there had been deep hazel-copses of green and gold; and long shallows over silver gravel where one lay and rolled, seeing the spotted fish scud by under the quivering water: as well as there had been wild days when one had to drag one's weary limbs over clay fallows. These better moods of Nature he missed in his brick prison. He had now been there eight months, spending holidays and all there, and his ear wearied at the roar of the surrounding city, which had never ceased, night or day, all that weary time.

He had leave on certain saints' days to wander in that city, and he had made one or two efforts to pierce the surrounding network of brick and mortar, and get to the country once more. In the hot solitude of his midsummer vacation he had planned and tried to execute the greatest of these expeditions. Sleeping on his cherished purpose, he awoke full of eagerness to carry it out, and started southward as soon as the gates were opened, on a bright summer's morning. His object was to reach a certain "Peerless Pool," which existed, and still I think exists, behind Lambeth, of which a boy, a friend of his, had told him; to bathe there, and return. He had plenty of money, — threepence, — and the distance could scarcely be more than four miles. The thing promised well, but it ended in complete disappointment. The boys in the immediate neighborhood had got used to the absurd and hideous green baize petticoats in which the St. Mary's boys were clothed, and knew that to bully a solitary one was to have the whole swarm about your ears; but as he got farther afield his clothes attracted still more attention, until at last advance became impossible. They would have no boys in green baize petticoats there. He was a boy who would fight, as we have seen before, but you can't fight an enemy numbering hundreds, in detail, one down another on. He lost nerve and ran at last, and was as a matter of course pursued; he managed at last to lose his pursuers, and himself also, in a maze of little streets; and by eleven o'clock he was back at the school, panting and wearied, with the hot tears of grief and indignation ready to break out when the time should come.

Tears did not come at first; anger and pride kept his eyes dry for a time; but a turn or two in solitude through the desolate whitewashed corridors, and the more desolate dormitories, threw the self which had asserted and forgotten itself in the cruelty and turmoil of the streets back upon self once more. And self sent back to self means utter isolation and hopeless misery. In children it produces a wild hysterical passion of tears, which rends the body until it deadens the sense of desolation in the mind; with grown men who cannot weep it is less merciful. Are there not suicides and madmen?

James, poor lad, after having failed utterly and miserably in his long-cherished expedition, — after having, in spite of his valor, been pummelled, beaten, and forced to fly to the only home he knew now, — made more miserable by the sight of those empty corridors and dormitories, went out into the wide, hot main quadrangle, and did what nature told him to do, — cried himself to sleep against the pump. The pump was close to the board-room window, and there was a board to-day; but it was as good a place as another.

He fell asleep, and he had a dream, very much like other dreams; that is to say, a perfect farrago of nonsense. Every one he had ever known in his life — and a few more, such as Robinson Crusoe, the Sleeping Girl of Trumpington, the late Mrs. Shipton, Governor Picton, Richard the Third, and Julia Mannering, whom he had only known from books — were all assembled at Silcotes, none of them either doing or saying in the least what they ought or what they wanted.

The only point in common which they had, from Robinson Crusoe to the steward's-room boy, was that they were all waiting for Dark Squire Silcote. He put in an appearance at last, but in that unsatisfactory way common to dreams. He never really appeared: he only spoke, in an awful voice, at the sound of which every one bolted, and the boy awoke. What the Dark Squire said was, "Sir Hugh Brockliss is a fool, an ass, and a prig. If you set to work breeding fools, you must succeed sooner or later. The Brocklisses have been fools since the Conquest, and they married his father to Lady Emily Llywellyn, and the Llywellyns have been fools since the Fall. Lady Eve Llywellyn was the woman who did the original mischief with the serpent. I have seen their pedigree at Glyn Dwr. The man can't help being an ass, but I never was beaten by horse or donkey yet. You had best look for that boy, Archy; it is a kind thing to do. Mr. Betts, we will not be beaten by these idiots. Now, if you will fulfil your promise, and guide me to Lombard Street, I shall be obliged."

A dream and no dream. The boy had been hearing in his dog's-sleep the voice of Silcote, growling away in the committee-room for above half an hour, and his dream had fashioned itself accordingly. He awoke to see Silcote, whose figure he knew well, walking away across the hot, empty quadrangle, with a seedy, fat-looking old gentleman, — to see Sir Hugh Brockliss, whom he also knew well by sight as a governor, standing in the board-room doorway and scowling after him; and to find Arthur Silcote bending over him, smiling.

"You little pea in a drum," he said, "I was coming to look for you. You and I are going out for a grand holiday together. Boy, you have been crying! Have they been ill-using you? Tell me the truth, without fear, now."

James told the truth. Every one about the hospital was most kind to him. But he told the story of his projected expedition, and its failure in consequence of his clothes.

Arthur set his teeth and stamped his foot. "We are going to change all that, boy," he said, "if the idiots will let us. And Sir Hugh Brockliss talks about the associations of the place. Come on, my child. Wash your face, and let you and me go down among the ships. We will mend all this for you, boy, and mend it soon, I hope. Leave that alone, and come with me."

In half an hour Arthur Silcote had his boy down

among the ships at the East India Docks. And, if you ever have a boy thrown on your hands, and if that boy finds himself bored by being taken down the river and shown the ships, why, don't undertake that boy again, for he is not worth the trouble.

James, after his morning's failure, passed after all the golden day of his life. Arthur began by pitying the poor little pea in the drum, and gave him a treat as a matter of duty. As a general rule, a man when he goes down the river does not choose a boy in green baize petticoats for his companion. Arthur took the boy as a mere matter of duty and kindliness; but, before they had got far on their voyage, he found that *he* was not doomed by any means to pass the most unpleasant day in his life. The boy was such a queer boy. He was so strangely well read, and yet so unutterably ignorant about the visible outside of things. The boy's general floating information was *absurdly* great. When he found himself fairly under Arthur's protection, and, having forgotten about his ridiculous dress, got confidential, he puzzled Arthur in fifty ways.

There were meetings of the board of governors twice a week now, and the attendance at them grew more numerous, and the debates more animated. He soon began to understand the matter.

Arthur Silcote had taken it into his head that the school should be moved into the country, and that their hideous dress should be replaced by a neat uniform and lighter shoes in which they could play. The whole thing was no business of his: he was in no way connected with the school: but he wished it done, and, consequently, intended to do it, and, consequently, did it. Granby Dixon was no good here: further reforms were left to the governors, of whom he knew only two, — his father Silcote, and old Betts, his brother's father-in-law, — a very poor team to start with for accomplishing such a great revolution. Yet they were two very good trumps. Betts had become a governor in the time of his prosperity, and was a governor still, and would fight loyally to the death for anything bearing the name of Silcote. He was safe, and moreover was as able a vestry debater as could easily be found. Than his father? How to arouse his persistent bulldog obstinacy and filial honor in the cause was for a few days a question. He had sufficient influence over his father to make him [illegible] in the matter: but it required something more than his influence to arouse him from so many years of laziness and selfishness, and make him persist. An old fond [illegible] pleasure of revert, was the weapon [illegible] Sir Hugh Brockliss had crossed his father at [illegible] this point of [illegible] more than another whom his father [illegible] Sir Hugh Brockliss. Sir Hugh was [illegible] Sir Hugh [illegible] face, he would arouse all the bull-like pugnacity in his father's nature, and get all his father's barristerial ability, and his unequalled powers of debate at his back. Was he justified in arousing that long-sleeping volcano of shrewd logical scorn; in calling into activity the very worst part of his father's character, — jealous, suspicious hatred of every one who crossed him, — even in such a good cause as this? Why, no. But he did it without flinching. This thing had to be done, and therefore must be done, quickly and cheaply, and with the handiest materials. What a narrow young Buonaparte it was at this time!

"His father's own son," said the Princess once, little dreaming in her foolish head that she was, unconsciously of course, speaking the truth.

They had their will. Sir Hugh Brockliss left off attending the board. Silcote's powers of logical scorn, which in old times had promised to put him at the head of one branch of his profession, were too much for the honest, kindly country baronet. He wrote a letter to the board, which he and his wife considered to be rather withering than otherwise. He deeply deplored that certain circumstances — he regretted to say, that his duty as an English gentleman constrained him to admit — of a personal nature prevented his sitting at that board again. When he said, as he did with his hand on his heart, that that board, in its collective capacity, was as intelligent and as gentlemanlike a body of men as he ever hoped to meet, he made one exception, — he regretted to say an individual one. He would not name any names whatever. He would not point the finger of scorn in any direction: but he put it to that board, whether, after the language he had received from an individual member of that board on Tuesday last, he could, with any sense of decency, further assist at their councils. Of that individual member he had no more to say. To that individual member, if he ever spoke to him again (a pleasure he was bound to avoid, which he and Lady Brockliss had determined to forego), he should say that the term "pig-headed," although ostensibly applied to a political party, may be uttered with such distinctness of emphasis that it became personal.

This was Sir Hugh Brockliss's reply to Silcote's [illegible] fine irony. But they would not have won their game still if it had not been for old Betts.

A row between terrible old Silcote and pompous [illegible] Sir Hugh was very good fun: but it was not business. They represented the sentimental part of the affair: and among a board of Philistines, governors, most people will allow that sentiment does not go for much. The Philistines were [illegible] the boys decently: but the [illegible] country was quite an- [illegible]

[illegible] Betts [illegible] backing the [illegible] papers, which, coupled [illegible] preparing: and [illegible] of rent, the [illegible] hand thirty [illegible] the instruction. [illegible] tract of land in [illegible] they found [illegible] in hand. A [illegible] It a place it was decided [illegible] building was [illegible] houses of the city, one [illegible] the original design was.

At length there came the last holidays in the old place, and then the very last morning there. James was again alone at school, and awoke in the empty dormitory at daybreak. It was indeed the dawning of a new day and a new life for him.

CHAPTER XIV.

ST. MARY'S BY THE LAKE.

The new clothes which lay at his bedside, into which he put himself with the utmost rapidity, were the first thing which attracted him on this very memorable morning. He had never been dressed becomingly before; from a smock frock and heavy, ill-fitting boots he had passed to hideous and ridiculous green baize petticoats, with ill-fitting brass lacheted shoes, made of the worst leather; three sizes among two hundred boys. Now he found himself standing alone in the deserted dormitory, in a short pilot jacket, with gold buttons, well cut shepherd's-plaid trousers, nicely made shoes, fit to run a race in, and a pretty cap, with S. M. H. in gold on the forehead. He did not know that he was handsome, and that he looked attractive in his new dress. He had no idea of that. He only knew that the old hideous nightmare of the green baize petticoats was gone forever, and that now he could walk the streets without being an object of scorn and ridicule to other boys. He *thought* that now he was only as other boys were, and would attract no attention; the fact was, that from an object of contempt he had passed into being an object of envy. His intense pleasure at the transformation made him blush several times, and his intense modesty made him hesitate for a long time before he went down to the lodge. But, casting a parting look — with a somewhat regretful face after all, mind you — on the old whitewashed walls, and on the green baize petticoats and heavy shoes, which lay in a heap on the floor, he went down the stairs, and out into the gravelled quadrangle, whose western pinnacles — after doing duty, more or less faithfully, for four hundred years, condemned as old materials — were just lit up by the sun of the summer's morning.

Will you follow me through the brightest day in the life of a very good fellow, take him all in all? If you will, read; if you would rather not, skip. I wish to please you, but you do not know how difficult you are to please.

Nearly all the servants of the college had been sent on before, to get in order and arrange the new building, which was now, having had the March wind through it, pronounced to be dry and fit for the reception of pupils, and the working people necessary for their instruction in the fear of God, grammar, and plainsong. James was the only boy so utterly friendless and lonely as to be left up for the midsummer holidays, and he was to travel down with Berry, the old porter, and formally to take possession of the new building, in the name of the Society of the Hospital of the Blessed Virgin.

James and old Berry were great cronies. They squabbled at times, for James's vivacity now and then took the form of piratical, irritating mischief. But any boy who had broken a window in James's company was comfortably assured of one thing, that old Berry would never report James. What was deliberation on the part of any other boy was mere accident in James's case. The master who had the care of such little logic as they learnt had remarked once ironically, that Sugden's accidents appeared from their frequent recurrence to be inseparable, and might be more correctly described as qualities; but what third master, let him have expended a thousand pounds on his education, can ever hold his own against the porter? It is Seely against Packington. The porter wins, and James was never formally reported.

"Hi!" said old Berry, as James came into the lodge for his breakfast; "we *are* fine. How nice the boy looks though. You look the gentleman all over."

"I am a gentleman, ain't I?" said James.

"Not you," said Ben Berry. "If you had been you 'd have been reported times out of mind. You 're no gentleman. Where 's your old things?"

"In the dormitory."

"Fetch 'em along."

"Why?"

"To keep 'em by you, to remind you that fine feathers don't make fine birds. I ain't been consulted about this new move myself; if I had been, I should have gone agin it most likely. Still, I likes the look on it pretty well this morning. But fetch they old things along, James Sugden, as was shepherd's boy. If you ever forget what you was, and forget the mother that has been going up and down in front of these gates many a time when you have been at football or marbles, I'll report you for the next window as sure as you are born."

"My mother?" said James.

"Ah! your mother!" said Ben Berry. "But what the odds about she? Leastways now. You and I was always comfortable together, and no man can say as I ever reported you. Come, get your breakfast, my dear boy. I have always stood your friend, James Sugden, and if I spoke strongish just now, why I am an old man, and you young ones tries us at times. But I never reported you, James, and you would n't desert me now."

"Desert you, Ben? I ain't going to desert you!"

"I know you would n't. I know you 'll see me through this moving. I ain't moved from here, from this lodge, for thirty years; and since then these pesky railways have turned up; and I 'm afeared on 'em. Come, James, see me through to-day. I never reported you, and, by Job, if you get me safe down there, I never will, not if you were to burn the place down under my nose. And you might, you know; because, in a mind constituted like yours, there 's the elements of as outrageous a young toad as I 've seen in thirty year. You sleep on that warning, my young friend."

"All right, Ben. *I* 'll take you down safe enough."

The passengers by the nine o'clock train from Vauxhall could not help noticing with extreme interest the handsome, well-grown boy in the neat uniform, who so assiduously led about and attended to the fidgety, queer-looking old man in gray. Those who were early saw that the pair were friends, for they had half a dozen comical squabbles together, — the old man going the wrong way systematically, and growling at everything, and the boy chaffing him and laughing at him. They were such a quaint, interesting couple; the joyous brightness and the brisk laughter of the boy contrasted so prettily with the comical, good-humored cynicism of the old man, that a certain general, egged on by his wife, accosted them, to find out who they were.

"What uniform do you wear, my boy, and where are you going?"

"The uniform of St. Mary's Hospital, sir, and I am going to Basingstoke," for there was no shyness or shame now, — that was all left behind

with the green petticoat. And James was so radiant, so brisk, and so bold on this crystal summer's morning, that he would have spoken up to the Queen herself.

"You happy boy," said the General; "I would, but for one thing, change places with you."

"And what is that thing, sir?" said James, with perfect innocence.

The General looked at his wife, and they laughed. "Come in the carriage with us, my boy," she said.

"I should like to," said James; "I should like to go anywhere with *him*," indicating the General by a nod; "but I have promised to take care of Ben Berry, and we are going third class."

"He will be all right," said the General. "Come with us, and I will pay the difference."

"No. I am much obliged to you. I never break my promises. Besides, he has been mewed up there so long, thirty years and odd, that he would be lost without me."

"How did he get on before he had you to take care of him, you very old and sagacious gentleman?"

"Well enough. Got from the stool to the gate, and from the gate back to the stool, in the most perfect manner, for thirty odd years, — I should say, as far as I can judge, the most perfect school porter that ever lived. But he has got old, and wants a proper head to guide him: we shall all come to that some day, I suppose. Your offer is very kind, but I really must go and look after my friend."

"Don't be too sharp, little man," said the General. "What is your name?"

"Have I been talking too fast, sir?" asked James, wistfully. "I think I *am* a little beside myself this morning. My name, sir, is James Sugden. I was a shepherd boy, and was presented to St. Mary's by Squire Silcote of Silcotes, to whom, in the main, we owe the new change in the school."

"Captain Silcote's father," said Mrs. General. And her husband added, "A bad family: well, I am glad he has been doing some good. He had need."

It was high noon before this queer pair of travellers arrived at their destination, and after driving in a fly ten miles from Basingstoke, saw the dear old building, which they had left in London, before them again, reproduced perfectly, from the dormitory windows down to the gargoyles and pinnacles of the chapel. Reproduced indeed; but in what a strange way? What an astounding piece of magic was this! They had left the old building that morning in London, hemmed in by ignoble houses on every side: in the hot noon they found it again, standing on a lofty promontory, which thrust itself out into a beautiful lake. Behind the college, and to the right of it, the dark Scotch fir woods rolled away, tier beyond tier, the building standing out before them like some new-carved toy. In front there was the lake, calm under the noonday sun: and all around, shutting out the horizon everywhere, rolled the hills, in sheets and scarps of purple blooming heather.

It was a wonderfully beautiful sight, — those who have had the luck to see Mitchet Pond on the Basingstoke Canal may guess how beautiful. Very few people know the great beauty of those desolate Hampshire lakes, lying on the Bagshot Sands. They have a set of their own, from Frimley to Sowley, a distance of some seventy miles. All that a hopelessly poor soil, inferior forms of vegetation, and solitude can do for one, they do. At times they are romantic, as at Mitchet, and at this lake of Purley; but all of them, on the hottest summer's day, suggest to one wild sweeping winter winds, and warm winter ingle-nooks. The sounds of agricultural life are seldom heard upon their desolate margin. The bittern startles some solitary cow in its flapping and noisy flight, and the snipe bleats in the place of the lamb.

In this beautiful building, standing where the forest, the lake, and the moorland met, the lad spent a long, hot, solitary summer, the happiest of his life. The solitude did him little harm, and the freedom did him great good. For instance, in his long, lonely rambles over the great sea-like expanses of heath, from one cape of forest to another, his work of the last half came to him with a new meaning. Virgil and Horace were not mere puzzles of scanning, mere wearisome exercises of memory. In these long rambles he sometimes repeated the passages he knew, from sheer *ennui* or vacuity; he began to find their meaning, and by degrees to admire them, and long that school might begin again, and that he might know more of them. Of English poetry he knew nothing; that was a later revelation. He says now, in his fanciful way, that the undoubted purity and beauty of his outline comes from the fact that he had not debauched his soul with post classical literature until he was nearly seventeen. Probably the plain truth is, that he has a keen, steady eye, and a keen, steady hand, and that the kind, genial soul, which is inside the man, acts on the dextrous eye and hand, and reproduces itself. If he chooses to assert that correct drawing can only be got at by an exclusive study of the classics, let him say so. He is not the first man who has talked nonsense about art, and, some of our cynical friends may say, certainly not the last.

Whether she had been cruel or kind, he had always feared or admired Nature; but the fantastic, broken prettiness of Berkshire had puzzled and confused him. A kaleidoscope is one thing: a painted window by Kaulbach at Cologne is another. In this new Paradise he for the first time saw great simple outlines, — long lines of forest, long horizons of heather, sometimes at his farthest point southward broken by the square tower of a great cathedral, with the sea gleam beyond; and he essayed to draw them, but could not, nor ever could to his satisfaction. Amateurs generally begin their brief career amidst mountain scenery: a mountain like Schehallion or Mount Cervin would set nine men out of ten to work to paint it. He had no such luck: he tried to draw the dull, simple lines of the Hampshire landscape, as being the first thing which he recognized as drawable. He failed so utterly that Ben Berry, the old porter, refused entirely to recognize the landscape on any terms. And so James, in spite, late one evening, in the lodge, sitting, with his shoes and coat off, on the table, drew Ben himself, and did it uncommonly well, — at least, so every one said except the new drawing-master, who set him on at once at pitchers and stiles.

In time summer came into autumn. The beds were all made in the new dormitories; the new organ was tuned ready for the first day's service. The old masters had met together in the new hall, and had sniffed, with intense delight, the sweet air of autumn from the Hampshire moors; and at last the boys, wondering and delighted at their new dress, and at the strange, beautiful Paradise in which they found themselves, had come swarming

back. James was king among them. He had mastered the new situation, and was always afterwards referred to about cross-country business. He fairly kept the lead he had taken. He had learnt to swim during the holidays, and was almost the only boy who could swim well. October was mild that year; and on the first day, before the whole school, he swam across the lake and back again, and became for a time a hero among these town-bred boys. It was little enough to do; they could most of them do it the next summer; but it gave him a temporary prestige, which was very much increased by Squire Silcote sending him a couple of sovereigns, when he was advised of this wonderful Leander feat by a faithful friend of both parties.

"You are now," said this faithful friend — Arthur, of Balliol, who turned up here, as he did everywhere else, for no assignable reason — "fairly launched. While you were dressed in those wretched petticoats, I could not do you the injustice to introduce you to a certain pleasant family, where there are boys and girls of your own age. At Christmas you will be asked to my brother's house, and will there see a side of life which will be perfectly new to you."

Accordingly he paid his visit to Lancaster Square, and after the Christmas holidays Reginald accompanied him back to school.

CHAPTER XV.

GARIBALDI AND KOSSUTH ARE STARTLED BY THE APPARITION OF MADAME GEORGEY.

LEAVING now for a time the fresh and free English-like atmosphere of Purley Lake, I must ask my reader to accompany me into quite a different one: into the atmosphere which has been made by the collision between European courts and dynastic traditions and democracy combined with "the doctrine of nationalities," — which atmosphere, here in England, generally offers itself to the outward senses with a scent of seedy broadcloth and bad cigars.

Who is there among us who has not in his time met a political exile: who is there who has not met one whom he has admired, and got to like? They are bores, you say. Certainly their cause is a bore. Certainly, at odd times, when one is busy, Polish and Hungarian politics *are* a bore; and one does get sick, when one is otherwise employed, of being taken by the button, and having a fresh arrangement of the map of Europe laid before one in a shrill treble, the bass of which consists of a denunciation of the unutterable wickedness of England, for not, with a hundred and forty thousand men, hardly collected, and costing a hundred a year apiece, overrunning Europe with two million of soldiers, and enforcing at the point of the bayonet emancipation of nationalities, and what the Americans call a "Liberal Platform." The cause was always a bore to many of us, even while we loved them, for we most of us thought that cause hopeless, and they themselves were inclined to be bores; though, thank heaven, the Italians, at all events, by persistent boring, have got what they wanted. And, if you look at it, few great things are done without persistency, which means boredom for uninterested people. Look at the unjust judge. The very man whom I shall have the honor to introduce to you directly under the *nom de guerre* of Kriegsthurm said to me, not so very long ago, "Revolution? yes, revolution. Failure once, twice, thrice, but always again revolution. The card must turn up some day."

Yet, in spite of their boring u[illegible] few of us who have known anything of them have not had occasion to admire their patience, their frugality, and their charity towards one another. Necessity had first thrown Boginsky the Pole and Count Aurelio Frangipanni the Italian together, and now their respect and friendship for one another, after seeing out so much grinding poverty together, was so great, that to injure one was to arouse the dangerous anger of both.

Frangipanni was a tall, slightly built, gentle-looking man, with a very long face, a good, kindly deliberative eye, and a prominent thin nose. He was neatly, though shabbily, dressed; his face was carefully shaved all over, and his hair was cropped close to his head: his manner was grave, polite, and dignified; he was a gentleman at all points. In politics he was not a democrat himself, but he used to tell you very calmly that he would be willing to make an alliance with the very *partie d'enfer* itself, if it could give him a united Italy.

His beloved Boginsky was a patriot of another order: fierce, dark, mysterious plots were the delight of his really kind heart (never, of course, in any way involving assassination, — he was an honest fellow enough). He was a lean, pale young man, of rather large build, without a hair on his deeply-marked face. As far as I can remember, at this period of time, I should say that he was broad-shouldered and athletic. Other things about him are more easily remembered; for instance, the restless, defiant pair of eyes, which, however, never set themselves into a scowl at the worst of times; and the long, thin, delicate, dexterous fingers, almost as restless as the eyes. We used to believe that the extreme pallor of his complexion arose from a long imprisonment in a Russian fortress; possibly want, an incessant application to the trade by which he got his poor living, that of engraving maps — and engraving them, I fear, very badly — had as much to do with it as the imprisonment. I have borrowed the name Boginsky from the Comtesse de Ségur for him. I went to him once about a certain map, and, when he told me his real name, and I found out who he was, I doubt whether I was ever more startled before or since. It was a name which ranked with Garibaldi's or Kossuth's at that time.

I am remembering too much, possibly. Both these gentlemen are now prosperous, and, I think, happy. Italy is united, and Poland dead. That Boginsky, in his quiet Australian farm, weeps at times for his dead Polonia, one cannot doubt: but she is only a memory. No doubt, also, that Frangipanni, Deputato at Florence, laments his Boginsky; but the world has not behaved very badly to either of them, all things considered.

I must ask your patience while I introduce Kriegsthurm. Kriegsthurm was a large, powerful, and now a somewhat fat man, though still strong and active. He was a man with a muddy-red complexion, with a fat jowl, which would never shave quite clean; a brown, short-cut moustache, a square, thick nose, heavy brown eyebrows, and two evil, steady little eyes. A gross, strong man, who fed gluttonously, and ruminated for an hour after meals, with his fat knees crossed, and his cunning little eyes gleaming into quick intelligence whenever there was the least necessity for attention to outward matters.

This man got his living ostensibly by keeping a

lodging-house, generally frequented by distressed patriots; he also did a little photography, and a little of a great many other things which we will not particularize. Among other things, he was a fortune-teller and a subsidizer of spiritual mediums, and, somehow, had made a large and very paying connection in this line among certain of the upper orders. He was a spy and a traitor; but Boginsky and Frangipanni believed in him, loved him, and trusted him. He was a thoroughgoing revolutionist, and far shrewder than such men as our two honest friends before mentioned. And the man had the power, strange to say, of holding these simple gentlemen in leash. When Frangipanni came back to him in '48, naked and wounded, Kriegsthurm took him in, and set him up again (let that be mentioned to his credit). "I told you not to go," he said. "I told you the pear was not ripe; and I married a Jewess, and ought to know. And here you are. It will all come in time if you wait for it. A man of your mark should not go Strasbourging and Boulogning. By the by, *his* time will come, you mark my words. Let Boginsky go, if you like; if he *was* knocked on the head, I could find a dozen like him. And, besides, I am not going to have it done yet." The man's shrewdness and power were undeniable, and Boginsky, who limped in later, was obliged to confess that Kriegsthurm deserved well of the democracy of Europe. When Garibaldi started for Sicily, in 1860, this man ranged and raged through Leicester Square and Kentish Town, arousing the patriotic. "This thing will *do*, I tell you," he said; "the time has come, and the man is on the spot! Don't stint yourselves for money now. Never mind what you owe me. Let it wait. I want the Two Sicilies to begin with. I'll let your three pound fifteen stand."

To this man Kriegsthurm our old friend Squire Silcote in later times propounded the question: "Whether or no he did not think himself, on the whole, the greatest scoundrel in Europe?" Kriegsthurm laughed in his face so diabolically that Silcote stood silent and aghast with wonder and admiration.

In this man's house, — a dull, squalid house, in a back street in Kentish Town, — on a dull, rainy day, Frangipanni and Boginsky sat at their work. Count Frangipanni was correcting the Italian exercises of one of his pupils; Boginsky was doing his map-work; and they had sat opposite one another for some hours, scarcely speaking, for bread must be won somehow. It was a dull, dark, dirty room, with what Mrs. Grundy would call a "foreign" smell in it; meaning, I take it, a smell of soup and cigars. But at last a neighboring clock struck one, and Boginsky cast his graver, or whatever it was, on the table, and cried out in English, for they neither knew well the other's language, —

"Father Frangipanni, I will work no more before dinner; and dinner is due. Father, if thou dottest another *i*, I will denounce thee. Talk to me. My soul is hungry."

"I will talk to thee, dear son, when I have finished my next paragraph. Canst thou never wait?" They thee'd and thou'd one another; they thought from their experience of other languages that it was a proof of familiarity.

"Wait? No, I can never wait. Father, the doctors of medicine in France can open veins and transfuse blood. Father, let us get here a French doctor, and let me have some of your old, cold, waiting blood, passed into my veins. For my heart is like a blazing coal. I want my Mazzini. He satisfies my soul. And he is not here, not there, not nowhere. Have the assassins caught him? Give me my Mazzini, or transfuse to me some of your heart's blood, and teach me to wait."

"Titch me to weet," as he said it. Frangipanni, putting away his pens, ink, and paper with his usual tidiness, smiled at him.

"I do not tell you to wait, dear little Pole," he said. "I do not tell you to hesitate in any way. There is the door, my dear, and outside it you will find George Street, Kentish Town, London, England. Cry Havoc, my dear, and let slip the dogs of war in George Street, hey? You want a little wild talk, my son, and your Mazzini is not handy for you. Talk your wild talk out to me, my son, instead of to your Mazzini. Our dear one is safe, no doubt. I say to you that your temper is too hot about affairs, and the king is not ready. Scold me, dear child."

The dear child Boginsky took him at his word, and scolded with a vengeance.

"King not ready? Did ever you hear of a king who ever was ready, unless he was pushed on behind by an overwhelming democracy? I cry out, from the inmost depths of my burning heart, for a democracy, and you talk to me of kings. Roll a king's head before the coalized scoundrels as Danton did. Let the great heart of every nation speak out in a universal suffrage."

"As in Poland, for instance, my child," said Count Frangipanni. "How — knowing, as you do, that the peasantry are most naturally bound to the Russian side, to the side of order, to the side which will give them some sort of peace and security — can you talk such nonsense? Kings are of value, orders are of value. All should be utilized in the great cause of nationality, with democracy if necessary, without democracy if possible. Come, child, no more of it. Am I not an aristocrat myself? You forget your manners, my dear; and you forget also that you are an aristocrat yourself: proscribed it is true, but Louis Napoleon Buonaparte was proscribed till the day before yesterday. Nothing can ever make you anything but Count Boginsky, you know. And you lose your temper over it all, my son. You entertain personal feuds, and have your reminiscences. Now you should copy me in that. I have no *personal* feeling towards any one in the world."

Boginsky laughed, and, throwing himself back in his chair, burst into song, set hurriedly to some wild, whirling dance music, — and into no despicable kind of song either; for he had a fine tenor voice, a good knowledge of singing, and was besides singing very noble words: indeed, there are but few better: —

> "I heard last night a little child go singing,
> 'Neath Casa Guidi windows by the church,
> 'O bella libertà, O bella!' Stringing
> The same words still on notes he went in search
> So high, for y a concluded the upspringing," &c., &c.

The older man's face flushed up. "But I have no personal feeling towards any man whatever," he said. "This is not the time for excitement either. Be quiet."

No personal feeling whatever, my dear Count Aurelio Frangipanni? You are quite sure about that? You and Boginsky had argued together about politics a long time, and you had always ended by asserting that you had no personal feeling against any one in the world: while our wild young Boginsky was for hanging up half the European statesmen in a row. The above conversation with

Boginsky is not very important, and is only a variation on a hundred others; but it ended by proving that you *had* a strong personal feeling against one man at least.

For, while they were idly waiting for their dinner — Frangipanni having pronounced against singing of all kinds, even against Barret Browning, engrafted on Strauss, and certainly producing revolutionary fruit — there came a ring at the bell. Then there was a conference in the passage; and then the draggle-tail servant girl, a shrewd enough little Cockney on most occasions, who had shown in more princes than one into that parlor in her time, and who did the general work of the house, opened the door, and said, —

"If you please, sir, here is the Prince of Castelnuovo."

The effect of the little Cockney maid's words was something fearful to see. The calm middle-aged gentleman, Count Frangipanni, without the slightest personal feeling towards any one in the world, bounded on his feet, and cried out, "Death and fury! give me my sword! Is he mad to hunt me down here? My sword, Boginsky! my sword! Traitor, you are holding me!" And the ferocious and sanguinary democrat, who was ready to hang up half the statesmen in Europe in a row, threw himself on his brother count, and held him back by sheer force, saying, "Now you are going to make a fool of yourself, you know. You would be an assassin at this moment if I was not here to take care of you. Sit down in that chair and hold your tongue. You have bitten your mouth in your passion, and the blood is running. Suck your lower lip, and swallow the blood. Don't let *him* see it; and, if you possibly can, sit quiet, and let me do the talking."

Count Frangipanni had done what he hated doing beyond most men, — had made a fool of himself, and been detected in the act by a very pretty woman. He was standing in the middle of the room, towering up in a dignified attitude, white with rage, the very veins in his forehead swollen, and Count Boginsky was still holding him back with both hands, and begging him to be calm; when there entered to them a very handsome woman in a white bonnet, a rich white lace shawl over a silver-gray moiré antique dress, and delicately fitting cream-colored gloves, — a monstrous contrast to their shabby squalor, — who began, "I beg a thousand pardons," and then stopped in sheer wonder at the astounding appearance of the two men before her.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PRINCESS, AFTER AN INEFFECTUAL EFFORT TO COMPOSE MATTERS BETWEEN ITALY AND AUSTRIA, HAS A LITTLE TABLE-RAPPING.

COUNT FRANGIPANNI was the first to recover his presence of mind. He advanced, blushing deeply, towards our old acquaintance the Princess of Castelnuove. Boginsky stood staring open-mouthed, utterly taken aback at what one may be allowed to call this "sell," and apparently very much inclined to laugh.

Frangipanni took her for a foreigner, probably because she was so well dressed, and spoke to her in his kind of French. "I owe Madame a thousand apologies for discovering me in such a lamentable disorder. My serene Madame will have the complacency to bend her powerful mind to understand that I am getting old, and am subject to *eblouissements*. The sudden announcement of the name of so eminent a princess," — here he began to remember that she was an Englishwoman — "of one so devoted to the Ted — I babble — to the Austrian interests, produced a recurrence of my malady. I am unfortunately Italian in my sympathies. The noble step-son of Madame, unless I delude myself, ornaments still the court of Vienna. May I do the honors of our miserable *ménage*, and may I receive the commands of Madame?"

Madame, with her silly good-nature, never cared to inquire his name. "You may depend on it," she said in *her* French, which was much queerer than Frangipanni's, "these *eblouissements* are all stomach. Don't let them cause you any inconvenience. A soupçon of brandy in your tea of a morning will set you all right. Every one has them more or less, though you certainly do seem to suffer more than most, I must say. None of you Italian patriots have much digestion to speak of, you know: that is why you are so troublesome. But I am seeking Herr Kreigsthurm, and that silly girl told me he was here. I make then my apologies and withdraw."

And she withdrew. Boginsky had time to say, "Is that the Englishwoman whom the traitor Castelnuovo married for her money?" when she came back again, and, standing before the door, opening and shutting her parasol, said, in her native tongue,

"Does Monsieur speak English?"

"He does."

"Will you allow me to say, sir, that I hope there is no ill-will between us. I begin to think that I know Monsieur's face, though I cannot remember his name. Will he favor me with it?"

"To oblige Madame, anything. I am the unhappy Count Aurelio Frangipanni."

"O, my good gracious goodness!" said the poor Princess, dissolving into tears, and using a lace pocket-handkerchief most unaffectedly. "This is the most dreadful thing which ever happened to me. My dear sir, I give you my honor that I thought you had been dead some time. And to find you alive, and in this miserable state, makes me so deeply unhappy. Can I do nothing?"

"Madame's disappointment at finding me alive is most natural. Madame's offer of assistance is most natural also, as it comes from her kind and generous heart. But she must, with her intuitive good taste, perceive that the acceptance of any such offers is impossible on my part. I feel sure that Madame will see that without taking offence at my plain speech."

So spoke the Italian gentleman to the Englishwoman whom he hated and despised, and whose husband had betrayed him most shamefully, in more ways than one, as he believed by her instigation. There was just a little irony in it, but the Princess had not brains enough to see it.

"I am so very sorry for all that took place, Count, and politics are politics, and your side were not blameless, you know, and I have plenty of money, and I am sure that my sainted Massimo, now in glory, would approve almost anything you would mention in a pecuniary point of view. Do think of it."

"I will, Madame, and politely decline it."

"I am afraid I have offended you by the offer of money. Forgive me. I am powerful at Vienna; I represent the Protestant interest there to a certain extent. Can I do nothing politically for you? If you could manage — to manage you know — so far as to let me take in your submission; I could man-

age almost anything for you. Now do speak the word, my dear soul, because I really had not anything to do with it."

So she dragged her coarse-toothed harrow over the nervous and delicate, almost fanatical, soul of poor Count Frangipanni. It seems that the men who came back in the best case from the ghastly nightmare Moscow expedition were the Neapolitans the most sensitive, most passionate, and yet the most enduring of men. Count Frangipanni was one of them.

"Madame's offers are most politely declined," said he, very gently indeed.

"Then," she said, "I wish you would tell me where Kriegsthurm is."

We have most of us known more than one man who is under the delusion that if you curse and swear in a foreign language, God does not hear you: indeed, it is not an uncommon delusion. Kriegsthurm, who had overheard the whole of this from the open door of the parlor, across the passage, must have been under this impression, or he never would have dared to swear to himself in the way he did. Polyglot spy as he was, he exhausted nearly every oath in Europe over the unutterable stupidity of the servant girl who had brought about this [illegible]. The Princess's very presence there, inquiring for him, he argued, would prove that he had at one time been in relation with the traitor as Italian-Aus- [illegible]

"Madam, what time have I had to consult any of the usual oracles?" And he reflected, "The first shot was a good one with regard to time; she has heard something in London." Then he went on. "But you are fatigued with your long journey, madam; long travelling in a railway is most fatiguing, and the Great Western carriages are not well ventilated. May I get you a glass of wine?" All this because he knew the woman's habit of chattering, and because he knew, also, that suggestions of time and place would suggest ordinary ideas to her feeble mind, and make her chatter.

"I have not come far," she said; "I got my cab at the end of Birdcage Walk. So I had not far to walk. I am not tired, but I am very much distressed."

He had it all now.

"I have been distressed myself, madam, for a long time, on the same subject. The original mischief arose from Mars crossing Venus at the hour of nativity in the house of death. Your nephew has not been to blame: no man could fight against such influences."

"I don't understand astrology," said the poor Princess. ("Thank heaven!" thought Kriegsthurm, "for I am sure *I* don't. What an awful fool this woman is. I wonder what she will stand over this business?") "I am sure, as you say, that my poor Robert, my favorite nephew, has been born under evil influences, and is not in the least to blame. But I want a spiritual consultation with you, as to whether his father is likely to pay his debts after this dreadful [illegible], and if not, what is to be done. This last business is the worst of all, and the Horse Guards have taken it up."

"We had better have a spiritual consultation. [illegible] I think everything is ready. Shall we [illegible]

but it was like a fourth-class amateur conjuring-trick from beginning to end, — not to be compared to Frikell or Stodare's worst; but, having to do it before a very silly person, he dared, like those gentlemen, to do it in daylight. The result is what we have to do with, however. When the raps had ceased, the table was quiet, and he had had time to think the matter over, it appeared that the following was the communication from the other world: —

"Captain Bob Silcote have undoubtedly made a worse mess of it than ever he have done before. There is no chance whatever of his father's paying his debts again; and any attempt of his most amiable aunt's doing the like thing will bring on her the anger of the spirits, at present well intended towards her, and may induce them to plague her, for her good, with a Poltergeist. There is no fear that Captain Silcote will marry the Signora Maritornes, being married already, and knowing well what he is about. He had better go to Vienna ('Cheeze it abroad,' it stood in the original pencil MS., before Kriegsthurm had time to bring his mind to bear on details), where his aunt's purse and influence will aid him. Outlawing will be his portion; and let him keep clear of dark places in Italian territory, lest they should find out that he is his dear aunt's nephew."

So much had he time to concoct under the circumstances. He got rid of his visitor, and went anxiously back to his two lodgers.

They had no earthly suspicion of him: as loyal gentlemen themselves, they never dreamt that a man who had become their familiar friend in misfortune could be a traitor and a spy. Frangipanni talked persistently in a solemn monotone about his wrongs in general, and the injuries received from Castelnuovo, all dinner time; and warned Kriegsthurm against having anything to do even with his English wife, who could not but be treacherous from the name she bore.

As for Robert Silcote, his *fiasco* was in the morning papers. In a spirit of sheer mischief he had persuaded that reckless Spaniard, Madame Maritornes, to go for a tour, leaving her engagement, at the cost of thousands upon thousands to herself, and the great indignation of the public. It was so openly and notoriously the work of Robert Silcote, and came at the end of so many other shameful scandals, that his collapse was instantaneous. The army authorities interfered, and he was recommended to sell out. Frantic efforts were made by some of the tradesmen to catch him, but he anticipated all the *ne exeats*, and arrived safely in Vienna.

[To be continued.]

COUSIN JANE.

When my little cousin Jane Lumley came to me one morning, and said in her blushing way, "cousin William, Mr. Forbes has proposed to me, and I have accepted him," I felt that I must be a very old cousin indeed, a very safe cousin as girls would say, or she would never have chosen me for a confidant.

I was pleased, and I was sorry, to hear the tidings. I was pleased, because it was a very good offer; and I was sorry, because Mr. Forbes would take Jane away — selfish animal! — and though I had never cared to marry her myself, I thought it a hard case to see her marry another. However, as pleasure had come first, so it was the predominant feeling, and I shook hands with Jane, and congratulated her on her good fortune. For it was decidedly good fortune. Mr. Forbes, though a widower, was not thirty; he was good looking and accomplished; he was well off too, and had a charming home within a convenient distance of London; in short, he was a most eligible husband for Jane, who had not a farthing of her own, and who owed the very clothes she wore to my father's kindness. Not that he thought it much kindness, dear old boy. Jane was his pet, and I feel pretty sure that he considered Mr. Forbes a very fortunate man in having secured her. Of course, I thought so too, for I knew Jane's value. Still, Mr. Forbes's offer puzzled me.

Jane had come with her little story to me in the garden; we were alone in one of the green arbors. She stood in the shade, bareheaded, modest, with a happy blush on her cheek, and a soft dewy light in her brown eyes. I had never seen her look half so well in her whole life as she looked then, and — shall I say it? — Jane did not look at all pretty! No, not at all. No one, indeed, could call Jane ugly or even plain; but there was an absence of beauty in her face, which was the more remarkable that pretty girls abounded in our county. She had a nice figure, a graceful carriage, a pleasant voice, and a happy look; that she had, and no more. She was also a sensible girl, clever, well bred, and amiable, though dreadfully shy with strangers; but how could Mr. Forbes know anything of Jane save her shyness? He had not seen her more than a dozen times in all, and Jane was so quiet, that he must be a very penetrating and far-seeing man indeed if he had discovered her merits during those brief interviews. I ventured on expressing some surprise. "How sly you both have been, Jenny," I said.

"No, William, not at all sly, I assure you," she replied, gravely. "I had no idea Mr. Forbes thought of such a thing till he mentioned it the other day."

"Then you did not say 'yes' at once Jenny?"

"How could I? I was so confused that I should not even have asked for time to think over it, if he had not made the suggestion."

It was very plain that Jane was not in love; but then how odd if he were! I had seen them together the day before this, and Mr. Forbes, for a young man, was a cool lover, to say the least of it. Despite her inexperience in such matters, Jane felt some surprise too, and she expressed it with a mixture of sauciness and simplicity which she often displayed with me, but which she had certainly never showed to Mr. Forbes.

"Do you know, cousin William," she said, looking up at me, "I must be a very fascinating person after all. I am not pretty, I am twenty-three, I am not rich, I am quiet, and yet Mr. Forbes, who has only to pick and choose, is smitten with me."

"How do you know he is smitten?" I inquired.

I repented the question at once; but, luckily, Jane only laughed.

"Why should he want to marry me if he were not smitten?" she asked gayly.

"Ah! to be sure. And you are smitten, of course, Jenny?"

"No," was her rather serious reply. "I admire Mr. Forbes, and I am grateful for his affection; but though I hope to be very happy with him, I am not what is called in love, cousin William. That is not in my way, I suppose."

And Jenny just uttered a little tremulous sigh of regret, and looked like an ancient maiden who bids adieu to love and its follies; but who, though

conscious of her wisdom, feels rather mournful to be so very wise. These little fanciful ways and conceits, which tempered her good sense, and made it endurable, — for mere good sense is apt to be dreadfully oppressive, — were Jane's real fascination, in my opinion. I could understand that a man should be allured by them; but they were never displayed unless in intimacy, and Mr. Forbes could know nothing about them. Still, he *must* be smitten, as Jane said; for why else should he wish to marry her?

If hurry be a proof of love, Mr. Forbes was very much in love. He wanted to marry Jane off-hand; and when my aunt Mary, who kept house for us, remonstrated a little indignantly, Mr. Forbes showed some temper. He submitted, however, and the courtship went on. I could not help seeing a good deal of it, and I did not like what I saw. Jane, silly child, seemed quite happy with such attentions as Mr. Forbes paid to her; but if she was satisfied, I was not. Mr. Forbes went through love-making most conscientiously; but I remembered my flirtation with Grace Anley seven years before, and I thought it was something very different from this. I never caught Mr. Forbes giving Jane any of those looks which had made me so dreadfully ridiculous in those days; I never saw him raised to bliss or sunk to despair by anything my little cousin said or did; and what was very significant, I never once saw him try to be alone with her. I drew the pitiless conclusion that Mr. Forbes, though one of the cleverest men I knew, had nothing to say to Jane.

I was alone with her on the evening before the wedding-day. We sat in the parlor, by one of the open windows, and we looked out at the garden. I could not help thinking that this garden would seem very dull and lonely when my little cousin Jenny was gone. No more should I hear her gayly carolling in the morning, as she ran down the alleys, light and blithe as a bird on the wing. No more would I see her reading in one of the arbors as intent as a young Muse. No more would the waving of her muslin dress or the pattering of her little feet on the gravel give me pleasant thoughts of youth and girlhood. She was going off to Paris with that cold Mr. Forbes, and after their honeymoon trip he would take her to his house and keep her there forever. These were dismal thoughts; so, with a groan, I said:

"You are going away to-morrow, Jane?"

"Yes," she answered, in a low voice. "Do you know, I can scarcely believe it, cousin William."

"Nonsense," I said, a little crossly. "You like it. I have no doubt you are desperately in love with Mr. Forbes by this time."

"No, I am not," she replied, with one of her little solemn ways: "it is very odd, but I am not in love with Mr. Forbes, in spite of all his devotion to me."

Mr. Forbes's settlements had been very liberal indeed, but other devotion I had not seen.

"It is very wrong," continued poor Jenny in a tone of keen remorse; "but it is no fault of mine, you know. Nevertheless, I spoke to Mr. Forbes about it the other day."

"Did you, though?" I exclaimed, rather startled at this unnecessary piece of candor.

"Yes: and he said it did not matter, that we should be very happy together, and that I would be, he knew, a good mother to his little boy."

Jane's simplicity and Mr. Forbes's coolness both confounded me. It was plain he was no more in love with Jane than Jane was with him. Only, why on earth did he want to marry her? How did he know that she would make a good mother to his little boy? Jane had no sort of experience concerning children, and was not even very fond of them. She liked them, to be sure: but I had never seen her go baby mad, like Grace Anley. Mischievous little flirt, she knew it became her, I suppose. Well, well! I have had my revenge. I saw Grace the other day, — she is now Mrs. Grant, — and Grace, my nymph, my sylph, has grown stout.

I don't exactly know what reply I gave little Jane: I dare say some truism about the non-necessity of ardent love on her part; for she said, in her serious way:

"So I think, cousin William; besides, you know, feeling that deficiency, I must, of course, make it up by being ever so much better than I might have been if I had returned all Mr. Forbes's feelings."

But she sighed: perhaps the prospect of being so very good seemed a little austere to my young cousin. Aunt Mary came in and put an end to the conversation. I went out to smoke a cigar, and did not see Jane till the next morning.

A pleasant blushing bride my cousin looked, almost pretty, and quite happy. Mr. Forbes was, as usual, very handsome; a little pale, perhaps, but I am bound to say that he went through the trying marriage ceremony with manly fortitude. When it was over, he seemed to have cast a weight of care away, and accepted our congratulations and good wishes with something like a happy smile. The wedding breakfast was late, and I did not see much of him before we all sat down: but, when we did so, I thought Mr. Forbes looked a very excitable bridegroom, and that even quiet little Jane had very fitful spirits for a bride. I drew no conclusions until Jane entered the library, where I stood alone, to bid me good by. We had spent many pleasant hours in that library, and I did not wonder that Jane showed some emotion on finding me there. But when she came up to me, and, instead of taking my hand, threw her arms around my neck and laid her cold cheek to mine, and burst into sobs and tears, I felt a wonder verging on alarm.

"Jane, my dear girl, my darling, what ails you?" I said, anxiously.

"I am going away," she sobbed; "oh, cousin William, I am going away!"

She would say no more. She was going away, but surely she had known that all along; and surely it was not to go and leave us that could put her in such a state of despair as this. I could get no explanation from her. There was no time. The carriage was waiting; they were looking for her.

"I am coming, I am coming," she cried, darting from me, and speaking in a light-hearted voice. I followed her out. Mr. Forbes handed her into the carriage, stepped in after her, and my little cousin Jane, now Mrs. Forbes, was gone forever from amongst us.

Jane had not been long married when my father died. Aunt Mary was ordered to the south of France, and I remained alone with the housekeeper. These were dreary days. I wished now I had proposed to Jane, and married her: I fancied we should have made a happier couple than Mr. and Mrs. Forbes. She wrote now and then; she never complained, but she never once said, "I am happy." She praised Mr. Forbes and his house, and spoke of her position and her comforts, — of herself, never. The theme that most frequently recurred in her let-

ters was Arthur, Mr. Forbes's little boy. She recorded his sayings and doings with evident fondness, and I began to think that a young bride whose mind was so much engrossed by her husband's child could not be a very happy one. I had received a general invitation to Mr. Forbes's house, and though Jane did not once remind me of it, I resolved to visit the Elms. It would be a change; besides, I wanted to see why Jane was not happy. I am bound to say that, though my visit was unexpected, Mr. Forbes received me very cordially.

"Jane will be delighted to see you," he said; "she is out with my little boy."

Jane came in presently with a sickly peevish-looking little fellow, — the wonderful Arthur, about whom she had had so much to write. She colored on seeing me, but delight in her face I saw not. If I could have believed it of Jane, I should have thought she was sorry I had come. She stammered a welcome, however, but, as I soon perceived, shunned every opportunity of remaining alone with me. Once I caught her on the staircase.

"Well, Jane, are you happy?" I whispered.

"O, quite happy," she replied, airily. "Is not the Elms a charming place?" And she made her escape.

Yes, the Elms was a charming place; a brown old house, spacious and convenient, with a gay flower-garden around it, and beyond this a region of ancient elm-trees scattered on a grassy slope. Truly the mistress of this pleasant abode and well-ordered household, the wife of that handsome agreeable gentleman, ought to have been a happy woman; but she was not. I saw it at once. Jane had grown thin and pale, and looked sad and careworn. Nor did Mr. Forbes look a happy man. I did not like the rigid lines which a few months had made in his handsome face. He was very kind to his wife, and strictly polite; but of fondness, of love, of tenderness, I saw no sign. He kept these for his child, who was certainly one of the most ill-tempered little three-year-old wretches I had ever seen. Yet Jane seemed to rival her husband in doting affection for that little monkey, who began our acquaintance by making faces at me, and followed it up biting my leg before dinner. "He was a great sufferer," apologetically said his father.

I thought I was the sufferer in this particular instance, but I bore the pain — I have the mark to this day — with that heroism which politeness alone can inspire. I did not intend paying Mr. Forbes and his wife a long visit; but our intentions have little power over the course of events. That same evening I took a walk with Mr. Forbes, stumbled over the root of a tree, and sprained my ankle. It was very provoking. My sprain was one of the worst; the doctor who was called in ordered rest, — total rest, he said. In short, I was condemned to spend many days, some weeks, perhaps, at the Elms. Mr. Forbes behaved unexceptionally; he was cordial, he was kind, he was hospitable; and my little Jane, on seeing me in severe pain, became once more my dear little Jane of old times. She was a good deal with me, — I mean alone with me. Her husband had business in London, and went there daily; and whilst I lay stretched on a sofa in the parlor, Jane sat and worked and watched Arthur and his maid out in the garden.

"Jane," I said to her one day, after biding my time, "why are you not happy?"

Jane became crimson, and I saw her little fingers tremble as she vainly tried to thread her needle.

"I — I am very happy," she stammered.

"No, Jane, you are not; neither is Mr. Forbes. I do not want to meddle between you; but yet, Jane, if a word of sound sensible advice from cousin William would help to set matters right, why not give yourself the chance, and him the pleasure, of that word?" Her color came and went; her work dropped on her lap; she clasped her hands and said:

"O, if you could — if you could tell me some thing — advise me, I mean. O, cousin William, if you could make my husband like me!"

"I always suspected this," I replied, rather ruefully; "but, child, I must know why he married you. Do you know?"

"O, yes," she answered, in a very peculiar tone; "and that is just the mischief. If I had known nothing, all might have been well."

This was very mysterious. It took me some time and trouble to make Jenny more explicit; at length, she told me all.

"When we were really married," she began, "and I came home his wife, and looked at him and felt proud of him, I was happy. O, so happy! Perhaps you remember that, even before changing my dress, I went down the garden. I had a foolish fancy to gather some of my favorite flowers and take them with me. I thought to be alone there; but some one had given Mr. Forbes a letter on our coming in, and he had gone to the garden to read it. I saw him in the summer-house, sitting in your chair, his head flung on the table, his arms clasped above it; and I heard him groaning as if he were in great agony. I turned cold and trembled. I knew it was no physical pang that wrung those moans from him. The letter he had been reading was on the ground by him. I picked it up and stood with it in my hand, looking at him. He had not heard, and he did not heed me. I looked just at the first words; and when I had read them, I could not leave off till I had finished the whole letter. God help me! It was a love-letter, written to my husband by one who had been compelled to betray him: but who, at the eleventh hour, repented her error and asked to be forgiven! She wrote full of hope and fondness. She had suffered so much that he could not, she said, be long angry with his own Annie! Yes, she called herself his own. I was his wife; I had not been an hour married; I still wore my white dress, my veil, and my orange-wreath, and another woman wrote thus to my husband! He now roused himself and saw me. I still held the letter in my hand, and my face, no doubt, told him that I had read it; for he took it from me and walked away, — both without a word. I wondered how he felt. Was he sorry the letter had not come sooner? Would he have given me up even at the foot of the altar? I know better now, — I know Mr. Forbes could not be dishonorable; but then my mind was not my own. One thing, however, was clear. He did not love me. He had wished to marry me in order to punish the ingrate, and to hurry our marriage in order to forestall hers and show her how little he felt her faithlessness. He had taken me, poor, plain, and unattractive, that I might owe him much, and he, the rich, handsome gentleman, owe me very little. That was it, and cousin William, it was very bitter.

"You know why that we are not, and cannot be, happy. It is because I read that letter. I am like Psyche, and, like her, I pay for my error. If I had remained ignorant, I should have been content. Mr. Forbes would have acted his part to the end,

"Cousin William, you cannot imagine what I felt when I compared these two women, — my dear, pretty Jane (pretty Jane! oh, love, love!), and that cold, shallow, frivolous woman! My darling felt me shudder as we left, and she thought I was cold. Cold! I was thinking — I might actually have married that woman!"

BLACK SHEEP.

BY EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

AMONG THE BEECHES.

A FINE avenue of beech-trees led from the gate through which George Dallas had passed, to the house which had attracted his admiration. These grandest and most beautiful of trees were not, however, the distinguishing feature of the place: not its chief pride. "The Sycamores" was so called in honor of a profusion of trees of that kind, said in the neighborhood to have no rivals in all England. Be that as it might, the woodland scenery in Sir Thomas Boldero's noble park was beautiful in the highest degree, and of such beauty George Dallas was keenly and artistically appreciative. The tender loveliness of the spring was abroad throughout the land; its voices, its gladness, its perfumes, were around him everywhere, and as the young man strolled on under the shadow of the great branches, bearing their tender burden of bright, soft, green, half-unclosed buds, the weight and blackness of care seemed to be lifted off him, and his heart opened to fresh, pure, simple aspirations, long strangers to his jaded but not wholly vitiated character. He was very young, and the blessed influence of youth told upon him, its power of receiving impressions, its faculty of enjoyment, its susceptibility to external things, — a blessing or a curse as it is used, — its buoyancy, its hopefulness. As George Dallas turned from the broad smooth carriage-way, and went wandering over the green elastic turf of the carefully kept park, winding in and out through the boles of the grand old trees, treading now on a tender twig, again on a wild-flower, now startling from her nest a brooding lark, anon stopping to listen to a burst of melody from some songster free from domestic cares, he was hardly recognizable as the man who had sat listening to Philip Deane's hard, worldly talk at the Strand tavern the day before.

"Brighter and softer" his mother had said he was looking, and it was true. Brighter and softer still the hard, pleasure-wearied, joyless face became, as the minutes stole over him, among the sycamores and beeches. He had pursued his desultory path a mile or more, and had lost sight of the house and the avenue, when he came to a beautiful open glade, carpeted with turf of the softest green, and overarched by forest trees. Looking down its long vista, he saw that it terminated with a brilliant flower-garden, and a portion of a noble stone terrace, lying beneath one side of the many-turreted house. He stood entranced by the beauty of the scene, and, after a few moments, felt in his pocket for pencil and paper, in order to sketch it. He found both, and looking round him, saw a piece of the trunk of a felled tree, not yet removed by the care of the forester.

"A capital place to sketch from," thought George, as he folded his coat, and laid it upon the convenient block, and immediately became absorbed in his occupation. He was proceeding rapidly with his sketch, and feeling rather disposed to get it fi ished as quickly as he could, in order that he mig return to the inn and procure some food, of whi he stood in considerable need, when he caught t sound of galloping upon the turf in the distance b hind him. He raised his head and listened; the it was, the dull, rapid thud of hoofs upon the gra Was there one rider, or were there more? He l tened again, — only one, he thought; and now t rapid noise ceased, and was succeeded by the slo pattering sound of a horse ridden daintily and ge tly about and about, guided by a capricious fan Still George listened, and presently there ca riding out of the shadowy distance into the full e panse of the glade, down which the declining s sent golden rays, as if in salutation, a lady, w was, as his first glance showed him, young and bea tiful. She was quite unconscious of his presen for the piece of timber on which he had been sitti was out of the line of sight, and though he h risen, he was still standing beside it. She came wards him, her slight form swaying to the mo ments of her bright bay thoroughbred, as she p the animal through all sorts of fanciful paces, n checking him with the rein, now encouraging h with her clear, sweet young voice, and patting arched neck with her white-gloved hand. T young man looked out from his hiding-place, enr tured, as she came on, a vision of youth, beauty, a refinement, down the wide green glade, the s shining on her, the birds singing, the flowers bloo ing for her, the proud walls of the old house ris grandly in the background, as if in boast of t worthy shelter that awaited her. Nearer and nea she came, and now George Dallas could see l face distinctly, and could hear the pretty wo with which she coaxed her horse. It was a face remember: a face to be the happier for havi seen; a face whose beauty was blended of form a color, of soul, feature, and expression; a face wh had all that the earth has to give of its best a fairest, touched with the glory which is higher a better, which earth has not to bestow. It was face of a girl of nineteen, whose clear eyes were golden brown, whose cheeks bloomed with the p est, most varying flower-like color, whose rich g en hair shone in the sunlight, as its braids ripp and turned about with the movement of her he tossed childishly to the rhythmical measure of horse's tread.

Half a dozen trees only intervened between and the spot where George Dallas stood, gree watching her every movement and glance, wl she took her hat off, and pushed the heavy gol hair off her broad white forehead. At that mome her horse jerked the rein she held loosely, pulled her slightly forward, the hat falling from hand on the grass.

"Now see what you have done," she said, wit gay laugh, as the animal stood still and looked f ish. "I declare I'll make you pick it up with y mouth. There, sir, turn. I tell you: come, know how." And she put the horse through all pretty tricks of stooping and half kneeling, in wh she evidently felt much more pleasure than he d But she did not succeed: he obeyed touch and w readily; but he did not pick up the hat. At l she desisted, and said, with a funny look of m patience, —

"Very well, Sir Lancelot, if you won't you wo so I must get off." She had just gathered l skirt in her hand, and was about to spring from l

saddle, when George Dallas stepped out from among the trees, picked up the hat, and handed it to her, with a bow.

The young lady looked at him in astonishment, but she thanked him with self-possession, which he was far from sharing, and put her hat on, while Sir Lancelot pawed impatiently.

"Thank you," she said; "I did not see any one near."

"I was sitting yonder," said George Dallas, pointing to the spot whence he had emerged, "on some fallen timber, and was just taking the liberty of sketching the view of the house, when you rode up."

She colored, looked pleased and interested, and said, hesitatingly, having bidden Sir Lancelot "stand," —

"You are an artist, sir?"

"No," he answered, "at least, only in a very small way; but this is such a beautiful place, I was tempted to make a little sketch. But I fear I am intruding; perhaps strangers are not admitted."

"O, yes they are," she replied, hurriedly. "We have not many strangers in this neighborhood; but they are all welcome to come into the park, if they like. Had you finished your sketch?" she asked, timidly, with a look towards the sheet of paper, which had fallen when Dallas rose, and had been fluttered into sight by the gentle wind. George saw the look, and caught eagerly at any pretext for prolonging the interview a few moments.

"May I venture to show you my poor attempt?" he asked, and without awaiting her answer, he stepped quickly back to the place he had left. The girl walked her horse gently forward, and as he stooped for the paper, she was beside him, and, lifting his head, he caught for a moment the full placid gaze of her limpid eyes. He reddened under the look, full of gentleness and interest as it was, and a pang shot through his heart, with the swift thought, that once he might have met such a woman as this on equal terms, and might have striven with the highest and the proudest for her favor. That was all over now; but at least he, even he, might sun himself in the brief light of her presence. She laid the rein on Sir Lancelot's neck, and took the little drawing from his hand with a timid expression of thanks.

"I am no judge," she said, when she had looked at it, and he had looked at her, his whole soul in his eyes; "but I think it is very nicely done. Would you not like to finish it? Or perhaps there are some other points of view you would like to take? I am sure my uncle, Sir Thomas Boldero, would be delighted to give you every facility. He is very fond of art, and — and takes a great interest in artists."

"You are very kind," said Dallas. "I shall be at Amherst a day or two longer, and I will take the liberty of making a few sketches, — that splendid group of sycamores, for instance."

"Ah yes," she said, laughing, "I call them the godfathers and godmothers of the park. They would make a pretty picture. I tried to draw them once, myself, but *you* cannot imagine what a mess I made of it."

"Indeed," said Dallas, with a smile, "and why am I to be supposed unable to imagine a failure?"

"Because you are an artist," she said, with charming archness and simplicity, "and, of course, do everything well."

This simple exhibition of faith in artists amused Dallas, to whom this girl was a sort of revelation of the possibilities of beauty, innocence, and *naïveté*.

"Of course," he replied, gravely; "nevertheless, I fear I shall not do justice to the sycamores."

And now came an inevitable pause, and he expected she would dismiss him and ride away, but she did not. It was not that she had any of the awkward want of manner which makes it difficult to terminate a chance interview, for she was perfectly graceful and self-possessed, and her manner was as far removed from clumsiness as from boldness. The girl was thinking during the pause whose termination Dallas dreaded. After a little, she said, —

"There is a very fine picture-gallery at the Sycamores, and I am sure it would give my uncle great pleasure to show it to you. Whenever any gentlemen from London are staying at Amherst, or passing through, Mr. Page at the inn tells them about the picture-gallery, and they come to see it, if they care about such things; perhaps it was he who told you?"

"No," said Dallas, "I am not indebted for the pleasure — for the happiness — of this day to Mr. Page. No one guided me here, but I happened to pass the gate, and a very civil old gentleman, who was doing some gardening at the lodge, asked me in." His looks said more than his words dared to express, of the feelings with which his chance visit had inspired him. But the girl did not see his looks; she was idly playing with Sir Lancelot's mane, and thinking.

"Well," she said, at last, settling herself in the saddle, in a way unmistakably preliminary to departure. "If you would like to see the picture-gallery, and will walk round that way, through those trees, to the front of the house," — she pointed out the direction with the handle of her riding-whip, — "I will go on before, and tell my uncle he is about to have a visitor to inspect his treasures."

"You are very kind," said Dallas, earnestly, "and you offer me a very great pleasure. But Sir Thomas Boldero may be engaged, — may think it an intrusion."

"And a thousand other English reasons for not accepting at once a civility frankly offered," said the girl, with a delightful laugh. "I assure you, I could not gratify my uncle more than by picking up a stray connoisseur; or my aunt than by bringing to her a gentleman of sufficient taste to admire her trees and flowers."

"And her niece, *Miss Carruthers*," thought George Dallas.

"So pray go round to the house. Don't forget your coat. I see it upon the ground — there. It has got rubbed against the damp bark, and there 's a great patch of green upon it."

"That 's of no consequence," said George, gayly; "it 's only an Amherst coat, and no beauty."

"You must not make little of Amherst," said the girl, with mock gravity, as George stood rubbing the green stain off his coat with his handkerchief; "we regard the town here as a kind of metropolis, and have profound faith in the shops and all to be purchased therein. Did dear old Evans make that coat?"

"A venerable person of that name sold it me," returned George, who had now thrown the coat over his arm, and stood, hat in hand, beside her horse.

"The dear! I should not mind letting him make me a habit," she said. "Good by, for the present

— that way," again she pointed with her whip, and then cantered easily off, leaving George in a state of mind which he would have found it very difficult to define, so conflicting were his thoughts and emotions. He looked after her, until the last flutter of her skirt was lost in the distance, and then he struck into the path which she had indicated, and pursued it, musing.

"And that is Clare Carruthers! I thought I had seen that head before, that graceful neck, that crown of golden hair. Yes, it is she; and little she thinks whom she is about to bring into her uncle's house, — the outcast and exile from Poynings! I will see it out; why should I not? I owe nothing to Carruthers that I should avoid this fair, sweet girl, because he chooses to banish me from her presence. What a presence it is! What am I that I should come into it?" He paused a moment, and a bitter tide of remembrance and self-reproach rushed over him, almost overwhelming him. Then he went on more quickly, and with a flushed cheek and heated brow, for anger was again rising within him. "You are very clever as well as very obstinate, my worthy step-father, but you are not omnipotent yet. Your darling niece, the beauty, the heiress, the great lady, the treasure of price to be kept from the sight of me, from the very knowledge of anything so vile and lost, has met me, in the light of day, not by any device of mine, and has spoken to me, not in strained, forced courtesy, but of her own free will. What would you think of that I wonder, if you knew it! And my mother? If the girl should ask my name, and should tell my mother of her chance meeting with a wandering artist, one Paul Ward, what will my mother think? — my dear, conscientious mother, who has done for me what wounds her conscience so severely, and who will feel as if it were wounded afresh by this accidental meeting, with which she has nothing in the world to do." He lifted his hat, and fanned his face with it. His eyes were gleaming, his color had risen; he looked strong, daring, active, and handsome, — a man whom an innocent girl, all unlearned in life and in the world's ways, might well exalt in her guileless fancy into a hero, and be pardoned her mistake by older, sadder, and wiser heads.

"How beautiful she is, how frank, how graceful, how unspeakably innocent and refined! She spoke to me with such an utter absence of conventional pretence, without a notion that she might possibly be wrong in speaking to a stranger, who had offered her a civility in her uncle's park. She told that man on the balcony that night that Sir Thomas Boldero was her uncle. I did not remember it when the old man mentioned the name. How long has she been here, I wonder? Is she as much here as at Poynings? How surprised she would be if she knew that I know who she is; that I have heard her voice before to-day; that in the pocket-book she held in her hand a few minutes ago there lies a withered flower which she once touched and wore. Good God! What would a girl like that think of me, if she knew what I am, — if she knew that I stole like a thief to the window of my mother's house, and looked in, shivering, a poverty-stricken wretch, come there to ask for alms, while she herself glittered among my mother's company, like the star of beauty and youth she is? How could she but despise me if she knew it! But she will never know it, or me, most likely. I shall try to get away and *work out all this*, far away in a country where no memories of sin and shame and sorrow will rise up around me like ghosts. I am glad to have seen and spoken to Clare Carruthers; it must do me good to remember that such a woman really exists, and is no poet's or romancer's dream. I am glad to think of her as my mother's friend, companion, daughter almost. My mother who never had a daughter, and has, God help her, no son *but me!* But I shall never see her again, most likely. When I reach the house, I shall find a pompous servant, no doubt, charged with Sir Thomas's compliments, and orders to show me round a gallery of spurious Dutch pictures, copies of Raphael and Carlo Dolce, and a lot of languishing Lelys and gluttony-suggesting Kneller's."

With these disparaging words in his thoughts, George Dallas reached the border of the park, and found himself in front of the house. The façade was even more imposing and beautiful than he had been led to expect by the distant view of it, and the wide arched doorway gave admittance to an extensive quadrangle beyond. A stone terrace stretched away at either side of the entrance, as at Poynings. Standing on the lower step, a tame peacock displaying his gaudy plumage by her side, he saw Miss Carruthers. She came forward to meet him with a heightened color and embarrassed manner, and said, —

"I am very sorry, indeed, but Sir Thomas and my aunt are not at home. They had no intention of leaving home when I went out for my ride, but they have been gone for some time." She looked towards a servant who stood near, and added: "I am so sorry; nothing would have given my uncle more pleasure; but if you will allow me, I will send —"

George interrupted her, but with perfect politeness.

"Thank you very much, but, if you will allow me, I will take my leave, and hope to profit by Sir Thomas Boldero's kindness on a future occasion." He bowed deeply, and was turning away, when, seeing that she looked really distressed, he hesitated.

"I will show you the pictures myself, if you will come with me," she said, in a tone so frank, so kindly and engaging, that the sternest critic of manners in existence, supposing that critic to have been any other than an old maid, could not have condemned the spontaneous courtesy as forwardness. "I am an indifferent substitute for my uncle, as a cicerone, but I think I know the names of all the artists, and where all the pictures came from. Stephen," she spoke now to the servant, "I am going to take this gentleman through the picture-gallery; go on before us if you please."

So George Dallas and Clare Carruthers entered the house together, and lingered over the old carvings in the hall, over their inspection of the sporting pictures which adorned it, and the dining-room, over the family portraits in the vestibule, the old china vases, and the rococo furniture. Every subject had an interest for them, and they did not think of asking themselves in what that interest originated and consisted. The girl did not know the young man's name, but his voice was full of the charm of sweet music for her, and in his face her fancy read strange and beautiful things. He was an artist, she knew already, which in sober language meant that she had seen a very tolerable sketch which he had made. He was a poet, she felt quite convinced; for did he not quote Tennyson, and Keats, and Coleridge, and even Herrick and Her-

bert, as they wandered among the really fine and valuable paintings which formed Sir Thomas Boldero's collection, so aptly and with such deep feeling and appreciation as could spring only from a poetic soul?

It was the old story, which has never been truly told, which shall never cease in the telling. Both were young, and one was beautiful; and though the present is an age which mocks at love at first sight, and indeed regards love at all, under any circumstances, with only decent toleration, not by any means amounting to favor, it actually witnesses it sometimes. The young man and the girl — the idle, dissolute, perverted young man, the beautiful, pure, innocent, proud, pious young girl — talked together that spring afternoon, as the hours wore on to evening, of art, of literature, of music, of travel, of the countless things over which their fancy rambled, and which had wondrous charms for her bright intellect and her secluded life, simple and ignorant in the midst of its luxury and refinement. All that was best and noblest in George's mind came out at the gentle bidding of the voice that sounded for him with a new, undreamed-of music; and the hard, cold, wicked world in which he lived, in which hitherto, with rare intervals of better impulses, he had taken delight, fell away from him, and was forgotten.

The girl's grace and beauty, refinement and gentleness, were not more conspicuous than her bright intelligence and taste, cultivated, not indeed by travel or society, but by extensive and varied reading. Such was the influence which minute after minute was gaining upon George. And for her? Her fancy was busily at work too. She loved art; it filled her with wonder and reverence. Here was an artist, a young, handsome artist, of unexceptionable manners. She adored poetry, regarding it as a divine gift; and here was a poet, — yes, a poet; for she had made Dallas confess that he very often wrote "verses"; but that was his modesty: she knew he wrote poetry, — beautiful poetry. Would he ever let her see any of it?

"Yes, certainly," he had answered; "when I am famous, and there is a brisk competition for me among the publishers, I will send a copy of my poems to you."

"To me! But you do not know my name."

"O yes I do. You are Miss Carruthers."

"I am; but who told you?"

The question disconcerted Dallas a little. He turned it off by saying, "Why, how can you suppose I could be at Amherst without learning that the niece of Sir Thomas Boldero, of the Sycamores, is Miss Carruthers?"

"Ah, true; I did not think of that," said Clare, simply. "But I do not live here generally; I live with another uncle, my father's brother — Sir Thomas is my mother's — Mr. Capel Carruthers, at Poynings, seven miles from here. Have you heard of Poynings?"

Yes, Mr. Dallas had heard of Poynings; but now he must take his leave. It had long been too dark to look at the pictures, and the young people were standing in the great hall, near the open door, whence they could see the gate and the archway, and a cluster of servants idling about and looking out for the return of the carriage. Clare was suddenly awakened to a remembrance of the lateness of the hour, and at once received her visitor's farewell, gracefully reiterating her assurances that her uncle would gladly make him free of the park for sketching purposes. She would tell Sir Thomas of the pleasant occurrences of the day; — by the by, she had not the pleasure of knowing by what name she should mention him to her uncle.

"A very insignificant one, Miss Carruthers. My name is Paul Ward."

And so he left her, and, going slowly down the great avenue among the beeches, met a carriage containing a comely, good-humored lady and an old gentleman, also comely and good-humored; who both bowed and smiled graciously as he lifted his hat to them.

"Sir Thomas and my lady, of course," thought George; "a much nicer class of relatives than Capel Carruthers, I should say."

He walked briskly towards the town. While he was in Clare's company he had forgotten how hungry he was, but now the remembrance returned with full vigor, and he remembered very clearly how many hours had elapsed since he had eaten. When he came in sight of the railway station, a train was in the act of coming in from London. As he struck into a little by-path leading to the inn, the passengers got out of the carriages, passed through the station gate, and began to straggle up in the same direction. He and they met where the by-path joined the road, and he reached the inn in the company of three of the passengers, who were about to remain at Amherst. Mr. Page was in the hall, and asked George if he would dine.

"Dine?" said George. "Certainly. Give me anything you like, so that you don't keep me waiting; that's the chief thing."

"It *is* late, sir, indeed," remarked Mr. Page; "half past seven, sir."

"So late?" said George, carelessly, as he turned into the coffee-room.

[To be continued.]

FOREIGN NOTES.

Mr. Alfred Tennyson is engaged on a new poem, to be published early next year.

Death has recently removed from the Paris world of letters M. Léon Gozlan, the author of several successful comedies and other works.

The author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson" has another volume in the press, entitled "Sunday Afternoons at the Parish Church of a University City."

The Paris *Temps* says that Count de Montalembert is still in a very precarious state of health. He can only sit up two hours in the day, and is not allowed to write; but his physicians hold out hopes of his recovery.

La Revue Moderne has been publishing, under the title of "Journal d'un Poëte," a series of notes on Alfred de Vigny, written by M. Louis Ratisbonne, his friend and heir.

We learn, says the *Athenæum*, that the state of Dr. John Brown's health is much improved, and that he is about to resume his professional duties. This will be gratifying and unexpected news to all his friends.

The *Indépendance Belge* states that the Emperor Napoleon is at this moment collecting materials for the history of Charlemagne, which will be published after the "Vie de César." Tom Moore, in his Diary, tells a story of a musician who had undertaken to compose an opera, and was anxious to know

something of the antecedents of the gentleman who was to write the libretto. He therefore asked him what he had previously done in this line; and, when the other said that he was the author of such a libretto, naming one, the musician exclaimed, "Mien Gott! I hope dis vill be better dan dat."

A PAPER is about to start in Florence, which will bear the extraordinary title of *The Valley of Jehosaphat, the Organ of the Day of Judgment* ("La Valle di Josaphat, Organo del Giorno del Giudizio"). It will be well for the new journal if its success is as extraordinary as its title.

DR. DE BRIOU, of Paris, has succeeded in producing an enamel paint, made from india-rubber, which, though of film-like consistency when applied to iron, renders it absolutely proof against atmospheric action. The invention is thought highly of by the Academy of Sciences.

MR. SWINBURNE, it is said, is preparing a reply to those critics who have marked and reproved the faults in his "Poems and Ballads," for which work a new publisher has not yet been found. If Mr. Swinburne's reply be in good metrical form, void of the offences, the general censure of which elicits the alleged forthcoming answer, the public may be congratulated; and, in the result, we hope, the poet too. It may win back for him the public esteem which he so lightly forfeited, for the time. It is for him now to win or to lose the future.

M. GUSTAVE DORÉ has done what he has never done before, illustrated the works of a contemporary author, Mr. Tennyson's "Elaine." The artist himself hopes that the work will be a monument to the poet as well as to his own powers. The illustrator's brother says, "Mon frère a fait cette fois-ci le grand succès qui fera descendre son nom à la postérité." It will probably be one of the most superb books ever published. Messrs. Moxon & Co. are what Jacob Tonson would have called the "undertakers."

A LIFE of John Welsh, the preacher, the son-in-law of Knox, has just been published in London. There are two capital anecdotes in the volume: one is the account of the interview between Welsh and Louis after the capitulation of St. Jean, and the other is a scene in which James I. and Mrs. Welsh figure as the amusing actors. Welsh, it seems, went on with his Protestant service after the fall of the town, and the incensed King sent for him, and demanded how he dared to preach heresy so near his person. "Sire," said Welsh, "if you did right, you yourself would come and hear me preach, and you would make all France hear me likewise: for I preach not as those men whom you are accustomed to hear. My preaching differs from theirs in these two points. First, I preach that you must be saved by the death and merits of Jesus Christ, and not your own, and I am sure your own conscience tells you that your good works will never merit heaven for you. Next, I preach that as you are King of France, you are under God and Christ, and not above them, or even [illegible] Those who [illegible] to the Pope of Rome, which I will never do. [illegible] showed himself as well as [illegible] King, sent to [illegible] The [illegible] James and Mrs. Welsh [illegible] amusing. The King asked Mrs. Welsh, who was her father, which Knox was [illegible] Knox and Welsh [illegible] King [illegible] man's [illegible] right. Ah, Sir," said she, "he was never spoiled by a king." His Majesty next inquired how many children her father had left, and if they were lads or lasses. "Three," she said, and they were all lasses. "God be thanked!" cried James, "for if they had been lads I had never buiked my three kingdoms in peace." She urged that the King should give her husband his native air. "Give him his native air," the King exclaimed, "give him the Devil!" "Give that to your hungry courtiers," she indignantly rejoined; and upon the King wishing her to persuade her husband to submit to the Bishops, she replied with equal spirit, holding up her apron, "Please your Majesty, I'd rather keep his head there." We are not surprised to hear, after this plain speaking, that the poor man had to put up with the London climate, and that he was buried at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate.

THE BEATEN COMMANDER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

LET him turn his face to the wall,
The man who trafficked in lives,
Made little children fatherless,
And widowed contented wives.

Let him turn his face to the wall,
Count not his burning tears:
He never counted the blood-drops,
Nor the desolated years;

Nor the glare of blazing homesteads;
White wheat-fields blackened in dearth,
Rapine, murder, and famine,
Hell let loose upon earth:

All the curses of war-time
On both sides poured like rain.
Curses for generations,
None blessed — except the slain.

And these, whom he reckoned as grasses
By the mower in myriads strown,
Why, every one was a human life,
A life as good as his own!

Let him wish that shamed life ended,
That death had covered defeat:
But these lives cry out for vengeance
From farm and village and street.

Hear it, victor and vanquished!
Hear it, o'er sea and land,
Ye neighbor-realms whom it reaches
As a murmur faint and bland.

For if ye are dead, God listens:
And if ye are blind, He sees,
And mocks at your diplomatics,
Your child's play of war and peace.

There is an Eternal Justice,
Although it may tarry long:
Though the weak may appear down-trampled
And the right seem with the strong.

But you will [illegible] yourself
[illegible] —
[illegible]
[illegible] —

Wh[illegible]
[illegible]
Know — [illegible]
As well as a Christ that died

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

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THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF.

BY MISS THACKERAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF ELIZABETH."

CHAPTER IX.

REINE IN HER FARM-YARD.

CATHERINE found herself transported, as if by magic, from the long, dreary, brick-enclosed hours to a charming world, where vine garlands were wreathing under cloudless skies. There was at once more light, more sound, more sentiment and drowsy peace in it than she had ever known in all her life before. She awakened to a dazzle streaming through the vine round her window, and flickering upon the red brick floor of her little room; to a glitter, to a cheerful vibration of noises. Some one would bring her a little roll and a cup of steaming coffee, and then, when she was dressed, the children would come tapping and fumbling at her door. Little Henri de Tracy sometimes attempted a réveillée upon his horn, which would be instantly suppressed by a voice outside. Nanine, who was nine years old, and had elegant little manners like a lady, would wish Catherine good morning; and Madelaine, who was four and "très raisonnable" Suzanne her nurse said, consented to be kissed through the iron-work balusters of the staircase.

The children would lead the way through the great dining-room, where Baptiste was hopping about on one leg, polishing the shining floor, across the terrace, through green avenues and gardens, looking a little neglected, but fresh with dew, and luxuriant with flowers and fruit-trees. Pumpkins, carnations, and roses were growing between vine-clad walls. There were bees, and there was an old stone well full of deep water, like Jocelyn's well, —

> "Dont la chaîne rouillée a poli la margelle,
> Et qu'une vigne étreint de sa verte dentelle."

From the terrace there was a distant view of the sea, — of the blue line of the horizon flashing beyond the golden corn-fields.

One morning Nanine said, "We are to go to the Ferme, Miss George, to-day, with a commission from grandmamma. We will go out at the door in the Potager, if you 'd not mind, and come back the other way." It was all the same to Catherine, who followed her little conductors through the kitchen-garden door out into the open country, and along the path skirting the corn-fields which spread to the sea. Henri went first, blowing his horn, Nanine loitered to pick the poppies and bleu-bleus, as she called the corn-flowers, Madelaine trotted by Catherine, holding her hand. It was like the nursery-rhyme. Miss George thought of the little boy blue, only the sheep were wanting.

From outside the farm at Tracy still looks more like a ruined fortress than a farm where milk is sold in cans, and little pats of butter prepared, and eggs counted out in dozens, and pigs fattened for the market. All over Normandy you come upon these fortified abbayes, built for praying and fighting once, and ruined now, and turned to different uses. It is like Samson's riddle to see the carcass of the lions with honey flowing from them. "Out of the eater came forth meat; out of the strong came forth sweetness." There is a great archway at the farm at Tracy, with heavy wooden doors studded with nails. There is rust in plenty, and part of a moat still remaining. The hay is stacked in what was a chapel once; the yellow trusses are hanging through the crumbling flamboyant east window. There is a tall watch-tower, to which a pigeon-cote has been affixed, and low cloisters that are turned into out-houses and kitchens. The white walls tell a story of penance and fierce battlings, which are over now, as far as they are concerned. The great harvest wagons pass through the archway without unloading; so do the cows at milking time. Cocks and hens are pecketing the fallen grains, the pigeons circle overhead suddenly white against the sky.

As the children and Miss George pushed open the heavy doors and came into the wide sunny court, a figure descended the stone steps leading from the strong tower where the apples are kept. It was Reine in her white coiffe, who advanced with deliberate footsteps, carrying an earthenware pan under her arm, and who stood waiting in the middle of the great deserted-looking place, until they should come up to her.

Catherine wondered whether all Normandy peasant-girls were like this one. It was a princess keeping the cows. There she stood, straight, slender, vigorous; dressed in the Sunday-dress of the women of those parts, with this difference, that instead of two plastered loops of hair like a doll's, a tawny ripple flowed under the lace of her cap and low over her arched brows. As for her eyes, they were quick, dancing gray eyes, that looked black when she was angry, — clouds and lightning somebody once told her they were, but the lightning became warm sunlight when she smiled upon those she liked. She smiled now, for Reine was a child-lover, and even little De Tracys were welcome, as they came towards her with their bunches of flowers out of the fields, and the pretty strange lady following.

"Who are you bringing me?" Reine asked, "and what do you want, my children? Made-

laine, shall I give you some milk and some peaches?"

"Out of Josette's little *ménage*," said Madelaine, while Henri cried out, "O, there is old Paris!" and went and clasped the big dog round the neck.

Nanine meanwhile advancing very politely and prettily, in a smart little toilet, explained that Miss George was a demoiselle Anglaise who was staying with them, and that they had come to request Mademoiselle Chrétien to supply them with butter for a few days. "Our cows are ill," said Nanine, shrugging her shoulders, "and we are all but reduced to dry bread."

"There are others besides you who eat their bread dry," said Reine; "but your grandmamma can have as much butter as she likes, Mademoiselle Nanine, at the market price, since she has money to pay for it." She did not say this rudely, but rather sadly, and then she suddenly turned to Catherine, and asked her if she would not like some milk too. "And so you are English?" Reine said in her old sweet voice, pushing open a door with both her hands. Reine's hands were not like Madame Bimard's, two red paws which could be seen shining a mile off; but thin and white like a lady's. Catherine glanced at them a little curiously as they lay outspread upon the oak, and she saw that Reine wore a signet-ring on one finger,—then she looked up in her face again, and Reine Chrétien caught the glance and nodded somehow towards the little thing with the startled look and curious soft eyes that seemed to be taking everything in. The [illegible] making of friendship is not unlike that of sentiment, and it can be formed sometimes in an instant almost, even though they may not have set the feeling to the tune of words and protestations.

I hardly know which of these two women needed the other most, when they met by chance in the sh[illegible] sunny [illegible]

[illegible]

She went before them through many courts, op[illegible] ing arched doors, into store-rooms heaped with [illegible] oily colza grain. She showed them a wheat-fi[illegible] enclosed by four walls, against which nectarines a[illegible] apricots were ripening. The cows were all out [illegible] the meadows, but there were a few sheep in a stab[illegible] and at last she brought them into the great fa[illegible] kitchen. It had been added on to the rest of [illegible] buildings; so had Reine's own room, which was o[illegible] it, and reached by stone steps from outside.

Petitpère was sitting at the table, eating br[illegible] and soup. He looked hot and tired, but he got [illegible] to make a bow and a little speech. He was a [illegible] pitable and courteous old fellow, whatever his o[illegible] defects may have been. "Ladies, you are welc[illegible] to the farm," he said. "Pray excuse my contin[illegible] my breakfast. I have been out since five o'clock [illegible] the fields, with the soldiers."

"We have not men enough to get in the harv[illegible] Reine explained to Catherine, "and we send for [illegible] soldiers to help us."

"And have you, too, been up since sunris[illegible] Catherine asked.

"I see it every morning of my life," said R[illegible] "I should like to show it you from our [illegible] The sun awakens first, and our animals stir as if [illegible] knew; it is a most beautiful hour," she said, gra[illegible] "and like a prayer before the work."

What was there about Reine Chrétien tha[illegible] tracted and interested her so curiously? Cath[illegible] asked herself this, and also how was it and why [illegible] that the place seemed so strangely familiar? [illegible] she been there in some previous existence? [illegible] turned and looked round about. The window, [illegible] great oak board, with the gleaming hinges, she [illegible] seen them before somewhere,—she could not m[illegible] stand it. Petitpère went on composedly dra[illegible] his soup; Catherine still stood in a puzzle.

[illegible]

held him prisoner while Nanine stuck poppies into all his button-holes, and little Madelaine, who could reach no higher, ornamented his gaiters with flowers.

Meanwhile the following conversation was going on: —

"You have quite recovered from the fatigue of your journey, I trust?" said Fontaine. "One need scarcely ask mademoiselle the question."

"Oui, monsieur," said Catherine, looking up shyly.

"And mademoiselle has already surrounded herself with flowers," said Fontaine, alluding to the bouquet.

"Oui, monsieur," said Catherine, who did not know what else to say.

"And I hope that mademoiselle is pleased with our country?" said Fontaine, speaking both in his public and his private capacity.

"Oui, monsieur," said Catherine, with great originality, half laughing at her own stupidity, and moving away towards the house, to put an end to such a silly conversation.

It was like a scene in a play, like a picture on a fan or a bonbon box. It seemed as if nothing could be less serious. The little banality, the bow, the courtesy, it was a nothing Catherine thought, or she would have thought so had she thought at all. To the children it was an instant of great anxiety: would the flowers tumble off their papa when he moved his legs? — but Catherine tripped away unconscious and unconcerned.

Poor Fontaine's fate, too, was decided in that instant, when he bowed so profoundly, and Catherine turned away with her quick little smile. Not at Bayeux, not at Caen, not including Madame la Sous-Préfette herself, was there any one to be compared to this charming young Englishwoman, thought the maire. As for a *dot*, he would prefer Miss George with a moderate sum, to Reine with all her fortune; and then something told him that the English were so orderly, such excellent housekeepers, caring nothing for follies and expenses. "Toilet is their aversion," thought Fontaine, remembering at the same time some of the bills he had paid for Toto's poor mother. He built a castle in the air, a Tower of Babel it was, poor fellow, reaching to heaven. He perceived himself passing Reine Chrétien, with a lovely and charmingly mannered Madame Fontaine beside him, elegantly but not expensively attired; he pictured her to himself embroidering by his fireside, superintending his ménage. As he thought of Catherine, a sweet, arch, gentle glance came dazzling his eyes, like sunlight through the double eyeglass, and at that minute Jean moved, after patiently standing until his decoration was complete, and, alas for poor little Madelaine! all the flowers fell off him.

"Good morning, Monsieur le Maire," said Madame de Tracy, suddenly appearing at the hall-door. "Won't you stay and breakfast with us?"

"Madame," said the maire, "you are too good. I shall be quite delighted."

Catherine liked the breakfast-hour at Tracy. They all came in cheerful and freshly dressed, and took their places in the long, picturesque-looking salle, with its vaulted roof and many windows. The food was carefully and prettily served and ornamented; the white bright china glittered on the table; the golden and purple fruit was heaped up bountifully. She liked to look at it all from her place by Madame de Tracy, as she liked looking at Marthe's pale, beautiful head opposite to her, or Madame Jean's smart ribbons. Catherine used sometimes to compare the scene at Tracy — the cool green windows, the festive-looking table, the ripple of talk — to the sombre dining-room in Eaton Square, where the smoke had settled in clouds upon the faded stucco walls, where Mr. Butler sliced the eternal legs of mutton while everybody sat round and watched the process in silence and anxiety.

Monsieur Fontaine sat next Catherine to-day; Madame de Tracy sent them in together. She could not help thinking as she followed the couple what an easy solution there might be to all her difficulties. The little thing would be the very wife for Fontaine, — he would make an excellent husband. It would be a home for her, — the maire's admiration was evident, and Ernestine had been too provoking that morning.

There had been an explanation, ending as explanations generally end, by hopelessly confusing matters. Ernestine declared with the utmost liveliness that she had not room to lodge a fly in her apartments at Paris, and that nothing would induce her to have a governess in the house.

"But it is certain neither I nor your grandmother require one," said poor Madame de Tracy, at her wit's end. "And we go to V—— on the twentieth of next month. What am I to do? How can I tell her?"

It seemed like a second inspiration to this impulsive lady when on her way to the breakfast-room she happened to see the little scene in the courtyard. The bow, the respectful look of admiration, which said nothing to Miss George, were like signals of approaching succor to the distressed hostess. Madame de Tracy thought no more of parcelling out the future of two living souls than she did of matching her cap-strings. As she sat there at the head of the table she talked, schemed, made, looked after them all, carved out destinies and chicken with admirable precision and rapidity. "Baptiste, take this wing to Monsieur de Tracy. Marthe, I know it is no use offering you any. Monsieur le Maire, do you prefer omelette?"

This was the first Friday that Catherine had spent at Tracy, and she saw with a thrill that omelettes were being handed round, and great flowery roast potatoes and fried fish. There were, however, chickens, too, and cutlets, of which, as a Protestant, she felt bound to partake. So did Jean and his grandmother. His mother was of an amphibious persuasion, sometimes fish, sometimes flesh, as the fancy took her. She was by way of being a Protestant, but she went to mass with her family, and fasted on Fridays, when Marthe and Ernestine were there. Madame de Tracy *mère*, as they called the old lady up stairs, had a dispensation. Catherine was rather disappointed to see them all quietly peppering and salting the nice little dishes before them, and enjoying their breakfasts. She thought of her aunt Farebrother's warnings; the scene did not look very alarming. Monsieur Fontaine, although strictly adhering to the rules laid down by his church, managed to make an excellent repast, attending at the same time to his companions' wants, and passing salt and pepper and sugar with great empressement and gallantry. Catherine herself, before breakfast was over, became conscious of his devotion, and, I am sorry to say, was woman enough to be amused and not displeased by it. Once she caught Madame de Tracy's glance; there were no frozen looks now to chill and terrify. "I am determined I will speak to him on

the subject immediately after breakfast," Madame de Tracy was thinking.

"Monsieur le Maire, I want to show you my new plantation. Ernestine, little Madelaine is longing for a bunch of grapes. Baptiste, has Madame de Tracy *mère's* breakfast been taken up?"

"Madame desires a little more chicken," said Baptiste, respectfully. "Mademoiselle Picard has just come down to fetch some, also a little Burgundy wine and an egg and some figs."

Catherine used to wonder at the supplies which were daily sent up from every meal to this invisible invalid. She had seen the shutters of her rooms from without, but she never penetrated into the interior of the apartment which Madame de Tracy *mère* inhabited. Once or twice in passing she had heard a hoarse voice like a man's calling Picard or Baptiste (they were the old lady's personal attendants); once Catherine had seen a pair of stumpy velvet shoes standing outside her door. That was all. Old Madame de Tracy was a voice, an appetite, a pair of shoes to Catherine, no more.

Everybody is something to somebody else. Certain hieroglyphics stand to us in lieu of most of our neighbors. Poor little Catherine herself was a possible storm and discussion to some of the people present, — to Marthe a soul to be saved, to Madame de Tracy a problem to be solved and comfortably disposed of, to Monsieur Fontaine, carried away by his feelings, the unconscious Catherine appeared as one of the many possible Madame Fontaines in existence, and certainly the most graceful and charming of them all. There was only that unfortunate question of the *dot* to outweigh so much amiability and refinement.

After breakfast everybody disappeared in different directions. The children and Miss George went up into Madame de Tracy's bedroom, where she had desired them to sit of a morning. It was a comfortable Napoleonic apartment, with bureaus and brass inlaid tables, upon which bonbonnières and liqueur stands and arrangements for sugar and water were disposed. A laurel-crowned clock was on the chimney-piece, over which the late M. de Tracy's silhouette legion of honor and lock of hair were hanging neatly framed and glazed. The children sat with their heads together spelling out their tasks. Catherine's bright eyes glanced up and round about the room: and out across the gardens, and the vine-clad roofs of the outhouses, the flies came buzzing. There was silence and scent of ripe fruit from the garden. Suddenly, with a swift pang, she remembered that it was a week to-day since she had said good by to Rosy and Totty, and to Dick. The three names used to come together somehow in her thoughts. A week already since she had bade him a hasty farewell at the door of a room with everybody standing round. . . . . She could not bear to think of it, she thought, as she began to recall every expression, every sound, every aspect of that instant, which had been to her like Mahomet's, and which had seemed to last for a thousand years.

The last few days had been so sunny, so easy, so harmonious a medley of sweet summer weather, and gardens and grapes, and lively talk, that Catherine had been too much absorbed to dream. People do not dream when they are happy. For the last few days she had been remembered without bitterness. Life seemed to have grown suddenly romantic, and almost easy once more. If she had known how short a time her tranquillity was to last, she might have made more of it, perhaps, and enjoyed each minute as it passed. But she did not know, and she wasted many of them as she was doing now, as we all do, in unavailing hankering and regrets, — precious little instants flying by only too quickly, and piping to us very sweetly, and we do not dance. Looking back, one laments not so much the unavoidable sorrows of life, as its wasted peace and happiness, and then more precious minutes pass in remorse for happiness wasted long ago.

"I wonder what grandmamma is talking to Monsieur Fontaine about," said Nanine, standing on tiptoe and peeping out. "Look, Miss George, how they go walking up and down the allée verte."

"Monsieur Fontaine seems very much excited," said Catherine, smiling, as Fontaine began gesticulating suddenly, and stopped short in his walk to give more emphasis to what he was saying.

If she could have heard what he was saying!

CHAPTER X.

A BOUQUET OF MARGUERITES.

About this time one or two people came occasionally to stay in the house for a night or two: the De Vernons, who were neighbors, young Robert de Coëtlogon, Ernestine's brother, and others from time to time. Catherine did not see very much of them; they came and they went without any reference to her. Madame de Tracy was very kind to her always. Even Madame Jean had melted and got to like the bright-faced little thing, although she never altered her vexatious determination to admit no governess into her house. Madame de Tracy had begged that Catherine might not be told. She did not want the poor child to be unnecessarily distressed, and she looked so happy and comfortably settled, that it seemed a shame to disturb her, when, perhaps, everything might arrange itself smoothly, and without any explanations. Madame de Tracy used to take Catherine out sometimes. One day they drove to Bayeux, with its cathedral towers and winding streets and jeweller's shops all twinkling. Another day they went to Petitport: the fishwives looked up grinning and nodding as the lady of the manor passed by. "Do you see the pretty little chalet on the cliff overlooking the sea?" said Madame de Tracy, pointing to the little house with the pink curtains, and all its woolen balconies and weather cocks. "That is where Fontaine lives. Is it not a charming little place? I have to speak to him. We will leave the ponies down here at Pélottier's." And Madame de Tracy put the reins into some idler's hands, and panted up the cliff, too busy and preoccupied and breathless to glance at the sapphire sea at her feet.

Fontaine was not at home, but an old gentleman's head was to be seen through one of the windows, and a fat old lady with mustachios was sitting in the garden with her hands on her two knees, and her feet on a footstool, and Toto was galloping round and round the little gravel path.

"My son is out, unfortunately, Madame la Comtesse," said the old lady, bowing from her seat to Madame de Tracy, who remained outside the gate. "He will be in despair when I tell him you passed this way," she added stiffly.

"I hope you are well, Madame Mérard," said Madame de Tracy, willing to propitiate. "You send us news of your son from time to time. What a charming little habitation this is!"

"They offered us five hundred francs a month for it only yesterday," said Madame Mérard, with dignity. "I do all I can to prevail upon Charles to

let it. Rents are enormous just now. One should make one's profit when one can. But Charles will not hear reason."

Meanwhile Toto and Catherine were making acquaintance. The little boy had come up to look at the pretty lady his papa had told him about; and Catherine, bending over the low railing and holding out her hand said, "What nice flowers you have got in your garden. Will you give me one of them?"

"Papa and I water them every evening," said Toto, picking a slug-eaten specimen, and holding it up. "I have a little watering-pot of my own."

The sea looked so blue, the shutters so green, the sunlight so yellow, the margarets so brilliant, that Catherine's eyes were dazzled, and she scarcely noticed the curious, dissatisfied glances old Madame Mérard was casting in her direction. Madame de Tracy, however, saw them, and quickly hurried Catherine away, for fear she should be frightened by this somewhat alarming person.

"Pray tell Monsieur le Maire we asked for him," said Madame de Tracy as they walked away, bowing and forcing herself to be civil to the old lady of the châlet.

For Fontaine himself Madame de Tracy began to feel almost a sentimental interest. She looked upon him from an entirely new point of view; a bore no longer, but a hero of romance, an enthusiastic and disinterested lover. Madame de Tracy felt that, if she were Catherine, nothing in the world would be more delightful to her than a marriage with Monsieur Fontaine. "Handsome, amiable, warm-hearted, a good man of business, musical, universally respected: it is a piece of good fortune I never dared hope for," said the châtelaine to herself. "I should like the marriage to take place, if possible, before the 15th of next month. It was too absurd of Sarah Butler to alarm me so unnecessarily about Dick. — One might be very comfortable in that nice house of Fontaine's," said Madame de Tracy aloud. "Don't you think so, Catherine?"

"O yes," said Catherine, not knowing what she was saying.

Another time Madame de Tracy suddenly asked how she should like to pass her life among them always? Catherine thought that she was speaking of her as a governess, and said, with grateful effusion, "You are so good to me; I am more happy with you than I could be with anybody else. I almost forget I am a governess."

"My dear child, I meant how should you like to settle down among us and marry?" said Madame de Tracy, apparently unconcerned.

"I shall never marry," said Catherine, turning away disappointed, with a wistful, perplexed look in her eyes.

Madame de Tracy did not press the subject, but she went on asking Fontaine to breakfast and dinner, until Ernestine declared it was quite intolerable, and even Marthe gently remonstrated.

Catherine looked happy and contented, but presently, while all was going on as usual, there came a secret change. Outside, everything was the same, inside it was all different. These two existences side by side, "l'âme et la bête," as De Maistre calls them, seem sometimes to lead two lives almost apart, leading in different directions with different results. Do they in their differences supplement one another, one is sometimes tempted to ask, and keep the balance even? In one calm and uneventful existence, angels may know of terrible tragedies, of happiness, and overwhelming misfortune, scarcely acknowledged even by the "bête" itself; whereas another life outwardly hopeless, deserted, unsuccessful in everything, may from within have won all the prizes that seemed to have failed it.

When Catherine had been a little time at Tracy, when she began to know her way about the house, and the vine-grown garden, and along the hedgeless paths to the sea, to the farm, to the church; narrow paths skirting the fields, dust-blown, fringed with straggling flowers and scattered with stones, — when she had tasted her fill of the grapes that were sweetening upon the walls, when she had gathered handfuls of the flowers that were growing all about the gardens and courts in a sweet yet disordered luxuriance, — when all this had grown familiar, she began to turn away from it all, and look back once more towards the past which was already beginning to glow with a distant radiance. It was like some one dazzled for a little by a sudden illumination who begins to see clearly again, — more clearly, alas! than before.

She had met Reine once or twice in her walks, and had promised to go and see her.

"I shall look out for you every day until you come," said Reine, in her odd, jarring voice, that sometimes began harshly, and ended in a pathetic cadence. "It is not often that any one comes to see me that I care for."

Reine had, like others infinitely wiser and better than herself, to pay a certain penalty of loneliness and misapprehension which seems to be the doom of all those who live upon the mountain-tops. Catherine, too, was lonely in her way, and the country girl's cordial sympathy was very grateful and sweet to her. But Catherine was lonely from outer influences, and not from inner causes. Poor little soul, it was not for the mountain-tops that she longed. Any green valley, any fertile, tranquil plain, would have contented her, if she could only have seen the shadow of one person falling across it and advancing towards her.

One Sunday evening — it was the day after she had called at the châlet — Catherine came down dressed for dinner before anybody else. She came into the drawing-room. It was empty, and one lamp only was standing upon a table, and casting its circlet of light upon the cloth. It lit up a card-rack, and Madame de Tracy's paroissien with its golden cross, and some letters which had just arrived by the post, and which had been left there by the servant. Catherine had a book in her hand (it was *Eugénie Grandet*, which M. de Tracy had lent her), and she walked quietly across the dark room to the light, and knelt down by the table to read, as she had a trick of doing when she was alone. But she did not open her novel: in an instant she saw one letter lying there with the others, and she started with a sort of shock, and let the book fall on the table, and the poor little heart gave a great leap, and began throbbing and crying aloud in its own language. If Catherine had seen Dick himself she might have been less moved. A calm belongs to certainty which does not come when there is only a hint, a possible chance, an impossible disappointment in store. "Was he coming? O, was he coming, perhaps?"

Catherine could not herself have told you how it was that she recognized his handwriting in an instant among all the others. She had only once seen his initials on the fly-leaf of a book, — but she knew it, — she did not need the English post-mark to tell her whence the letter came: here was his

"You must thank him yourself," said the little girl walking beside her. "I know you like marguerites. You wore some in your hair last night. They look pretty with your white muslin dresses."

Catherine followed the children sadly, walking under the song of birds and the glimmering green branches. She would have escaped, but Madame de Tracy, with Monsieur Fontaine and Toto, came to meet them; the châtelaine was calling out cheerfully and waving her parasol.

Fontaine sprang forward. He looked spruce as usual in his white linen dress; his panama was in his hand; he wore a double eyeglass like Jean de Tracy. "We are proud, mademoiselle, that you honor us by accepting the produce of our little garden," said Fontaine. "Toto and I cultivate our flowers with some care, and we feel more than repaid . . . ."

"Thank you," interrupted Catherine, mechanically. She spoke, looking away over the wall at some poplar-trees that were swaying in the wind. It brought with it a sound of the sea that seemed to fill the air.

"Accustomed as you must be to the magnificent products of your Chatswors and Kieus," said Fontaine, "our poor marguerites must seem very insignificant. Such as they are, we have gathered our best to offer you."

He said it almost pathetically, and Catherine was touched. But how oddly people affect and change one another! This shy, frightened little girl became cold, dignified, absent in Monsieur Fontaine's presence, as she stood enduring rather than accepting his attentions.

"Thank you. They are very pretty," she repeated; "but I am sorry you should have gathered your best for me."

[To be continued.]

THE NEW GERMANY.

WHENEVER a fresh edition of "The Decisive Battles of the World" is brought out, Sadowa or Koniggrätz will have to be added to the list. Already historians and critics are disputing about the facts of the battle itself; and I have no doubt they will succeed, before long, in rendering the narrative of one of the simplest fights that was ever fought utterly unintelligible to the ordinary reader. But, though we probably understand more now of the actual nature of the battle than we are ever likely to do hereafter, years must elapse before we can hope to realize fully the results of this memorable victory. Naturally enough, the attention of the world is first turned to the fate of Austria. I see — in such copies of English papers as reach me, while wandering about Germany — encouraging speculations as to the future of the great East German empire. I am requested, as an intelligent reader, to observe that Austria has still fifty-five thousand and odd square geographical miles of territory, and thirty-three millions of inhabitants. I am further told to note that she has suffered manifold calamities before now, and has recovered from them with a marvellous vitality; and I am informed, with that dictatorial omniscience so characteristic of the English press, and so comically absurd to any one who knows how articles are written, that Austria has only to remove her capital from Vienna to Pesth, in order to emerge vigorous and rejuvenated, like Jason's father from Medea's caldron. To my own apprehension, it would be about as sensible to tell a man shot through the heart that, after all, the greater portion of his body wa whole and intact; that he had often got over severe attacks of gout; and that, if the worst came to the worst, he could get on as well or better if his heart were removed from the left to the right side of his breast. However, time must show how far Austria has or has not received a death-blow. Our sympathies may be as pro-Austrian as possible; but, for the present, we may dismiss all consideration of Austria from the German question. The point which most nearly concerns England is the character of the new power — the Prussianized Germany — which has sprung into being with the downfall of Austria. To this question also the answer cannot yet be fully given; but still there are certain data open to us, from which we can form a proximate opinion. As a contribution to these data, let me give my own observations for what they are worth.

Of all the many fashions of speech which have misled mankind, I believe generalizations as to the character of nations have been the most fertile sources of deception. Somebody or other once gave utterance to the sapient phrase that the Frenc were a light-hearted people, and since that time we have gone on, not only talking of our volatile and gay neighbors, but actually forming our judgment their acts in accordance with the "light-hearte hypothesis. Napoleon uttered the dictum that were a nation of shopkeepers; and, up to the pre ent hour, our character and policy are utterly un telligible to nine tenths of the Continent, beca they are determined to explain these in accorda with the principles of book-keeping by double ent Whoever first stated that the Americans worship the almighty dollar is justly responsible for no sm part of the misapprehensions which led England believe in the eventual triumph of secession. It would, I think, have been a nation long ago if *mot d'ordre* had not passed through the world t the Italians were a romantic people. And so, in same way, we shall never be able to understa Germany unless we free ourselves from the ster typed impression that the Germans are dreame enthusiasts, and sentimentalists. The odd feat about these and all similar delusions is, that they encouraged by the very nations concerning wh they are propagated. Just as men and women flattered by having qualities attributed to th which they do not possess, so nations value any de nition of their character in an exactly inverse p portion to its truth. The Germans being, as a ru eminently matter-of-fact, delight at the accusati of sentimentalism; being prosaic, they are pleas to be called dreamers; being somewhat of the ear earthy, it is gratifying to them to be stigmatized enthusiasts. I think, myself, that anybody w studies their literature, without any foregone co clusion, will discover in it very few traces of tr scendentalism. No doubt they have contribut largely to the study of metaphysics; but the f that they make a hobby of metaphysical inquir no more proves that they are transcendentalists th the circumstance that Lord Palmerston had a ta for astronomical researches shows that he was a bo worm or a *savant*. It is true that German me physical works are signally unintelligible; but th apart from the intricacy of the language in wh these works are written, I think no small part their involvedness is due to the matter-of-fact T tonic intellect being eminently unadapted to abstr speculations. Putting aside metaphysics, you w find that all the branches of literature in whi

Germany has achieved the highest success have been of a positive and realistic order. She has contributed largely to history, and mathematics, and grammar, and philology, and science; but her share in the world's property of poetry and fiction is, to speak the truth, a very small one. In ballad-poetry alone, if we except Goethe's poems, has Germany produced works of the highest excellence: and even Goethe, for a genius — which he was most assuredly — was the most matter-of-fact of geniuses. Heine was, perhaps, more of a true sentimentalist than any other German writer I can call to mind; but then Heine was not a German, but one of the most cosmopolitan of a cosmopolitan race, who happened, by the accident of birth, to write in German. If we exclude "Wilhelm Meister," which is not properly a novel, I do not know of any single German work of fiction that could fairly be placed in the first rank of romance-literature; very few which would hold a high place even in the second or third.

This view of the German character will, I think, be confirmed by any one who has lived much in Germany, or known much of Germans. Industry, common sense, matter-of-fact appreciation of the circumstances in which they are placed, and a keen taste for material comfort, are, I should say, their national characteristics. They have many virtues and many excellences. As a rule, I think they are honest, hard-working, truthful, and kind-hearted above any nation I have ever been acquainted with; but they are not a romantic or enthusiastic nation. It would never be a Teutonic dog who would drop his bone of meat for the shadow magnified in the water. His mistake, if mistake he made, would consist in appreciating his bone so keenly that he could not make up his mind to drop it in order to pick up a joint which lay within his reach. Let me not be misunderstood as wishing to generalize about all Germans as being matter-of-fact. On such subjects, as I have said before, generalizations are delusive. My own belief is, that all nations resemble each other much more than we like to allow, and that their differences of character arise from variations of position and circumstances, not from any great inherent difference of vices or virtues, qualities or deficiencies. But, whether this matter-of-fact tendency, which I attribute to the Teutonic mind, be due to external or internal causes, you must take it into account, in order to understand in any way the movement towards unity which seems about to create a new Germany.

Ever since the days of "Karl der Grosse" (it is a cruel offence to German pride to speak of him as Charlemagne), if not since the older days of Herman, there has been a German nation occupying more or less of the area bounded within the limits of the now defunct Confederacy. The whole confused and uninteresting history of the Fatherland is, with rare exceptions, one of domestic wars and civil strife, not of resistance to foreign invasion. The wars of Gustavus Adolphus, of Louis XIV., of Charles IX., of Marlborough, of Frederick the Great, were all more or less, as far as Germany was concerned, internal struggles, waged to insure the supremacy of some state or party. With the exception of the wars against the Turks, none of these wars can strictly be said to have had a national character. Practically, the old Empire prevented Germany from conquest or annexation; and, till the era of the First Napoleon, the greater portion of the Fatherland never experienced the miseries of a prolonged subjection to foreign rule. The War of Independence laid, I think, the first foundation of the desire for a united Germany. But, as it happened that the restoration of the different princes to their thrones was simultaneous with the expulsion of the hated foreigner, the patriotism of the Fatherland naturally, for a time, associated the existence of the community of independent states with the idea of national independence and freedom. In the literature of that time, in many respects the Augustan era of Germany, you find hardly any trace of the demand for unity. The patriots of that day would, I think, have looked very coldly on anybody who proposed the suppression of the small states. Those petty independent communities were regarded traditionally as sources of protection for popular liberty and intellectual development against the overwhelming power of the Empire. In fact, all German political notions of the period were based upon the idea of a Confederacy, in which it was desirable to strengthen by all means the independence of the individual members.

That the Empire was a thing of the past, in name as well as in fact, was a truth Germany did not begin to realize till a much later date. The other day there was a poem in the *Kladder-a-datsch* describing the old "Reich" as a stately cathedral, very cumbrous as a building, very insecure, and very old-fashioned, but still sufficing to shelter the worshippers who collected within its walls. When this old shrine — the poem declared — was thrown down by the storms, the princes of Germany set to work to build it up again; but, the moment they had erected thirty and odd comfortable stalls for themselves, they suspended the construction of the edifice. Now this metaphorical account expresses accurately enough the nature of the Confederation which was established after the overthrow of the Napoleonic *régime*. The thirty and odd sovereigns provided for their own continuance upon their several thrones, and troubled themselves very little about anything else. Henceforward there was no central authority in Germany which sufficed to keep the governments of the minor states in some sort of order. Austria alone, or Prussia alone, could have exercised a sufficient control; but as neither of the two would allow the other to interfere, the result was that the petty governments did pretty much what they liked in all internal matters. From 1815 to 1866, the history of Germany has consisted in a perpetual conflict between the decaying power of Austria to maintain its hereditary supremacy, and the gaining efforts of Prussia to assert her leadership. The instinct of self-preservation, common alike to all created things, from kings to spiders, taught the German princes that Austria was less dangerous to them than Prussia, and therefore they sided almost invariably with the least aggressive of the two great states who, like the lion and the unicorn in the arms of England, were always fighting for the crown.

It was, however, very slowly that the German mind awoke to the conviction that the interests of the nation were directly opposed to those of its rulers. Many of the minor governments were extremely bad ones, but their faults were negative rather than positive. Even at their worst they were German governments; and their princes were men speaking the same language, having the same prejudices, and sharing the same sympathies with their subjects. Moreover, during the last half-century the social unification of Germany has proceeded at

a rate out of all proportion to her political development. There has existed for ever so long a common German language and literature and life. And thus the passion for unity has been a plant of much slower growth north than south of the Alps. The Italians desired one Italy, because they wished to be masters in their own country; the Germans learnt to desire one Germany, because they wanted to be a powerful nation abroad, and to get rid of a cumbrous and vexatious system of internal organization. In the Peninsula, the cry of "Italia Una ed Independente" appealed to that most widespread and deep-rooted of all popular passions, the hatred of foreign domination: but in the Fatherland, the movement for "Deutsche Einigkeit" only came home to the educated and thinking classes.

It so happened, by a combination of circumstances, that the way in which the unity of Germany seems likely to be brought about was one which met with little favor from the men who were the most active propagandists of the unitarian doctrine. If Germany becomes one at all, it will be by being absorbed into Prussia; yet this is a contingency which the original leaders in the demand for unification regarded with the utmost ill-will, if not with absolute incredulity. In the days when Charles Albert ruled as a despotic prince, any Italian liberal who had proposed to unite Italy under the House of Savoy would have been considered a lunatic or a traitor. In the same way, till after 1848, no friend of German unity would ever have regarded the aggrandizement of Prussia as anything but a calamity to the national cause. Even in that *annus mirabilis* when wellnigh every government in the Fatherland was overthrown by the Revolution, nobody proposed the annihilation of the minor states as independent communities. The ideal of the German Liberals of the time was a federative commonwealth. It was only at the last moment, when the reaction was triumphing everywhere, that the Frankfort Parliament, as a forlorn hope, offered the King of Prussia the nominal crown of Germany. The utter and lamentable failure of 1848 discredited the Republican creed with the nation; the leaders of the party were scattered, some dead, some in prison, many in exile, and a new generation grew up in the Fatherland, who were even less disposed than their fathers to pin their faith in a democratic Republic. The first Schleswig-Holstein war did much to identify the intensely strong sentiment of German nationality with the comparatively feeble desire for unity. Whether rightly or wrongly, reasonably or unreasonably, the cause of the Germans in the Elbe duchies was universally regarded in Germany as a national cause; and the defeat of the insurgents by the Danes is considered a national defeat. A popular history of the Schleswig campaign, written some years ago, concludes with the following words: "The result of this war should be a lesson to Germany [illegible]

home, and strengthened the desire for a strong many.

But, till within a very recent date, no Ger popular writer advocated the aggrandizement Prussia as a means of securing national unity. common panacea for the evils which afflicted Fatherland was to supersede the authority of Bund by some form of German parliament. fact, a federation of states subject to the deci of a popular congress, but maintaining their i vidual independence, was, I think, the constitu which, till a year or so ago, would have rec mended itself to the vast majority of Ger Liberals; but after the second Schleswig-Hol war the united party were opposed to the inco ration of the duchies with Prussia, and wishe see Schleswig-Holstein admitted to the Bund new and independent state under the Hous Augustenberg. Even in Prussia itself the gramme of the Liberal party was not the absorp of Germany by Prussia. On the contrary, the l ers of that party shared the common German pr ence for a federation, resembling that of the Un States, with the difference, that they perso were disposed to attach more importance to supremacy of Prussia than their southern and Prussian fellow-thinkers. I remember three y ago, asking an advanced Berlin Liberal, since of the stanchest supporters of Count Bism whether there was much feeling of Prussian (as tinct from German) patriotism among the educ classes in Prussia; and was assured by him, I lieve, with perfect sincerity, that of local or tional patriotism there was very little in Nort Germany.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, the Berlin Ch bers, whether owing to the novelty of parliamen institutions in Prussia, or to the system of de election, have never represented more than one — though a very important and worthy class the Prussian nation. Of all the states of the ex Confederacy, Prussia was really the only one w had a distinct and individual nationality of its

Austria was a mere conglomeration of het geneous kingdoms, of which the ruling one happe to be German; the other states were too small powerless to have a national character strong en to counterbalance the German element which common to the whole Bund. But Prussia st apart from the rest. Her dominions were be governed, her administration was more upright, people were more prosperous and more educa than was the case in any of the other count which composed the confederation. Prussia had not only, like some of her fellow-states, a g history, but she had also a great future. I th that to Count Bismarck, as to Count Cavour, his will give the credit of being the author of the u of his country. The Prussian statesman n certainly did not originate the idea of Italian un [illegible] would ever have concei [illegible] suggested to him; but, hav [illegible] he had the ge [illegible] be carried [illegible] and energ [illegible] made the nucl [illegible] Italy might hereafter [illegible] In the same way Herr von Bismarck [illegible] discovery [illegible] at all, it must [illegible] making Prussia the foundation of a united Fath [illegible] Prussia into Germany. In or

to effect Cavour's object, it was necessary to make Piedmont the leading constitutional state in Italy. In order to realize Count Bismarck's idea, it was necessary to render Prussia the chief military state in Germany; and both statesmen carried out their designs with equal resolution, if not with equal ability.

It is a great deal too early in the day to pronounce generally on the success of the new German policy, or to give any just estimate of its author. The fact that the Austrian armies were defeated everywhere with ease does not necessarily prove that the Prussian premier was justified in the course he pursued; but I think no candid person can read the series of speeches that he has delivered in Parliament since the war in defence of his policy without seeing that he is a very different person from the reckless, insolent adventurer we were all disposed to consider him in England. What I want to point out is, that the new Germany, whose creation we are now witnessing, does not owe its being to the realization of popular passion. Whatever you may say against the new system of making Germany into one country, you cannot justly call it either Utopian or theoretical. It is eminently matter-of-fact, prosaic, and commonplace, and therefore, in my judgment, very well suited to commend itself to the instincts of the German nation.

Nor do I think this scheme can fairly be charged with injustice or being based solely upon brute force. It is curious, if not edifying, to note how the organs of public opinion at home, who could never see the slightest iniquity in the Austrian occupation of Italy, are filled with indignation at the outrage of popular rights and national independence involved in the forcible annexations of Hanover and Hesse. Now, from all I can learn, I do not believe the majority of the population in any one of the annexed states actually wished for annexation to Prussia. The reason why the Prussian government has not appealed to universal suffrage to justify its taking possession of the new provinces is because it is by no means confident of what the result might be. The act of manipulating votes so as to elicit a foregone result is one for which Prussians have very little liking or aptitude; and they attach small value to any artificial indorsement of claims which they allow candidly are mainly due to conquest. The general principle that every nation has a right to choose its own form of government must, like any abstract proposition, be limited by the meaning of words. As a mere matter of liking, the Hanoverians, at any rate, would probably prefer to retain their old dynasty; but there is not the slightest evidence to show that they are prepared to make any sacrifices in order to give effect to their predilections. They do not cease to be German; they are not brought under foreign rule; they retain all their freedom and rights; the utmost they have to complain of is, that their wishes have not been consulted as to a change in their internal administration. As members of an individual state, they may have been ill-used; but as members of the great German community, they have no grievance to allege; and it is in this fact which, in my mind, places the forcible annexation of Hanover in a completely different category from the partition of Poland, or any other of the national crimes with which I see it compared by unreasoning opponents of Prussia. The Prussians themselves believe that any objections entertained to their rule by the newly-annexed states are of a temporary and incidental character, and that no lasting violence is being inflicted on the inhabitants of the states in question. Whether this belief is true or not time must show; but the conviction the Prussians entertain of its truth relieves the act of annexation of much of its apparent lawlessness.

Be this as it may, there is no reason to doubt the permanence of these annexations. With the marked prudence Count Bismarck has lately exhibited, and which contrasts so strangely with his previous reputation for recklessness, he has confined the extension of Prussian territory within such limits that the population of the new provinces, willing or unwilling, must by the mere force of circumstances be speedily absorbed into Prussia. People who talk of annexed Nassau or semi-annexed Saxony being a source of weakness to Prussia, in the event of a foreign war, talk about what they do not understand. If the French were to invade Germany to-morrow, I do not believe they would find the slightest substantial assistance in any one of the annexed states; and, half a dozen years hence, they would be as ill-received in Hanover and Dresden as in Berlin itself. As soon as the necessary period of transition has elapsed, the only difference between the old and new Prussia will be that the latter is larger and more powerful than the former. And this is the aspect of the German question, which the outer world would do well to bear most in mind. In the future, we shall have to deal not so much with a united Germany as with an extended Prussia. If the schemes of the old unity party had been carried out, Germany would doubtless have possessed much greater power and influence abroad than she did in bygone days, but she would still have remained the same collection of heterogeneous states, united by certain common bonds and interests, but divided by diversities of institutions, traditions, and dynastic arrangements. But now, according to the Bismarckian system, everything is to be cast in the Prussian mould, cut down or extended to the Prussian standard by a sort of Procrustean process. It is of course possible this plan may be frustrated by events, just as the somewhat similar design entertained by Count Cavour, of Piedmontizing Italy, was defeated by a combination of circumstances which no foresight could have provided against. But Bismarck's enterprise is much easier than that attempted by his Italian predecessor. In the first place, he can afford to work slowly, which Cavour could not; in the second, Prussia, unlike Piedmont, is immeasurably more powerful than any or all the kingdoms she is about to incorporate with her own. Moreover, the success of this scheme does not depend upon a single life. Another fanatic may succeed where young Blind failed; and yet the Prussianizing plan is so based upon the traditions of the Prussian crown, so harmonious with the instincts of the Prussian people, that it is pretty sure to be prosecuted even if its original parent was removed from power by caprice or fate.

Thus the new Germany will be virtually Prussia under new conditions of existence. No doubt the annexed provinces will react in their turn upon the old; and the Prusso-German kingdom will, one may fairly hope, be less provincial than old Prussia. But though the wheels may run somewhat more smoothly, the machine will remain the same. For a time, at any rate, the internal system of government will remain of the standard Prussian type, in which the Parliament reigns, but does not govern. The Prussian constitution is the exact counterpart of our own, with this single difference, that the Crown, and

not the Commons, is the most powerful of the three Estates. Our constitution is worked, and is workable only, upon an unexpressed understanding that, if the three Estates cannot agree, the House of Lords and the Crown must ultimately give way to the House of Commons; and this understanding is due to a consideration, whether sound or unsound, that, if it come to a contest, the nation would support the Parliament in preference to either Peers or Sovereign. Now in Prussia, according to the Crown theory, the three persons of the Constitutional Trinity are equal and independent; but if it comes to an irreconcilable issue, the Crown has the deciding vote. This theory of course is based upon a conviction that the nation would in the end support the Crown rather than the Parliament; and the Constitutional party have always shrunk from disproving the truth of this assumption by the test of experience. The parliamentary Liberals base their hopes upon the fact that the present King is old, and that the Crown Prince is of a liberal turn of mind. I can recollect exactly the same hopes being based on the supposed liberalism of the present King, when he was heir presumptive to the throne. Personally, I attach very little confidence to the parliamentary proclivities of Prussian princes. One may be wiser than another; and they all hold in their hearts the same creed, that they are kings, not by the will, but for the good, of their people. To do them justice, according to their lights they have ruled honestly for what they considered their people's good; and it is the knowledge that they have done so in the past, the belief that they will do so in the future, which gives them such a hold upon a nation to whom parliamentary institutions are still extremely new. So, for many years to come, I expect the Prussian monarchy will be governed on the principles laid down by the King at his coronation at Königsberg. In the days of 1848, the Hessians sent a deputation to the Elector to ask for a constitution. The disreputable old despot heard the petition, and asked the spokesman what he was. "A brewer," was the answer. "Brewers sha'n't govern." This was all the reply that the deputation received. The Hessians have changed their dynasty, and have got an honest, upright sovereign, in the place of one of the most ill-conditioned royal gentlemen who ever sat upon a throne. But I suspect the new ruler is as resolved in his heart as the old that "brewers sha'n't govern."

So I doubt whether the cause of parliamentary government, in the way in which we understand the word, will profit much by the aggrandizement of Prussia. On the other hand, representative institutions will be a reality in the new kingdom, as in the old; and it is possible the Germans may ultimately learn the true working of parliamentary life more thoroughly by the restrictions which for the present are placed upon the completion of their elected legislature. The military system in force in Prussia will unquestionably be extended to the whole of the North German Bund. An oppressive system it is, undoubtedly, but the fact that it presses on everybody alike relieves it of much of its unpopularity. It is only in the great commercial centres that the enforced service is felt to be an intolerable burden; and, though the growth of commercial prosperity in Prussia is immensely rapid, yet a long time must elapse before the trading element in the state becomes powerful enough to outweigh the influence of the Crown and the army. One result, indeed, of these annexations will be to give greatly increased strength to this trading element, — an element ways favorable to political freedom. In the co of a very short time, Lubeck, Bremen, and H burg will be annexed virtually — for my own p I believe, openly — to the Northern kingdom, then Prussia will become at once the second m time commercial power in Europe.

How far the establishment of a great and uni military monarchy — for Prussia is nothing n nor less than this — will prove conducive to the terests of peace is another question. For the p ent, Prussia has enough to do at home to occ herself. Her manifest destiny is to swallow up adjacent states, one after the other, until she has come identical with Germany. She will not see foreign war; but if a foreign war were forced u her, she would accept it gladly, as the best me of consolidating her empire. Whether, when has accomplished the consolidation of her kingd she will be an aggressive power, it is impossibl say. As a mere matter of opinion, I think I has been extremely fortunate in securing Ven before Germany became united under Pru But, as far as England is concerned, we have ev thing to gain, and nothing to lose, from the agg dizement of our old ally. A Prussia exten from the Danube to the Rhine, from the Balt the Alps, will be a barrier against any possible croachments of Russia westwards; and England lied to Prussia by interest and race and relig will no longer have any necessity to dread the mense military power of France. These, of co are mere vague speculations concerning events yet accomplished. But thus much we can alre see, that the tendency of this great national m ment is not to create a united Germany so muc an enlarged Prussia. And, whatever amount truth there may have been in our old theory a the dreamy, unpractical character of Germany, utterly and absurdly false when applied to Pru A more matter-of-fact, prosaic nation will not e in Europe than the new Germany whose forma we are now criticising. The fact is one that, for good and bad, foreign countries and foreign ernments would do well, as Captain Cuttle s "when found, to make a note of."

HIS YOUNG LORDSHIP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

It was a pat of butter, — only a pat of butte small, silly thing, and yet it made me feel, as children say, "like to greet." For I knew the s it came from, — a lovely nook in a lovely land. could picture the narrow valley, so rich and gr over which the huge gray granite mountains watc frowning or smiling, but still watching, like fa ful parents over their children; reflecting the s shine, gathering the rain, and sending both d alternately upon the fertile tract below. I co summon up its "pastures green," not like Eng meadows, hedged and ditched, but divided an larly by stone dikes, among which grew innum able ferns and accidental clumps of heather whin; while here and there in damp places w queer bog-plants; butter-wort with its flat lea and tall-stemmed blue flowers; the white tufts the cotton-plant; the aromatic bog-myrtle. N as I looked at my pat of butter, I could almost the cows that originated it, — small, shaggy, act Highland beasts, or the dainty little Ayrshire bre the prettiest of cattle, moving about their restric

plot of pasturage under the shadow of these same mountains which — whom, I was nearly writing, they felt so like living friends — any one who knows, loves; and once loving, loves forever.

"Yes," said my hostess, whom I had better call by the good Scotch name of Mrs. Burns, "it is real Scotch butter; we don't get anything here like it. It was sent to me from ——," naming the place, to which I mean to give an imaginary name, and call it the Laighlands.

For upon it, and the butter, hangs a story, which she immediately began to tell me: a story true and simple as that of Jeanie Deans, — of which, while she related it, we were both strongly reminded. I asked her leave to tell it here, just plainly as it was, with no elaborations or exaggerations, — for indeed it required none; only disguising the names and the places, so that while the truth remained — the internal truth, which is the real life and usefulness of fiction — the bare outside facts may be quite unrecognizable by the general public. And I wish I could give to the written tale anything like the simple graphic power with which it was unconsciously told.

"Yes," said Mrs. Burns, looking me through with her clear kind eyes; "I must tell you all about that butter, and how we got it from such a distance. You know the Laighlands? Isn't it a bonnie place? Such a sweet, quiet, out-of-the-way farm. We lived there a whole summer. We had come to the neighborhood, and did not know where to get lodgings; the whole country-side was full; and they took us in at the Laighlands, eight in all, — papa, and me, and our six: and we lived there for ten happy weeks. That was nine years ago."

It was not nearly so long since I had seen the farm myself; and though I was only there, at that particular farm-house, for one day, I could still remember it; the garden, wonderfully neat and well-stocked for that part of Scotland, where the lazy Highland nature has not yet arrived at the difficult science of horticulture: and among the common people life implies mere living, without any attempt to adorn life, with even the beauty of a cottage flower-border, or the small luxury of a dozen gooseberry bushes, and a row of beans or peas. Therefore I could especially recall this farm-house, for it had a capital garden, and an upland orchard behind; and its orderliness was equal to its picturesqueness, which is a great deal to say for dwellings of its size and character in the Highlands of Scotland.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Burns (I will go straight on with her part in the conversation and omit my own, which indeed consisted merely of a few questions), "we lived there ten weeks, and during that time we got to have quite an affection for our landlord and his wife. They were such simple people, and so honest, so painfully honest. Of course, in country lodgings where the people can only make hay while the sun shines, and that is for about two months in the twelve, one almost expects to be cheated, or at least made the most of in some way; but these good folk only cheated themselves. For instance, we had the run of the garden, and you can imagine what a raid my six children would make upon the gooseberry bushes. Besides, we had an unlimited quantity of vegetables. But when, at the first week's end, I looked to see what was put down in the bill, there was nothing at all! "O," said the mistress, a tall, handsome Highland woman, much younger than her husband, and speaking English with a quaint, slow purity of accent that you often find among those who have to learn it like a foreign language, — "O, I hope ye 'll use your freedom with the garden, — we 'd never ask ye to pay." But when I remonstrated — for I don't like that Celtic fashion of being too proud to receive honest payment, and yet expecting always an equivalent in kind — Mrs. Kennedy (I will call her Kennedy) quickly assented, with a sort of dignified acquiescence that had a touch of condescension in it, begging I would put my own price on the things we took, for she really did not know what they were worth, which doubtless was the truth, for you are aware how little actual coin is current in that district, and how people there often live half a lifetime without ever having seen a town street, or the inside of a moderate sized shop.

"This woman, Mrs. Kennedy, was a case in point. She was about forty, her husband being somewhat over sixty; yet neither of them had ever travelled twenty miles from their own farm, which had been rented by Kennedy, and his father before him, for the best part of a century, from the one great landholder of these parts.

"'And his lordship kens us weel,' said the gudewife to me one day, when my children had been describing a grand-looking gentleman whom they met riding over the hillside. 'He 's a fine man, and a gude friend to us. Many 's the day I hae seen him stand and crack wi' the auld gudeman, — that 's Kennedy's father; and he never meets Kennedy himsel', but he 'll stop and shake hands and ask for the wife and bairns. He 's a fine man, — his lordship, — and a gude landlord; he kens a' that 's done on the property. Though I 'll no say but that he might hae waur tenants than oursels; for my man and his father before him hae lived at the Laighlands, and paid their honest rent, every term-day, for seventy-five years.'

"I remember this little incident," continued Mrs. Burns, "because I remember the woman's face as she spoke, — full of that honorable pride which is as justifiable in a farmer as in a duke; and, also, because circumstances brought it to my mind afterwards.

"Well, we stayed at the Laighlands all summer. It was a glorious summer to my young folks, — and a sorrowful day when we left the place. We had to start about four in the morning, in Kennedy's cart, which had been our sole link with the civilized world, and in which he had conveyed to us daily — for this absolutely refusing payment to the last — all provisions which the farm could not supply; and the few extraneous necessities, — letters, newspapers, linen-drapery, &c., which we indulged in at this primitive place. He brought them from the nearest town, or what flattered itself was a town, several miles off. We had given him a deal of trouble, and now he had taken for us the final trouble of all, by bestowing endless pains on the arrangement of seats and mattresses, so as to make the rough jolting cart a little comfortable for me and the children. They cried as they said good-by to the pretty place where they had been so happy, and the good folk who had been so excessively kind to them. And I own I was half inclined to cry too, when Mrs. Kennedy, who had been rather invisible of late, — she brought her gudeman his seventh child while we were at the Laighlands, — appeared, weak and white-looking as she was, in the cold dawn of the morning, and gave me a basket neatly packed with all sorts of good things, — eatables and drinkables. 'It 's for the weans on their journey,' she said. 'We 'll no forget the weans.'

bade Mrs. Kennedy tell him her whole case from beginning to end.

"It was very simple; and he, of course, must have seen it clearly enough,—probably much clearer than the poor woman herself saw it. It was the common story of the different way in which the same things affect big folk and little. Probably nobody was to blame; or the whole was a matter of mere carelessness. In all likelihood the young nobleman knew nothing whatever about it, and never would, unless some one specially told him. 'You cannot see him,' said Mr. ——, 'he really is not here, but you might write to him. If you like I will sketch out the letter.'

"'But,' continued Mrs. Kennedy, 'I tell't him that I was ill at the pen, and gin I wrote may be his lordship couldna read it; and if I could only see him, just for five minutes. I hae seen him mony a time,—riding up our hillside by his father's big horse,—on his wee Shetland pony. O, gin I could but see his lordship!

"Probably the young gentleman thought—as I did then—O if his lordship could but see this woman!—one of the sort of women who bore the sons that followed and fought for his forefathers; with her strong, earnest, and yet not unbeautiful Highland face; her complete self-forgetfulness, and absorption in the work she had before her. So, after a little consideration, he agreed with her that a personal interview would give the best chance. But it could only be attained by her going to the college where the young lord then was; and which, to avoid all recognition, I will call St. Cuthbert's Hall, Oxbridge. Would she do this? Could she do it? For it was a considerable journey from London, and it would cost a good deal more money. She asked how much; and then inwardly reckoned her purse. It fell short by at least twenty shillings.

"This was a hard discovery, but she kept it to herself. She had never borrowed a halfpenny in her life, and would not begin now,—certainly not from a stranger. The only thought that occurred to her was to sell something, perhaps a little cairngorm brooch she had; but how to set about it she did not know. And then, in answer to the young gentleman's question, had she any friends in London? she suddenly thought of us.

"She did not know, or if she ever did know, had forgotten, our London address, and our name was a common one enough. The Dore story, which her friend took down and diligently searched for, scarcely helped her at all; till at length she remembered my husband's profession and somewhat peculiar Christian name. 'That's him,' she cried; and found to her comfort that Mr. —— knew him, at least by reputation. Most young Scotsmen in London know my husband. So, without more ado, Mrs. Kennedy took a grateful leave of the gentleman, and drove into a cab by his address, and drove to our door.

"While she noticed, or she understood, [illegible] to go to bed or to sleep, I went to [illegible] husband. But when I saw [illegible] the story I had [illegible] which the sight of Mrs. Kennedy [illegible] by things in general that [illegible] fairly begin to regret. He [illegible] small degree affected by what at last [illegible] tell him; even so [illegible] in the study [illegible] bridge trains.

"We [illegible] take Mrs. Kennedy [illegible] that night,—an impossible time to see a young undergraduate. So we persuaded her with great difficulty, for it seemed to be like losing time, that her best course was to sleep at our house, she and Jessie, and take the earliest morning train, which was at six A. M. To this she consented; seeing, with her clear good sense, that nothing better could be done, and being withal greatly comforted by perceiving how happy Jessie was with our children.

"The children—or rather the young people—were in great excitement all day. It was such a romantic story—in a small way—and Mrs. Kennedy was such a remarkable person, and Jessie (who being left behind in awful London, was at first very unhappy, and then, being taken to the Zoological Gardens, found consolation in a ride on the big elephant) was such a quaint sort of child, speaking little English, yet full of a curious Highland grace and Highland intelligence. Late at night Jessie's mother came back, and then we all thronged round her, eager to learn how she had fared; in fact, greedy over every word of her story.

"It was told in her face. Never was there such a sad face. I wish his young lordship could have seen it.

"Understand, I don't mean unwarrantably to blame the young nobleman. He was but a boy,—careless as boys are: and upon him had fallen, much before his time, the solemn responsibilities of property. I do not suppose he meant any harm, or had the least idea he was doing an unkindness. Only, he did it.

"When Mrs. Kennedy reached Oxbridge at about nine in the morning, she was told that his lordship could not be seen: in fact, he had not long gone to bed. This his valet informed her confidentially; adding, for he seemed a kind young fellow, and knew his lordship's Scotch property, and even thought he remembered the farm at the Laighlands, that as soon as his master waked he would tell him that there was a woman waiting, who had come all the way from Scotland to see him.

"She did wait—hour after hour—wandering fearfully about the college gardens and quadrangle—then going to the town for a little food—then walking hurriedly back again, lest by chance she should miss the happy moment when his young lordship should condescend to open his eyes; afraid to intrude, and yet trembling to be forgotten and overlooked, until nearly three in the afternoon. Then, in despair, applying again to the valet, she heard that his lordship was at breakfast: some friends were breakfasting with him: he could not possibly be disturbed.

"Nevertheless, the kindly valet took in a message, hoping that she might see him just for one minute: she would not trouble his lordship longer. He simply must remember the Laighlands: he had [illegible] many a time on his little pony. He [illegible] remember the Laighlands, [illegible] not see her now, he would [illegible] Monday following, at his house in London.

"But Mrs. Kennedy knew that Monday would [illegible] leave London on the [illegible] would not reach home in [illegible] from taking effect, and [illegible] She urged this [illegible] was many kind to her, and he [illegible] and speak to his master [illegible] of the guests—a merry-looking young gentleman: they seemed a merry

set, Mrs. Kennedy thought, for she heard their shouts of laughter through the door — came out and spoke to her, quite civilly, but with exceeding entertainment at the idea of her thinking it was possible she could see his lordship. But, nevertheless, he told her to make her mind easy, for that a telegram should be sent to the factor, to pause in the ejection until he heard further.

"With this Mrs. Kennedy was forced to be content; but she left Oxbridge with a very heavy heart.

"She stayed with us until the appointed Monday; and we took her about and showed her and Jessie the wonders of London, and diverted her mind as well as we could from the painful suspense under which she was laboring. She tried to enjoy herself, — she was touchingly grateful. But still the heavy sense of what was hanging over her — hanging upon half a dozen words from a youth's careless lips — seemed to cloud over everything. I never spent a more restless, uncomfortable Sunday than the one before that Monday, in thinking and wondering what would be the result of her application: a result of such slight moment to the young nobleman, — of incalculable importance to the old farmer and his family.

"'I hope I'm no wicked, Mrs. Burns,' said the poor woman, looking at me pathetically on coming home from church, — we had taken her to hear our own dear minister, though he was Free Kirk and she Established, to prove that there were good 'soun'' Presbyterian Kirks to go to even in London, — 'I didna mean to be wicked or unthankfu', — and I likit the look o' him, and his sweet voice and kind eyes, — but I didna hear one half o' the minister's sermon."

"Neither did I, so I could say nothing. It was no use to begin moralizing to Mrs. Kennedy about the relations between class and class, and the respective duties that each owes to the other. It is just what I notice in my own household, that what seems a very small thing to me may be a very great one to my servant; and that it behooves all who are put in authority to take the utmost pains to look at every question from the under as well as the upper side.

"Eleven in the forenoon was the hour fixed for the interview. We dressed Mrs. Kennedy for it with great care, and helped her out with some few things; for she had hardly any clothes with her; and we thought it advisable that his lordship's tenant of fifty years' standing, and representing a tenantry of fifty years previous to that, should appear before him as respectable as possible. To this end, it being a fearfully wet morning, we sent her off in a decent cab, which my husband gave orders should wait for her at the corner of the square.

"This done — we, too, waited; in a suspense that to my young people was very exciting, and to me actually painful. We had given her a full hour, indeed I expected a much longer absence, for I thought she would likely be kept waiting; people whose time is of little value never reckon the value of time to others. So if she were back by one, I should have been well pleased. But long before the clock struck twelve the cab drew up to the door, and Mrs. Kennedy stood in the hall. The moment I saw her face I was certain all was lost.

"'Come in,' I said, and drew her into the study, and shut the door to keep the children out awhile. 'Come in and sit down.'

"She sat down, and then lifted up to me the forlornest face! 'Ye 're vera kind, ma'am; I'll tell the gudeman ye 've been wonderfu' kind. My puir auld man! — and he past seventy year! — It 's awfu' hard for him."

"I took her hand — poor soul! and then she shed one or two tears, not more, and rose.

"'I maun gang hame as soon as I can, Mrs. Burns, to look after the auld man.'

"'Then there is no chance? What did his lordship say to you?'

"'Naething. He went aff to Paris yestreen.'

"'And did he leave no letter, — no message?'

"'Ne'er a word. He 's clean forgot me. Young folks hae short memories. May be he meant nae harm.'

"This was all she said. Not a word of blame or reproach, or bitterness. The instinctive feeling of feudal respect in which she had been brought up, or perhaps a higher feeling still, sealed her tongue even then. Nor did I — indignant as I was — desire to be more severe upon the young man than he deserved. I only wished that he, who had such an infinite power of good in his hands — such an unlimited possibility of experiencing the keenest joy of life — making people happy — could have seen the misery on this poor woman's face, as she thought of all her weary journeys thrown away, — of her returning journey to tell the bitter tidings to her old husband, about whom she seemed to grieve far more than for herself.

"'If his lordship wad hae let us stop at the Laighlands while the auld man lived,' she said, 'we wad hae paid a better rent — we tell't the factor that — and new stockit the farm, and Kennedy wad hae done his best wi' the new-fangled ways, though he hates them a' — and it wadna hae been for more than ten years at most: and what 's ten years to his young lordship, that will scarce be a man when my auld man 's in his grave? Ochone — ochone!' And she began rocking herself with a low moan, and talking in Gaelic to Jessie, who had run in eagerly with several of my children. I took them all away, and left the child and mother together.

"There was no more to be done. To apply to Mr. —— who had been so kind, was also useless; he had told her he was only in London for two days. Besides, he could not interfere openly in her affairs, with which, from his position in the household, he had nothing whatever to do. The only thing was to accept passively things as they were, and trust to the chance that the telegram sent had stopped present proceedings at the Laighlands. While in the mean time Mrs. Kennedy might take the course which had at first been intended, of addressing his lordship by letter.

"We wrote it for her, putting the case in her name, but in as strong terms as we could; and my husband took care that it should be forwarded in such a mode as that it was almost impossible his lordship should *not* receive it. This done, we sent the poor woman away by the night-train to Scotland, — for she was most eager to be gone, — making her and Jessie as comfortable as we could; earnestly hoping, and with perhaps an allowable hypocrisy trying hard to persuade her, that after all things might turn out less sad than she feared. We assured her — and ourselves in doing so — that the telegram would make all safe for a few days to come; and in the mean time her letter — that momentous letter, the invention and inditing of which had cost us, as well as herself, such a world of pains — might, nay, must, not only appeal to the young landlord's sense

of justice, but touch his heart, even in the midst of his Paris enjoyments; so that he would immediately send back word, confirming the Laighlands Farm to poor old Kennedy for his lifetime. My young folk, full of youth's romance and inherent belief in goodness, felt quite sure it would be so; nay, I think the younger ones actually imagined his lordship would do all manner of noble and generous actions — even to driving to the farm in a coach and six, personally to express his regard for the Kennedys — the very next time he happened to be on his property.

"We started her off — poor body! — with many good wishes on both sides: talked of her very often for a week or so, and then, hearing no more, we concluded all was well so far; the whirl of London life swallowed us up, and the subject dropped out of our memories.

"It might have been February — no, I have the letter here, and it is dated 12th March — that my husband got the following from Mr. Kennedy, written in a feeble old man's hand, but carefully composed and spelt, as became one of the well-educated peasantry of the North; one, too, who though only a farmer, could count his forefathers for more generations than many an owner of a magnificent 'place.'

"'Dear Sir: I beg to return you my sincerest thanks for your unremitting kindness to my wife and daughter when in London: when they came home and told us, the whole family were delighted to hear of such kindness being shown them. Before Mrs. Kennedy came home, a friend got a paper made out in our favor, to prevent anything being done against us; this friend was home in the boat along with Mrs. Kennedy, also officers from ——, to get us put out. I went in the morning to call upon the factor, and see if he had got the telegram from his lordship, but I could not see him, and I asked his clerk if he knew if he had got it, but he said he had heard no word about it. I told him the telegram was certainly sent, for that Mrs. Kennedy saw the valet go to the telegraph office at Oxbridge with it. The officers came to the farm, but this friend of ours got them stopped. We learnt afterwards that the telegram had been misdirected, and so it went to another place, and did not reach the factor till too late. We have got no answer from his young lordship to the letter you was kind enough to help Mrs. Kennedy write. We have sold part of our sheep in order to get some better kind, as we have been hearing that it has been said we were turned out because our farm was not fully stocked; but the Order in Council about the cattle disease, preventing cattle being removed from one place to another, and the uncertain situation we are placed in, has hindered this being done. But if we get encouragement from his lordship, we will stock the farm, and get on as soon as possible. If you will be kindly pleased, say in your wisdom, if anything can be done, and if we need to write his lordship any more till we hear from himself.

"'I am, dear sir,
"'Your most obedient servant,
"'Andrew Kennedy.'

"On receipt of this letter we all laid our heads together to consider what had best be done. The result was that Mr. Kennedy wrote a second letter to the young nobleman, — sufficient, we thought, to have moved a heart of stone, — and my husband got it forwarded immediately by what he believed to be even a surer channel than the first one had gone by. And, meantime, we made private inquiries as to what sort of young fellow he really was: and, I must confess, we heard nothing ill of him: nothing but faults of youth, — which a few more years may mend, and cause him to grow up a man worthy of his important destiny: worthy of his ancestors and himself. O that, for many sake besides his own, this poor lad, left orphaned at a time a lad most needs a father's care, and pinnacled on a height where the bravest and steadiest could hardly walk without tottering — O that it may yet be so!

"After sending this letter, for two months more we heard nothing from the Laighlands. Then came the following, headed by another date, which the minute I saw I knew the poor old farmer's fate was decided: —

"'Fairbank Cottage, May 3d.

"'Dear Sir: I am sorry to say that we never received any letter from his lordship; and we had to submit to be ejected from our farm and home, so that we are now for a short time in a little cottage belonging to my brother, James Kennedy. I called upon the factor to-day, to see if he had any place for us now; but I got no encouragement. He had said the family could make us comfortable with another house if we left the Farm; but there is no word of that now. We would have written to you sooner, but Mrs. Kennedy has been so grieved in her mind, and she had no time to spare, being busy removing and packing up furniture until we get some home elsewhere. She still remembers the kindness shown her by you and your kind family, and bids me say she has a small box preparing with a few articles to send to Mrs. Burns, as a small token of her gratitude for the kindness shown her. You can let Mr. —— know how we have been used, and how the young lord forgot us in our distress. If his lordship would have given us a small lot of ground and a house, we should have taken it kind, though we lost our farm: and so we would now, — but, in the way he forgot us, we have no encouragement to ask any other favor.

"'I am, my dear sir,
"'Your sincere well-wisher,
"'Andrew Kennedy.'

"That was all. No more complaints: no blame: no wild democratic outcry against the lord of the soil. The old man had been brought up to respect 'the powers that be,' and to submit, unmurmuring, in his stern, patient, unquestioning Presbyterian faith, to the ordering of Providence. Unto human injustice it is possible to submit too much: and yet there is a submission which is not merely wise, but heroic. I own, that poor old man's letter — in its brevity involving such a world of grief and loss, and that, too, at the close of life, when loss is quite irreparable — touched most deeply both my husband and me. And — well, there lies before you Mrs. Kennedy's butter."

I tasted it, for the second time feeling "like to greet," but with a far deeper emotion than the mere remembrance of the lovely country about the Laighlands.

* * * * *

I should like to end this tale — a true tale, be it again understood — with the bright windings-up exacted by "poetical justice." I should like to state how — "better late than never" — his young lordship had recognized his responsibilities; and, though the carelessly-worded telegram did fail of its object, though the promised appointment was broken, and the humble entreating letters left unanswered, possibly even unread, still some good angel had brought the matter to the young man's memory, with favorable results for poor Kennedy's few remaining years. So that, though he could not be reinstated in his farm — nay (for let us hold the balance of justice fairly between poor and rich, the rich who are often in reality so painfully, humiliatingly poor), although it might even be inevitable, for some recondite reason, that he should have been removed from it,

— still, there was found for him that "little lot of ground" hard by somewhere, where the old man could live comfortably and content until the end of his days.

But nothing of the sort has happened, or seems likely to happen, so far as I know. I can only tell the story, and leave it: as we are obliged to leave so many things in this world, — sad, unfinished; unable alike to see the reason of them, or the final settlement of them. Only there is One above us who sees all.

ALL SMOKE,

Is a general proposition, which persons who are scrupulous to the letter in their statements might choose to modify into "Nearly all people smoke." There *is* a small minority who refrain from smoking; but those who do not smoke are considered, by those who do, as very poor creatures indeed.

Sometimes, on contemplating the hourly indulgence in this universal habit, this cosmopolitan luxury, I ask myself how the world — that is to say the Old World — got on before A. D. 1550, or thereabouts. We were all poor creatures then; our mouths were undecorated with cigars, our pockets ungarnished with lucifers, vestas, and neat little volumes of cigarette paper. No young ladies, then, embroidered tobacco pouches, or sold them at fancy fairs for fancy prices. The tinder-box and its substitutes were confined to the kitchen, or to the baggage of serious enterprising travellers who might have to roast their own dinner over dry sticks, after shooting it and preparing it themselves in the forest. The meerschaum, the yard of clay, and the *brule-gueule*, or short, black, muzzle-burner, were equally unknown and uninvented. There is no smoke without fire, and there is no tobacco-smoke without tobacco; and yet the world did get on, somehow, before A. D. 1550.

"All smoke," is so slight an exaggeration, that it might be allowed to pass uncavilled at. All men smoke — as all ducks and geese swim — with exceptions, which, if they do not confirm, certainly do not invalidate the rule. It may be granted, too, that the habit of smoking varies in intensity at different spots of the civilized globe. In France, smoking wears the teeth out of the workman's mouth at an early age. He cannot work without his pipe; while his hands are busy, his lips must puff. He cannot walk to his meals without it; he cannot digest them afterwards without it. On a holiday, especially, he cannot take his pleasure without it; he cannot go to sleep without it. Paley said that teeth were made, not to ache, but eat with. A French artisan's or laborer's teeth were given to him to hold a pipe. That is the final cause of French dentition ever since the creation of the human race. For the last five thousand years it has been perfecting itself for that main purpose. Iron would not stand the wear and tear that many of these teeth have stood. But considering that teeth are also valuable for other purposes besides pipe-holding, I wonder that that ingenious nation has not invented some patent indestructible mouth pipe-holder.

Then again, in Germany, do they smoke, or don't they? It cannot be denied that they do, a little. Not to insist on what the vulgar does, I will merely instance in this respect the ways of a German professor, as sketched by an able contemporary.* Your German professor never gets on in the world, and he smokes all the day and most of the night. It must be allowed that no human being, not even a Turk, nor an English ensign, nor a French peasant of the Departement du Nord, can smoke anything like a German professor. A really practised and hardened German professor will not only smoke during every other moment of his waking hours, but he will smoke all through his dinner, taking alternately a mouthful of food and mouthful of smoke. His spending years in proving that Being and Not-Being are the same, or that they are not the same, and if not, why not, and how otherwise, might seem to be irrelevant to the All-Smoke question; but some people might reasonably opine that it is only a natural consequence of the smoke.

In northern Italy at least, smoking on the wing has become so general a practice, that almost as much attention seems paid to your whiff by the way as to your reaching your final destination. At the Turin station, you step out on the platform, to take your place in a departing train.

"Fumare! Fumare!" shouts the guard, pointing to a second-class carriage.

"Non Fumare; Genoa!" says a traveller who is making his first appearance on this stage. "I don't want to go to Fumare, but to Genoa. I don't even remember to have seen Fumare either on the time-table or on the map. 'Non Fumare, non Fumare, se vi piace,' if you please."

"Non Fumare! Non Fumare!" again shouts the guard, pointing to a contiguous carriage.

Quoth I to my puzzled fellow-traveller, "The train is going to Genoa, sir; but 'fumare' indicates the carriages where you may smoke, 'non fumare,' where you may not."

"Ah! Thank you. To be sure!" he said. "My Italian has grown rusty, for want of use. I took Fumare for a station!"

Nor may we in justice neglect American exploits in the smoking line. A letter from Wisconsin mentioned the existence there of an individual named Joseph (it should have been Methuselah) Crilé, who was supposed at that date (April, 1865) to be the oldest man on earth. He is, or was, a Frenchman, born in the neighborhood of Yvetot, in Normandy. His baptismal register assigned him, then, the respectable age of one hundred and thirty-nine years. He was still active, able to cleave wool, and to walk distances of several miles. His habits were regular; his consumption of drink was moderate; but he could not live without smoking from morning till night. If tobacco be a poison, we must either admit that it is a very slow one, or else suppose that Methuselah Crilé had attained what is technically called "a tolerance" of its influence. . . . .

If the novelty with which America presented us, only three hundred years ago, had been attractive to any of the senses, we might be less surprised at the hold it has taken of all the Old World populations. But its power is quite paradoxical. Although the plant itself is of portly mien, prepared tobacco has nothing which pleases or invites the eye; while to the taste, the smell, the stomach, it is at the outset absolutely offensive. Who is there who does not remember the painful experiment of learning to smoke?

Amongst others, Napoleon I. either never could or never would learn. In Egypt, he pretended to smoke — as he held out his possible conversion to Islamism — to please the Egyptians by adopting their customs. But he never could light his pipe

* "Saturday Review," March 18, 1865.

himself. It was his Mameluke Roustan's duty to set it going. If his master let it go out again, charcoal and matches were not ruinously expensive.

Afterwards, when the Persian ambassador presented him with a very handsome pipe, he ordered his valet de chambre, Constant, to fill and light it. The fire being applied to the mouth of the bowl, all that remained was to make the tobacco catch; but in the way in which his Majesty set about it, no smoke would have appeared from that time till doomsday. He simply closed and opened his lips, without drawing the least in the world.

"What the deuce!" he exclaimed at last. "There is no setting light to it."

Constant diffidently ventured to observe that the Emperor did not proceed exactly in the usual way, and showed him the right mode of going to work; but the inapt scholar still returned to his bad imitation of the act of yawning. Tired at last of his useless efforts, "Constant," he blurted out, "do you light the pipe; I cannot."

So said, so done. It was returned to him with the steam well up, going at a high-pressure rate with a double Persian power of smoke. Scarcely had he drawn a whiff when the smoke, which he did not know how to get rid of, went down his throat, coming out again through his nose and eyes. As soon as he had recovered his breath, "Take it away!" he gasped, "take it away! What an infection! What a set of pigs they must be! It has turned my stomach!"

He was ill for more than an hour afterwards; and he renounced forever "a pleasure, whose enjoyment," he said, "was only good to fill up the time of idle people with nothing better to do."

Nature certainly has done her best to deter us from the use of the dreamy weed; and, as happened long ago, men cannot resist the temptation of forbidden fruit. . . . .

Who would ever have supposed beforehand that the taxes on so detestable an article would ever produce an important item in the State's revenue? Yet such we know to be the case in more than one European country.

Fancy, some three hundred years ago, when Jean Nicot, king's advocate and ambassador extraordinary, first sent tobacco to France from Portugal, as a present to that amiable queen, Catherine de Medicis, — only fancy a bold financier requesting an audience of the Cardinal de Lorraine, and addressing him to the following purport: —

"Monseigneur, knowing the treasury to be in a somewhat pitiable condition, I am come to propose a tax which will bring you in a couple of hundred millions of francs, cheerfully paid — voluntary contributions to the State revenue. There will be taxpayers in every family throughout the land, and you will never have to seize or squeeze to collect it."

"State your project," the cardinal might coldly reply.

"Monseigneur, it is simply this. The Government has only to reserve to itself the exclusive privilege of selling a certain herb, which is to be reduced to a powder sufficiently fine for people to snuff up their noses. The plant may also be cut in the leaf, to be chewed, or to be smoked for the purpose of inhaling its smoke."

"Your plant, then, affords a delightful perfume, sweeter than anderson's, or rosin?"

"By no means," the speculator would reply. "Its smell is unpleasant rather than not."

"I understand. It is a panacea, a specific, endowed with marvellous healing virtues, — perhaps snatching sick men out of the jaws of death."

"Not at all, quite the contrary. The habit of sniffing in the powdered herb weakens the memory and destroys the smell. It causes giddiness. There are instances of its bringing on blindness and even apoplexy. Chewed, it renders the breath offensive and puts the stomach out of order. Inhaling the smoke is a different affair. First attempts bring on pains in the chest, nausea, swimming in the head, colic, and cold perspiration; but in the course of time and by persevering, you gradually get accustomed to it."

"How many people do you believe you will find to be fools and idiots enough to punish themselves for your tax-gathering purposes by smoking this plant or stuffing their nostrils with it?"

"There will one day be, Monseigneur, more than twenty millions in France alone. I don't mention the millions in England, Germany, and elsewhere, because they, Monseigneur, pay *us* no taxes."

If the cardinal had ordered the schemer out of doors in a huff, or got him put into a lunatic asylum, his contemporaries would have given him small blame for it. And yet, as events have proved, he would have made a great mistake in rejecting that counsel.

This last bit of badinage is the whimsical view which Alphonse Karr takes of the tobacco-tax question; but he exaggerates, perhaps, the dangers of the weed when employed with ordinary precaution. Another of his countrymen, Eugene Pelletan, rivals our King James I. in the violence of his counterblast against tobacco, ascribing to it a considerable share in causing what he considers the decadence of France. Be it noted that he holds up for wine, lauding it as the genuine national beverage, and utterly proscribing the use of alcohol.

Dram-drinking is his terror and aversion, while beer finds little favor in his eyes. Wine for him is his health and sanity; eau de vie and absinthe, madness and ruin. The flame of brandy burns up the blood, and the race of Frenchmen is dwindling away in consequence. The standard height for soldiers is obliged to be reduced. Thanks to absinthe, thanks to the distillers of beet-root, — and the consumption of alcohol augments every year, — in another century, perhaps in less, the world will really behold Frenchmen consumptive, puny, rickety, unable to handle either spade or gun, like the Frenchmen of old English caricatures. Now alcohol calls in the aid of tobacco, by the very nature of things, out of simple symmetry. One overexcites the brain, the other benumbs and stupefies it.

According to M. Pelletan, the very introduction of tobacco could not happen in an ordinary way. The circumstances accompanying it were necessarily startling and fantastic, like the compounding a charm or the completing an incantation. In the sixteenth century the monsoon wafted to Manilla a vessel manned by apes of a singular species. Dressed up like men, they imitated human shape so well as to cause an ill-ease for the first few moments. But they are first-class, as I relate! the smoke through a nasal protuberance of portentous length.

These curious animals were Spaniards, who had just learnt in America the art of smoking, and brought it along hot to the coast of Asia. The inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago, accustomed to the small noses of the Malayan race, could not behold without a secret horror the cornucopious aquiline of the Castilian type. The long noses got the upper

hand of the short noses, thanks to the help of the arquebuse. The conquerors tamed the conquered race, reducing them to slavery. Do you know how? By stupefying and besotting them with cigars.

France offered a long resistance to the invasion of tobacco. The regent distributed it gratuitously, to excite a taste for it and create an artificial want. The tobacco tax, at that time, brought in a few hundred thousand francs, at the very outside. It now produces two hundred millions.

But, at least, in the eighteenth century, tobacco was taken in powder by the nose, and there was something sympathetic in that fashion of taking it. The snuff-box passed from hand to hand; fingers were thrust into it, in turn. The box itself represented a work of art, a jewel of price, a breviary of the heart, a portrait of some beloved object.

It was a mode well suited to the affected society of effeminate seigneurs, smart little abbés, giddy-brained duchesses, crumpled-up beauties, and heart-shaped mouths constantly baited with a smile. The action of the thumb in administering the pinch, by making the nose turn up more and more, gave it a defiant air: and the snuff itself, by peppering the mucous membrane, spurred the intellect, and the witticism exploded. Heaven knows what sort of witticism! But the eighteenth century thought of little else than love-making, with an epigram now and then to break the monotony.

Snuff, incessantly injected into the nasal sinus, ended by destroying the sense of smell. If the eighteenth century indulged in the love of flowers, it did so unconscious of their perfume. Its nose was stopped up. Now whoever loses the impressionability of a sense, at the same time loses a portion of native modesty. Witness the blind and the deaf and dumb. The eighteenth century, through its nasal deafness, became mad after game kept till it was high and tainted, — after putrefaction on a silver dish. For the same reason it courted coarse amours, the gallantry of the lamp-post and the gutter. The Du Barry reigned everywhere, from the highest to the lowest, in aristocratic circles. Society so foul could only be cleansed by plunging it in the wash-tub of revolution.

And now that man has recovered his nose, that he can inhale the perfume of beauty and flowers, he extinguishes another sense, that is, another perception of modesty. He takes in tobacco by the mouth, he breathes it in smoke. He converts the sanctuary of taste into a chimney. He lines and impregnates every corner of his palate with a sooty coal of nicotine. And yet that is the place where the immortal soul gives audience, the dwelling-place of speech, — speech, the glorious communication of man with man, of man with woman. And when he whispers a confidence of the heart, it floats from his lip infected by the pipe, like the hot puff of fulsome vapor which reeks up from the window of an underground kitchen. What poetry can words of love retain when they present themselves in such bad company? A woman must sadly want to pardon the man when she goes so far as to excuse the cigar.

It is in vain that Nature (who appoints sentinels to guard us from ourselves) protests against this internal fumigation of our persons. In vain does she charitably warn us of the danger by the very difficulty we have in acclimatizing ourselves to tobacco smoke. The contagion of example draws us on; the demon of the pipe has got possession of us. No doubt the novitiate is long. We suffer sea-sickness ten times a day; we shudder with chilly ague fits, but by dint of undergoing the penance we acquire the right of smelling offensively.

"Tobacco has killed kissing," says Michelet. It does more; it closes the drawing-room. Formerly people conversed after dinner. Men and women, assembled round the same lamp, went through a course of mutual instruction. The men initiated the women into intellectual life; the women taught the men the graceful arts of pleasing. Both parties were gainers by the bargain. It was free exchange in all its splendor.

But the male portion of the French population are anxious to compete with Yarmouth red herring and Hamburg smoked beef. Whenever they are asked to dinner, as soon as they get back to the drawing-room they cast melancholy glances in all directions. What does it matter to them that their hostess is handsome or witty and clever? Has a young man of the present day any need to toss back the ball, and answer one amusing speech by another? After dinner he is faint and languid; his thoughts are absent; his heart is wandering after a Havannah cigar.

But, as a well-bred woman cannot convert her drawing-room into a pothouse, every creature who wears or might wear a moustache takes his departure at the earliest occasion, and goes into female society where he can smoke at ease, lolling back with his legs on the chimney-piece. Every evening *La Jeunesse Dorée* takes practical lessons in cynicism. Now and then an *élégante*, moving in good society, in despair at the cigar's severing humanity in two and condemning her to a life of conversational celibacy, endeavors to retain the deserters by opening a smoking-room in her mansion, and herself setting the example with a cigarette.

But tobacco has a fuller flavor in an equivocal than in a respectable house. There, at least, it can be moistened with beer and brandy. And thus a stinking West Indian plant, burnt in the human gullet, banishes the wine-glass more and more. Neither the perfumed produce of Médoc nor the electric vintages of Burgundy retain their hold on the smoker's palate. The unhappy wretch plunges his lip in a frothy and bitter decoction of hops, or swallows a glass of kirsch at a gulp, which is one way as good as another of firing a pistol into one's mouth.

Smoking, like dram-drinking, is the consequence of having nothing to do, of disenchantment of the heart and mind. A prisoner of state alleged, "Before entering my cell, I was innocent of tobacco; but I learned to smoke under bolts and bars, to beguile the weariness of solitude."

The increasing consumption of tobacco is frightful. Children ten years of age already smoke. But it is time to think of a remedy. Tobacco is a poison, — a slow one, if you will, — but certainly a poison; for it benumbs the brain, extinguishes the memory, brings on giddiness, and finally engenders those horrible diseases, cancer in the mouth and softening of the spinal marrow. When it does not kill totally, it kills partially. In concert with its comrade alcohol, it ravages the organism and dwarfs the species.

Tobacco injures the human race not only physically, but morally. It strikes thought with atrophy and paralyzes action. With every whiff of tobacco smoke a man exhales an energy or a virtue. Germany smokes and dreams; Spain smokes and sleeps. Turkey, who has been smoking these last three hundred years, has no longer strength to stand on her

believe the influence of a pipe daily (I do not mean of many pipes) is beneficial rather than otherwise. In these, the tobacco puts a curb on the extra excitement, and, acting as a sedative on the heart, prevents its over-action and arrests its excessive development.

"Nay, strange as it may appear, I am inclined to believe that tobacco, instead of increasing the evil effects of alcohol on the heart, renders them less determinate; for alcohol tends to create fermentative changes in the stomach and alimentary system, and to give rise to those acid modifications of the blood on which the more serious organic diseases of the heart mainly rest; while the tendency of tobacco is to stop those changes. Alcohol also excites the action of the heart: tobacco subdues it. Thus, if two men sit down together and take an equal quantity of spirituous drink, and if one smoke and the other do not, the action of the heart will be much less increased in the smoker. I do not, of course, put this forward as an advantage, because it is very foolish for any one to take alcohol in excess; but I name the fact, in its simple meaning, as a fact."

Finally, the writer is not, nor likely to be, a member of any anti-tobacco society. He is neither a slave to the cigar, nor an utter stranger to it. When he wants one, he takes it; when he does not feel to want one, he goes without it.

BLACK SHEEP.

BY EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

GLAMOUR.

When George Dallas had dined, he left the coffee-room, and retired to the bedroom which he had ordered, and which looked refreshingly clean and comfortable, when mentally contrasted with the dingy quarters on which he had turned his back in the morning. It was yet early in the evening, but he was tired; tired by the excitement and the various emotions of the day, and also by the long hours passed in the fresh, balmy country air, which had a strange soporific effect on a man whose lungs and limbs were of the town, towny. The evening air was still a little sharp, and George assented readily to the waiter's proposition, made when he perceived that no more orders for drink were to be elicited from the silent and preoccupied young man, that "a bit of fire" should be kindled in his room. Over that "bit of fire" he sat long, his arms folded on his breast, his head bent, his brow lowering, his eyes fixed on the glowing embers. Was he looking at faces in the fire, — his parents' faces, the faces of friends, whom he had treated as enemies, of enemies whom he had taken for friends? Were reproachful eyes looking at him from out the past; were threatening glances in the present fastened upon him? He sat there, black and moody, a long while, but at length his fixed gaze relaxed, the corners of his mouth softened, broke into a slow smile, and a light came into his dark gloomy eyes. Then he rose, took his pocket-book from his breast-pocket, made some memoranda in it, and, taking his hat, passed out into Sir Thomas Bellew's park, put back the locks, and, once more shutting himself out in the firelight, lighted his pipe and began to smoke.

The musing look remained upon his face, but it was no longer gloomy; it was a smile such as folk give to building castles in the air, as baseless, may be, as the vapor which curled in fantastic wreaths about his face, but tenanted by hope, and inspired by higher and better resolves than had animated George Dallas for many a day. The twin angels, love and gratitude, were near him; invisibly their soft white wings were fluttering about him, refreshing the jaded heart and the stained brow.

His mother, and the girl whom he had that day seen for the second time, and recognized with feelings full of a bitter and evil impulse at first, but who had soon exercised over him a nameless fascination full of a pure and thrilling delight, such as no pleasure of all his sin-stained life had ever previously brought him; of these two he was thinking. If George Dallas could have seen his mother at the moment, when he, having laid his exhausted pipe upon the little wooden chimney-piece, and hastily undressed, lay down in his bed, with his hands clasped over the top of his head, in his favorite attitude when he had anything particular to think of, he would have found her not only thinking but talking of him. Mr. Carruthers was absent, so was Clare; she had the grand, stately house all to herself, and she improved the occasion by having tea in her dressing-room, having dismissed her maid, affianced to a thriving miller in the village, to a *tête-à-tête* with her lover, and summoning her trusty friend Mrs. Brookes to a confidential conference with her. The two women had no greater pleasure or pain in their lives than talking of George. There had been many seasons before and since her second marriage when Mrs. Carruthers had been obliged to abstain from mentioning him, so keen and terrible was her suffering on his account, and at such seasons Ellen Brookes had suffered keenly too, though she had only vaguely known wherefore, and had always waited until the thickest and darkest of the cloud had passed, and her mistress had once more summoned courage to broach the subject never absent from the mind of either.

There was no reticence on this occasion; the mother had taken a dangerous step, and one whose necessity she indeed deeply deplored, but she had gotten over the first great effort and the apprehension connected with it, and now she thought only of her son, she dwelt only upon the hope, the confidence, the instinctive belief within her, that this was really the turning-point, that her prayers had been heard, that the rock of a hard and stubborn heart had been struck and had yielded, that her son would turn from the old evil paths, would consider his ways and be wise for the future. So she sat and talked to the humble friend who knew her and loved her better than any one else in the world knew or loved her, and when she at length dismissed her and lay down to rest there was more peace at her heart than had dwelt there for a long time past.

So one of the women of whom the prodigal son had thought gently and gratefully that night, was thinking of him with love that no unworthiness could kill or lessen, with hope which no experience could exhaust. And the other? Well, the other was playing and singing to her uncle and aunt in the green drawing-room at the Sycamores, and if she had said [illegible] to Sir Thomas and Lady Bellew concerning the young artist who was so delighted with the picture-gallery, and who had [illegible] of doing justice to the great [illegible] in the park, it is presumable that [illegible] thought the more.

George Dallas slept well that night in the little

country inn, and awoke to a pleasant consciousness of rest, leisure, and expectation. As he dressed himself slowly, listening to the queer mixture of town and country sounds which arose inside and outside the house, he took up a similar train of thought to that in which sleep had interrupted him on the previous night, and began to form resolutions and to dream dreams. After he had breakfasted and perused all the daily intelligence which found its way to Amherst, where the population were not remarkably eager for general information, and the Illustrated London News was represented by one copy, taken in by the clergyman's wife, and circulated among her special friends and favorites, he went out, and once more took the direction of the Sycamores.

Should he go into the park, he asked himself, or would that be too intrusive a proceeding? Sir Thomas, on his fair niece's showing, was evidently an elderly gentleman of kindly impulses, and who could say but that he might send a message to Mr. Page, the landlord, inviting him to inform the stranger within his gates that he might have another look at the picture-gallery at the Sycamores? Was this a very wild idea? He did not know. It seemed to him as likely as not that a jolly, kindly man, disposed to let his fellow-creatures enjoy a taste of the very abundant good things which Providence had lavished on himself, might do a thing of the kind. A pompous, purse-proud, egotistical old fellow, who would regard every man unpossessed of landed property as a wretched creature, beneath his notice in all respects, except that of being made to admire and envy him as deeply as possible, might also think of sending such an invitation, but George Dallas felt quite sure Sir Thomas Boldero was not a man of that description. Suppose such a message should come? He had not given any name at the inn; he wished now he had done so; he would only take a short walk, and return to correct the inadvertence. At so early an hour there would be no likelihood of his seeing Miss Carruthers. It was in the afternoon she had ridden out yesterday, perhaps she would do the same to-day. At all events, he would return to the Sycamores on the chance, at the same hour as that at which he had seen her yesterday, and try his luck.

The road on which he was walking was one of the beautiful roads common in the scenery of England, a road which dipped and undulated, and wound about and about, making the most of the natural features of the landscape without any real sacrifice of the public convenience, a road shadowed frequently by tall, stately trees, and along one side of which the low park paling, with a broad belt of plantation beyond, which formed the boundary of the Sycamores, stretched for three miles. On the other side, a well-kept raised pathway ran alongside a hedge, never wanting in the successive beauties of wild-flowers and "tangle," and which furnished shelter to numerous birds. The day was bright and cheerful, and a light breeze was stirring the budding branches and lending a sense of exhilaration to the young man who so rarely looked on the fair face of nature, and who had unhappily had all his purer tastes and sympathies so early deadened. They revived under the influence of the scene and the softening effect of the adventure which had befallen him the day before. He stopped opposite the oaken gates, which had lain open yesterday, but were closed to-day, and he rambled on, further away from the town, and, crossing the road, took his way along the park paling, where the fragrant odor from the shrubberies added a fresh pleasure to his walk.

He had passed a bend of the road which swept away from the large gates of the park, and was peering in at the mossy tufts, studded with violets and bluebells clustering round the stems of the young trees in the plantation, when his eyes lighted on a small gate, a kind of wicket in the paling, imperfectly secured by a very loose latch, and from which a straight narrow path, bordered with trimly-kept rows of ground ivy, led into a broader road dividing the plantation from the park.

"A side entrance, of course," said Dallas to himself, and then, looking across the road, he saw that just opposite the little gate there was a wooden stile, by which a path through the fields, leading, no doubt, into the town of Amherst, could be attained from the raised footpath.

"I suppose the land on both sides belongs to Sir Thomas," thought Dallas, and as he made a momentary pause, a large black Newfoundland dog, carrying a basket in his mouth, came down the narrow path, bumped himself against the loosely fastened gate, swung it open, and stopped in the aperture, with a droll air of having done something particularly clever. Dallas looked admiringly at the beautiful creature, who was young, awkward, and supremely happy, and the next instant he heard a voice speaking from the top of the straight walk.

"Here, Cæsar," it said, "come here, sir; who told you I was going that way?"

Cæsar tossed up his head, somewhat to the detriment of the basket, and lolloped about with his big black legs, but did not retrace his steps, and the next moment Miss Carruthers appeared. A few yards only divided her from George, who stood outside the gate, his face turned full towards her as she came down the path, and who promptly took off his hat. She returned his salutation with embarrassment, but with undisguisable pleasure, and blushed most becomingly.

"I suppose I ought to walk on and leave her; but I won't," said George to himself, in the momentary silence which followed their mutual salutation, and then, in a kind of desperation, he said, —

"I am fortunate to meet you again, by a lucky accident, Miss Carruthers. You are out earlier today, and this is Cæsar's turn."

He patted the shiny black head of the Newfoundland, who still obstructed the entrance to the path, as he spoke, and Cæsar received the attention tolerably graciously.

"Yes, I generally walk early, and ride in the afternoon."

"Escorted by your dumb friends only," said George, in a tone not quite of interrogation. Miss Carruthers blushed again, as she replied, —

"Yes, my horse and my dog are my companions generally. My aunt never walks, and Sir Thomas never rides. Were you going into the park again, Mr. Ward?"

By this time Cæsar had run out into the road, and was in a state of impatient perplexity, and evidently much inconvenienced by the basket, which he was too well trained to drop, but shook disconsolately as he glanced reproachfully at Clare, wondering how much longer she meant to keep him waiting.

"No, Miss Carruthers, I was merely walking past the Sycamores, and recalling yesterday's pleasure, — half gladly, half sadly, as I fancy we recall all pleasures."

"I — I told my uncle of your visit yesterday, and he said he was sorry to have missed you, and hoped you would see as much of the park as you liked. Did — did you finish you sketch, Mr. Ward? O, that horrid Cæsar, he will have the handle off my basket. Just see how he is knocking it against the stile."

She came hurriedly through the open gateway into the road, George following her.

"May I take it from him?" he said.

"O, pray do; there now, he is over the stile, and running through the field."

George rushed away in pursuit of Cæsar, triumphant in his success in thus terminating a period of inaction for which he saw no reasonable excuse. Miss Carruthers mounted the stile in a more leisurely fashion, turned into the footpath which led through the field, and in a few moments met George returning, her basket in his hand, and Cæsar slouching along beside him, sulky and discontented.

She thanked George, told him she was going nearly as far as Amherst by the "short cut," which lay through her uncle's land, and the two young people in another minute found themselves walking side by side, as if such an arrangement were quite a matter of course, to which Mrs. Grundy could not possibly make any objection. Of course, it was highly imprudent, not to say improper, and one of the two was perfectly conscious alike of the imprudence and the impropriety; perfectly conscious, also, that both were increased by the fact that he was George Dallas, and the young lady was Clare Carruthers, the niece of his step-father, the girl, mainly, on whose account he had been shut out from the house called by courtesy his mother's.

As for Clare Carruthers, she knew little or nothing of life and the world of observances and rules of behavior. Sheltered from the touch, from the breath, from the very knowledge of ill, the girl had always been free with a frank, innocent freedom, happy with a guileless happiness, and as unsophisticated as any girl could well be in this wide-awake realistic nineteenth century. She was highly imaginative, emphatically of the romantic temperament, and, in short, a Lydia Languish without the caricature. Her notions of literary men, artists, and the like were derived from their works; and as the little glimpse which she had as yet had of society (she had only "come out" at the ball at Poynings in February) had not enabled her to correct her ideas by comparison with reality, she cherished her illusions with ardor proportioned to their fallaciousness. The young men of her acquaintance were of either of two species: sons of country gentlemen, with means and inclination to devote themselves to the kind of life their fathers led, or military magnificoes, of whom Clare, contrary to the fashion of young ladies in general, entertained a mean and contemptuous opinion. When Captain Marsh and Captain Clitheroe were home "on leave," they found it convenient and agreeable to pass a good deal of their leisure at Poynings; and as they happened to be ninnies of the first magnitude, whose insignificance in every sense worth mention was only equalled by their conceit, Miss Carruthers had conceived a prejudice against military men in general, founded upon her dislike of the two specimens with whom she was most familiar. Clergymen are not uncommonly heroes in the imagination of young girls, but the most determined curate-worshipper could not have invested the clergymen who cured the souls in and about Amherst with heroic qualities. They were three in number. One was fat, bald, and devoted to antiquarianism and port wine. Another was thin, pock-marked, ill-tempered, deaf, and a flute-player. The third was a magistrate, a fox-hunter, and a despiser of womankind. In conclusion, all three were married, and Miss Carruthers was so unsophisticated, that, if they had been all three as handsome and irresistible as Adonis, she would never have thought of them in the way of mundane admiration, such being the case. So Clare's imagination had no home pasture in which to feed, and roamed far afield.

It had taken its hue from her tastes, which were strongly pronounced, in the direction of literature. Clare had received a "good education": that is to say, she had been placed by a fashionable mother under the care of a fashionable governess, who had superintended fashionable masters while they imparted a knowledge of music, drawing, dancing, and a couple of modern languages to her pretty, docile, intelligent pupil. The more solid branches of instruction Clare had climbed under Miss Pettigrew's personal care, and had "done credit" to her instructress, as the phrase goes. But the upshot of it all was, that she had very little sound knowledge, and that the real educational process had commenced for her with the termination of Miss Pettigrew's reign, and had received considerable impetus when Clare had been transferred — on the not particularly lamented decease of the fashionable mother, who was Sir Thomas Boldero's sister, and remarkably unlike that hearty and unworldly country gentleman — to Poynings and the guardianship of Mr. Carruthers. Then the girl began to read after her own fancy indeed, unguided and uncontrolled, but in an omnivorous fashion; and as she was full of feeling, fancy, and enthusiasm, her reading ran a good deal in the poetical, romantic, and imaginative line. Novels she devoured, and she was of course a devotee of Tennyson and Longfellow, saying of the latter, as her highest idea of praise, that she could hardly believe him to be an American, or a dweller in that odious, vulgar country, and wondering why Mrs. Carruthers seemed a little annoyed by the observation. She read history, too, provided it was picturesquely written, and books of travel, exploration, and adventure she delighted in. Periodical literature she was specially addicted to, and it was rather a pleasant little vanity of Clare to "keep up with" all the serial stories — not confusing the characters or the incidents, no matter how numerous they were, and to know the tables of contents of all the magazines and reviews thoroughly. She had so much access to books that, as far as a lady's possible requirements could go, it might be said, without exaggeration, to be unlimited.

Not only did the Sycamores boast a fine library, kept up with the utmost care and attention by Sir Thomas Boldero, and of which she had the freedom, but Poynings was also very respectably endowed in a similar respect, and Mrs. Carruthers, as persistent a reader as Clare, if less discursive, subscribed largely to Mudie's. Croquet had not yet assumed its sovereign sway over English young-persondom, and none but ponderous and formal hospitalities prevailed at Poynings, so that Clare had ample leisure to bestow upon her books, her pets, and her flowers. She was so surrounded with luxury and comfort, that it was not wonderful she should invest opposite conditions of existence with irresistible charms, and her habitual associates were so commonplace, so prosperous and conventional, that her

aspirations for opportunities of hero-worship naturally directed themselves towards oppressed worth, unappreciated genius, and fiery hearts struggling manfully with adverse fate. "The red planet Mars" was a great favorite with her, and to suffer and be strong a much finer idea to her mind than not to suffer and to have no particular occasion for strength. She knew little of the realities of life, having never had a deeper grief than that caused by the death of her mother, and she was in the habit of reproaching herself very bitterly with the superficiality and the insufficiency of the sorrow she had experienced on that occasion, and therefore mild and merciful judges would have pitied and excused her errors of judgment, her impulsive departure from conventional rules.

Mild and merciful judges are not plentiful commodities, however, and Mrs. Grundy would doubtless have had a great deal to say, and a very fair pretext for saying it, had she seen Miss Carruthers strolling through the fields which lay between the Sycamores and Amherst, in deep and undisguisedly delighted conversation with a strange young man, who was apparently absorbed in the pleasure of talking to and listening to her, while Cæsar trotted now by the side of the one, anon of the other, with serene and friendly complacency. Mrs. Grundy was, however, not destined to know anything about the "very suspicious" circumstance for the present. And George Dallas and Clare Carruthers, with the unscrupulous yielding to the impulse of the moment, which affords youth such splendid opportunities for getting into scrapes, from which the utmost efforts of their elders are powerless to extricate them, walked and talked and improved the shining hours into a familiar acquaintance, which the girl would have called friendship, but which the young man felt, only too surely, was love at first sight. He had mocked at such an idea, had denied its existence, had derided it with tongue and pen, but here it was, facing him now, delivering to him a silent challenge to deny, dispute, or mock at it any more.

A faint suspicion that the beautiful girl whom he had seen yesterday for the second time meant something in his life, which no woman had ever meant before, had hung about him since he had left the Sycamores after their first interview; but now, as he walked beside her, he felt that he had entered the enchanted land, that he had passed away from old things, and the chain of his old life had fallen from him. For weal or woe, present with her or absent from her, he knew he loved this girl, the one girl whom it was absolutely forbidden to him to love.

They had talked commonplaces at first, though each was conscious that the flurried earnestness of the other's manner was an absurd commentary upon the ordinary style of their conversation. George had asked, and Clare had implied, no permission for him to accompany her on her walk; he had quietly taken it for granted, and she had as quietly acquiesced, and it so happened that they did not meet a single person to stare at the tall, gaunt-looking, but handsome stranger walking with Miss Carruthers, to wonder who he "mought a bin," and proceed to impart his curiosity to the servants at the Sycamores, or the gossip at the alehouse.

"This path is not much used," said George.

"No, very little indeed," replied Clare. "You see it does not lead directly anywhere but to the Sycamores, and so the farming people, my uncle's servants, and tradespeople, back and forward to the park, chiefly use it. I often come this way, and do not meet a soul."

"Are you going into the town?"

"Not all the way: just to the turnpike on the Poynings road. Do you know Mr. Carruthers's place, Mr. Ward?"

George felt rather uncomfortable as he answered in the negative, though it was such a small matter, and the false statement did not harm anybody. He had told a tolerable number of lies in the course of his life, but he shrank with keen and unaccustomed pain from making this girl, whose golden brown eyes looked at him so frankly, whose sweet face beamed on him so innocently, a false answer.

"I am going to the cottage on the roadside, just below the turnpike," Clare continued; "an old servant of my aunt lives there, and I have a message from her. I often go to see her, not so much from kindness, I'm afraid, as because I hate to walk outside the park without an object."

"And you don't mind riding without an escort any more than you do walking without one," said George, not in the tone of a question, but in that of a simple remark. Clare looked at him with some surprise; he met the look with a meaning smile.

"You dislike the attendance of a groom, Miss Carruthers, and never admit it except in case of necessity. You are surprised, I see: you will be still more surprised when I tell you I learned this, not from seeing you ride alone in the park — there is nothing unusual in that, especially when you are on such good terms with your horse — but from your own lips."

"From my own lips! what can you possibly mean, Mr. Ward? I never saw you until yesterday, and I know I never mentioned the subject then."

The young man drew imperceptibly nearer to her, on the narrow path where they were walking, and as he spoke the following sentences, he took from his breast-pocket a little note-case, which he held in his left hand, at which she glanced curiously once or twice.

"You saw me for the first time yesterday, Miss Carruthers, but I had seen you before. I had seen you the centre of a brilliant society, the pride and belle of a ball-room where I had no place."

("Now," thought George, "if she only goes home and tells my mother all this, it will be a nice business. Never mind, I can't help it," and he went on impetuously.) The girl made no remark, but she looked at him with growing astonishment. "You talked to a gentleman happier than I — for he was with you — of your daily rides, and I heard all you said. Forgive me, the first tone of your voice told me it was but a light and trivial conversation, or I would not have listened to it." (George is not certain that he is telling the truth here, but she is convinced of it: for is he not an author, an artist, a hero?) "I even heard the gentleman's name with whom you were talking, and just before you passed out of my hearing you unconsciously gave me *this*."

He opened the note-book, took out a folded slip of paper, opened that, too, and held towards Clare, but without giving it into her hand, a slip of myrtle.

"*I* gave you that, Mr. Ward!" she exclaimed. "*I* — when — where — how? What do you mean? I remember no such conversation as you describe; I don't remember anything about a ball or a piece of myrtle. When and where was it? I have been out so little in London."

Now George had said nothing about London, but opportunely remembering that he could not explain

the circumstances he had rather rashly mentioned, and that, unexplained, they might lead her to the conclusion that the part he had played on the mysterious occasion in question had been that of a burglar, he adroitly availed himself of her error. True, on the other hand, she might very possibly think that the only part which a spectator at a ball in London, who was not a partaker of its festivities, could have played must have been that of a waiter, which was not a pleasant suggestion; but somehow he felt no apprehension on that score. The girl went on eagerly questioning him, but he only smiled, very sweetly and slowly, as he carefully replaced the withered twig in the note-book, and the note-book in his pocket.

"I cannot answer your questions, Miss Carruthers; *this is my secret*, — a cherished one, I assure you. The time may come, though the probability is very dim and distant just now, when I shall tell you when, and where, and how I saw you first; and if ever that time should come," he stopped, cleared his voice, and went on, "things will be so different with me that I shall have nothing to be ashamed or afraid of."

"*Ashamed* of, Mr. Ward?" said Clare, in a sweet, soft tone of deprecating wonder. All her curiosity had been banished by the trouble and sadness of his manner, and profound interest and sympathy had taken its place.

"You think I ought not to use that word: I thank you for the gentle judgment," said George, his manner indescribably softened and deepened; "but if ever I am in a position to tell you — but why do I talk such nonsense? I am only a waif, a stray, thrown for a moment in your path, to be swept from it the next and forgotten."

This was dangerous ground, and they both felt it. A chance meeting, a brief association which perhaps never ought to have been; and here was the girl, well brought up, in the strictest sense of the term, yielding to the dangerous charm of the stranger's society, and feeling her heart die within her as his words showed the prospect before her. Her complexion died too, for Clare's was a tell-tale face, on which emotion had irresistible power. George saw the sudden paleness, and she knew he saw it.

"I — I hope not," she said, rather incoherently. "I — I think not. You are an artist and an author, you know." (How ashamed George felt, how abashed in the presence of this self-deluding innocence of hers!) "And I, as well as all the world, shall hear of you."

"*You*, as well as all the world," he repeated, in a dreamy tone. "Well, perhaps so. I will try to think so, and to hope it will be —"

He stopped; the gentleman's nature in him still existing, still ready at call, notwithstanding his degradation, withheld him from presuming on the position in which he found himself, and in which the girl's innocent impulsiveness had placed her. To him, with his knowledge of who she was, and who he was, with the curious relation of severance which existed between them, the sort of intimacy which had sprung up, had not so much strangeness as it externally exhibited, and he had to remind himself that she did not share that knowledge, and therefore stood on a different level to his, in the matter. He determined to get off the dangerous ground, and there was a convincing proof in that determination that the tide had turned for the young man, that he had indeed resolved upon the better way. His revenge upon his step-father lay ready to his hand: the unconscious girl made it plain to him that he had excited a strange and strong interest in her. It was not a bad initiation of the prodigal's project of reform that he renounced that revenge, and turned away from the temptation to improve his chance advantage into the establishment of an avowed mutual interest. This step he took by saying, gayly, "Then I have your permission to send you my first work, Miss Carruthers, and you promise it a place in that grand old library I had a glimpse of yesterday?"

A little shade of something like disappointment crossed Clare's sunny face. The sudden transition in his tone jarred with her feelings of curiosity, romance, and flattered vanity. For Clare had her meed of that quality, like other women and men, and had never had it so pleasantly gratified as on the present occasion. But she had too much good breeding to be pertinacious on any subject, and too much delicacy of perception to fail in taking the hint which the alteration in George's manner conveyed. So there was no further allusion to the sprig of myrtle or to the future probability of a disclosure; but the two walked on together, and talked of books, pictures, and the toils and triumphs of a literary life (George, to do him justice, not affecting a larger share in them than was really his), until they neared Miss Carruthers's destination. The footpath which they had followed had led them by a gentle rise in the ground to the brow of a little hill, similar to that from which George had seen his mother's carriage approach Amherst on the preceding day, but from the opposite end of the town. Immediately under the brow of this hill, and approached by the path, which inclined towards its trim green gate, stood a neat small cottage, in a square bit of garden, turning its red-brick vine-covered side to the road beneath. When George saw this little dwelling, he knew his brief spell of enjoyment was over.

"That is the cottage," said Clare, and he had the consolation of observing that there was no particular elation in her voice or in her face. "Sir Thomas built it for its present tenant."

"Shall you be going back to the Sycamores alone, Miss Carruthers?" asked George, in the most utterly irrelevant manner. He had a wild notion of asking leave to wait for her, and escort her home. Again Clare blushed as she replied, hurriedly,—

"No, I shall not. My aunt is to pick me up here in the carriage, on her way to the town, and I return to Poynings this evening. I have been away a fortnight."

George longed to question her concerning life at Poynings, longed to mention his mother's name, or to say something to the girl that would lead her to mention it; but the risk was too great, and he refrained.

"Indeed! and when do you return to the Sycamores?" was all he said.

"It is quite uncertain," she replied. "I fancy my uncle means to go to London for part of the season, but we don't quite know yet; he never says much about his plans." She stopped abruptly, as if conscious that she was not conveying a very pleasing impression of her uncle. George understood her, and correctly, to refer to Mr. Carruthers.

They had descended the incline by this time, and were close to the cottage gate. It lay open, and Cæsar ran up to the prim little green door.

"Come here, sir," called Clare; "please let him have the basket again, Mr. Ward. Old Wilcox reared him for me, from a puppy, and he likes to

see him at his tricks. Thank you. Now then, go on, Cæsar."

Her hand was on the open gate, her face turned away from the cottage, towards George — it was no easier to her to say good by than to him, he thought; but it must be said, so he began to say it.

"Then, Miss Carruthers, here I must leave you: and soon I must leave Amherst."

Perhaps he hoped she would repeat the invitation of yesterday. She did not; she only said, —

"Thank you very much for your escort, Mr. Ward. Good by."

It was the coldest, most constrained of adieux. He felt it so, and yet he was not altogether dissatisfied; he would have been more so, had she retained the natural grace of her manner and the sweet gayety of her tone. He would have given much to touch her hand at parting, but she did not offer it; but with a bow passed up the little walk to the cottage door, and in a moment the door had closed upon her, and she was lost to his sight.

He lingered upon the high road from which he could see the cottage, and gazed at the window, in the hope of catching another glimpse of Clare; but suddenly remembering that she might perhaps see him from the interior of the room, and be offended by his doing so, he walked briskly away in a frame of mind hard to describe, and with feelings of a conflicting character. Above the tumult of new-born love, of pride, rage, mortification, anger, hope, the trust of youth in itself, and dawning resolutions of good, there was this thought, clear and prominent:

"If I am ever to see her again, it shall be in my own character, and by no tricky subterfuge. If she ever comes to care for me, she shall not be ashamed of me."

George Dallas returned to the inn, where his taciturnity and preoccupation did not escape notice by the waiters and Mr. Page, who accounted for it by commenting on his request for writing materials, to the use of which he addressed himself in his own room, as a "hoddity of them literary gents; if they ain't blabby and blazin' drunk, they're most times uncommon sullen. This un's a poetical chap, I take it."

That evening George heard from his mother. She desired him to come to Poynings at twelve o'clock on the following Monday (this was Saturday), and to wait in the shrubbery on the left of the house until she should join him. The note was brief, but affectionate, and of course made George understand that she had received the jewels.

Late in the afternoon of the day which had witnessed her second interview with the young man whom she knew as Paul Ward, and with whom her girlish fancy was delightfully busy, Clare Carruthers arrived at Poynings. She received an affectionate greeting from Mrs. Carruthers, inquired for her uncle, learned that no communication had been received from him that day, and therefore his wife concluded that his original arrangement to return on the following Tuesday morning remained unaltered; and then went off to see that Sir Lancelot, who had been brought home from the Sycamores by a groom, was well cared for. Somehow, the beautiful animal had a deeper interest than ever for his young mistress. She touched his silken mane with a lighter, more lingering touch; she talked to him with a softer voice.

"He did not forget to mention you," she whispered to the intelligent creature, as she held his small muzzle in one hand and stroked his face with the other. "I wonder, I wonder, shall we ever see him again."

When the two ladies were together in the drawing-room that evening, and the lamps were lighted, cheerful fires burning brightly in the two grates, which were none too many for the proportions of the noble room, the scene presented was one which would have suggested a confidential, cosey chat to the uninitiated male observer. But there was no chat and no confidence there that evening. Ordinarily, Mrs. Carruthers and Clare "got on" together very nicely, and were as thorough friends as the difference in their respective ages and the trouble in the elder lady's life, hidden from the younger, would permit. But each was a woman of naturally independent mind, and their companionship did not constrain either. Therefore the one sat down at a writing-table, and the other at the piano, without either feeling that the other expected to be talked to. Had not Mrs. Carruthers's preoccupation, her absorption in the hopes and fears which were all inspired by her son, so engrossed her attention, that she could not have observed anything not specially impressed upon her notice, she would have seen that Clare was more silent than usual, that her manner was absent, and that she had a little the air of making music an excuse for thought. The leaves of her music-book were not turned, and her fingers strayed over the keys, in old melodies played almost unconsciously, or paused for many minutes of unbroken silence. She had not mentioned the incidents of the last two days to Mrs. Carruthers, not that she intended to leave them finally unspoken of, but that some undefined feeling prompted her to think them over first; — so she explained her reticence to herself.

While Clare played, Mrs. Carruthers wrote, and the girl, glancing towards her sometimes, saw that her face wore an expression of painful and intense thought. She wrote rapidly, and evidently at great length, covering sheet after sheet of foreign letter-paper with bold, firm characters, and once Clare remarked that she took a memorandum-book out of her pocket and consulted it. As she replaced the book, a slip of paper fluttered from between the leaves and fell to the ground, unobserved either by herself or Clare. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Carruthers rose, collected her papers into a loose heap upon the table, and left the room, still with the same preoccupied expression on her face. Clare went on playing for a few moments; then, finding Mrs. Carruthers did not return, she yielded to the sense of freedom inspired by finding herself alone, and, leaving the piano, went over to one of the fireplaces and stood by the low mantel-piece, lost in thought. Several minutes passed away as she stood thus, then she roused herself, and was about to return to the piano, when her attention was attracted to a small slip of paper which lay on the floor near the writing-table. She picked it up, and saw written upon it two words only, but words which caused her an indescribable thrill of surprise. They were

PAUL WARD.

"Mrs. Carruthers dropped this paper," said Clare to herself, "and *he* wrote the name. I know his hand; I saw it in the book he took the sketch in. Who is he? How does she know him? I wish she would return. I must ask her." But then, in the midst of her eagerness, Clare remembered a certain air of mystery about her chance acquaintance; she recalled the tone in which he had said, "That is my

secret," the hints he had let fall that there existed something which time must clear up. She remembered, too, that he had not betrayed any acquaintance with Mrs. Carruthers; had not even *looked* like it when he had mentioned Poynings and her uncle (and Clare had a curiously distinct recollection of Mr. Paul Ward's looks); finally she thought how — surely she might be said *to know*, so strongly and reasonably did she suspect — that there were trials and experiences in Mrs. Carruthers's life to which she held no clew, and perhaps this strange circumstance might be connected with them.

"It is *his* secret and *hers*, if she knows him," the girl thought, "and I shall best be true and loyal to them both by asking nothing, by seeking to know nothing, until I am told." And here a sudden thrill of joy — joy so pure and vivid that it should have made her understand her own feelings without further investigation — shot through the girl's heart, as she thought, —

"If she knows him, my chance of seeing him again is much greater. In time I must come to understand it all."

So Clare allowed the paper to fall from her hands upon the carpet whence she had taken it, and when Mrs. Carruthers re-entered the room, bringing a packet of letters which she had gone to seek, Clare had resumed her place at the piano.

[To be continued.]

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Parisian dandies are beginning to wear pins in their cravats with a miniature model of the needle-gun.

THE *Gazette Musicale* announces the approaching *début* at Leipsic of a son of Herr Wachtel, who, like his father, is said to possess a tenor voice of the finest quality.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS the elder, it is said, is about to become the editor of the paper, *Les Nouvelles*, in which he intends giving a sequel to "Monte Christo."

Le Soleil, a Parisian evening journal, is just now publishing a translation of Mr. Angus Reach's "Book with the Iron Clasps," as a *roman inédit*, under the title of "Les Vengeances Eternelles."

THE medical profession appears to be well paid in France. The celebrated Nélaton has, it is stated by the French papers, recently purchased the Malnoue estate, near Laguy, Seine-et-Marne, for 750,000 francs.

NOT long since a composer of Paris, M. Ben-Tayoux, invited the richest dilettanti of that city the other day to a novel kind of auction at the Salle Herz. Several new pieces of his composition were offered for sale, and he played them himself to enable his auditors to appreciate their value. The audience was charmed with his playing, but when the pieces were put up there was not a single bid.

SATURDAY the 22d ult. was the ninth anniversary of the death of the Italian patriot, Daniele Manin, at Paris. Every year, on the same date, the friends of the deceased have been accustomed to assemble and deposit a wreath upon his tomb, and accordingly a number of them proceeded to the cemetery of Montmartre to celebrate the last anniversary when his mortal remains will rest in a foreign land. Hitherto the body of Manin has reposed next to that of Ary Scheffer, the painter, but will befor long be removed to Venice.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE's famous bird, which coul be in two places at once, is somewhat in danger having to give way to the Protector as the best e ample of this extraordinary ubiquitousness. W learn from an article on London in a recent numb of *London Society*, that,

"On the anniversaries of his great victories of Wo cester and Dunbar, Cromwell died."

We always had a very great respect for Olive as a man of no ordinary capacity. Our respect doubled now.

THE German papers record the death of Herma Goldschmidt, the artist-astronomer, whose name identified with no less than fourteen of the sma planets between Mars and Jupiter. M. Goldschmi was born in Frankfort in 1802, and studied unde the celebrated artists Schnorr and Cornelius in Mu nich. In 1834 he went to Paris, where he followe his profession. In 1847 he turned his attention t astronomy, and his discoveries obtained for him th Gold Medal of the Royal Astronomical Society o London, besides other marks of recognition from th Academy of Sciences in Paris, to which body hi discoveries were usually first communicated.

A LATE number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* contain a curious letter from Antwerp, describing a performance there of a miracle-play, after the fashion of those singular exhibitions which are held every twenty years in the Ober Ammergau, near Munich (one of which was so graphically described by Mis Howitt). A drama on the sufferings and death o the Saviour, not after Bavarian fashion in the ope air, but behind the footlights of a modern stage (th play, be it observed, sanctioned by the Roman Cath olic Church), offers a jumble of things sacred an profane so strange as almost to make us doubt th flight of Time, or the reality of progress.

A FRENCH journal mentions an excellent ide which occurred lately to one of the *maires des communes*. This gentleman received orders from th préfet to make suitable preparations, since an inva sion of the cholera was imminent. After a shor interval the maire informed his superior that hi orders had been obeyed, and that in any case th commune of ——— was prepared for the wor The préfet, not content with this general informa tion, desired to have some details of what had bee done; and, in consequence, the nature of the prep arations which had been effected was explained to him. It was simple and comprehensive. *M. le Maire* had caused as many graves to be dug in the cemetery as there were inhabitants in the com mune.

EVERY man is supposed to be present at his own funeral, but he is not expected to return from it and swindle an insurance company. A Frenchman named Vital Douat, having insured his life for 100,000 francs, and becoming a fraudulent bankrupt to the amount of £24,000, suddenly disappears from Paris, and afterwards turns up in Manchester Street London, as M. Roberti. Here he procured a certi cate of his own death, and then had a grave dug a St. Patrick's Cemetery, Low Leyton. The Re Mr. McQuoid duly officiated over the "remains and an inquiry being afterwards set on foot, th grave was opened and the fraud discovered. Mean while, the defunct had escaped to this country, bu was caught on his return to Antwerp by the Belgia

authorities, by whom he will be handed to the French Government.

ONE of the greatest of bibliographical curiosities is to be found in the collection of the Prince de Ligne, in France. The book bears the title of "Liber Passionis Nostri Jesu Christi, cum characibus nulla materia compositis." The book is neither written nor printed, the letters being cut out of the finest parchment, but so clearly that the text can be as easily read as the best print. The patience shown in the execution of this work must have been extraordinary, especially when we take into consideration the smallness of the characters and the perfect beauty of them. The German Emperor, Rudolph II., in 1640, offered the sum of 11,000 ducats for this book, — an enormous amount in those times.

PRUSSIA has celebrated her victory amid the roar of cannon, the blare of trumpets, the ringing of bells, the singing of hymns, and the shouts of an intoxicated people. The King was there, and the Queen, and the Princes, and the Crown Princess, and the great generals, and the greater statesman who has directed the whole course of events, and a bevy of fifty Berlin beauties, chosen by a council of three judges, for their beauty only, to present wreaths and make pretty speeches. It was an imposing demonstration; but in the midst of it all sat Bismarck, pale, fevered, and silent, — sick almost to death with the labors of the last few years, and the fearful strain and excitement of the last few months. His malady is said to be in the brain, like Cavour's; and we can well believe it.

WE recently reprinted from the *Dublin University Magazine*, an entertaining paper touching a journal supposed to have been kept by a nameless attendant on Voltaire.* A confiding Parisian man of letters publishes this apocryphal document as a veritable literary treasure. Somebody has imposed on somebody. Mr. James Parton, who has made extensive researches on the subject of Voltaire, whose life he is now engaged in writing, informs us that the pretended "Mysterious Manuscript" has been published for ninety years. All the anecdotes in the newly discovered diary are to be found in the *Mémoires de Longchamp*, who was Voltaire's valet. The fraud is certainly a very curious and audacious one.

LA FRANCE, in its obituary notice of Count Baciocchi, says that the Empress, by whom he was much beloved, paid him a visit before her departure for Biarritz, and on the morrow of that visit "sent to him, as an act of unexampled favor, to keep in his room so long as his illness should last, as she had kept it in hers at the moment of the birth of the Prince Imperial, a jewel which is assuredly the most precious of the crown of France. This is a reliquary, the skilful work of Froment Meurice, in which is seen a shred of the swaddling-clothes of Jesus Christ, a bit of the Virgin's veil, a strip of St. John the Baptist's winding-sheet, and, in the middle, suspended in the manner of a pendulum, Charlemagne's talisman, — given by the magistrates of Aix la Chapelle to the first Napoleon, — about the dimensions of a crown piece, and formed of an aqua marina, within which is seen, crossed, two fragments of the true cross. This rare medley of powerful relics is reinforced by a splinter of the bone of Charlemagne's own right arm." Nevertheless, as we have stated, Death was too powerful for the Empress's famous reliquary, and Count Baciocchi is no more.

* See Every Saturday, No. 40.

UP IN AN ATTIC.

HALF of a gold ring bright,
  Broken in days of old,
One yellow curl, whose light
  Gladdened my gaze of old,
A heather-sprig thereto,
Pluckt on the mountains blue,
When, in the shade and dew,
  We roamed erratic;
Last, an old book of song, —
These have I treasured long,
  Up in an Attic.

Held in one little hand,
  They gleam in vain to me:
Of Love, Fame, Fatherland,
  All that remain to me!
Love! with thy wounded wing,
Up the voids lessening,
Weeping, too sad to sing!
  Fame, — dead to pity!
Land, — that denied me bread!
Count me as lost and dead,
  Tombed in the City.

Daily the busy roar
  Murmurs to me of men,
Dashing against its shore,
  Groans the great sea of men;
But night by night it flows
Slowly to strange repose,
Calm and more calm it glows
  Under the moonshine: —
Then, only then, I peer
On each old souvenir,
  Shut from the sunshine.

Half of a ring of gold,
  Tarnished and yellow now,
Broken in days of old,
  Where is thy fellow now?
Upon the heart of her,
Feeling the sweet blood stir,
Still, though the mind demur,
  Kept as a token.
Ah! does her heart forget?
Or, with the pain and fret,
  Is that, too, broken?

Thin threads of yellow hair,
  Clipt from the brow of her,
Lying so faded there, —
  Why whisper now of her?
Strange lips are pressed unto
The sweet place where ye grew,
Strange fingers tremble through
  The bright live tresses.
Does she remember still, —
Sobbing, and turning chill
  To his caresses?

Sprig from the mountains blue,
  Long left behind me now, —
Of moonlight, shade, and dew,
  Why wilt remind me now?
Cruel and chill and gray,
Looming afar away,
Dark in the light of day,
  Shall the hills daunt me?
My footsteps on the hill
Are overgrown, — yet still
  Their echoes haunt me.

she could talk without exciting suspicion. Any one may speak of a picture in an unconcerned tone of voice, of Mis Philomel's talent for music, of Strephon's odd-shaped crook, or Chloris's pretty little lambs, but they should choose their confidantes carefully. Let them beware of women of a certain age and sentimental turn; let them, above all, avoid persons also interested in music, and flocks, and shepherds' crooks, or woe betide any one's secret. I think if Catherine had been quite silent, and never mentioned Dick's name, Reine would by degrees have guessed as much as she did the instant the little girl spoke. Miss George herself was not deficient in quickness, but she was preoccupied just now.

"How little I ever thought I should really know you," said Catherine.

"That is how things happen," said Reine. "It has been a great pleasure and happiness to me.—Mademoiselle, you have not said No. Will you not honor us by coming to-day? It might amuse you to see the chapel. They say that to-day anything is accorded that one asks for there. They say so to make people come perhaps," added the sceptic.

"O Reine, what shall you ask for?" said Catherine, who believed everything.

"An explanation," said Reine, dryly. "I have been expecting one some time. Et vous, mademoiselle?"

Catherine's color rose again and fell. "One would never have the courage to ask for what one wished," she faltered. "Yes, I should like to come with you. I suppose Madame de Tracy will not mind."

"We can send a message by Dominique," said Reine: and so the matter was settled.

Petitpère appeared, brushing his tall beaver-hat, and then clambered with strong trembling hands into his place. The two women sat opposite to one another, on straw chairs. Josette and Toto had a little plank to themselves. The children were delighted and clapped their hands at a windmill, an old cow, a flight of crows; so did Catherine, at their request. Something like a reaction had come after her weariness, and then she had had a drop of water, poor little fool, when she did not expect it. Reine smiled to see her so gay, and then sighed as she thought of former expeditions to the Deliverande.

The old farm stood baking in the sun. The cart rolled on, past stubble-fields and wide horizons of corn, and clouds, and meadow-land; the St. Claire was over, and the colza had been reaped. They passed through villages with lovely old church-towers and Norman arched windows. They passed acacia-trees, with their bright scarlet berries, hanging low garden walls. They passed more farms, with great archways and brilliant vines wreathing upon the stone. The distance was a great panorama of sky and corn and distant sea. The country-folks along the road cried out to them as they passed, "Vous voilà en route, père Chrétien," "Amusez-vous bien," and so on. Other carts came up to them as they approached the chapel, and people went walking in the same direction. They passed little roadside inns and buvettes for the convenience of the neighbors, and here and there little altars. Once, on the summit of a hill, they came to a great cross, with a life-size figure nailed upon it. Two women were sitting on the stone step at its foot, and the cloud drifts were tossing beyond it. It was very awful, Catherine thought.

An hour later she was sitting in the chapel of the Deliverande. In a dark, incense-scented place, full of flames, and priests, and music, and crowding country-people, a gorgeously dressed altar w twinkling and glittering in her eyes, where t Virgin of the Deliverande in stiff embroideries standing, with a blaze of tapers burning among fresh flowers. Voices of boys and girls were lou chanting the hymn to the Virgin in the darku behind it. Catherine had groped her way in t dazzling obscurity to some seats, and when she co see she found the children side by side in front her, and she saw Reine on her knees, and Pe père's meek gray head bowed. One other thing saw, which seemed to her sad and almost cruel, poor old Nanon Lefebvre creeping up the cen aisle, and setting her basket on the ground, a then kneeling, and with difficulty kissing the c let into the marble pavement in front of the al and saying a prayer, and slinking quickly ac Poor old Nanon! the penances of poverty and age were also allotted to her. Just over Catheri head, on a side-altar, stood a placid saint, with stretched arms, at whose feet numberless little o ings had been placed,—orange-flowers, and wre of immortelles, and a long string of silver he Catherine, who had almost thought it wrong to c into a Popish chapel, found herself presently w dering whether by offering up a silver heart could ease the dull aching in her own. It w have been no hard matter at this time before marriage to bring this impressionable little s into the fold of the ancient Church. But Mons le Curé of Petitport, who was of an energetic decided turn of mind, was away, and the gentle Abbé Verdier, who had taken his place for a ti did not dream of conversions. Catherine chan very much after her marriage, and the opportu was lost.

Petitpère having concluded his devotions, ently announced in a loud whisper that he sh go and see about the *déjeûner;* he took the chil with him. Reine and Catherine stayed a little ger. Catherine was fascinated by the odd s the barbarous fantastic images, which expressed faith and patience and devotion of these si people.

"Venez," said Reine at last, laying a kind h hand on Catherine's shoulder, and the two wen again through the porch into the white daylight

The inn was crowded with pilgrims, with, wh or not their petitions were granted, were break ing with plenty of wine and very good appetite the quaint old stone kitchen. The cook was at his frizzling saucepans at a fireplace in the tre. The country-folks were sitting all about packing their baskets, opening cider-bottles. T was a great copper fountain let into the ma wall, from which the people filled their jugs water; a winding staircase in the thickness of wall led to the upper story.

"Par ici," said Petitpère, triumphantly le the way; he had engaged a private room in erine's honor, for he had some tact, and had used to his daughter-in-law's refinements, an said he thought mademoiselle would not care to below with all those noisy people. The pr room had a couple of beds in it and various pic — of the Emperor at Austerlitz, and three herdesses in red bodices and colored religious alternately; it had also a window opening upo little *place*, and exactly opposite the chapel w services were constantly going on.

Reine laid the cloth, piling up the fruit in the

tre, and pushed the table into the window. Petitpère made the salad very quickly and dexterously, and uncorked the wine and the cider. Reine had no fear of his transgressing before Catherine. "If my aunts were to see me now," thought Catherine, and she smiled to herself as she thought of Mrs. Buckington's face of apoplectic horror at the sight of Petitpère's blouse at the head of the table; of Lady Farebrother trembling in horror of popery upon Mount Ephraim. It was amusing to watch all the tide of white caps and blouses down below; it was odd and exciting to be dining in this quant old tower with all the people shouting and laughing underneath.

It was not so great a novelty to Reine as to Catherine; she was a little silent, and once she sighed, but she was full of kind care for them all, and bright and responding. "Petitpère," she said, "give mademoiselle some wine, and Toto and Josette too."

"Let us drink to the health of the absent," said Petitpère, solemnly.

But Catherine gave a sudden exclamation, and put down her glass untouched. "Look, ah look!" she cried, pointing through the window. "Who is that?" She cried out; she half feared it was a vision that would vanish instantly as it seemed to have come. Who was that standing there in a straw hat, looking as she had seen him look a hundred times before? It was no dream, no "longing passion unfulfilled" taking form and substance for a time. It was Richard Butler, and no other, who was standing there in the middle of the *place*, looking up curiously at their window. Petitpère knew him directly.

"C'est Monsieur Richard," he said, hospitably, and as if it was a matter of course. "Reine, my child, look there. He must come up. C'est un monsieur Anglais qui fait de la peinture," he explained hastily to Catherine. "But you recognize him. The English are acquainted among each other."

Recognize him! Dick was so constantly in Catherine's thoughts that, if he had suddenly appeared in the place of the Virgin on the high altar of the chapel, I think she would scarcely have been very much surprised after the first instant. That he should be there seemed a matter of course; that he should be absent was the only thing that she found it so impossible to believe. As for Reine, she sat quite still with her head turned away; she did not move until the door opened and Dick came in, stooping under the low archway. He was just as usual; they might have been in Mrs. Butler's drawing-room in Eaton Square, Catherine thought, as he shook hands first with one and then with another.

"Did you not know I was coming to Tracy?" he said to Catherine. "I found nobody there and no preparations just now, but they told me you were here, and I got Pélottier to give me a lift, for I thought you would bring me back," he added, turning to Reine. She looked up at last and seemed trying to speak indifferently.

"You know we are going back in a cart," Reine answered, harshly.

"Do you think I am likely to have been dazzled by the splendor of Pélottier's gig?" Dick asked.

Reine did not like being laughed at. "You used to object to many things," she said, vexed, and then melting. "Such as they are, you know you are welcome to any of ours."

"Am I?" Dick answered, looking kindly at her.

Catherine envied Reine at that instant. She had nothing, not even a flower of her own to offer Dick, except, indeed, she thought, with a little smile, that great bouquet out of poor Monsieur Fontaine's garden.

If it was a sort of *Miserere* before, what a triumphal service was not the little evening prayer to Catherine! They went into the chapel after dinner for a minute or two. Sitting there in the darkness, she thought, silly child, that heaven itself would not seem more beautiful with all the radiance of the crystal seas and rolling suns than did this little shrine. To her as to Petitpère the Deliverande was a little heaven just now, but for Petitpère Dick's presence or absence added but little to its splendor. There was Dick, meanwhile, a shadowy living figure in the dimness. Catherine could see him from where she sat by Reine. How happy she was. In all this visionary love of hers, only once had she thought of herself — that day when she sat by the well — at other times she had only thought of Dick, and poured out all the treasure in her kind heart before him. That he should prize it she never expected, that he should return it had never once crossed her mind. All her longing was to see him and hear of him, and some day, perhaps, to do him some service, to be a help, to manifest her love in secret alms of self-devotion and fidelity and charity. She looked up at the string of silver hearts; no longer did they seem to her emblems of sad hearts hung up in bitterness, but tokens of gladness placed there before the shrine.

Petitpère was driving, and proposed to go back another way. The others sat face to face as they had come. The afternoon turned gray and a little chilly. Reine took Josette on her knee; Catherine wrapped Toto in her shawl. Dick had asked Catherine all the questions people ask by this time. He did n't see her doubtful face when he told her he had not waited for an answer to the letter announcing his coming.

"Madame de Tracy is n't like you, Mademoiselle Chrétien," said Dick. "She does n't snub people when they ask for hospitality."

It struck Catherine a little oddly, afterwards, that Dick should speak to Reine in this reproachful tone, that Reine should answer so shortly and yet so softly, so that one could hardly have told whether she was pleased or angry: at the time she only thought that he was there. Yesterday she had longed for a sight of the lines his pen had scratched upon a paper, to-day she was sitting opposite to him with no one to say one word. Petitpère's short cut was longer than it should have been, but Catherine would have gone on forever if she had held the reins. All the gray sky encompassed them, — all the fields spread into the dusk, — the soft fresh winds came from a distance. The pale yellow shield of the horizon was turned to silver. The warm lights were coming out in the cottage lattices. As the evening closed in, they were sprinkled like glow-worms here and there in the country. Sometimes the cart passed under trees arching black against the pale sky; once they crossed a bridge with a rush of water below. There was not much color anywhere, nor form in the twilight, but exquisite tone and sentiment everywhere.

They passed one or two groups strolling and sitting out in the twilight as they approached Petitport, and the rushing of the sea seemed coming up to meet them at times. They were all very silent. Petitpère had been humming a little tune to himself

for the last half-hour; Dick had spoken to Reine once or twice, always in that bantering tone: to Catherine he was charming, gay, and kind, and courteous, and like himself, in short.

"Are you going to stay here, Mr. Butler?" asked Catherine once, suddenly.

"Only a day or two," Dick said, abruptly. "I must go back for Beamish's wedding. I came because — because I could not keep away any longer, Miss George. Here we are at the château."

"There is M. le Maire," cried Petitpère, pulling up abruptly.

Fontaine had come down to look for Toto, who was asleep and very tired. The [illegible] cassis slid off the little nodding head as Dick hauled the child to his father over the side of the cart.

"Good night, Reine, and thank you," Catherine said. "It has been — oh, such a happy day!"

Fontaine only waited to assist Miss George to jump down, to express his surprise and delight at Mr. Butler's return, and then hurried off with his little sleepy Toto. "I shall come back in the evening," cried the maire, going off and waving his hat.

"Monsieur Richard, you also get down here," said Petitpère, growing impatient at the horse's head, for Dick delayed and stood talking to Reine.

The two had been alone with Josette in the cart for a minute. Now Richard took Reine's unwilling hand in his, and looked her fixedly in the face, but he only said, "Au revoir, Mademoiselle Reine, is it not so?"

Reine seemed to hesitate. "Au revoir," she faltered at last, in the patient voice, and she looked away.

Catherine was safely landed down below, and heard nothing. "He came because he could not help it," she was saying to herself over and over again. For the first time a wild wondering thrill of hope came into her head. It was a certainty while it lasted; she never afterwards forgot that [illegible]. She stood [illegible] was [illegible] the evening seemed to thrill with a sudden [illegible], the earth shook under her feet. While it lasted the certainty was complete, the [illegible] was perfect. How many such are there [illegible] the most prosperous lives? This one [illegible] lasted [illegible] away.

As Catherine and Dick were walking [illegible] together [illegible] short. "I know I [illegible] Miss George," he said. "I — I [illegible]

[illegible]

was the great nosegay of marguerites which

children had placed upon her table, and then

began to cry.

She was quite calm when she came down ag

Dick tried to speak to her again, but he was

how enveloped by Madame de Tracy, who was

the more glad to see him because she had written

him not to come.

After dinner they all began to dance again as they had done the night before, and Marthe went to the piano and began to play for them. Ernestine would have liked, if possible, that all the gentlemen should have danced with her, but that could not be: so she was content to let the two little demoiselles de Vernon share in the amusements. Dick came and asked Miss George to dance, but she shook her head and said she was tired. The little ball lasted some ten minutes perhaps, and ended as suddenly as it had begun. Marthe closed the piano with a sigh: she had very brilliant and supple fingers, and played with grace and sentiment: it was a sort of farewell which they had all been dancing. Ernestine put one hand into her husband's arm, and one into Dick's. "Come," she said, dragging them out through the open window.

"Jeunesse! jeunesse!" said the Countess kind to Catherine as the young people went scamper and flitting across the grass and disappeared in the winding walks of the garden. Catherine answer with a faint smile. Madame de Tracy took up the newspaper and drew her chair to the lamp, and then it was that Catherine slid quietly out of the room and crept along the front of the house, and sudden began flying down the avenue to the straight terrace walk, from whence she could see the sea gleami silver under the vast purple-black dome of night. It was full moon again. All the light rippled over the country. The old pots on the parapet were turned to silver. The trees shivered and seemed to shake the moonlight from their twigs and branch. Once the far-away voices reached her through the silence, but poor little Catherine only shivered when she heard them. She felt so utterly forsaken amid [illegible] of [illegible] and harmony in this vast harmony, that she found herself clinging to the old pot with the lich creeping up the outer edge, and crying and cryi as if her heart must break. Poor little moonstr [illegible] shedding her silver tears in the moonlight! She was like a little [illegible] herself, with her soft han grasping the cold stone and crying over them asking them for sympathy. She shivered, but she did not heed the chill: she seemed ingulfed [illegible] in the great [illegible] sea of passionate regret and shame, struggling and struggling, with no one [illegible]. The moon travelled on, and now came stream [illegible] upon the terrace, changing everything [illegible]. The gleam of the lamp by which Madam [illegible] was standing pierced through the tre Somewhere a bird stirred in its sleep; sometimes [illegible] barked in the valley.

The voices which had sounded so distant [illegible] came nearer and nearer; shadows, figur [illegible] bursts of laughter, the shrill exclamatio [illegible] the night. Catherine looking [illegible] saw them at the end of the walk; she could [illegible] them she started and fled. The others [illegible] who were flitting before them.

"[illegible] ghost!" some one cried.

"It is Miss George," said Dick.

Catherine had no thought but to avoid them [illegible] as she went flying along, only as she [illegible] turning up the dark pathway leading to the hous

figure suddenly emerged into the moonlight. It was no ghost. It was only Fontaine, with his eye-glasses gleaming in the moon rays. But she started and looked back, thinking in vague despair where she should go to escape. Fontaine seemed to guess her thought.

"Will you not remain one instant with me, mademoiselle?" he said. "I was looking for you. Madame de Tracy told me I might find you here."

He spoke oddly. There was a tone in his voice she had never heard before. What had come to him? Suddenly she heard him speaking again, thoroughly in earnest; and when people are in earnest, their words come strongly and simply. All his affectations had left him, his voice sounded almost angry and fierce.

"I know that to you we country folks seem simple, and perhaps ridiculous at times," he said. "Perhaps you compare us with others, and to our disadvantage. But the day might come when you would not regret having accepted the protection and the name of an honest man," cried Fontaine. "Madame de Tracy has told me of your circumstances, — your sisters. You know me, and you know my son. The affection of a child, the devotion of a lifetime, count for something, do they not? And this at least I offer you," said Fontaine, "in all good faith and sincerity. You have no mother to whom I can address myself, and I come to you, mademoiselle; and I think you owe me an answer."

There was a moment's silence; a little wind came rustling through the trees, bringing with it a sound of distant voices and laughter. Catherine shivered again; it sounded so sad and so desolate. She found herself touched and surprised and frightened all at once by Fontaine's vehemence. In an hour of weakness he had found her. "Take it, take it," some voice seemed saying to her, "give friendship, since love is not for you!" It seemed like a strange unbelievable dream to be there, making up her mind, while the young people, laughing still and talking, were coming nearer and nearer. Suddenly Fontaine saw a pale wistful face in the moonlight, two hands put up helplessly. "Take me away, O take me away!" she said, with a sudden appealing movement. "I can do nothing for you in return, not even love you."

"Do not say that, my child," said Fontaine. "Do not be afraid, — all will be well."

A minute later they were standing before Madame de Tracy. "She consents," said Fontaine; "you were wrong, madame. How shall I ever thank you for making me know her?"

It was Dick who first told Reine the news of the engagement. "I don't half like her to marry that fellow, poor little thing," he said. Reine, who was churning — she always made a point of working harder when Dick was present than at any other time — looked at him over her barrel. "I should not have done it in her place," she said, "but then we are different." Dick thought her less kind at that minute than he had ever known her before.

Love is the faith, and friendship should be the charity of life, and yet Reine in her own happiness could scarcely forgive Catherine for what she had done. Guessing and fearing what she did, she judged her as she would have judged herself. She forgot that she was a strong woman, and Catherine a child still in many things, and lonely and unhappy, while Reine was a happy woman now, at last, for the first time. For her pride had given way, and the struggle was over. Reine, who would not come unwelcome into any family, who still less would consent to a secret engagement, had succumbed suddenly and entirely when she saw Dick standing before her again. She had not answered his letter telling her that he would come and see her once more. She had vowed that she would never think of him again. When he had gone away the first time without speaking, she had protested in her heart; but when he spoke to her at last, the protest died away on her lips, and in her heart too. And so it came about that these two were standing on either side of the churn, talking over their own hopes and future, and poor little Catherine's too. With all her hardness — it came partly from a sort of vague remorse — Reine's heart melted with pity when she thought of her friend, and instinctively guessed at her story.

"Why do you ask me so many questions about Miss George?" Dick said at last. "Poor child, she deserves a better fate."

[To be continued.]

PARISIAN NEWSPAPERS.

Those who hear so frequently about the "warnings" given to French journals, and who know that in France freedom of the press has been pronounced incompatible with the maintenance of the Empire, will probably marvel when they are told that for some time back hardly a month has elapsed during which the publication of a new newspaper has not been announced in Paris. The fact is, that in no other capital are so many daily and weekly papers offered for sale as in that of France at the present time. People will naturally conclude either that the proprietors of these publications must have plenty of money to squander, or else that they have no wits to lose. It will seem to them the height of folly that men should deliberately embark in ventures of which the shipwreck is certain; should employ their capital in founding a newspaper which may be suppressed at the pleasure of an arbitrary Minister. The solution of this puzzle may not only convey information, but will furnish another illustration of that Imperial policy which consists in repressing discontent by corrupting the minds of the governed.

In opposition, then, to the generally received opinion, we assert that every Frenchman may found a newspaper, and may conduct it without dread of interference, provided that he never discusses political questions, or inserts news of a political character; that he strictly confines himself to reporting scandalous anecdotes and relating indelicate stories; that he is always in raptures at the doings of the Court, shows himself a fervent admirer of the Emperor, and professes enthusiasm for the young Imperial Prince. Taking advantage of the opportunity to become at once servile to the government and popular with the crowd, one speculator after another has started a journal containing no information worth having, and no opinions which could displease a tyrant.

The cheapest and most widely circulated of these periodicals is the *Petit Journal*. It is sold for a halfpenny, and is bought by upwards of a quarter of a million of persons. Each number contains a sort of essay, the instalment of a novel, extracts from the worst cases of the police reports, full details about the last murder or suicide, and the news of the day, — that is, all the particulars relating to the state of the weather and the money-market, and the sayings and doings of the more shameless section of Parisian society. The essay writer and the novelist are the

leading spirits of the journal. The former writes under the pseudonym of "Timothée Trimm," and produces articles which in happier days would scarcely have found a reader in France, but which are now the favorite intellectual food of hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen. His productions are equally remarkable for their impertinence and their triviality. At one time the public is informed how to make soup, at another how the writer felt when witnessing a mother whipping her child. Not only does he adopt the French penny-a-liner's trick for filling space, which is to make a paragraph of a sentence, but he prints every clause of a sentence as a separate paragraph. The following passage is a good illustration of the trick referred to, and a fair sample of his style. It is the introduction to an essay on the "Pot-au-feu":—

Let others, during the hours of the Carnival, extol good cheer,
And pronounce a panegyric on truffled fowls and pine-apple soup!
Let the apologists of tit-bits praise the golden plover and the fat ortolan, the delicate pheasant and the delectable goose liver.
I will not join the train of these flatterers;
And since, for once in my life, I have taken a fancy for treating gastronomy,
I wish to uphold the commonest and the most customary kind of food,
The most nourishing and the most wholesome,
The true national dish of France,
Popular as maccaroni in Italy,
Sour-krout in Germany, and roast-beef in England.
I have indicated the *Pot-au-feu*.

This is the sort of stuff of which "Timothée Trimm" writes four or five columns daily, and for which he finds about four hundred thousand readers. It is not worse, however, than the novels for which the *Petit Journal* is famous. They are generally from the pen of M. Ponson du Terrail, a writer compared with whom the most "sensational" of English novelists must be pronounced tame, and who would easily distance in a competitive examination the most able among the contributors of bloody tales to our cheap journals, or the most popular among the dramatists of the transpontine theatres. Had Eugène Sue been alive he would have found more than his match in M. Ponson du Terrail.

Success leads to rivalry. It was natural, then, that M. Millaud, the founder of the *Petit Journal*, should have competitors for the sums which a paper like it had caused to flow into his treasury. Accordingly, M. Villemessant stepped forward with the *Grand Journal* as a candidate for popular favor. As its name indicates, it is the antithesis of the *Petit Journal* in size, being nearly four times larger. It is also five times dearer, and is published weekly. That it has been fairly successful, we learn from a report of the annual meeting of its proprietors, published some weeks back, where it is announced that the dividend for the year is within a fraction of eight and a half per cent. Notable for the largeness of its type and the whiteness of its paper, as well as for the comparative solidity of its contents, the success of the *Grand Journal* is not wholly undeserved. Yet to show how difficult it is to fill so many columns with matter to which the authorities will not take exception, its conductors are obliged to devote nearly an entire page to a repetition of the chit-chat which has appeared in its contemporaries during the week. Not satisfied with surpassing the *Petit Journal* once a week, M. Villemessant determined to compete with it every day, and founded the *Evénement*. This new-comer costs a penny, and furnishes a more ample feast of horrors than its lower-priced rival. M. Paul Feval, a veteran composer of thrilling stories, has been employed to contest the palm with M. Ponson du Terrail. The *Embalmed Husband*, the novel with which he undertook to gratify his readers, is, as far as we can judge, well fitted for throwing them into fits of excitement.

In order to meet this competitor, M. Millaud founded another paper at the same price, and of the same size, and called the *Soleil*. Thus these daily journals are now employed in the mission of providing the most pernicious kind of reading for the French public. They appeal, not to the poor and ignorant, but to those who are supposed to be educated, and who are in a position to enjoy the luxuries of life. A taste for what is vile is more easily excited than an admiration for what is noble. Details of suicides, murders, and adulteries are always welcome to the half-educated, and become after a time agreeable to those who, although more cultivated, have little else to read. As the very worst of these publications, the *Petit Journal* enjoys the largest circulation. Like certain English newspapers which boast of having "the largest circulation in the world," it sets forth, as its best advertisement, the number of copies published. Its competitors have to resort to other measures. They bribe as well as boast. For example, the regular subscriber to the *Evénement* was presented at Christmas last with a box of oranges; and whoever then paid a quarter's subscription in advance might also come in for a chance of the same precious reward. At the present time the two rivals are tempting the public with gratis copies of Victor Hugo's *Misérables* or *Travailleurs de la Mer*, as inducements to buy the literary rubbish which they offer at a low price, but which would be dear as a gift.

Each of the enterprising gentlemen we have named possesses a number of other journals, which differ in little but the titles from those already noticed. There are others in the market, but none of them can surpass those we have named in appealing with effect to the most depraved tastes of readers, one alone excepted. This is called *Colombine*. It came before the world with the recommendation of being edited by an actress, and having actresses for contributors. The life of the world of vice was to be made public in its columns. We do not think that its success equalled the expectations of its founders. Indeed, in place of being more attractive than the established organs of bad reputation, it proved far duller than the *Petit Journal*. The revelations it contained were not novel; the anecdotes were devoid of piquancy. Its originality consisted in being printed on pink paper, and this, though appropriate enough, was yet hardly sufficient to compensate for its drawbacks. But the badness of all these papers is less to be wondered at than the fatuity of a government which can think it a duty to encourage them. That it should do so is an irrefragable proof that vice, and not virtue, is in favor at Court. It proves, moreover, that so long as French men of letters do not call in question the Emperor's policy, they may publish with impunity the most wretched and demoralizing trash.

Before a Frenchman dare print and vend a newspaper containing the slightest allusion to politics, he must deposit a large sum as caution-money, and obtain the permission of the government. He may be perfectly inoffensive, and mean no harm to his fellows, but, on the contrary, may desire to benefit them as much as to enrich himself. Should he succeed in obtaining the requisite permission, he has another difficulty to contend against, namely, the tax in the shape of a stamp which is affixed to each number of a licensed paper. The effect of this is,

of course, to oblige him to charge a higher price for his journal than may be charged for one which is unstamped. Suppose him, on the other hand, to be a speculator who is solely animated by a desire to gain a large return for his outlay, he will find no hindrance should he wish to own a newspaper. If he confines himself to retailing scandal, he may found as many papers as he pleases. He may sell them at a price within the means of the poorest class of readers, because he has no security to give, and no stamp to purchase. He is thus unchecked in his desire to work as much mischief, and get in return as much profit, as possible. He may even count on the approbation of courtiers, and the patronage of Ministers. He is certain to be invited to all the State balls. He will rejoice to think that he inhabits a country where respectable newspapers enjoy the minimum of liberty, and disreputable ones indulge in the maximum of license.

It is not uncommon for the devoted adherents of the Imperial dynasty to deny that the press in France is fettered. They are fond of asserting that, so long as the law is not violated, entire freedom of expression is allowed. They will probably add, if questioned as to the nature of the law, that it resembles that which in England punishes the journalist who libels his fellow-men. A foreigner will assuredly be told by them that in France the press is really as free as elsewhere, inasmuch as whoever will may found a newspaper. This is in a sense undeniable. But it is equally true, and equally misleading, to say that a manacled prisoner is not to be pitied because he may dance. When appealed to, the prisoner would assuredly say that he considers freedom to mean the power of leaving the jail and going where he pleases, as well as of moving his shackled limbs within the four walls of his cell. As matters now are in Paris, the *Journal des Débats* may say nothing displeasing to the authorities without endangering its existence, whereas the *Petit Journal* may publish whatever suits its purpose, heedless of unpleasant consequences. The fool may bray, but the sage's mouth is forcibly closed. "Timothée Trimm" is applauded when he writes something unusually coarse or silly, while Prévost-Paradol is prosecuted should he criticise the acts of the government with the prescience of a statesman and the calmness of a philosopher.

CLOUGH'S LIFE AND POEMS.

Arthur Hugh Clough was born at Liverpool in 1819. His lineage was of some antiquity and distinction; among his ancestors he counted a great granddaughter of Henry VII. Not long before his birth his father, the third son of a family of ten children, left the Welsh valleys in which the Cloughs had been established for about three centuries, and settled as a merchant in Liverpool. When Arthur was four years old the whole family removed to Charleston in South Carolina, where his childhood was passed in close companionship with his mother. Mrs. Clough seems to have been a remarkable woman. She laid in her son's character the foundation of that earnestness and sense of duty which was afterwards to be developed by the influence of Dr. Arnold. In this respect Arthur Clough formed no exception to the rule that great mothers are most important in the formation of great men. "She had no love of beauty," says her daughter, "but stern integrity was at the bottom of her character. She loved what was grand, noble, and enterprising, and was truly religious. . . . . There was an enthusiasm about her that took hold of us, and made us see vividly the things that she taught us." With this mother Clough read Pope's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the lives of Leonidas, Epaminondas, and Columbus, and the history of the Protestant struggles in the Netherlands, shaping his early ideal of nobleness by such examples of heroic self-devotion to great causes. He was graver and more thoughtful than other boys, apt to use set phrases, and not a little pedantic in his views of life. At the age of ten he writes to tell his sister that the holidays are going to begin in these solemn words: "The summer vacation is now just approaching, after which time we shall be conducted, either by Uncle Alfred or Uncle Charles, to Rugby, which is not far from Leamington, at which place Cousin Eliza is at school." His letter ends with this elaborate sentence: "Were you not grieved to hear that magnificent building, York Minster, had been partly destroyed through the destructive means of fire?"

Clough's family remained at Charleston, while he was sent to school at Rugby, and his brother George to Chester. It was then that the most remarkable period in his life began, — a period of promise and hope which were destined to much disappointment. It is worth while to dwell upon his letters written at that time from Rugby. They forcibly illustrate the power and nature of Dr. Arnold's influence, the high moral atmosphere which pervaded the school, and the almost unhealthy sense of responsibility and premature importance which was forced upon the older boys. Life between the age of ten and nineteen was already a most serious thing to some of Arnold's pupils. They worked at their own education and at the improvement of their little world as consciously and zealously as a London clergyman among his flock, as a philosopher intent on the production of a new system, combining self-culture and missionary labors in one continued effort of elaborate earnestness. Clough was soon filled with the spirit of the place, which showed itself in a profound belief that Rugby was "the best of all public schools, which are the best kind of schools!" Nor was he content to enjoy the advantages of his position merely: he felt himself an integral part of the system, a member on whom in a great measure its welfare was dependent, and who was bound to sacrifice his own interests when needful to the common good. "I sometimes think," he writes, "of giving up fagging hard here, and doing all my extra work in the holidays, so as to have my time here free for these two objects: 1st, the improvement of the school; 2d, the publication and telling abroad of the merits of the school by means of the Magazine." These ideas governed his whole school life. Much of his time was spent in conducting the *Rugby Magazine*, and in extending his personal influence by "associating with fellows for their good." The vigor of his language is not a little remarkable. "I verily believe my whole being is soaked through with the wishing and hoping and striving to do the school good, or rather to keep it up and hinder it from falling in this (I do think) very critical time, so that all my cares and affections and conversation, thoughts, words, and deeds, look to that involuntarily." At another time he says, "I don't know which to think the greatest, the blessing of being under Arnold, or the curse of being without a home." And again, "At school, where I am loved by many, and where I am living under, and gathering wisdom from, a great and good man, such a prospect makes me

Through everlasting limboes of void time,
Twirling and twiddling ineffectively,
And indeterminately swaying forever."

In fact, Clough was one of those men who long for work, whose consciences oppress them if they rest a moment idle, but who cannot set their hands to anything which seems to them worth doing. They are too acutely critical to put their faith in the systems that satisfy other men, too scrupulous to let the question go unsolved, and use their energy in the pursuit of selfish aims. A church is the proper sphere for these men; that alone consecrates daily labor to spiritual ends, and relieves the zealous worker of importunate responsibility. But the time has long gone by since any church could satisfy the mind of such a man as Clough. His painful sensibility to all the puzzles of the world incapacitated him for useful labor even when he most desired it.

Yet we must not fall into a one-sided view of Clough's character. He was not a sour misanthropist or gloomy dreamer. Much humor and interest in many subjects are shown in all his letters, and the creeds which supported his life were of a high and noble kind. Of religion he speaks thus: "My own feeling does not go along with Coleridge in attributing any special virtue to the facts of the Gospel history. They have happened, and have produced what we know have transformed the civilization of Greece and Rome and the barbarism of Gaul and Germany into Christendom. But I cannot [illegible] sure that a man may not have all that is [illegible] in Christianity even if he does not so much as know that Jesus of Nazareth existed. And I am not [illegible] that doubts respecting the facts [illegible] in the Gospels [illegible] give us much trouble. [illegible] that in one way or other the thing is of God, we [illegible] know, perhaps, in what way, and how far it was so. Trust in God's justice [illegible] as written in [illegible] Matthew, [illegible] Paul [illegible]

[illegible]

"Come back; come back; and whither back or why?
To fan quenched hopes, forsaken schemes to try:
Walk the old fields; pace the familiar street;
Dream with the idlers, with the bards compete.
Come back, come back.

"Come back; come back; and whither and for what?
To finger idly some old Gordian knot,
Unskilled to sunder, and too weak to cleave,
And with much toil attain to half believe.
Come back, come back.

"Come back; come back; yea, back indeed do go
Sighs panting thick, and tears that want to flow;
Fond fluttering hopes upraise their useless wings,
And wishes idly struggle in the strings.
Come back, come back."

There was even pain in relinquishing his old perplexities, or rather in carrying them away with him to new and less congenial scenes. Yet even Clough had reasons in the history of his own family, in his political sympathies, and in the friendship which he had formed for Emerson, to feel less doubtful about the advantages of expatriation than many were who seek their fortunes in the colonies. He travelled with Thackeray, and soon found himself in the society of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Channing, Theodore Parker, Dana, Lowell, and others. The *Bothie*, which suited American tastes, had gained for him a poet's reputation; and his sound scholarship secured him the certainty of work. After settling at Cambridge with the intention of making "pondering and writing" his vocation, he was forthwith engaged in teaching Greek to an American youth of seventeen years of age, and six feet one in height, and in preparing for the press a revised edition of Dryden's *Plutarch*. But he found it languid work. The novelty of American life wore off; the tyranny of fixed opinions made itself felt even in the United States, and Clough was glad enough to hear of a place in the Privy Council Office having been procured for him by friends. He returned to England in 1853, from which time, till his death in 1861, he led a uniform hard-working, uneventful life.

In 1854 he married, and subsequently had two [illegible] from it was [illegible] he was most devotedly attached. The nature of his employment was on the whole [illegible] "I am doing [illegible] here, working in the office [illegible] routine, which, however, after [illegible] is really a very great relief. [illegible] in England and I think in America [illegible] with religious matters, that it is a great [illegible] Another time he says, in something of [illegible] "When I [illegible] in the office — [illegible] — very [illegible] and nihil, too." At the [illegible] society of eminent men, Carlyle and [illegible] whose friendship he formed [illegible] his life, the pretty [illegible] kept up with his Ann[illegible] [illegible] interest in home and [illegible] and the reading of current [illegible] with numerous and [illegible] his work was uninterrupted [illegible] of the vicissitudes [illegible] at the time [illegible] the [illegible] enabled him to [illegible] which he po[illegible] [illegible] long [illegible] the system. Nor [illegible] continued [illegible] for Miss [illegible] with her Cri[illegible] [illegible] his death his [illegible] visited Greece and [illegible] of 1861, and in the [illegible] in the Pyrenees. [illegible] for in that

mmer Mrs. Clough joined him. They went together across the Alps to Florence, where his health ave way entirely beneath the attack of a malarious ever. He died on the 13th of November, in his orty-third year, and was buried in the Protestant emetery just outside the Porta à Pinti. He lies ot far from the graves of Walter Savage Landor, f Mrs. Barrett Browning, and of Theodore Parker, pon the slope beneath the cypress-trees within iew of "quiet pleasant Fiesole," a spot second only n beauty and interest to Shelley's grave beneath he walls of Rome.

We cannot do better than echo the words of one of his biographers, who says, "This truly was a life of much performance, yet of more promise." During his two and forty years Clough did more than might have been expected from an average man; and none could have cavilled at the results of his life had it not been palpable from first to last that Clough was far above the ordinary height of men. This to those who knew him was stamped on his face and form, on his actions, and on his expressed opinions, and we who only judge of him by poems and remains may find it legible upon his written words.

After writing many pieces in the *Rugby Magazine*, Clough began his career as a poet at Oxford by the publication of a little volume of fugitive pieces called *Ambarvalia*. He and his friend Burbidge brought it out conjointly in 1848. Shortly after this he wrote and printed *The Bothie of Tober na Vuolich;* at Rome, in 1849, he composed the *Amours de Voyage*, which were, however, not given to the world till 1858. In the following year he wrote *Dipsychus* and *Easter Day*, the former at Venice, the latter at Naples. Thus all his principal poems were written before 1851, and all were localized, — Scotland, Rome, Venice, and Naples supplying the scenery of his four chief works. After 1850, his genius seemed to have fallen asleep, and it was not until the year of his death that it reappeared again in a wholly different kind of composition. *Mari Magno, or Tales on Board*, consists of three stories supposed to have been told on successive nights by fellow-travellers in an American steamer. They are written in the style of Crabbe, with some affectation of Crabbe's prosaic plainness, but more of delicacy than the poet of the borough ever showed.

These tales have been regarded by some critics as a falling-off from Clough's earlier productions, and an indication of failing strength; others will see in them the resurrection of a true poetic genius in a new and healthier direction. As regards expression, concentration, and vigor of description, *The Clergyman's Tale* is superior to any of Clough's other works. We do not trace in it the painful intensity of *Easter Day*, but the subject is one that enlists the broadest human sympathies, and does not appeal merely to a passing phase in some distempered souls. *Mari Magno* might, in our opinion, be compared to the fresh growth of young and vigorous shoots, which a tree puts forth when it has been relieved of withered or decaying branches. The speculations out of which *Dipsychus*, *Easter Day*, and *Amours de Voyage* were woven interrupted the healthy development of Clough's genius. It was only when he absolutely abandoned them, and directed his poetic powers to subjects outside himself, and capable of true artistic treatment, that he won a place among the poets of the world. Death put a stop to the further expansion of a mind which showed so fair a promise of nobler and more enduring fruit. Fixing our attention upon the poems which survive, we notice that Clough's principal defect lay in the power of expression. He did not use language with any facility, so that his words barely and unattractively clothe thoughts of great fertility and beauty. Even in his correspondence this is apparent. A certain meagreness and awkwardness of speech seems habitual to his style. In spite of this defect, however, which ought to have resulted in extreme concentration, he was frequently diffuse. It sometimes seemed as if he had a thought he could not seize, and wandered around it in a haze of barren words. Pages of *Dipsychus* will illustrate this criticism; they are tedious from their length and ambiguity, and want of ornament. On the other hand, whenever Clough felt intensely, and grasped a simple thought with mastery, his words are few, and fall like hammer-strokes. Nothing can be more impressive in its naked force than this passage from *Easter Day:* —

> "What if the women, ere the dawn was gray,
> Saw one or more great angels, as they say,
> (Angels, or Him himself)? Yet neither there, nor then,
> Nor afterwards, nor elsewhere, nor at all,
> Hath He appeared to Peter or the Ten;
> Nor, save in thunderous terror, to blind Saul;
> Save in an after-Gospel and late Creed,
> He is not risen, indeed, —
> Christ is not risen!"

Some words need to be said in explanation of these lines. *Easter Day* is to Clough's other poems what *The Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* is to Wordsworth's volumes. It expresses with admirable concentration the despair which he felt when he compared the promises of Christianity with the guilt and misery of men; the bitterness that filled his soul when he reflected on the disappointment of long-cherished hopes, the death of ancient creeds, and the necessity of walking, unenlightened from above, in a dark, wicked world. It is a cry of want and pain wrung from the soul of one to whom belief is vital, but whom reason and reflection force to leave the trodden pathways of religious faith. Its tone of defiant bitterness is very characteristic of Clough. He was not wont, like Alfred de Musset, to pour out his anguish in eloquent apostrophes to the crucifix of happier and humbler creeds; he did not indulge in pathetic reminiscences; but he fixed his mind upon the realities of present experience, whether hard or soothing. By the side of despair, such as this, —

> "Eat, drink, and die, for we are souls bereaved:
> Of all the creatures under heaven's wide cope
> We are most hopeless, who had once most hope,
> And most beliefless, that had most believed.
> Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
> As of the unjust, also of the just, —
> Yea, of that Just One too!
> It is the one sad Gospel that is true —
> Christ is not risen!"

he could set these milder meditations, —

> "Sit if ye will, sit down upon the ground,
> Yet not to weep and wail, but calmly look around.
> Whate'er befell,
> Earth is not hell;
> Now, too, as when it first began,
> Life is yet life, and man is man.
> For all that breathe beneath the heaven's high cope,
> Joy with grief mixes, with despondence hope.
> Hope conquers cowardice, joy grief;
> Or at the least, faith unbelief.
> Though dead, not dead;
> Not gone, though fled;
> Not lost, though vanished.
> In the great gospel and true creed,
> He is yet risen indeed;
> Christ is yet risen."

If we seek to affiliate Clough to his legitimate predecessors in English literature, we shall find that

he [illegible] widely from Wordsworth. The two were [illegible] in their friendships, genial in their [illegible] yet bitter and unsparing of their scorn where [illegible] only called for hatred and contempt. They both belonged to that breed of plain livers and high thinkers, lovers and observers of nature in all her moods, philosophical thinkers and liberal politicians, who form the flower of English literary men. How deeply Clough sympathized with the beauties of nature may be seen in his poem of the *Bothie*. It is written in loose hexameters not very different in their jingling measure from a kind of prose. This undress suited Clough's style, and enabled him to express himself with force and freedom. The poem is an Oxford idyl, showing how men live together, walk and talk and dance and fall in love when they assemble in a summer long vacation among highland lakes. The simple love story which relieves this narrative is very well told. *Amours de Voyage* pretends to more of artistic completeness: it consists of letters from Rome, Florence, and elsewhere, written to their several friends by an English girl and a self-analytical Englishman, who fall in love with each other. Accidents of travelling separate them, and we never know the end of their story.

The elegiacs of this poem faintly recall Goethe's Roman elegies: the hexameters are like those of the *Bothie*. *Dipsychus*, as its name implies, is the story of a man with a double soul — or rather with two voices in his soul — one impelling him to seek the world and action and indulge his instincts, the other leading him aside to meditation and the purity of a secluded life. It is the old contest between flesh and spirit, real and ideal, action and dreaming, the world as it is and as it might be, viewed through the peculiar medium of Clough's perturbations at the time when he composed it. How much it owes to Faust in conception and execution we need not inquire. It is a curious example of the powerlessness to take any course, the wire-drawn subtlety, the high moral tone, and the mixed motives of modern scepticism. One or two passages in this poem reveal a greater fluency of language than is common with Clough. We will conclude our notice by extracting one of these: —

"O happy hours!
O compensation ample for long days
Of what impatient tongues call wretchedness!
O beautiful beneath the magic moon
To walk the watery way of palaces!
O beautiful, o'ervaulted with gemmed blue,
This spacious court, with color and with gold,
With cupolas and pinnacles, and points,
And crosses multiplex, and tips and balls —
Wherewith the bright stars unreproving mix,
(Nor scorn by hasty eyes to be confused);
Fantastically perfect this low pile
Of Oriental glory; these long ranges
Of classic chiselling, this gay flickering crowd,
And the calm campanile. Beautiful!
O beautiful! and that second more profound,
This morning by the pillar when I sat
Under the great arcade at the review,
And took, and held, and ordered on my brain
The faces and the voices, and the whole mass
Of the medley facts of existence flowing by!
O perfect it 't were all! But it is not:
Hints haunt me ever of a more beyond;
I am rebuked by a sense of the incomplete,
Of a completion over soon assumed,
Of ending up too soon. What we call sin,
I could believe a painful opening out
Of paths for ampler virtue. The bare field
Stark with lean ears of harvest, long had mocked
The vext laborious farmer; came at length
The deep plough in the lazy undersoil
Deep-driving; with a cry Earth's fibres crack,
And a few months, and lo! the golden lea
And Autumn's crowded shocks and loaded wains."

M. DE LAMARTINE AT HOME.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from *Le Grand Journal*.]

A PRESSING and warm invitation carried me, a few years since, back to a spot where memory often delighted to roam, but from which life's vicissitudes had for many a long twelvemonth separated me. It was an autumnal evening. The sun was pouring its last rays on the vineyards of Le Mâconnais. The vine-leaves were just becoming sear and yellow. Knots of vintagers, scattered over the declivities of the hills, heaped grapes in barrels, and sang as they labored. It was the season of the year when cities are deserted by their inhabitants, when the country becomes animated with new life by the guests who flock to it, either to take part in its harvest-homes or to taste the charms of rural vacation. Every inhabitant of the country summons around him the companions of pleasure or the comrades of labor. The vintagers lengthen their table; the wealthy landed proprietor opens wide the portal of his mansion.

I was on my way to the shelter of one of the most hospitable roofs of old Burgundy. This is no commonplace compliment paid my host. I have but one word to say to be thoroughly understood. The roof which glittered amid the vineyards on a fertile hillside, exposed to all the beams of the southern sun, was Monteceau, M. de Lamartine's estate.

While my horses walked up the long avenue which separates the château de Monteceau from the road I surrendered myself to the suggestions of memory. It raised the ghosts of many a departed year, — of no less than fifty years. I closed my eyes and evoked my youth, the old friends who sleep under the churchyard's sod, the old familiar haunts I believed long since forgotten. With the air of my native place, which I breathed after a prolonged absence, perfumes of the olden time returned, and the faded colors of the past seemed to revive with new lustre. Amid the images which presented themselves to my mind I tried to recall Lamartine as he was in our most youthful days. I need not depict those distant images here. Has he himself not painted them?

Nevertheless, here is a scene which I believe has never before been in print, and which has remained in my memory like one of those pale flashes of lightning which silently illuminate the horizon as if to herald the coming storm. In the Marquis D——'s drawing-room often assembled the few families who composed the aristocracy of the neighborhood, and who were connected by the ties of kindred or of old and traditional friendship. Few persons were present on this occasion. Our fathers and mothers formed a circle around the hearth, while we, young girls and young men, grouped in a corner, talked gayly but noiselessly with the carelessness of our age. One among us alone remained silent and thoughtful. He had a handsome face, easy manners, distinction, a pleasing voice, fire in his eyes, and admirable black curling hair on his forehead.

One day an elderly gentleman took his seat among us and questioned us. Aged people, for whom the future has no mirages, take delight in playing with the soap-bubbles which youth blows in their presence. On this occasion we were giving merry chase to the butterflies of the future. Each one of us confessed his dream, or smiled at some illusion, or evoked some desire. Our taciturn comrade remained, as usual, silent; but his turn came to speak. He refused to do so at first; but when

pressed to declare his wish, he suddenly rose, and giving a strange glance at us, said, in a slow, measured voice, as if he were speaking to himself, "I should like — I should like to be king."

Some of us laughed; but all of us remembered that child's remark, because it came from a man's heart. He felt something there.

This child was none other than Alphonse, son of the Chevalier de Prat, — a handsome boy, but never gay; — wrapt in his own thoughts, a boy of a proud and rather shy nature. This was all we knew about him. A few years afterwards he was called Lamartine, and the whole world repeated his name.

"I should like to be king!" Has not his wish nearly been gratified? Did not Fortune place a crown and sceptre on the tribune from which he addressed the people?

My revery followed him amid his triumphs. What an astonishing career this man has run! Wealthy by his ancestors, and wealthy by his works; a patrician by birth and by intellect; capable of all sorts of glory, and attaining them all; generous to prodigality; Fortune's spoilt child, spendthrift of all the riches she lavished on him; throwing to the winds his heart's dreams and his pride's songs; living like a king on the domain of his genius; lavishing gold around him, not to satisfy vulgar passions, but to trample it under foot; and at last a beggar, but a royal beggar, — begging millions borrowed from the world in Genius's name, and which the world returns to him for the sake of the god who possesses him and whose oracle he was! Oracle, — victim may be!

I was still plunged in these reveries, when my carriage halted; the door opened and I got out, surrounded by beautiful young women, who held out their hands to me with exclamations and compliments of welcome. I was almost a stranger, although an old friend; I was greeted with smiles, and they gave me handsome children to kiss with rosy cheeks and long blonde hair.

Then we continued to climb the hill, having on each side of us a long line of lattice-work covered with fruit-laden grape-vines, which bordered both sides of the avenue.

As we drew near the state court-yard, we discovered an old man of noble appearance and lofty stature, wearing a black frock-coat buttoned up to the neck. It was the illustrious vintager. He came slowly to us, occasionally stooping as he approached to caress with his hand a beautiful Persian greyhound, his old and faithful Ali. He greeted me with the melancholy smile which I so well knew, and words from his noble soul which greatly agitated the phantasma of souvenirs that I had evoked.

We entered the drawing-room, and I had the regret to find absent that noble and great woman who so worthily shares the poet's career. An illness (which was to prove fatal) had for some days previously prevented her from doing the honors of this family meeting which every autumn assembles at St. Point and at Montceau many guests, and the sisters, nieces, and nephews of M. de Lamartine. But her works spoke for her in the antique drawing-room.

Mme. de Lamartine is an amateur of great distinction, and she would doubtless have been a fine artist had her generous heart dared devote to the cultivation of the beautiful the hours she so prodigally gave to the poor.

Dinner was served. What a fresh garland of young faces, intelligent smiles, and respectful affection crowned the old age of the poor great man that evening! In front of him sat his niece, Countess Valentine, beautiful with graces and distinction, who has devoted herself to the poet, and made herself the vestal of the god of poetry. On M. de Lamartine's right was another niece, the Countess de Pierreclos, formerly the friend of Mme. Emile de Girardin, and the heiress of all of Mme. de Girardin's talents; next to her was her daughter, young Mme. de Lacretelle. There were others besides these; and there were beautiful children, a country neighbor, and the old family physician, — a venerable hermit, whom M. de Lamartine accompanied a few months afterwards to his long home in the village cemetery, — and lastly, a young professor, a poet, and a disciple of our great master.

M. de Lamartine talked about the vintage with his neighbor, — about the quality of the vine, the price of casks, and other particulars relating to agriculture; then he became silent, borne by some revery far away from us. He long remained a stranger to the simple, playful, animated conversation which sparkled like new wine around the table. It was only at the dessert he resumed the reins of this familiar conversation, and led us, by I do not remember what train of thought, towards those Oriental shores washed by the Mediterranean. He extemporized a splendid description of the enchanting panoramas of Greece and Asia. His voice was full of feeling, and carried us away with him. How fortunate are they who live around the hearth of great men!

After dinner we went on the terrace. Here we saw a touching scene. The wives and daughters of the vintagers of Montceau had assembled there to present their landlord with baskets filled with those fine and delicate waffles made in Le Mâconnais villages. M. de Lamartine thanked them most warmly, talking sometimes with one and sometimes with another, sometimes in French and sometimes in the local dialect.

The old doctor said to me: "See how he loves these excellent peasants, and how happy he is among them. Did you observe how many Louis d'or discreetly fell from his hand to pay an hundred-fold the humble offering of each woman? Is it really prodigality to make people happy with that ingenuous generosity which is ignorant of its own beneficence? Besides, gold under these circumstances is nothing but a pledge of affection, and I am wrong to talk about payment; for those excellent people who you now see open their hands to receive his money will subscribe to-morrow perhaps to the Cours de Littérature, saying, 'Poor Monsieur Alphonse! we really must give him our alms too!' There is reciprocity of good offices, and nobody feels humiliated."

Of a truth, I soon saw this was no incorrect representation of their relations. The two groups of landlords and tenants were in a short time but one group. A peasant-woman who stood near me said to me: "How thoroughly our excellent Monsieur Alphonse is the child of our own mountains. He has not forgotten it; neither have we. One day I went to Macon to sell milk and cheese. I heard somebody coming behind say to me, in our local dialect: *Veux-tu m'bailli in mourciau de ta reutete?* (*Veux-tu me donner un morceau de ta rôtie?* Wilt thou give me a bit of thy roast?) I turned around and saw a tall, handsome gentleman, whom I did not at first recognize. He said to me: *T'ne recougnais daonc pe Alphaonse?* (*Tu ne reconnais*

on which it lay, was the bracelet, a band of dead gold, set with splendid wreaths of forget-me-nots in diamonds and turquoises. George Dallas took it up and examined it attentively, weighed it in his hand, looked closely at the stones in various lights, then replaced it in its case, as a smile of satisfaction spread over his face.

"No mistake about that!" said he. "Even I, all unaccustomed to such luxuries, know that this must be the right thing. She has sent it as she received it, in the very box, with the swell Bond Street jeweller's name and all! Not a bad notion of a present, Mr. Carruthers, by any means. You've money, sir; but, it must be owned, you've taste also. It's only to be hoped that you've not very sharp eyesight, or that you'll ever be tempted to make a very close inspection of the Palais Royal bijouterie which is doing duty for this in the jewel-box! These will set me clear with Routh, and leave me with a few pounds in my pocket besides, to begin life anew with. If it does that, and I can stick to my employment on The Mercury, and get a little more work somewhere else, and give up that infernal card-playing, — that's the worst of it, — I may yet make our friend C. C. believe I am not such a miserable scoundrel as he now imagines me!"

He replaced the case carefully in his breast-pocket, climbed the palings, and was once more on the high road, striding in the direction of Amherst. Ah, the castle-building, only occasionally interrupted by a return to the realities of life in squeezing the packet in his breast-pocket, which he indulged in during that walk! Free, with the chance and the power of making a name for himself in the world! free from all the debasing associations, free from Routh, from Harriet — from Harriet? Was that idea quite so congenial to his feelings? to be separated from Harriet, the only woman whom, in his idle, dissipated days, he had ever regarded with anything like affection, the only woman who — and then the bright laughing face and the golden hair of Clare Carruthers rose before his mind. How lovely she was, how graceful and bred-looking, above all, how fresh and youthful, how unsullied by any contact with the world, with all the native instincts pure and original, with no taught captivations or society charms, nothing but —

"Yoho! Yoho!"

George Dallas started from his revery at the repeated cry, and only just in time sprang from the middle of the road along which, immersed in thought, he had been plodding, as the mail-cart, with its red-faced driver, a sprig of lilac in his breast, and a bunch of laburnum behind each ear of his horse, came charging full upon him. The driver was a man choleric by nature, and with a great sense of his position as an important government officer, and he glared round at George and asked him a few rapid questions, in which the Devil and his supposed residence were referred to with great volubility. Under less pleasant circumstances Dallas would probably have returned his greeting with interest; as it was, he merely laughed, and, waving his hand, proceeded on his way to the inn, whence, having paid his bill, he returned to London by the first train.

During the whole of the journey up to town the young man's thoughts were filled with his intentions for the future, and no sooner had the train stopped at London Bridge than he determined to go at once to The Mercury office and announce his readiness to undertake any amount of work. Accordingly he struck away across the Borough, and, crossing Blackfriars Bridge, dived an[illegible] a maze of [illegible] at right angles wi[illegible] reet, until he [illegible] at a large, solemn, [illegible] building, over [illegible] of which glimmered a [illegible] ith the words "[illegible] cury Office" in half-[illegible] characters. A [illegible] pull at a sharp, round, big bell brought a [illegible] naturally sharp boy to the door, who at once [illegible] nized the visitor and admitted him within the [illegible] precincts. Up a dark passage, up a steep [illegible] flight of stairs, George Dallas proceeded, [illegible] the first floor he rapped at the door [illegible] and, being bidden to come in, entered the [illegible] sanctum.

A large, cheerless room, its floor covered [illegible] ragged old Turkey carpet, on its walls two or [illegible] bookshelves crammed with books of reference, [illegible] or three maps, an old clock gravely ticking, [illegible] begrimed bust, with its hair dust-powdered, [illegible] with layers of dust on its highly developed [illegible] bones. In the middle of the room a battered [illegible] desk covered with blue books, letters opened [illegible] unopened, piles of manuscript under paper-weights, baskets with cards of invitation for all sorts of [illegible] entertainments, and performances, and [illegible] india-rubber tubes for communication with [illegible] printing-offices or reporters' rooms, a big [illegible] inkstand like a bath, and a sheaf of pens [illegible] less dislocated. At this desk sat a tall man of [illegible] fifty, bald-headed, large-bearded, with sharp [illegible] eyes, well-cut features, and good presence. This was Mr. Leigh, editor of The Mercury; a man who had been affiliated to the press from the time of his leaving college, who had been connected with nearly all the morning journals in one capacity or another, correspondent here, manager there, descriptive writer, leader-writer, critic, and [illegible] and who, always rising, had been recommended by the Jupiter Tonans of the press, the editor of The Statesman, to fill the vacant editorial chair at The Mercury. A long-headed, far-seeing man, Gordon Leigh, bright as a diamond, and about as hard, but as a sword in the hands of a fine fencer, and as difficult to turn aside, earnest, energetic, devoted to his work, and caring for nothing else in comparison, — not even for his wife, then sound asleep in his [illegible] house in Brompton, or his boy working for his exhibition from Westminster. He looked up as George entered, and his features, tightly set, relaxed as he recognized the young man.

"You, Ward!" said he. "We did n't look for you till to-morrow night. What rush of industry, what sudden desire to distinguish yourself, has brought you here to-night, my boy?"

Before George could answer, a young man came forward from an inner room, and caught him by the hand.

"What Paul, old fellow, this is delicious! He must be brimming over with ideas, Chief, and has come down here to ventilate them."

"Not I," said George. "My dear Chief," [illegible] ing Leigh, "both you and Cunningham give me credit for more virtue than I possess. I merely looked in as I passed from the railway, to see how things were going on."

"This *is* a sell," said Mr. Cunningham. "I thought I had booked you. You see that confounded Shimmer has failed us again. He was to have done us a sensation leader on the murder —"

"The murder! What murder?"

"O, ah, I forgot; happened since you went away. Wapping or Rotherhithe — some water-side place — body found, and all that kind of thing!

himmer was to have done us one of his stirrers, full adjectives, denouncing the supineness of the po-ce, and that kind of thing, and he 's never turned p, and the Chief has kept me here to fill his place. onfounded nuisance! I 'm obliged to fall back on ay old subject, — Regulation of the City Traffic!"

"I 'm very sorry for you, Cunningham," said George, aughing; "but I can't help you to-night. I 'm eedy and tired, and I know nothing about the mur-ler, and want to get to bed. However, I came to ell the Chief that I 'm his now and forever, ready o do double task of work from to-morrow out."

"All right, Ward. So long as you don't overdo t, I shall always be delighted to have you with us," aid Mr. Leigh. "Now get home to bed, for you ook dog-tired." And George Dallas shook hands with each and went away.

"Glad to hear we 're going to have a good deal of work out of Ward, Chief," said Cunningham, when he and his editor were alone again. "He 's deuced smart when he likes, — as smart as Shimmer, and a great deal more polished and gentlemanly."

"Yes," said Grafton Leigh, "he 's a decided catch for the paper. I don't think his health will last, though. Did you notice his manner to-night? — nerves agitated and twitching, like a man who had gone through some great excitement!"

CHAPTER X.

DISPOSED OF.

It was very late when George Dallas arrived at Routh's lodgings in South Molton Street, so that he felt it necessary to announce his presence by a peculiar knock, known only to the initiated. He made the accustomed signal, but the door was not opened for so abnormally long an interval that he began to think he should have to go away, and defer the telling of the good news until the morning. He had knocked three times, and was about to turn away from the door, when it was noiselessly opened by Harriet herself. She held a shaded candle in her hand, which gave so imperfect a light that Dallas could hardly see her distinctly enough to feel certain that his first impression, that she was looking very pale and ill, was not an imagination induced by the dim light. She asked him to come into the sitting-room, and said she had just turned the gas out, and was going to bed.

"I am sorry to have disturbed you," he said, when she had set down the candle on a table, without re-lighting the gas, "but I want to see Routh particularly. Is he in?"

"No," said Harriet, "he is not. Did you get his letter?"

"What letter? I have not heard from him. I have only just come up from Amherst. But you look ill, Mrs. Routh. Does anything ail you? Is anything wrong?"

"No," she said, hurriedly, "nothing, nothing. Routh has been worried, that 's all, and I am very tired."

She pushed the candle farther away as she spoke, and, placing her elbow on the table, rested her head on her hand. George looked at her with concern. He had a kind heart and great tenderness for women and children, and he could forget, or, at all events, lay aside his own anxieties in a moment at the sight of suffering in a woman's face. His look of anxious sympathy irritated Harriet; she moved uneasily and impatiently, and said, almost harshly, —

"Never mind my looks, Mr. Dallas; they don't matter. Tell me how you have sped on your errand at Poynings. Has your mother kept her promise? Have you got the money? I hope so, for I am sorry to say Stewart wants it badly, and has been reckoning on it eagerly. I can't imagine how it happened you did not get his letter."

"I have succeeded," said George. "My mother has kept her word, God bless her, and I came at once to tell Routh he can have the money."

He stopped in the full tide of his animated speech, and looked curiously at Harriet. Something in her manner struck him as being unusual. She was evidently anxious about the money, glad to see him, and yet oddly absent. She did not look at him, and while he spoke she had turned her head sharply once or twice, while her upraised eyelids and parted lips gave her face a fleeting expression of intense listening. She instantly noticed his observation of her, and said, sharply, —

"Well, pray go on; I am longing to hear your story."

"I thought you were listening to something; you looked as if you heard something," said George.

"So I am listening — to you," Harriet replied, with an attempt at a smile. "So I do hear your adventures. There 's nobody up in the house but myself. Pray go on."

So George went on, and told her all that had befallen him at Amherst, with one important reservation; he said nothing of Clare Carruthers or his two meetings with the heiress at the Sycamores; but he told her all about his interview with his mother, and the expedient to which she had resorted to supply his wants. Harriet Routh listened to his story intently; but when she heard that he had received from Mrs. Carruthers, not money, but jewels, she was evidently disconcerted.

"Here is the bracelet," said George, as he took the little packet from the breast-pocket of his coat, and handed it to her. "I don't know much about such things, Mrs. Routh, but perhaps you do. Are the diamonds very valuable?"

Harriet had opened the morocco case containing the bracelet while he was speaking, and now she lifted the beautiful ornament from its satin bed, and held it on her open palm.

"I am not a very capable judge," she said; "but I think these are fine and valuable diamonds. They are extremely beautiful." And a gleam of color came into her white face as she looked at the gems with a woman's irrepressible admiration of such things.

"I can't tell you how much I feel taking them from her," said George. "It 's like a robbery, is n't it?" And he looked full and earnestly at Harriet.

She started, let the bracelet fall, stooped to pick it up, and as she raised her face again, it was whiter than before.

"How can you talk such nonsense?" she said, with a sudden resumption of her usual captivating manner. "Of course it is n't. Do you suppose your mother ever had as much pleasure in these gewgaws in her life as she had in giving them to you? Besides, you know you 're going to reform and be steady, and take good advice, are you not?" She watched him very keenly, though her tone was gay and trifling. George reddened, laughed awkwardly, and replied, —

"Well, I hope so; and the first step, you know, is to pay my debts. So I must get Routh to put me in the way of selling this bracelet at once. I suppose there 's no difficulty about it. I 'm sure I

have heard it said that diamonds are the same as ready money, and the sooner the tin is in Routh's pocket the better pleased I'll be. None the less obliged to him, though, Mrs. Routh; remember that, both for getting me out of the scrape, and for waiting so long and so good-humoredly for his money."

For all the cordiality of his tone, for all the gratitude he expressed, Harriet felt in her inmost heart, and told herself she felt, that he was a changed man: that he felt his freedom, rejoiced in it, and did not mean again to relinquish or endanger it.

"The thing he feared has happened," she thought, while her small white fingers were busy with the jewels. "The very thing he feared. This man must be got away: how am I to do it?"

The solitary candle was burning dimly: the room was dull, cold, and gloomy. George looked round, and was apparently thinking of taking his leave, when Harriet said, —

"I have not told you how opportune your getting this money — for I count it as money — is. Stay; let me light the gas. Sit down there opposite to me, and you shall hear how things have gone with us since you went away." She had thrown off the abstraction of her manner, and in a moment she lighted the gas, put the extinguished candle out of sight, set wine upon the table, and pulled a comfortable arm-chair forward, in which she begged George to seat himself. "Take off your coat," she said: and he obeyed her, telling her, with a laugh, as he flung it upon a chair, that there was a small parcel of soiled linen in the pocket.

"I did not expect to have to stay at Amherst, so I took no clothes with me," he explained, "and had to buy a shirt and a pair of stockings for Sunday, so as not to scandalize the natives. Rather an odd place to replenish one's wardrobe, by the by."

Harriet looked sharply at the coat, and, passing the chair on which it lay on her way to her own, felt its texture with a furtive touch. Then she sat down, gave Dallas wine, and once more fell to examining the bracelet. It might have occurred to any other man in George's position that it was rather an odd proceeding on the part of Mrs. Routh to keep him there at so late an hour with no apparent purpose, and without any expressed expectation of Routh's return; but George seldom troubled himself with reflections upon anybody's conduct, and invariably followed Harriet's lead without thinking about it at all. Recent events had shaken Routh's influence, and changed the young man's views and tastes, but Harriet still occupied her former place in his regard and in his habit of life, which in such cases as his signifies much. With a confidential air she now talked to him, her busy fingers twisting the bracelet as she spoke, her pale face turned to him, but her eyes somewhat averted. She told him that Routh had been surprised and annoyed at his (Dallas) being so long away from town, and had written to him, to tell him that he had been so pressed for money, so worried by duns, and so hampered by the slow proceedings of the company connected with the new speculation, that he had been obliged to go away, and must keep away, until Dallas could let him have one hundred and forty pounds. George was concerned to hear all this, and found it hard to reconcile with the good spirits in which Routh had been when he had seen him last; but he really knew so little of the man's affairs beyond having a general notion that they were hopelessly complicated, and subject to volcanic action of an utterly disconcerting nature, that he rebuked his own surprise as unreasonable, and forbore to express it.

"It is of the utmost importance to Stewart to have the money at once," Harriet continued. "You see that, yourself: he told you all in his letter."

"Very extraordinary it should have been lost! Directed to P. O., Amherst, of course? I wish I had got it, Mrs. Routh; I'd have gone at once and sold the bracelet before I came to you at all, and brought the money. But I can do it early in the morning, can't I? I can take it to some good jeweller and get cash for it, and be here by twelve o'clock, so as not to keep Routh a moment longer than I need in suspense. Will a hundred and forty square him for the present, Mrs. Routh? I'm sure to get more for the bracelet — don't you think so? — and of course he can have it all, if he wants it."

The young man spoke in an eager tone, and the woman listened with a swelling heart. Her full red lip trembled for a passing instant — consideration for — kindness to the only human creature she loved touched Harriet as nothing besides had power to touch her.

"I am sure the bracelet is worth more than that sum," she said; "it is worth more than two hundred pounds, I dare say. But you forget, Mr. Dallas, that you must not be too precipitate in this matter. It is of immense importance to Stewart to have this money, but there are precautions to be taken."

"Precautions, Mrs. Routh! what precautions? The bracelet's my own, is n't it, and principally valuable because there's no bother about selling a thing of the kind?"

She looked at him keenly; she was calculating to what extent she might manage him, how far he would implicitly believe her statements, and rely upon her judgment. His countenance was eminently reassuring, so she went on, —

"Certainly, the bracelet is your own, and it could be easily sold, were you only to consider yourself, but you have your mother to consider."

"My mother! How? when she has parted with the bracelet on purpose."

"True," said Harriet; "but perhaps you are not aware that diamonds, of anything like the value of these, are as well known, their owners, buyers, and whereabouts, as blood horses, their pedigrees, and purchasers. I think it would be unsafe for you to sell this bracelet in London; you may be sure the diamonds would be known by any jeweller on whose respectability you could sufficiently rely, to sell the jewels to him. It would be very unpleasant, and of course very dangerous to your mother, if the diamonds were known to be those purchased by Mr. Carruthers, and a cautious jeweller thought proper to ask him any questions."

George looked grave and troubled, as Harriet put these objections to his doing as he had proposed, for the immediate relief of Routh, clearly before him. He never for a moment doubted the accuracy of her information, and the soundness of her fears.

"I understand," he said; "but what can I do? I must sell the bracelet to get the money, and sooner or later will make no difference in the risk you speak of; but it may make all the difference to Routh. I can't, I won't delay in this matter; don't ask me, Mrs. Routh. It is very generous of you to think of my risk, but —"

"It is not your risk," she interrupted him by saying, "it is your mother's. If it were your own, I might let you take it, for Stewart's sake" — an indefinable compassion was in the woman's face, an

unwonted softness in her blue eyes, — "but your mother has done and suffered much for you, and she must be protected, even if Stewart has to lie hidden a day or two longer. You must not do anything rash. I think I know what would be the best thing for you to do."

"Tell me, Mrs. Routh," said George, who highly appreciated the delicate consideration for his mother which inspired Harriet's misgivings. "Tell me, and whatever it is, I will do it."

"It is this," said Harriet; "I know there is a large trade in diamonds at Amsterdam, and that the merchants there, chiefly Jews, deal in the loose stones, and are not, in our sense, jewellers. You could dispose of diamonds there without suspicion or difficulty; it is the common resort of people who have diamonds to sell, — London is not. If you would go there at once, you might sell the diamonds, and send the money to Stewart, or rather to me, to an address we would decide upon, without more than the delay of a couple of days. Is there anything to keep you in town?"

"No," said George, "nothing. I could start this minute, as far as any business I've got to do is concerned."

Harriet drew a long breath, and her color rose.

"I wish you would, Mr. Dallas," she said, earnestly. "I hardly like to urge you, it seems so selfish; and Stewart if he were here, would make so much lighter of the difficulty he is in than I can bring myself to do, but you don't know how grateful I should be to you if you would."

The pleading earnestness of her tone, the eager entreaty in her eyes, impressed George painfully; he hastened to assure her that he would accede to any request of hers.

"I am so wretched when he is away from me, Mr. Dallas," said Harriet; "I am so lonely and full of dread. Anything not involving you or your mother in risk, which would shorten the time of your absence, would be an unspeakable boon to me."

"Then of course I will go at once, Mrs. Routh," said George. "I will go to-morrow. I am sure you are quite right, and Amsterdam 's the place to do the trick at. I wish I could have seen Routh first, for a moment, but as I can't, I can't. Let me see. Amsterdam. There 's a boat to Rotterdam by the river, and — O by Jove! here 's a Bradshaw; let 's see when the next goes."

He walked to the little sideboard, and selected the above-named compendium of useful knowledge from a mass of periodicals, circulars, bills, and prospectuses of companies immediately to be brought out, and offering unheard-of advantages to the investors.

The moment his eyes turned from her, a fierce impatience betrayed itself in Harriet's face, and as he sat slowly turning over the sibylline leaves, and consulting the incomprehensible and maddening index, she pressed her clasped hands against her knees, as though it were almost impossible to resist the impulse which prompted her to tear the book from his dilatory fingers.

"Here it is," said George, at length, "and uncommonly cheap, too. The Argus for Rotterdam, seven, A. M. That 's rather early, though, is n't it? To-morrow morning, too, or rather this morning, for it 's close upon one now. Let 's see when the Argus, or some other boat, goes next. H'm; not till Thursday at the same hour. That 's rather far off."

Harriet was breathing quickly, and her face was quite white, but she sat still and controlled her agony of anxiety. "I have urged him as strongly as I dare," she thought; "fate must do the rest."

Fate did the rest.

"After all, I may as well go at seven in the morning, Mrs. Routh. All my things are packed up already, and it will give me a good start. I might get my business done before Wednesday night, almost, if I 'm quick about it; at all events, early the following day."

"You might, indeed," said Harriet, in a faint voice.

"There 's one little drawback, though, to that scheme," said Dallas. "I have n't the money. They owe me a trifle at The Mercury, and I shall have to wait till to-morrow and get it, and go by Ostend, the swell route. I can't go without it, that 's clear."

Harriet looked at him with a wan blank face, in which there was something of weariness, and under it something of menace, but her tone was quite amiable and obliging as she said, —

"I think it is a pity to incur both delay and expense by waiting. I have always a little ready money by me, in case of our having to make a move suddenly, or of an illness, or one of the many contingencies which men never think of, and women never forget. You can have it with pleasure. You can return it to me," she said, with a forced smile, "when you send Routh the hundred and forty."

"Thank you," said Dallas. "I sha'n't mind taking it from you for a day or two, as it is to send help to Routh the sooner. Then I'll go, that 's settled, and I had better leave you, for you were tired when I came in, and you must be still more tired now. I shall get back from Amsterdam as quickly as I can, tell Routh, but I see my way to making a few pounds out of the place. They want padding at The Mercury, and I sha'n't come back by return of post." He had risen now, and had extended his hand towards the bracelet, which lay in its open case on the table.

A sudden thought struck Harriet.

"Stop," she said; "I don't think it would do to offer this bracelet in its present shape, anywhere. The form and the setting are too remarkable. It would probably be re-sold entire, and it is impossible to say what harm might come of its being recognized. It must be taken to pieces, and you must offer the diamonds separately for sale. It will make no appreciable difference in the money you will receive, for such work as this is like bookbinding — dear to buy, but never counted in the price when you want to sell."

"What am I to do, then?" asked George, in a dismayed tone. "I could not take out the diamonds, you know; they are firmly set — see here." He turned the gold band inside out, and showed her the plain flat surface at the back of the diamonds and turquoises.

"Wait a moment," said Harriet. "I think I can assist you in this respect. Do you study the bracelet a bit until I come to you."

She left the room, and remained away for a little time. Dallas stood close by the table, having lowered the gas-burners, and by their light he closely inspected the rivets, the fastenings, and the general form of the splendid ornament he was so anxious to get rid of, idly thinking how well it must have looked on his mother's still beautiful arm, and wondering whether she was likely soon to be obliged to wear the counterfeit. His back was turned to the door by which Harriet had left the room, so that, when

she came softly to the aperture again, he did not perceive her. She carefully noted his attitude, and glided softly in, carrying several small implements in her right hand, and in her left held cautiously behind her back a coat, which she dexterously dropped upon the floor quite unperceived by Dallas, behind the chair on which he had thrown his. She then went up to the table, and showed him a small pair of nippers, a pair of scissors of peculiar form, and a little implement, with which she told him workers in jewelry loosened stones in their setting, and punched them out. Dallas looked with some surprise at the collection, regarding them as unusual items of a lady's paraphernalia, and said gayly, —

"You are truly a woman of resources, Mrs. Routh. Who would ever have thought of your having all those things ready at a moment's notice?"

Harriet made no reply, but she could not quite conceal the disconcerting effect of his words.

"If I have made a blunder in this," she thought, "it is a serious one, but I have more to do, and must not think yet."

She sat down, cleared a space on the table, placed the bracelet and the little tools before her, and set to work at once at her task of demolition. It was a long one, and the sight was pitiful as she placed jewel after jewel carefully in a small box before her, and proceeded to loosen one after another. Sometimes George took the bracelet from her and aided her, but the greater part of the work was done by her. The face bent over the disfigured gold and maltreated gems was a remarkable one in its mingled expression of intentness and absence: her will was animating her fingers in their task, but her mind, her fancy, her memory, were away, and, to judge by the rigidity of the cheeks and lips, the unrelaxed tension of the low white brow, on no pleasing excursion. The pair worked on in silence, only broken occasionally by a word from George, expressive of admiration for her dexterity and the celerity with which she detached the jewels from the gold setting. At length all was done — the golden band, limp and scratched, was a mere commonplace piece of goldsmith's work — the diamonds lay in their box in a shining heap, the discarded turquoises on the table: all was done.

"What shall we do with these things?" asked George. "They are not worth selling — at least, not now — but I think the blue things might make up prettily with the gold again. Will you keep them, Mrs. Routh? and some day, when I am better off, I'll have them set for you, in remembrance of this night in particular, and of all your goodness to me in general."

He was looking at the broken gold and the turquoises, thinking how trumpery they looked now — not at her. Fortunately not at her, for if he had seen her face he must have known — even he, unsuspicious as he was — that she was shaken by some inexplicably powerful feeling. The dark blood rushed into her face, dispersed itself over her fair throat in blotches, and made a sudden dreadful tingling in her ears. For a minute she did not reply, and then Dallas did look at her, but the agony had passed over her.

"No — no," said she: "the gold is valuable, and the turquoises as much so as they can be for their size. You must keep them for a rainy day."

"I'm likely to see many," said George, with half a smile and half a sigh, "but I don't think I'll ever use these things to keep me from the pelting of the pitiless shower. If you won't keep them for yourself, Mrs. Routh, perhaps you'll keep them for me t I return."

"O yes," said Harriet, "I will keep them will lock them up in my desk; you will know to find them."

She drew the desk towards her as she spoke, t out of it a piece of paper, without seeing that side had some writing upon it, swept the turquoises into the sheet, then folded the gold in a second, placed both in a large blue enve with the device of Routh's last new company s upon it, and sealed the parcel over the wafer.

"Write your name on it," said she to Geo who took up a pen and obeyed her. She open drawer at the side of the desk, and put away little parcel quite at the back. Then she took the same drawer seven sovereigns, which Geo said would be as much as he would require for present, and which he carefully stowed away in pocket-book. Then he sat down at the desk, playfully wrote an I O U for the amount.

"That's business-like," said George, smiling, the smile by which she replied was so was weary, that George again commented on her fai and began to take leave of her.

"I'm off, then," he said, "and you won't get to tell Routh how much I wanted to see Among other things to tell him — However suppose he has seen Deane since I have b away?"

Harriet was occupied in turning down the burner by which she had just lighted the ca again. She now said, —

"How stupid I am! as if I could n't have lig you to the door first, and put the gas out a wards! The truth is, I am so tired; I'm q stupefied. What did you say, Mr. Dallas? T I've knocked your coat off the chair; here however. You asked me something, I think?"

George took the coat she held from her, hu over his arm, felt for his hat (the room being lig only by the feeble candle), and repeated his wor

"Routh has seen Deane, of course, since been away?"

"No," Harriet replied, with distinctness, "he not, — he has not."

"Indeed," said George. "I am surprised at But Deane was huffed, I remember, on Thurs when Routh broke his engagement to dine with and said it must depend on whether he was in humor to meet him the next day, as Routh a him to do. So I suppose he was n't in the humor, And now he'll be huffed with me, but I can't it."

"Why?" asked Harriet; and she spoke the gle word with a strange effort, and a painful dry of the throat.

"Because I promised to give him his revenge billiards. I won ten pounds from him that n and uncommonly lucky it was for me; it ena me to get away from my horrible old shrew landlady, and, indeed, indirectly it enables m start on this business to-morrow."

"How?" said Harriet. Again she spoke but word, and again with difficulty and a dryness in throat. She set down the candle, and leaned ag the table, while George stood between her and door, his coat over his arm.

"You did n't notice that I told you I was packed up and ready to go. It happened luck did n't it?" And then George told his listener he had paid his landlady, and removed his mo

belongings on the previous Friday morning to a coffee-house, close to the river, too. "By Jove! I'm in luck's way, it seems," he said; "so I shall merely go and sleep there, and take my traps on board the Argus. I have only such clothes as I shall want, no matter where I am," he said. "They'll keep the trunk with my books until I come back, and Deane must wait for his revenge with the balls and cues for the same auspicious occasion. Let's hope he'll be in a better temper, and have forgiven Routh. He was awfully riled at his note on Thursday evening."

"Did — did you see it?" asked Harriet; and, as she spoke, she leaned still more heavily against the table.

"No," replied Dallas, "I did not; but Deane told me Routh asked him to meet him the next day. He didn't, it seems."

"No," said Harriet; "and Stewart is very much annoyed about it. Mr. Deane owed him money, and he asked him for some in that note."

"Indeed," said George; "he could have paid him then. I happen to know. He had a lot of gold and notes with him. The tenner he lost to me he paid in a note, and he changed a fiver to pay for our dinner, and he was bragging and bouncing the whole time about the money he had about him, and what he would, and would not, do with it. So it was sheer spite made him neglect to pay Routh, and I hope he'll dun him again. The idea of Routh being in the hole he's in, and a fellow like that owing him money. How much is it, Mrs. Routh?"

"I — I don't know," said Harriet.

"There, I'm keeping you talking still. I am the most thoughtless fellow." It never occurred to George that she had kept him until she had learned what she wanted to know. "Good by, Mrs. Routh, good by."

She had passed him, the candle in her hand, and this farewell was uttered in the hall. He held out his hand; she hesitated for a moment, and then gave him hers. He pressed it fervently; it was deadly cold.

"Don't stay in the chill air," he said; "you are shivering now."

Then he went away with a light, cheerful step.

Harriet Routh stood quite still, as he had left her, for one full minute; then she hurried into the sitting-room, shut the door, dropped on her knees before a chair, and ground her face fiercely against her arms. There she knelt, not sobbing, not weeping, but shuddering, — shuddering with the quick, terrible iteration of mortal agony of spirit, acting on an exhausted frame. After a while she rose, and then her face was dreadful to look upon, in its white, fixed despair.

"If I have saved him," she said, as she sat wearily down by the table again, and once more leaned her face upon her hands, — "if I have saved him! It may be there is a chance; at all events, there is a chance. How wonderful, how inconceivably wonderful that he should not have heard of it! The very stones of the street seem to cry it out, and he has not heard of it; the very air is full of it, and he knows nothing. If anything should prevent his going? But no; nothing will, nothing *can*. This was the awful danger, — this was the certain, the inevitable risk; if I have averted it, if I have saved him, for the time!"

The chill of coming dawn struck cold to her limbs, the sickness of long watching, of fear, and of sleeplessness was at her heart, but Harriet Routh did not lie down on her bed all that dreadful night. Terrible fatigue weighed down her eyelids, and made her flesh tremble and quiver over the aching bones.

"I must not sleep, — I should not wake in time," she said, as she forced herself to rise from her chair, and paced the narrow room, when the sudden numbness of sleep threatened to fall upon her. "I have something to do."

Dawn came, then sunrise, then the sounds, the stir of morning. Then Harriet bathed her face in cold water, and looked in her toilet-glass at her haggard features. The image was not reassuring; but she only smiled a bitter smile, and made a mocking gesture with her hand.

"Never any more," she murmured, — "never any more."

The morning was cold and raw, but Harriet heeded it not. She glanced out of the window of her bedroom before she left it, wearing her bonnet and shawl, and closely veiled. Then she closed the shutters, locked the door, withdrew the key, and came into the sitting-room. She went to a chair and took up a coat which lay at the back of it; then she looked round for a moment as if in search of something. Her eye lighted on a small but heavy square of black marble which lay on the writing-table, and served as a paper-press. She then spread the coat on the table, placed the square of marble on it, and rolled it tightly round the heavy centre, folding and pressing the parcel into the smallest possible dimensions. This done, she tied it tightly with a strong cord, and, concealing it under her shawl, went swiftly out of the house. No one saw her issue from the grim, gloomy door, — the neighboring housemaids had not commenced their matutinal task of door-step cleaning, alleviated by gossip, — and she went away down the street, completely unobserved. Went away, with her head down, her face hidden, with a quick, steady step and an unfaltering purpose. There were not many wayfarers abroad in the street, and of those she saw none, and was remarked by only one.

Harriet Routh took her way towards the river, and reached Westminster Bridge as the clock in the great tower of the new palace marked half-past six. All was quiet. A few of the laggards of the working classes were straggling across the bridge to their daily toil, a few barges were moving sluggishly upon the muddy water; but there was no stir, no business yet. Harriet lingered when she had reached the centre of the bridge; a figure was just vanishing at the southern end, the northern was clear of people. She leaned over the parapet, and looked down, — no boat, no barge was near. Then she dropped the parcel she had carried into the river, and the water closed over it. Without the delay of an instant, she turned and retraced her steps towards home. As she neared South Molton Street, she found several of the shops open, and entering one, she purchased a black marble letter press. It was not precisely similar to that with which she had weighted the parcel, which now lay in the bed of the river; but the difference was trifling, and not to be perceived by the eye of a stranger.

Near the house in which the Rouths occupied apartments there was an archway which formed the entrance to some mews. As she passed this open space, Harriet's glance fell upon the inquisitive countenance of a keen-looking, ragged street boy, who was lying contentedly on his back under the archway, with his arms under his head, and propped

upon the curbstone. A sudden impulse arrested her steps. "Have you no other place to lie than here?" she asked the boy, who jumped up with great alacrity, and stood before her in an attitude almost respectful.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, "I have, but I'm here, waiting for an early job."

She gave him a shilling and a smile, — not such a smile as she once had to give, but the best that was left her, — and went on to the door of the house she lived in. She opened it with a key, and went in.

The boy remained where she had left him, apparently ruminating, and wagging his tousled head sagely.

"Whatever is *she* up to?" he asked of himself, in perplexity. "It's a rum start, as far as I knows on it, and I means to know more. But how is *she* in it? I sha'n't say nothing till I knows more about that." And then Mr. Jim Swain went his way to a more likely quarter for early jobs.

Fortune favored Mrs. Routh on that morning. She gained her bedroom unseen and unheard, and having hastily undressed, lay down to rest, if rest would come to her, — at least to await in quiet the ordinary hour at which the servant was accustomed to call her. It came, and passed; but Harriet did not rise.

She slept a little when all the world was up and busy, — slept until the second delivery of letters brought one for her, which the servant took at once to her room.

The letter was from George Dallas, and contained merely a few lines, written when he was on the point of starting, and posted at the river-side. He apologized to Harriet for a mistake which he had made on the previous night. He had taken up Routh's coat instead of his own, and had not discovered the error until he was on his way to the steamer, and it was too late to repair it. He hoped it would not matter, as he had left his own coat at South Molton Street, and no doubt Routh could wear it, on an occasion.

When Harriet had read this note, she lay back upon her pillow, and fell into a deep sleep, which was broken by Routh's coming into her room early in the afternoon. He looked pale and haggard, and he stood by the bedside in silence. But she, — she sat up, and flung her arms round him with a wonderfully good imitation of her former manner, and when she told him all that had passed, her husband caught her to his breast with passionate fondness and gratitude, and declared over and over again that her ready wit and wonderful fortitude had saved him.

Saved him? How, and from what?

[illegible]

A VISIT TO BAGDAD.

I.

THE CITY AND ITS ENVIRONS.

[illegible] my mind is recalling "the days when we [illegible] young," and I am thinking of the happiness [illegible] most of us enjoyed in our ea[illegible]y childhood [illegible] first lighted on the m[illegible]s of the "Th[illegible] and One Nights," and [illegible] the great and be[illegible]olent Haroun-al-Raschid.

I will now seek to give some idea of the p[illegible]ent appearance of Bagdad, and to describe [illegible] struck me as curious and noteworthy about [illegible] place.

While stationed off Bussorah, in H. M. S. [illegible] I received an invitation from the commander [illegible] armed steamer which the British government [illegible] placed on the Tigris, to keep up a communi[illegible] and to carry despatches between Bussorah and Ba[illegible]dad, to visit that city.

After the steamer left Marghill, a village [illegible] four miles from Bussorah, she steamed up the [illegible] bosom of the Shatt-al-Arab, until we arrived at [illegible] point where the Euphrates and Tigris debouch [illegible] the former river. At the confluence of the [illegible] is situated a spot, than which there is, perhaps, [illegible] place more interesting to all nations and [illegible] Here popular belief, strengthened by legends [illegible]ed down from time immemorial, places the Gar[illegible] of Eden. It was with eager eyes I surveyed th[illegible] place sacred as the cradle of our race; doubly [illegible] to me, as the sweet, musical name recalled to my mind the presence of a mother long since gone [illegible] her rest, at whose knee, we, her children, [illegible] taught in earliest infancy to lisp forth words [illegible] were her guide through life. It is still a beautiful spot, — an oasis in the surrounding desert, — [illegible] the graceful palm-trees grow within its confines [illegible] great profusion, yielding their delicious fruit, [illegible] the waving foliage gives a grateful shelter to the travel-stained Arab and his wearied beast.

Shortly after we passed the town of Kurna, at the apex of the confluence of the Euphrates and Tigris, we encountered a flight of locusts. It has a most singular effect to see a vast crowd of these little creatures, as they darken the sky with their myriad wings. Woe to the spot on which they may settle, for not a vestige of anything verdant do they leave in their track!

There are two descriptions of locusts, — one of a reddish color and large size, which is greatly esteemed as food, and is expressly allowed to be eaten by the Mahometan code; and the other of a brownish tinge, but smaller. It is related of Ibrahim Pasha, that when, in 1835, a cloud of these insects approached Aleppo, he, with characteristic decision, ordered every man, woman, and child to sally forth, and, under a severe penalty, collect a certain number, amounting to many thousands for each individual. The Arabs say they are generated in the waters of the Persian Gulf, and this because they chiefly come from the east. It is usual, when locusts appear in sight of large villages, for the inhabitants to turn out, and seek to drive them away by making as much noise as possible, by clapping their hands, beating drums, firing muskets, etc.

On the next day we passed a tomb which stood on the Arab's Orair. As the steamer made fast to the bank for the purpose of taking in a supply of wood, we landed, and inspected this ancient monument. There is a square sepulchre with a dome on the top, and a good strong wall of sun-dried bricks surrounding the structure. The tomb is said to contain the remains of the prophet Ezra, and the Jews who live at Bagdad and Bussorah perform annual pilgrimages to the sacred spot. The Arabs

out here, though under subjection to the great heik of the Montefige tribe, rob the pilgrims on eir own account; and the wretched Jews, after ying black-mail to the sheik for protection, are ulcted again by these lawless freebooters.

There is a great sameness in the appearance esented by the banks of the river. The country ound is flat, with few ancient remains visible to test its former greatness. Growing in great prosion amongst the shrubs we found the root known England as liquorice.

When the little *Comet* stopped to fill up with fuel, e used to go ashore with our fowling-pieces, and njoy snipe or partridge shooting, with an occasional pop" at a gazelle. There are larger quarry, though, be had for more adventurous spirits, for occasionlly we espied a lion basking in the sun by the river's anks, whither he had resorted to enjoy his midday iesta.

Now and then a bend in the river would disclose o view an Arab encampment, than which assuredly nothing can be imagined more picturesque and interesting. Sometimes, also, where the dense brushwood was broken, we would see a group of the Bedouin horsemen careering along by the river's side, and shaking their spears at us in impotent wrath or boastful defiance. They would have avoided an encounter, though, had we accepted the challenge, for too well they knew the precision of a Minié rifle and the cool courage of the picked body of seamen and Eurasians who manned the little vessel of war.

We now passed some vast ruins, which are supposed to be the remains of ancient Ctesiphon, called by the Arabs Tauk Kesra, or the Arch of Kesra. These ruins partake towards the river more of the character of tumuli, with here and there broken fragments of walls, at least thirty feet in thickness. The arch itself is a grand monument of ancient architecture, and is supposed to have formed part of the palace of the ancient monarchs. Ctesiphon, as related by Gibbon, was sacked by the Saracens in 637 A. D., and the inhabitants were put to the sword.

Near the ruins of Ctesiphon, and distant about three miles, lie the remains of the vast city of Seleucæ, but which we did not visit. They extend along the plains as far into the desert as the eye can reach, and in their magnitude attest the departed glories of this classic land. On a clear day the Tauk Kesra is visible from Bagdad, from which it is distant only some nineteen miles.

But now, turning a bend of the river, we sight the tall minarets and domes of the great capital itself. Bagdad, the "City of the Caliphs," is before us. Like Moslem pilgrims when they first descry in the hazy distance the glittering pinnacles of the sacred Kaaba in holy Mecca, we gaze with eager eyes on the object of so much longing curiosity.

Situated in the very midst of a desert, the great city rises out of the plain as if by enchantment. The appearance of Bagdad from a distance is striking in the extreme, and the sight of the palm-trees mingled with the buildings, and relieving the eye with their bright and beautiful foliage, is pleasing beyond anything, after the tiresome sameness of the desert, only broken, as it is, by clumps of brushwood.

The steamer was soon anchored abreast of the town, which stretches on both sides of the Tigris, and which is here about seven hundred and fifty feet in width. The chief means of communication is by ferry-boats, but there is also a bridge of boats higher up the stream than where we lay.

The captain and I landed at once, and lost no time in paying a visit to the Political Resident, as the representative of the British crown is called in this part of the world. Colonel K——, an artillery officer, was an extremely kind, affable gentleman, and very much respected by every one in Bagdad, both native and European. His hospitality was unbounded, and thoroughly Oriental. Whenever my naval friend and I wished to dine at the Residency, we always found a place left vacant for us at the board of Her Majesty's representative. His house, a very fine mansion, was built by Sir Henry Rawlinson, who for many years filled the post of Resident here. There was an excellent library, and a billiard-room with every comfort and luxury.

Among the guests I constantly met at Colonel K——'s table was Dr. A. Sprenger, the noted German traveller and *savan*. The "City of the Caliphs" has always been fortunate in having scholars and gentlemen of high breeding to represent our government at the Pasha's court; I need only instance Mr. Rich, so highly spoken of by all Oriental travellers for his courtesy and talents; and more lately, Sir Henry Rawlinson.

Bagdad is surrounded by a wall about eight miles in circumference, and strong enough to keep out Persians and Bedouins, though useless against artillery. Some cannon of ancient manufacture are mounted in flanking towers, and the garrison is numerically strong enough to hold the place; but discipline is very lax in the ranks, and the soldiers are always embroiling themselves in street rows with the inhabitants. There are three very handsome gates, but they are sadly out of repair. Among the chief objects of note are the numerous "khans" or "caravanserais" in the city, but they are not so handsome or so spacious as those in Persia. As these "khans" are very characteristic of the modes of life of Oriental races, and are not to be found in India, I will give a general description of them.

Caravanserais are edifices admirably adapted for the purpose of sheltering both man and beast. There is only a single entrance, generally a handsome Saracenic gateway, and this leads into the interior space, which is quadrangular, and open to the sky. Round this there is a piazza, and numerous double rooms with arched fronts, each pair consisting of an inner and outer apartment, as well as vaulted stables in the rear. A fountain occupies the centre of the quadrangle, and around it, or in the broad colonnade, the merchants pile their wares in separate heaps. The scene is animated. Groups of men from distant climes are sipping their coffee, smoking their long pipes, or perhaps improving the opportunity by driving a hard bargain, which your Oriental knows so well how to do.

Khans are usually built two stories high, and are strongly constructed of stone; the staircases are at the angles of the walls, and lead to the roof of the building, which is flat. Here the travellers make their beds in the warm weather. There is not much making required, for as it consists of a mat, a sheet, and, if you are of luxurious habits, a pillow, it does not take the time which housemaids consume every morning in England in punching and then smoothing the refractory feather-bed and bolster. Every sleeper merely takes up his bed and walks down the stone staircase and out of the hospitable building, after first saying his prayers with his face towards Mecca, performing his morning ablutions,

and paying a trifling gratuity to the "Khanji," or keeper of the khan, who makes his income chiefly by supplying fodder for the cattle sheltered in the edifice.

The mosques, of one of which we saw the interior, are very plain as to internal decorations. There is a paved court outside, and from it a flight of steps leads to the entrance of the sacred building, which is usually about sixty feet high, and square or octagonal in form; within the court is a fountain. A curtain hangs before the doorway, and on moving this you at once find yourself in a spacious room, the floor of which is carpeted, or else, during the hot weather, covered with matting. On the walls are inscribed a few sentences from the Koran. On the side nearest Mecca is a small hollow recess, and here the orisons of the faithful are offered up. Some of the mosques have four minarets or towers, one at each angle, from whence the faithful are called to prayer. The muezzins mount to the summit of these minarets by means of a spiral staircase within the tower, and it is marvellous how far their voices can be heard in the delightful calm evenings, and amid the busy hum of the city.

We visited the principal bazaar about sunset, and found it crowded with people of different nationalities: Persians, Koords, Turks, — moving gravely about in their handsome dresses, — also Jews and Arabs. There were numberless coffee-houses, intermingled with shops, all of which were filled with rows of guests, sitting cross-legged and smoking in dignified silence. The streets are dull and dirty, some not more than ten feet in width; and the houses on either side present only a blank wall to passers-by, with here and there a small latticed window.

The crowds of half-starved dogs, which roam about the thoroughfares and act the part of scavengers, would astonish a European. They have no masters, and occasionally snap at your legs in a vicious sort of way, eminently suggestive of hydrophobia.

The Pasha's palace is rather a dingy-looking building, with a number of soldiers loitering about it, while the barracks are dirty in the extreme. Outside the walls, extending over a tract of land that must have been formerly occupied by streets of the city, is a burying-ground. We rode out to visit it. Here, in the midst, is the tomb of Zobeide, the good queen of Haroun-al-Raschid; it is in a fair state of preservation, notwithstanding the fact that it was erected more than a thousand years ago, and that the city has been sacked and burnt a score of times since.

This part of Bagdad, which is situated on the eastern bank of the Tigris, and which owes its existence to the great Caliph, is by far the larger and more important portion of the city. Here are situated the Residency, and the Pasha's palace, and the chief mosque, as well as the great bazaar. Crossing to the western side of the river, one day, in company with the Resident, who kindly consented to be our cicerone, we found ourselves, after a short ride on horseback, among the ruins of ancient Bagdad. A few miles beyond is a singular mound, called by the Arabs "Tell Nimrood," or the Hill of Nimrod, or more usually known as Akrarkouff. It is an enormous mass of bricks, 130 feet high, and at least 300 feet in circumference at the base, and supposed to be solid. Here this singular pile has stood for centuries, as Edmund Burke finely says, "covered with the awful hoar of innumerable ages," and, in all human probability, here it will rear its shapeless form, all worn and furrowed though it be by the storm ages, till the world is thousands of years old. There is no record of the date of its construction, though, as its name implies, the legend is that the "mighty hunter" himself was the architect.

On our way back to dinner, as we rode through the streets, we watched with amusement the bargaining between a shopkeeper and his customer, who was seated beside him on a small piece of matting inside the shop, and who, with evident satisfaction to himself, was going through the preliminary operation of smoking a pipe and drinking a cup of coffee with the individual who proposed to fleece him. However, in this instance, it was a case of "diamond cut diamond"; the customer was no "young man from the country," but coolly offered less than one half of the price demanded for the article in question. The tradesman laughed satirically at him, and asked in a bitter tone of sarcasm, whether he thought (the shopkeeper) had stolen it? After a little more haggling, the inflexible customer coolly walked out of the shop. He was suffered to depart but a short distance, for the wily tradesman followed him, flourishing in his hand the handsome dyed mat, the cause of all this hard swearing. "Mashallah," he exclaimed, "you shall have it." And the deal forthwith changed owners.

The shops are all open to the street, and are generally raised a couple of feet above the pavement; hence passing friends can converse with the inmates from the outside. The women seldom appear in the streets, except when going to pay a visit to female friends, and are always shrouded from head to foot. Naught but their eyes can be seen peering through the thin veil of white muslin or horsehair. Every house is provided with baths, which, among the higher classes, are generally constructed of marble. The Armenians form the most wealthy portion of the community, and dress very handsomely. The complexion of their women is fair, and in early manhood they are extremely pretty, but soon grow fat, and, owing to the early marriages they contract, and the sedentary lives they lead, lose their fine looks and the freshness of youth when still young. The Turks, who form an important section of the upper classes, also dress handsomely. They wear monstrous turbans of muslin of every variety of color. The outer garment is ample and flowing, generally of purple or scarlet silk, and confined at the waist by a costly Cashmere shawl. Over this is thrown a loose cloak of cloth, called a "chogah," which is not suffered to conceal the hilt of a dagger ornamented with jewels. Their lower garments are loose breeches, or "paijamas," also composed of party-colored silk. The costume is completed by shoes of bright yellow leather, with pointed toes. The Prussians dress more plainly, and their stolid appearance and restless manner afford, in a city, a striking contrast to the lordly and dignified Turk.

II.

THE SIMOOM.

During my sojourn in Bagdad, we frequently performed expeditions to inspect the interesting ruins with which this part of the classic land of Mesopotamia abounds. On such occasions we sometimes journeyed a considerable distance from Bagdad, and once, during the hot season, while in the desert we were nearly overtaken by a "simoom," and I experienced enough of its effects to give me a lasting recollection of the properties of this noxious wind.

There is nothing so forcible as a practical illustration. Fortunately, we were able to find shelter in a caravanserai, and so escaped, to a great extent, its most baleful influence. It was in the afternoon, about three o'clock, and the thermometer rose to nearly 120° in the shade, while far in the distance great columns of sand whirling high in the air warned us of what was coming. The wind suddenly chopped round, and blew from the southward with a scorching dryness; my lips parched and burnt, while I experienced a difficulty of breathing. The simoom is said to have a poisonous influence on all animal life, and travellers tell marvellous stories of the destruction of whole caravans, — men, horses, and camels, — though but little reliance can be placed on such statements.

In 1838, Mr. Werry, the Consul-General for Syria, wrote thus respecting it: "I had a meeting here — that is, at Damascus — of the chief Arghyle and of the Aenizeh sheiks who accompanied the last caravan of 2,000 camels from Bagdad; and though some of them have traversed the desert, in all directions, for thirty years past, they never heard of a caravan, nor even of a single animal or man, being buried alive in the sand raised by a whirlwind. They stated that, generally speaking, the surface soil in the countries which they traversed would not admit of being raised in columns sufficiently dense to inflict such a calamity, and that, whatever may have occurred in the African desert, nothing of the kind, to their knowledge, had taken place in Arabia. The simoom, however, they added, is hot and suffocating, and has frequently caused the death of persons who have been unable to shelter themselves from its noxious influence."

The simoom commences to blow about the 20th of June, and continues seven weeks. It is more prejudicial to vegetation and to animals in the African than in the Asian continent. On the coast of the Red Sea, even out of sight of land, the sandstorms which occasionally come from off the shore have a striking effect, and darken the sky. The little light that there is has a lurid glare, somewhat similar to the appearance of the heavens in London during a great fire, and one's mouth and eyes are filled with minute particles of sand, making respiration difficult and even painful.

Bruce, the discoverer of the sources of the Blue Nile, thus describes an African simoom: "It usually blows from the southeast or from the south, and on this occasion appeared in the form of a haze, in color like the purple part of a rainbow, but not so compressed or thick; it was (as he forcibly expresses it) a kind of blush upon the air. The guide warned the company, upon its approach, to fall upon their faces, with their mouths close to the ground, and to hold their breath as long as they could to avoid inhaling the outward air. It moved very rapidly, about twenty yards in breadth and about twelve feet high above the ground, so that (says Bruce) I had scarcely time to turn about and fall upon the earth, with my head to the northward, when I felt the heat of its current plainly upon my face. We all fell upon our faces till the simoom passed on, raising a gentle, ruffling wind. When the meteor, or purple haze, had subsided, it was succeeded by a light air, which blew so hot as to threaten suffocation, which sometimes lasted three hours, and left the company totally enervated and exhausted, laboring under asthmatic sensations, weakness of stomach, and violent headaches, from imbibing the poisonous vapor."

It has been the fashion to depreciate the statements of Bruce, and, among other things, the truthfulness of this description of a simoom has been called into question; but there can be little doubt that it is not at all an exaggerated picture. It is remarkable that these columns of micacious particles of sand retain sufficient density to cross vast tracts of fertile land, and even to sweep over narrow seas. While lying at anchor in Bushire roads, I have seen clouds of sand blow from the coasts of Arabia in such density as to render invisible all objects a few yards beyond the ship's bowsprit.

During the hot winds, which prevail usually about forty days, existence is scarcely endurable, for the "serdaubs" are constructed without windows, so that you are almost in total darkness. At sunset the people emerge from their subterranean refuges, and betake themselves to the flat roofs on the tops of their houses. Here, "fanned by tepid airs," they gasp out the night, and then at sunrise, like owls before the fiery orb of day, descend again to the cellars. The process of alternate baking and cooling goes on during the continuance of the "samiell." The autumn and winter are, however, delightful, and Bagdad is much resorted to during those seasons by the wealthy Persians.

We often made excursions along the Tigris banks on the backs of camels, and after a little, when you get accustomed to the uneasy motion, it certainly is a delightful mode of travelling.

The author of "Eothen," writing about these animals in his quaint, graphic style, says: "The camel, like the elephant, is one of the old-fashioned sort of animals that still walk along upon the plan of the ancient beasts that lived before the flood. She moves forward both her near legs at the same time, and then awkwardly swings round her off shoulder and haunch, so as to repeat the manœuvre on that side; her pace, therefore, is an odd, disjointed, and shuffling sort of movement."

Colonel Chesney, in his valuable work on the results of the Euphrates expedition, states that he crossed from Bussorah to Damascus, a distance of 958 miles, in the space of nineteen days and a few hours, (the average rate, therefore, being more than fifty-four miles in twenty-four hours,) the camels having no other food than what they picked up in the wilderness. I became quite attached to the camel which used to carry me on my short expeditions, and the gentle creature got to know me well. These animals are certainly not less intelligent than horses, and are just as much prized and domesticated by the Bedouins, for without them there could be no locomotion across the trackless desert. Caravans occasionally started from Bagdad, and it was an amusing and interesting sight to watch the long rows of pilgrims and merchants defiling out of the gates of the city.

In the ordinary kind of caravans, camels alone are employed as beasts of burden. The custom is for some well-known and influential sheik to engage certain associates, who join him in furnishing the travellers with camels, and provide also the necessary proportion of armed retainers to act as guards, and to defend, at all risks, the lives and property trusted to the care of the sheik, or "bashi," as he is called. This person regulates the hour of the march, its duration, and the disposition of the guards on the flanks and front; he also selects the camping-ground. One Arab is allotted to take charge of every two or three camels.

The march commences about sunrise in winter,

and in the early part of the night in summer and lasts from seven to ten hours. The entire caravan moves in two parallel lines, and the animals are united in pairs fastened to the morals and tails of each. On arriving at the halting-place, the goods are first unpacked, and placed on the ground in a circle, and the camels, after being allowed to feed for a short time, lie down in a circle round the merchandise within which last the Arabs make themselves comfortable for the night. Then fires are lighted, cooking bread and cooking flavors, and by nightfall the fires are all extinguished, and the whole encampment buried in sleep.

Every good Mahometan considers he ought to make the pilgrimage to the holy places — Mecca and Medina — and besides private vessels by sea in which the two large caravans start annually from Damascus and Cairo under the direct auspices of the sultan, and are headed by government officers of high rank. It is stated, that the number of Mohammedans in the last of the Arabian lines of carriage of Egyptian pilgrims, the pilgrimage with its caravan, while in the present century the wife of Mohammed Ali employed 500 of the animals to carry her luggage alone.

We shall not have occasion to make use of the boats employed on the Tigris. As they are like everything in this interesting country, of peculiar construction, and the same as mentioned by Herodotus more than twenty years ago, I will give a general description of them. In certain parts of the upper waters of the Euphrates and Tigris, the natives cross the river by means of two inflated sheep or goat skins fastened to one another simply by a coarse rope. The ordinary "kelek" or raft is about eighteen feet long and fourteen wide, and is supported by thirty or forty skins, which are inflated with air, and are so arranged that they can be replaced at will. On these the floor of the boat consists of layers of reed mats placed at right angles to each. Over this bottom again planks are placed, and the whole being tied together by wicker work, is ready for the reception of goods and merchandise. A little bitumen or clay is sometimes used on this flooring, and the passengers manage to live very comfortably, and travel considerable distances on this primitive craft.

There are also circular boats called "kufas," made of wicker work woven together, and skins over a circular framework of stout materials. The "kufas" are covered with bitumen, which renders the vessel perfectly watertight. They are usually about six or eight feet in diameter, of shallow draught, and capable of carrying seven people. Some are made only four feet in diameter, and some again, fifteen feet from side to side, which last are capable of carrying a camel and several passengers. The "kufas" are pulled or spun along with a circular motion. This description of boat is very similar to those used by our forefathers in ancient Britain, and known as coracles, and it is very probable that they were introduced from these Eastern countries. There is, again, the "bellum" or canoe, and a large, singular-shaped vessel called the "mashak," with a flat bottom and peculiar bows and stern. These extremities rise crescent-like high above the gunwale, or have what seamen call a great "sheer." Towards the middle of the boat the gunwale falls out, giving a flat floor to carry heavy burdens. High up in the stern stands the "naqudah" or helmsman. The canoes are formed out of single trees, and the natives propel them with great rapidity by means of a single paddle. These — which are mostly employed in Damascus as ferry-boats.

II.

THE BASTINADO.

Shortly before I left Bagdad, a circumstance occurred which enabled me to witness the mode of the punishment of the "bastinado," as it is in Persian term, the "nuzing up of the soles" which I can vouch is not of so severe a character as is generally supposed.

One evening I was strolling about the town with one of my friends, when we loitered in a particular shop in the grand bazaar, for the purpose of purchasing some handsomely-dyed carpets was then exhibited for sale. On our returning to us we found a knot of young Persians lounging at the door. As we could not pass in, my friend politely asked one of the insolent fellows to move aside. Instead of doing so, however, the person addressed insolently refused, compliance was requested, and applied some abusive epithets to Englishmen in general. This was not to be borne. We, of course, were not going to be deterred from making our purchases by such fellows, and my friend, who was of a choleric nature, making no ceremony, stick, raised forward to force an entrance at once.

I was close at his side, and it was fortunate I was, for just as the hot-headed Saxon was in the act of bringing his stick down on the pate of his opponent, I caught sight of a long knife which the insolent Oriental had under his girdle, and which he was half-already half removed from its sheath. I caught my friend back, and saved him from the impending blow. It would never do to leave the group of native in triumphant possession of the doorway. A crowd had gathered round us, and we were debating what course to pursue, when, to our great relief, a strong party of Turkish soldiers came up. Forcing their way through the mob, they recognized who we were by our uniforms, and one of them asked what all this row was about. On my explaining how grossly we had been insulted, and demanding the arrest of the insolent Persian, the commanding officer in charge of the squad sent the whole of the loungers, who looked crestfallen enough now, and hurried them off with fair ceremony to the Pasha's palace. We, of course, followed to substantiate the charges, and the crowd made way for us with every demonstration of respect.

On arriving at the extensive, though rather mean-looking building which the governor of the great province occupies, the prisoners were instantly arraigned, and, notwithstanding the denial on oath of any provocation by a host of witnesses, were convicted solely on our unsupported testimony — so great is the trust reposed in the honor and veracity of Englishmen all over the East — of the offence of using insulting language and threatening to stab with a dagger, and were sentenced to be bastinadoed. We were requested, according to custom, to attend the next day, and witness the infliction of the castigation, which was to be carried out in the presence of the governor.

On the delinquents being brought forward and identified by us, they were ordered to receive the award of their crime. I desired, on the part of my friend, that only the individual who had directly insulted him should be punished, and the others were

accordingly released. Presently the "lictors," or "ferroches," as they are called, made their appearance with a long pole and a bundle of sticks. The criminal appeared to take the matter very coolly, and looked about him with the utmost unconcern. Having stripped off his shoes, he placed himself flat on his back. The ends of the pole, which is about eight feet long, were held by two men, and the culprit raised his legs high enough to rest his ankles on it. His feet, with the soles uppermost, were then firmly lashed by cords. Thus prostrate, the "ferroches," one on each side, commenced to inflict the flagellation with the sticks. Directly the first stroke was administered, the wretch set up a most horrible noise, shouting and yelling as if he was being murdered. We saw it was "put on," but to spare ourselves witnessing such an unpleasant scene, and satisfied with what had been inflicted, we interfered, and requested the pasha to remit the remainder of the sentence. This was at once done, and the sufferer limped off, first "salaaming" to us in the most humble manner his thanks at our astounding clemency.

BOHEMIANISM.

There are two fictitious localities which it must be pleasant to inhabit; for people, it would seem, the least imaginative in the world are only too happy to build their castles in Spain, while some of their neighbors determine to live their lives in Bohemia. Now Bohemia, ever since Shakespeare placed a seaport on its land-locked boundaries, has been a privileged territory. Why it should be so, it is difficult to say, for Greece might as well have been picked out, as being essentially picturesque and piratical; yet it was rejected, perhaps, because we have a "Grecian" at the Blue-Coat School; and, in the slang of forty years since, a Greek was an inhabitant of that curious "Holy Land," which embraced St. Giles and its worst of dens. We might, moreover, have called these erratic persons who live in Bohemia, Italians, Ishmaelites, Cochin-Chinese, or Fijians; but no, nothing but the word Bohemian will suffice them; and hence, a sufficiently reputable term is detailed to serve an unworthy purpose.

As with many of their so-called works, these gentlemen took their name from the French. A pleasant author has given a sketch of the "Vie de Bohême," and the phrase has crept into the dictionaries as something very disreputable. "Vivre comme un Bohémien" is to be "*un individu qui vit sans-souci du monde*," an outsider, a Pistol, Nym, and Bobadil rolled into one. Our wild young fellows who seek to open the world, not, like mine ancient Pistol, with their sword, but with the steel pen, or the paint-brush and mahl-stick, are delighted to be classed with the order, and are in ecstasies if they persuade the world that they owe an immense deal of money, have never paid their butcher, and have reduced more than one tailor to bankruptcy. "I have," Robert Brough says, "lived and suffered in Bohemia, and I thank Heaven have escaped from it so long, that I can speak of its miseries without undue bitterness, and of its joys without partial fondness." He goes on to tell us that Bohemia Proper is called Petræa, or the Stony; and that there is no Bohemia Felix, and that it is "a kind of back-slum suburb to the cities of literature and art." And then anticipating Mr. Bright's famous *mot*, for he wrote in 1857, he adds, "it is a stronghold of rebels, whereunto, as to the Cave of Adullam, resort all such inhabitants of those regions as are in distress, every one that is in debt, and every one that is discontented with the edicts of King Saul,—Society." These Bohemians were supposed by the too partial pen who wrote those words, to be men of genius, with a tendency to get drunk; and we have a picture of a universal linguist, a sage politician, a poet gloriously endowed, and an artist to whom Turner, even magnified by Ruskin's glass, is but a dwarf. These, we are told, being finely wrought, regard what they earn by the exercise of their genius "with loathing, and the money it brings as the wages of sin." Such money is quickly wasted and spent like all ill-gotten gains. Why the poor fellows should be so mad as to look at the driblets brought in by the exercise of "god-gifted genius" as the wages of sin, no one but themselves can say. Dryden remarked of Lee, that "there was a pleasure in being mad that none but madmen know," and no doubt he spoke truly. So of Bohemian madness, that has its occult pleasures, undiscernible to ordinary eyes. As to the melting of the money, that is true enough; it melts in pots of beer and goes of gin, large lumps of gold and silver being easily soluble in such liquids; and as to the politicians, linguists, and poets, ten years' incubation of a whole club-full of Bohemians has not been able to hatch a single genius out of the lot of eggs they have selected.

The Bohemian is desperately convivial. He is even more so than the festive peasants in operas, who drink with much spirit frequent libations from tinfoil and pasteboard goblets. The Bohemian rejoices in club life, and in naming these he has shown his usual caprice. Dr. Johnson was content to call his club "The Literary Club," and the chief set of respectable actors and authors in London appropriately call their club "The Garrick." Our Bohemians must name theirs after one of the most disreputable, shameless, and drunken shams of men that ever lived; who owes the only good lines in his poems to Pope, whom he traduced, and his reputation to a man whom he sneered at and despised, and whose sterling character he never could have appreciated. The members of this club call themselves "savages"; but beyond smoking pipes they appear to have little in common with the Red Indians. Another set names itself "The Vagrants," and delights in a wild song concocted by the Dick Swiveller of the occasion, in which each gentleman, looming ruddily over his pipe, shouts, in ecstatic chorus, "I'm a vagrant, thou 'rt a vagrant, vagrants too are he and she." As "a bear was meat and drink" to Master Slender, so this body of respectable, stout, and middle-aged gentlemen, some with white heads and faces like those of aldermen, prides itself on being considered outcast and vagabond. Mr. Greenwood's happy thought of spending a night in the workhouse enlarged its vocabulary; henceforth its club-room, over a respectable public-house, became the "casual ward," its beer was "skilly," and its bread was "toke." The amusement of thus beguiling themselves with imagination is, however, not unknown in the middle and lower classes, for Mr. Tidd Pratt will tell us, we have clubs of Ancient Britons, who dress in skins; of Foresters, who wear baldrics, and bugles, and Lincoln green; of Rangers, Odd Fellows, Sons of Harmony, Titans, Herculeses, and a hundred designations, which really have just as little to do with their name as the Bohemian. We cannot reason on the why or the wherefore, but must merely note the facts; a little learning *is* a dangerous thing, and a little attachment to art or

literature seems to produce the abnormal state which is described as Bohemianism. When afflicted with this disease, the victim, like the Marchioness who soaked orange-peel in water and called it lemonade, "makes believe very much," and fancies that he hates all the world, that respectability is a ghoul, and money perfectly useless: he lets his beard be unshaven and his hands dirty; he has a mania for queer hats, and thinks that he is no man unless he can boast of a writ being in his house; he believes that reputations are made *per saltum* "by genius, sir," and that hard work has nothing to do with the matter: he generously devotes himself to unsuccessful men, and praises the pictures of Pipps as marvels of art, prizing them above those of Raffaelle; when, however, Pipps sells his works and emerges into work and respectability, he is "a humbug, sir: a wind-bag." The Bohemian is great in beer and blasphemy, and he delights in profane stories without point, washed in pale ale from the pewter; he is doubtful about the past great men, and denounces Shakespeare either as a myth or an overrated man. He always is finding out a "new poet" who quickly subsides. Dr. Johnson is a "muff," and Lord Bacon a fool: of the wider domain of literature he has seen little, quotes the good things of Sydney Smith as said by Douglas Jerrold, and plainly tells you that "little Brown" is a far better actor than Garrick, and yells in affected agony if he be recommended to see a legitimate play.

To sober men who look at things from a different stand-point, all this is very silly and contemptible. It has an injurious effect upon literature and art, since the professors of those noble callings are often looked upon as mere jack-puddings, or even swindlers, because of the distorted representations of their friends of Bohemia. That some good men may enter now and then this enchanted land, and be even enchanted by the easy manners of the inhabitants, is true enough: if they be sound as well as good, they quickly extricate themselves, and, so far from scandalizing a profession which — be it in letters or pictorial art — requires all the energy, devotion, and even patient plodding of the best intellects, — set to work to attain a respectable position in a calling which of all others requires purity of life and purpose.

OUR YACHT.

Our yacht at this moment lies far out in the harbor, in a pleasant grove of masts and rigging formed by some forty or fifty of her sisters. The sea is as blue and glistening as the sea at Genoa, and the harbor stretches out its two long, delicate arms of a pale yellow, to gather in all her craft tenderly to herself. It is a fine fresh sea-day, and the whole waste before us is of a rich blue and silver, and the waters seem to say invitingly, "Come and bathe!" The handsome hill far off makes a graceful boundary for the bay (and our bay is said to be a trifle finer than a certain Bay of Naples), and behind are the snowy chalk-looking lines of houses laid in bands on the hills, and glistening like everything else. There are the low-lying yacht-club houses on the right and left hands, and there is the pier, which stretches out like a long finger, and up to which the great mail steamers come gliding. With such a setting, and on such a day, our yacht looks very respectable indeed, and, so to speak, holds her own. She is not ambitious, being about two and thirty tons burden, and musters a crew of four men, including "a skipper," of whom a word anon by and by. But si[illegible] with a professional air skilfulness, let [illegible] say she is a very "lady" size, and has more conveniences and fewer impossibilities than greater craft.

Her decks are as bright and polished as if they were a vast expanse of churn spread out fresh in the most scrupulously kept dairy, and the sail flapping lazily as if it were our yacht's white coat put on in a tropical climate and languidly worn. Her [illegible] glistens in the sun, and looks like a great stick of sugar-barley. Her hull outside is of a clear brown chocolate; and her linen, fore and aft, is snow and spotless. Below, everything is "snug"—little square chamber like a room in a travelling van, with tiny bedrooms off it, and a tinier kitchen beyond, out of which our cook emerges mysteriously, and always in a bent attitude, — a position which we have all learnt to acquire by a sort of instinct and a rueful experience purchased at the expense of crushed and flattened head-gear.

It is a moment of justifiable pride when we [illegible] down the steps of the pier to where our boat [illegible] and when our own men, with the name of our yacht, "Queen May," inscribed in simple [illegible] letters on their broad chests, are waiting obsequiously. They are our nautical serfs. They [illegible] ently take in our cloaks and wraps, and with more reverence our ladies; they drop their oars [illegible] a professional plash, and pull away with a will. [illegible] comes the getting aboard. Then we go "[illegible] on our main-sheet," get up our anchor, and [illegible] the pleasantest moments of the whole is when [illegible] yacht, after a flap or two to give herself [illegible] lets herself fall back gracefully into the arms [illegible] wind, and goes off (I hope this is professional) [illegible] young lady would do in a valse. That [illegible] when "her head" comes round and we all [illegible] over," is also one of the most agreeable. The [illegible] bivouac about the deck with parasols up and [illegible] fluttering, dipping their heads by trained [illegible] as a matter of course, to avoid the "boom," [illegible] the clatter and flapping and patter of feet [illegible] make up the operation known as that of "[illegible] about" set in.

Getting clear of the harbor, and catching the fresh gust of breeze and open sea, our sail fills like a shell. Our skipper is at the stern; a [illegible] derfully compact, compressed, and Dutch-like mariner, who, when appealed to about the weather as he often is, or about the ownership of a passing yacht, or about the distance of the Channel lights or about the tide, deliberately consults the sky, the sea and horizon, and finally the deck of his vessel, before he will trust himself to reply. [illegible] cal strangers take this slowness to be born of physical infirmity, and repeat these questions twice; the initiated know him better, and give him time to go through this process.

As a rule, ladies are far better sailors than [illegible] When our yacht gets out of the breeze and begins to swing up and down, like a restive horse under the curb, I notice that gentlemen grow a little pensive, if not silent, looking gloomily up and down deck; but the spirit of our ladies is excellent. They long for the breeze that shall blow their [illegible] from under their hats. By and by it does come, and then the Queen May swings herself over with a sullen lurch, and sweeps through the water [illegible]

Presently the banquet is spread below, on a small table, when a heavy blue mariner comes from the mysterious kitchen, carrying hot pots

On that signal, locker-boxes, pigeon-holes, all open, and, being rifled, give up their dead. The good fairies of our yacht touch this and that spring, and forth come wine and salad, and well-embrowned poultry, like the viands in a pantomime feast. The champagne fitly comes up out of the wooden ground, thus happily carrying out the position of a cellar; the mustard lies down peacefully with the bread; the salad-oil sleeps side by side with the cigar. Yet all such elements are refractory and embarrassing, and have to be watched like school-boys. When our yacht grows frantic and seems to be in liquor, — reeling from side to side, staggering, all but falling on her face, a shocking and indecent spectacle, — her cabin becomes a great churn, and everything not fixed is flung about and dashed into chaos. Once, even our select library, — whose place of honor is always over the little shelf known as a berth, — under the violence of the gale, burst its fastenings, and Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Buckle's Civilization, Maunder's Treasury, and Miss Berry's Diary and Correspondence, — all stout and portly volumes of their kind, — came down incontinently, and buried the sleeper in a heap of biblical ruins.

The great festival for our bay, and indirectly for our yacht, is, when a regatta comes round. We do not enter her for Cups, not having much confidence in her powers in that direction, though our skipper, after previously consulting sky and sea and the lines of his deck, has hinted oracularly, that from private information he "know'd" she could do it, if she were "put to it." Yet though this seems a just encouragement, we have never ventured to "put her to it"; and we have always given as the reason — not wishing to put our *protégée* to shame — that she was not "in trim"; that it was too much trouble to get her into trim; that there was no better "sea-boat between this and the Isle of Man" (arbitrarily limiting the area to that district of ocean for no valid reason); finally, adding darkly, that "she could give a good account of the M—sq—to, or the B—nsh—e, or any of their vaunted craft, if *she chose*."

This granite settlement, which glitters in the sun, and looks as snowy as if it were scrubbed and burnished, lies along a pleasant shore, and is a sort of suburb to a great city, from which (some seven miles away, by the railway) the inhabitants are pouring in every moment. The long white winding arms of the harbor, its elbows, its wrists, the tips of its fingers even, are blackened over as with clouds of flies. On the piers, and on the shores, and up the hilly streets that lead to the little sea-town, the people cluster in swarms; they are busy with the "Punches," the shooting for nuts, and the cheap roulette: sure and certain tokens that British festivity has set in. Every spot that can hold a pole, and every stick that can be made to take the likeness of a youth-pole, flutters with streamers and gaudy flags.

We see the men-of-war all over flags, and the platforms of the club-houses all crowded. From our club comes the sound of military music, and at its little piers is a succession of arrivals performed with all nautical state; for the harbor is one vast thoroughfare for boats going and returning among commodores, vice-commodores, and other great men of the sea. It is pleasant to behold the salt of the sea arriving, with red-capped rowers and white-capped rowers, in yellow boats that are like mirrors with shining varnish, and who come up to the steps with judicious sweep, and whose oars fly into the air at the one moment. Presently comes the man-of-war's long white boat, with its six strong rowers in indigo shirts, and the captain in the stern with his Union Jack apparently growing out of the small of his back at a graceful angle.

Presently come ladies, she sea-captains, who are going round these islands, and who are better sailors, perhaps, than their lords, and who wear a nautical suit, — sailor's hat, with a blue ribbon and anchor, and a kind of roomy serge pea-jacket, — not yet, however, those other roomy "things" that Jack also wears, but there is no knowing what may be yet ordained.

Our club, which is assumed to be an universal nautical host on this occasion, does the briny honors with great effect. Every commodore and vice-commodore, every yacht captain, is bidden. We swarm over again and again with very theatrical-looking seamen, with loud quarter-deck voices, and much blotched with gold buttons. But everything is pleasant and very welcome; especially that lounging for hours on the galleries and balconies, and more especially still, the banquet, which sets in at about four of the clock, and which is given in the "cool grots" of our boat-house below, transformed into quite gaudy regions by flags and calico. Those two enchanters can do wonders. Gradually the sun goes down, and the cool stillness of evening steals on. Now the huge mail-packet, with four great chimneys, drifts in; gliding among the smaller boats in a placid, good-natured way, as who should say, "Easy, my little boy; don't be afraid, I sha'n't hurt or tread on you!" and lets down its London passengers — men of business and strangers — who rub their eyes, and wonder is this the normal state of the natives they are coming among? Everything is dreamy, tranquil, and pleasant.

By and by, when the commodore has fired his evening gun, and every flag in harbor comes sliding down, the cool grays come gradually on, and the colder darkness. Then lights begin to twinkle here and there, and afar off are seen the full white sails of the winning yachts, bending as they come in, and seeming to make low courtesies. The sea glistens and drips like melting glass. The lights glimmer, and get reflected in a thousand timid ripples. There is an air of languid fatigue over everything. But our club is all ablaze with light; and, looking from the pier over the heads of the crowd at its windows, strained as wide open as they can bear, can be seen many heads moving up and down, and many muslin backs reposing, while the sound of the loud excellent string band further proclaims that high festival is raging.

Through the bluish darkness, lights begin to twinkle everywhere, from the greater light at the entrance of the harbor, which at fixed intervals becomes unseen and then turns its "bull's-eye" on us with a start, like a distant policeman. All between is liberally sprinkled with soft dots of lights, which expand into perfect lanterns when coming through the cabin-tops of the yachts. The whole harbor is alive with boats; for now the night's fun is about to begin, and the fireworks to blaze. Every deck has its crowd of ladies and gentlemen, and echoes with chatter of voices and peals of laughter. The harbor is a great noisy highway. Now, do the men-of-war begin with a hiss and a roar to burst out into lines of blue light, and every line and rope seems lighted up with gigantic lucifer-matches. Then do all the smaller fry follow suit, and aboard our yacht everybody is turned to profit, and made to stand in

a line and hold a port-fire over the bulwarks, with the pleasing effect of dropping molten blue blazes into the water. Then comes the professional display of fireworks from the shore; the roaring rockets, the catherine-wheels sputtering and blowing, as if they were in a passion, and the set pieces. Now does every yacht let off her own private rockets, discharging them artfully so as to let the sticks fall among "friends" on the deck of a neighboring yacht. And as the water is all but covered with overloading boats creeping in and out and anywhere, a more exquisite diversion is found in letting the sticks fall into the centre of a packed crowd, from which arise screams of delighted terror and uproarious laughter. Altogether an Italian night, and worth looking back to.

THE WASHING OF THE PILGRIMS' FEET.

A SCENE AT ROME.

I HAD vowed I would go to no ceremonies in Rome. Mock them I would not, respect them I could not: why should I see anything, sacred to others, that could but rouse ridicule in my mind? But the account given me of the washing of the pilgrims' feet, not at St. Peter's, but at Santa Marie dei Pelegrini, — the description of the peasant toil-worn pilgrims made me absolve myself from that part of my vow and take steps to procure admittance to the spectacle.

Very difficult, every one said, to get a ticket, everybody was so anxious to go; and I had quite given up the idea, when late on Saturday evening — Easter Saturday — a note came from a friend to offer me the vacant place in their carriage and a spare ticket.

A little before nine o'clock we left *via* Condotti and drove through the dark narrow streets, whither I knew not. Stopping at the darkest corner of a great church and a tall gloomy building, the hospital adjoining, up a slippery, dim, uncleanly stair, we stumbled, fearing to be too late, and, passing through two small anterooms, joined a procession of other ladies through a narrow passage made by wooden rails in the middle of the long, large, bare-walled chamber, where the supper was to be. On one side of us were long narrow tables, as yet uncovered, with attendant narrow empty benches. On the other a smaller space, occupied by a board, on which the materials for the supper were laid as they were brought in from another room by half a dozen or so of little women, in black silk dresses and red pinafores, — ministering angels with very much the air of housekeepers and ladies' maids, but who were coronetted peeresses, countesses, and marchesas, every one of them.

A gradual pushing and shoving brought us to the door, and down a perilous dark stair, to the room where the ceremony was about to begin.

A large oblong stone chamber, — not unlike a laundry, — a raised stone seat with all round cocks of steaming water pouring into small tubs below three sides of it, and a wooden beam to keep separate the beholders and the performers in the impending sight.

By a side door the peasant women came slowly in one by one, seating themselves shyly on the stone seat and pulling off their thick woollen socks and strong shoes.

An old, old crone, wrinkled like a withered apple, laid her hands on her knees and stared indifferently before her. A shy, brown-faced girl, shame-faced, with the most beautiful wild blue eyes I [illegible] saw, coarse white cloth over her head, and many [illegible] round her throat, sat me [illegible] her. A stout, [illegible] matron by her plunged [illegible] at once into the [illegible] water to soak. They were [illegible] old women, [illegible] of them ragged, and few that did not look [illegible] and hearty; but their faces wore, for the most [illegible] that melancholy, weird look that is so southern [illegible] poetic, and that means so little.

The red-aproned ladies had dropped on their knees before the tubs, and all was quiet, when a plump priest, in pink calico garments and a [illegible] skullcap, entered and placed himself in the middle of the long row of pilgrims. After a cheery word or two to the old dame on either side of him the priest began, in a nasal monotone, a Latin prayer, instantly followed by the pilgrims. The ladies began to splash the water in the tubs and look around them and smile at their acquaintances.

A curious scene enough; deep gray shadows, a fitful yellow light resting on, here and there, a dark wild face; harsh voices rising and falling in an unfamiliar tongue, and at once all the strange sense that these were unknown fellow-occupants of this dreamlike world, fellow-travellers to that eternal world to come, — faces that I should never see again, and that had each its own fate and history, for good or evil, in this life and the next.

Small zeal, I thought, the ladies bestowed on their office. I should like to see English girls doing right heartily the scrubbing and sponging that they did not do at all. The prayers ended, each pilgrim drew on her socks and shoes; each lady placed the hand of her whose feet she had washed within her arm and led her from the room. The women slouched bashfully past us, and the ministering angels nodded and smiled to the friends they saw amongst our number, but seemed to take no heed of, or interest in, their companions.

We made our way, as speedily as might be, to the supper-room, while a new set of pilgrims, ladies, and spectators took our places.

Up stairs, the long tables were already covered and rows of sunburnt guests seated, waiting for grace to be said, more red pinafores flitted around with round bowls of salad and thick brown loaves, and with them were here and there stout beings in pink calico garments from the throat to the feet, whose gray moustaches relieved us from an otherwise painful uncertainty as to their sex. With glee I recognized my friend, Prince M——, as benign and better shaven than usual, amongst the pink dressing-gowns: and he told me that with sundry others he had finished washing the men's feet in a separate part of the hospital, and had come to help to keep order here.

A cheery sound now filled the long room, the salad, bread, fish, and wine made an ample supper in the eyes of such frugal, hungry folk as the Italian peasants; and talking, laughing, and whispering in groups they ate and drank. Some did not eat, but stuffed their portion into a leathern wallet or yellow kerchief for the morrow's use. Some helped their neighbors, pulling the shining lettuce leaves out of wooden bowls with yet browner fingers. Here and there a sad gloomy face looked out from the white head-gear, but there was many a flashing eye and happy countenance among them: only one girl — so beautiful that her face haunts me still — looked so lonely and so sad that I tried to coax her to take her untouched food: she shook her head, and a great clear drop fell from her eyes: she would not even carry off her bread and wine, as did those who,

dog like, were too shy to eat in public, but sat with locks of tawny hair on her shoulders and long slender hands clasped in her lap, a poem in herself. I wondered why she was sad, and composed a rapid romance for her, ending happily in the third volume.

Grace was said and a move made towards the sleeping-room, and now began a strange scene.

Wooden bars were again put up to keep a passage wide enough to admit two abreast to the doorway. Countess E—— stood at the exit to see that too many did not crowd into the dormitory at one time, and Marchese —— took up a position a few yards inside the room, to keep order in the procession as it passed from the tables. Within the sleeping-room a hymn, chanted by the lady attendants, was joined by the voices of the peasants, in turn, as they left the supper-room: not an unmelodious mingling of rough and cultivated tones in a slow yet glad cadence, but we only heard the sound at first, for they would not go quietly, and a trampling of heavy feet drowned all save their own noise.

Much to my amaze the frightened, grave women became bold, half fierce, and wholly boisterous, elbowing, exclaiming, pushing, with flushed faces and muttered words, — all strove to be first. So wildly did they push that at last the matron, little active Marchese ——, threw herself between two stout women, and with head, hands, and elbows fought till she had driven back the foremost in the *mêlée*, and had restored order in the procession.

"Curious folk," Prince M—— said to me; "they are at times so fierce in their dormitory that it is hard to manage them. Certain beds are special favorites, certain parts of the room are much esteemed, and they fight for these; also, those of one country or of one family are wild if they be not together at bed time."

The Prince told me that in another section of the building the male pilgrims were tended, as were here the women, but that all through the year the Institution was open for the relief of all poor or wayfaring people; only, to merit the special privileges of Easter, — the six days' food and lodging, the clean linen, and warm water, — they must have journeyed sixty miles on foot unwashed; then for six days they may receive food and lodging, and on one of those days their feet are washed by the delicate hands of the high-born Lenten penitents of Rome.

The pilgrims spend their day in visiting shrines and churches, and on Easter day they throng the great place of St. Peter to receive the Papal blessing.

I was mistaken in my supposition that the pilgrims regarded themselves as favored beings in being so treated; it appears they consider that the privilege is theirs to bestow, when they lend themselves to aid the good works of the fair penitents; the favor is all the other way: they think themselves very gracious in allowing the Roman countesses and princesses to urge a claim on Heaven by washing their feet; and there is great "concurrence" among the Roman ladies for permission to do it, so much so that the Holy Father had declared that no one should henceforth be eligible for the office who did not six times wash the feet in private before the public performance. My informant added, with a sly smile, that such an order naturally lessened the number of applicants considerably. The whole thing is so utterly apart from any English charity or good work, so thoroughly "foreign" as we call it, that I could institute no comparison between it and any similar institution in our country; but I left the gray walls of Santa Marie dei Pelegrini with real regret that I could only have this one glimpse at the interesting countrywomen of this most poetic land, and that there was so small a likelihood of my ever revisiting a scene so novel and so far superior, from its absence of theatrical effect, to anything I had yet seen in the Holy City.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Emperor of Brazil has recently signified to several American visitors his desire to make a journey through the United States.

THE *Oder Zeitung* says that "the well-known dwarf, *Admiral Tom* (Tom Thumb?) is about to set up a dairy at Züllichow, near Stettin.

MISS ROSSETTI'S poem, published in last week's issue of this journal, was, by a trick of the types, ascribed to *Fraser's Magazine*. For *Fraser's* read *Macmillan's*.

MR. SWINBURNE'S reply to the critics is not to be in verse, as was anticipated; but will take the shape of a preface to the second edition of his recently published volume.

M. ADOLPHE BELOT, the author of the *Drame de la Rue de la Paix*, etc., has taken the post of M. Albéric Second, whose ill-health has obliged him to retire, for the present, from the *Grand Journal*.

PAUL FÉVAL'S last novel, *La Cavalière*, the second and concluding volume of which has recently been published, is his most successful work. It is about to be dramatized, and will make an admirable play.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, père, has agreed to write the libretto of an opera on an episode from his novel of *Le Comte de Bragelonne* (the heroine of which is Mdlle. de Lavallière), expressly for Mdlle. Carlotta Patti. Flotow will compose the music.

THE *Pfälzer Zeitung* says that a Bavarian soldier, on being asked why the army wore cocks' feathers in their caps, said that, as the Prussians have eaten up all the cocks and hens in the country, the Bavarian troops wear the feathers to show that nothing else was left.

RIOTS took place at Hanover on the anniversary of the Crown Prince's birthday. A shop in which Prussian helmets and shakos were exposed for sale was broken into, and several other houses were injured on account of the supposed Prussian sympathies of their tenants.

THE London *Era* records the recent decease of a theatrical celebrity, Mr. Robert John Pym, at the age of seventy-nine. Mr. Pym was an actor in Jerrold's Company (the father of Douglas Jerrold), at the Southend and other theatres, in the early part of the present century.

A LITERARY treasure has lately been unearthed in the Palazzo Riccardi of Florence. It consists of four large and thick manuscript folio volumes, containing the history of the banking operations carried on by the Peruzzi family from 1308 to 1346. With the Peruzzi were associated the Bardi, Scali, and Acciajoli. They lent enormous sums to our Edward III., which he could not repay, and on the 17th Jan-

uary, 1345, they failed.—Edward, at that period, owing them about £76,000,000 sterling of present money. These records are to be edited by a descendant of the Peruzzis.

Amongst the curiosities now exhibited at the fair of St. Michel, at Havre, is a Prussian, who, with the spike helmet (*picklehaube*) on his head, demonstrates to the curious the manœuvres of the famous needle-gun, for the small charge of one penny. The crowd is always excessive, and the showman is making a little fortune.

Balzac, Frédéric Soulié, Eugène Sue, Roger de Beauvoir, Chauxdesaigues, Léon Gozlan, are among the French authors whose position was earned by an excessive exercise of imagination and of mental industry generally. Of them and of similar workers in France men say lightly, "Well, they live by it!" Jules Janin, in adverting to the nature of the deaths of the above writers, in a notice on Léon Gozlan, replies, "Yes, and they die of it!"

A recent dramatic critic, speaking of the "two Dromios" in the "Comedy of Errors," affirms that no two individuals can be so alike as not to be readily distinguishable. The *Athenæum* says: "Not very many years ago, however, the twin sons of one of the eminent medical men named Babington were, the one at Charter-House, the other at St. Paul's School. The respective schoolfellows of the young Babingtons were constantly mistaking the one for the other, however often they met."

Harry Grimshaw, the jockey who rode the famous horse Gladiateur to victory in the great races of 1865, was recently thrown out of his gig, on his way from Cambridge to Newmarket, and killed. A notice of the young jockey's career is published in the *Telegraph*, the concluding sentence of which is exquisite. "Singular indeed," exclaims the sporting moralist, "are the lives and deaths of our most distinguished turfmen; and moralists who remember and recount the incidents of 'Gladiateur's year' will also be reminded of the poet's often-quoted passage, 'The paths of glory lead but to the grave!'"

Some "Recollections of Charles Lamb" are published in the last number of *Notes and Queries*. The writer, in his youthful days, knew Lamb at Enfield and Edmonton. He dates from Brussels, and signs his communication "T. W." Most readers will perhaps be surprised to hear that "Alice W—— was not Lamb's sole passion." It appears that, at a much later period of his life, he was again smitten; but, says "T. W.," discreetly, "as the lady who inspired this affection may still be living, it were premature to speak of it in detail." Among other statements in the letter is one to the effect that Lamb used to have the bindings of his old books mended by a cobbler when they became too bad to hold together. His new books—even the works of his familiar friends—he would give away, often throwing them over the garden wall into the premises of "T. W.," who lived next door. The young writer was frequently invited into the cottage of the Lambs, to spend an evening with the famous ones of those days. "Of the discourse of these *dii majores*," he writes, "I have no recollection now; but the faces of some of them I can still partially recall. Hazlitt's, for instance, keen and aggressive, with eyes that flashed out epigram. Tom Hood's, a methodist parson's face: not a ripple breaking the lines of it, though every word he dropped was a pun, and every pun roused a roar of laughter. Leigh Hunt's, parcel genial, parcel democratic, with as much rai tics on his lips as honey from Mount Hyb Kelly's, plain, but engaging. (The most sional of actresses, and unspoiled of wom bloom of the child on her cheek, undefiled rouge, to speak in a metaphor.) She was the most dearly welcome of Lamb's guests. worth, farmerish and respectable, but with of the great poet occasionally breaking out, fying forehead and eyes. Then there was Burney, ugliest of men, hugest of eaters, of friends. I see him closeted with Mary reading the Gospel of St. John *for the* And Sheridan Knowles, burly and jovial, into Lamb's breakfast-room one spring morning great bunch of May-blossom in his hand. George Darley, scholar and poet,—slow of and gentle of strain: Miss Kelly's constant in her walks amongst the Enfield woodlands."

A silly quarrel between the writers *Liberté* and the *Opinion Nationale* about which has recently been laughing has just had a termination. M. de Girardin happens to some reason or other, particularly obnoxious Sarcey, a well-known critic and dramatist. M. Sarcey (Sarcey, by the way, is n't a bad a dramatic critic) who took his latch-key with to the theatre in order to *siffler* M. de Gir play, "Les Deux Sœurs," more emphatically; a week or so since he declared in one of his butions to the *Opinion Nationale* that M. de G din's new journal was very stupid and ill-m It may not be desirable that journalists should in such direct personal attacks upon each other, it is difficult to see why a criticism which would allowable (however unsound) in regard to a pl a book should be deemed so unwarrantable applied to a newspaper as to necessitate a Such, however, was the opinion of the staff of *Liberté*. They accepted the offensive remark directed against themselves as a whole, and de Girardin, who objects to duelling on would not go out, one of his young colleagues was chosen by lot to demand satisfaction on of the rest. M. Sarcey declared that his applied only to M. de Girardin, and offered so in the *Opinion Nationale*. This being by the other side, M. Sarcey and M. Pessard Vincennes, stripped for the contest, and were ing sword in hand, when one of M. Sarcey's declared that, as his principal had no cause rel with M. Pessard, he would fight him only representative of M. de Girardin. M. P seconds protested against the interruption when the duel was postponed declared in the that M. Sarcey and his friends had behaved cowardly manner in fastening an insult journal upon the only man connected with would not fight. This provoked another en between M. Sarcey and M. Clement Duvern of the seconds in the preceding affair), in wh former received a sword-thrust in the fac upon the eye, so that he was blinded with This terminated the meeting, and the secon claim officially that the honor of all parties fied. Only, after all, this does not prove tha Girardin's newspaper is not what M. Sarcey It is stated that M. Arnould of the *Opinion N* afterwards challenged M. Clement Duverno the parties sensibly concluded to spill their stead of their highly-tempered blood.

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

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THE ITALIAN OPERA IN PARIS.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from the *Revue Moderne*.]

THERE were two growths of the last century hose influence has extended to our day, and be-ame wide-spread, — one the French idea, and the her the Italian opera. I would not compare em for importance, and I have no desire to weigh e glory of the cavatina in the same balance with at magnificent march of mind which stirred up orlds and brought about the explosion of '89. It only that these two things, so dissimilar in every spect, grew up and wrought their wonders at the me time, that I mention them together. There ere intervals when the music of Italy drowned e philosophy of the Encyclopedists themselves; d coextensive with our critical and liberal spirit read this marvel of Italy. It was the fashion for ings to become Voltairians and *dilettanti;* and thing would do but they must have both the rench *philosophe* and the Italian *maestri* at their urts. So it came about that not a capital nor st-class city but had its Italian opera. Its geo-aphical empire has stretched from Moscow to isbon, from Dublin to Constantinople, in the Old Vorld, and covered every part of the New. It is t only that its genuine productions are every-here, but its influence permeates the German and rench schools. *Guillaume Tell*, *Le Freyschütz*, *Les uguenots*, *La Juive*, *La Muette*, are only Italy under nother nationality. Weber and Meyerbeer are as uch at home among the Italians as farther north. owever interpreters may be indispensable, and wever imperfect the sweet tongue of the South ay be in certain respects, it is still the one univer-l language in music.

In America they have the Italian opera alone. Russia, in England, in Spain, it is still the Italian hich predominates, notwithstanding the commend-le success of their native muse. The country, wever, which has produced the *Freyschütz* has no casion longer to envy the lyrical fruits of the land Cimarosa and Rossini, nor to borrow from them. ill, we can see that in spite of the masterpieces Weber, and the national fervor which he inau-rated, and Mendelssohn and Schumann continued, d Wagner transported almost to a certain terror-n, — in spite of this, the Italian opera has still pre-rved its rights at Vienna and Berlin. It would em, indeed, as if Germany were glad to preserve e memory of the land beyond the mountains hence it derived its own impulse, for it can be own how the whole dynasty of their great musi-ans, — Handel, Hasse, Mozart, Gluck, and Meyer-beer, — have all worked at the start in the lead of the Italian spirit and form.

In France, where the tragic and comic opera, long since perfected, have developed in accordance with our national traits in a manner quite dif-ferent from the tradition of the Italians, it has nev-ertheless happened that we have given the foreigner a firm position among our public institutions. Not long since it received a subsidy from the state, and there are not a few among our artists and ama-teurs who pray that it might be given it still. The *Théâtre-Italien* has at least preserved the qualifica-tion of the Imperial favor, which it shares with the *Grand Opéra*, the *Opéra Comique*, the *Comédie-Française*, the *Odéon*, and the *Théâtre-Lyrique*.

Its claims are ancient, — going back to those mu-sical representations which took place at Lyons in 1548, and which Brantôme minutely describes as being totally unlike anything they had known in France. Since this first visit of the *Gelosi* (as they called the Italian drolls of the sixteenth century) repetitions of such events did much to incite a taste with us for the lyrical drama, and to stimulate our composers to exercise their skill in this department. I write of this thing carefully, for I do not wish to be confounded with the historians of music, who have flippantly asserted (and been believed) that our dramatic music sprung from a mere imitation of the Italian, since personal and national traits have stood in the way of this; and, however we may have bor-rowed the form in general, it has been essentially French work and French inspiration that have animated our creations. When, for example, we refer to the *Ballet Comique de la Reine*, organized in 1581 by Baltazarini, an attendant of Catherine de Medicis, in imitation of the *Feste Teatrali* of Florence, we shall find that the poetry was that of La Chesnaye, and the music by the king's musi-cians, Claudin Lejeune, Salmon, and Beaulieu, — and this ballet was the constant model of all those that subsequently flourished under Henri IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV.

If we consider the very important influence of the Italians (brought hither by Mazarin) upon our own opera, we must still discover that the earliest French scores of Lambert and Lulli differed essen-tially from those of Rossi and Cavalli, and that our lyrical drama at the outset was carefully distin-guished from the Italian. With that exception, we will cheerfully acknowledge that the presentations of *Euridice* and *La Finta Pazza* supplied to our French poets and composers the idea of the opera.

It was precisely the same with the comic drama. Doubtless the first operas of the Italian drolls rep-

[illegible] Italian [illegible] even afterwards all the masterpieces [illegible] Pergolese [illegible] Italian [illegible] *La Serva Padrona* [illegible] Italian influence was a [illegible] and the [illegible] it not indeed the [illegible] — and that is more [illegible] however, at variance with the [illegible] generally. They held the Italian [illegible] to have reached much nearer perfection than [illegible] at that time, and gauge all our composer's merits by their [illegible] to be coming a departure from it a crime and any national character of no avail. When we come down to Gluck, it [illegible] no longer be said that the type furnished by Pergolese and Tonelli was the only one. Their preponderating influence was set aside, or at least contested. Some years later, it was a German, Mozart himself, who gave even the Italians the most beautiful of models; still later, Weber offered the world those masterpieces, which excelled in elevated conception and primacy of style even the growth of Italian song, and became more worthy than such to be taken as subjects of study and admiration.

What is true of the works is also true of their interpreters. The school of Italian singing is admirable: and they have attained in it the ideal in a certain sense, but in that only. While admiring and studying it, our artists have been right in following another instinct and creating another taste. It is easily said that Lemoine, Sophie Arnoult, and Saint Huberty sing badly: but when *La Serva Padrona* of Pergolese was played at Paris alternately in Italian and French, and the rôle passed from La Tonelli to Mme. Favart, there may have been a loss of conventional skill, but there was no diminution of spirit, nature, or grace. According as we approach our time, the prepossession becomes less marked. It must be granted that Mme. Branchu, the sublime interpreter of Gluck, and Garat, the head professor of our *Conservatoire*, could well equal the Raffanelli and the Grassini, and that the late M. Martin had some merit in his line. During the Restoration, the Italian school flourished indeed supreme. Paris had the joyful privilege of such an assembly of singers as had never before been known, and probably never will be again. At the same time a repertory of an order at least equal begun to grow up at the *Opéra Français*, and it was Rossini who was laying its corner-stone; and there were singers too of our own, like Nourrit and Mme. Falcon, who were able to sustain the honor of the French name.

It is said that Duprez came from Italy transformed. The fact is notorious: but it is rather a laughable commentary, that he came back less an Italian than he went. He brought back a style, taste, and dramatic sentiment totally at variance with that which Rubini has shone in with equal but not superior talent. By a singular chance, too, the *Opera* and the *Conservatoire* began the education of Mario, who so soon relapsed into his own national style and became the most Italian of [illegible] [illegible] schools [illegible] become a master of [illegible] How many German and French artists have [illegible] to the Italian stage! and it would be a difficult [illegible] to say in which side is the greater [illegible]

We are not very partial to this sort of [illegible] which rules the [illegible] of style, taste, and [illegible] In spite of [illegible] we are sick of [illegible] has a better [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] by the [illegible] [illegible] It is a principle [illegible] [illegible] because it is at variance with [illegible] tendencies of our time. There [illegible] time a day, however, when we may wear [illegible] confusion of tongues, — this musical Babel. For [illegible] present there is no longer need of saying [illegible] the Italian school of singers: and in saying [illegible] do not withdraw our admiration for certain [illegible] whose talent has I know not what air of [illegible] which only goes to prove our rule. When [illegible] came to us from America and England, she [illegible] only a great artist of fantasy: year by year she [illegible] formed a style at Paris. Frascini, who [illegible] to Verdi a little too exclusively her fine voice [illegible] pure taste, is doubtless a singer by nature: [illegible] better drilled and better modulated voice, a [illegible] conscientious as well as more diverse method, [illegible] the scenic knowledge of Faure, would prove [illegible] to her than a good school, if there can be a question of schools to-day.

The *Théâtre-Italien* is less far removed from ideal perfection than most, and needs but little [illegible] to realize that condition. The present admission seems to us, above all, to attach itself to the tunes of some *maestro* of the hour. It lavishes its patrons the works of Verdi as long as they bear them, and perhaps longer. We know that seasons prevail at Milan and Naples, and that theatres there are still more given up to Verdi if possible: but we likewise know that the dilettanti of Paris differ greatly from those of the Peninsula, where they are only capable of enjoying one kind of music at a time, and carry their rage for that sometimes to a fanatical excess. Rossini has eclipsed them the old masters: but to-day they since [illegible] ing but Verdi, and will adore him until they [illegible] him at once and completely. At such a time, perhaps, the *Trovatore* and *Rigoletto* will still be [illegible] at Paris. If any Italian exclaims at this state [illegible] I ask him what has become in Italy of Ro[illegible] youthful works, which made so much stir [illegible] them fifty years ago, and which are now no[illegible] played but among ourselves? The French dil[illegible] is less fanatical, but he is more faithful. Live[illegible] giddy as was the favor with which we re[illegible] Rossini at first, we never offered Mozart or [illegible] rosa as a sacrifice to our admiration of him. [illegible] faithfulness is the complement, if I may so sp[illegible] our French hospitality. We have had with [illegible] many geniuses from all parts, that it would b[illegible] cult for Verdi, a new guest, to monopolize our [illegible] sion, and claim all our sympathy and admi[illegible] He is much liked indeed at Paris; they have [illegible] repertory of the *Grand Opéra* two of his work[illegible] at the *Théâtre-Lyrique*: and he ought natur[illegible] have a large share of consideration at the [illegible] opera; but any undue predominance will surely [illegible] against him, and we might pass from extreme [illegible] to extreme injustice. We should soon tire of [illegible] exclusiveness, and cry out for the ideal emoti[illegible]

Don Juan, the infinite grace of the *Nozze*, the wholesome and delicious gayety of *Matrimonio*, the sparkling spirit and exuberant wealth of Rossini, the elegiac tenderness of Bellini, and the fine passion of Donizetti.

In prosperous seasons, a succession of some twenty operas, giving three nights to each, are given before an audience who are subscribers for the entire season; and it needs all the power of custom and fashion to render the same kind of music endurable during these six months. It is true that lately we have seen Donizetti dispute occasionally the sway of Verdi, but the two are much too near alike to offer the proper variety, and we have but occasional ruptures of this monotony in *Le Barbier* and *La Somnambule*; while the artists, from long disuse, are wholly unprepared to offer us the possible variety of their resources, that might come from the happy alternation of Rossini and Mozart, Bellini and Pergolese, Donizetti and Paisiello, Verdi and Cimarosa. The ancients and moderns, far from obscuring each other, would be separately enhanced by the contrast.

The preceding administration at the Italian opera, urged by the critics, had begun this career, without regretting it. *Cosi fan tutti*, restored after a neglect of forty years, was the great success of the winter of 1863, — enough alone to offset the fortunes of Patti, and to prove that an Italian theatre may be something else than the theatre of the latest musical lion.

I know that the principal obstacle is not in the preferences of the director, but in the sluggishness and stinted education of the artists. They come for the most part from Italy, with attainments that they have no care to increase; the old *répertoire*, of which they are ignorant, is naturally their aversion. It is an obstacle, but not an insurmountable one. Naudin was astonished to find his great success in *Cosi fan tutti* which, it is reported, he had undertaken with no little distrust. In that pretty romance, *Una Aura Amorosa*, he saw himself suddenly the hero of the season. *Le Mariage secret*, gotten up with scarcely greater hope, disproved likewise their fearful apprehensions, and never has a work been better performed, with the marvel of song and acting which Mmes. Penco, Alboni, and Marie Battu gave to it.

No one has ever denied that *Les Nozze di Figaro* is superior to *Cosi fan tutti* and *Le Mariage secret*; but how is it possible that five or six years could pass without finding them on our boards? and at their last revival they could scarcely reach a third night. No one will dispute the ideal worth of *Don Juan*, and yet it was laid aside after the second performance, and last winter we had it only once. Is this the fault of the public? Assuredly not, since *Les Noces* reaches its three-hundredth time at the *Théâtre-Lyrique*. The same house has at this moment in rehearsal the *Don Juan* of Mozart, as well as the *Grand Opéra*, and we can safely predict a double triumph for the old master. The reason is simply this, — that on the stage of the French opera they take pains to study what they have to do, before offering it to the public. It was my fortune some years ago to be present at these rehearsals at the Italian house. They ordinarily gave but one to each piece. The performers merely hummed through their parts, to assure themselves their memories were not at fault; and the orchestra went through their share as carelessly. As to the stage business and situations, they were left to be devised impromptu on the evening of its performance. Such a course might do for *Linda* or *Maria di Rohan*, but for *Don Juan* it is quite another matter, and for reasons that it is hardly necessary to enumerate. A work so complex and delicate in both vocal and instrumental detail demands a choice of performers (which they do not give it), repeated rehearsals, and annual repetition, to insure its excellence. All this, it is true, supposes a faithful and well-mated company. But the case is far otherwise. The interests of our theatre are united with that of Madrid, and the performers have to pass and repass the Pyrenees in the performance of their duties, beside whatever may be done on lesser engagements at Rouen and Brussels. Such a singer will be engaged for only a month and a half, perhaps; such another for a given number of evenings. They arrive here, make the theatre an inn, as it were, for a few days, and then are gone; and what perfection can we expect of them? They have neither time nor desire to improve. They sing a few repetitions of their three or four favorite parts, which one can't blame them for doing; but unfortunately their favorites are those of all the rest, and so we are continually supplied with just the same music.

With a fit company it of course must be otherwise. Each singer will feel himself obliged to be prepared with a due variety; and a new opera is esteemed a piece of good fortune rather than otherwise. No one is content with what he has done, but is constantly striving to do better; and by repeated fellowship they grow mutually dependent and jointly superior. Beside this, such a prolonged community of labor works as favorably upon the public, and their education becomes reciprocal. Such experience gave us Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, Malibran, Sontag, and Grisi. I hold it for certain that the prime cause of their perfection consisted in their being trained to each other. It was diamonds polishing diamonds.

The advent of a marvellously gifted singer like Patti is always a good fortune for the theatre, the public, and art; but it may nevertheless be turned to evil, and give place to reverses, servitudes, and disappointments; and the critical moment of such a change can be indicated with precision. It is when admiration degenerates to unreasonable infatuation, and when the public is blinded to both the faults of its favorite and the merits of its fellows. The result is discouragement to all others, and the public has no longer a company, no longer a theatre, but only an idol.

It is needless to say that it cannot be otherwise, and that extraordinary genius always demands this as a condition. Did Le Kain prevent the success of Préville, the Dumesnil, or the Clairon? Did Talma eclipse the Duchesnois or Mlle. Georges? Did Mlle. Mars suppress Molé, Fleury, or Monrose? This perilous supremacy of Mlle. Patti has only one precedent, — an illustrious one, and within short memories. Rachel had the fatal power of crushing all about her on a stage that had incontestable merit in such others as Beauvallet and Ligier. We all remember how the house used to empty itself as soon as Rachel had spoken her last verse, without pity for the other performers that remained to go on; and, what is worse, without any respect for the masterpieces of Racine and Corneille. Usually a comedy of Molière closed the performances; but it was given to empty benches, despite the talent it brought forth in Samson, Geffroy, Provost, Regnier, and the rest. Assuredly when Rachel left us it was a cruel eclipse, and a loss irreparable for art. Nevertheless, it must be said that the repertory has regained its

rights, and the theatre has recovered its prosperity, outside of the domain of tragedy; for to-day one can hear Molière and Beaumarchais as they should be.

The success of Mlle. Patti has not yet, indeed, reached such a degree of tyranny. When she played Zerline recently, the entire audience remained for the final catastrophe, although there was no promise of anything extraordinary. Nevertheless, the tendency to this exclusiveness is too marked, and there is danger of the worst results. Fraschini does not sing with the same care and confidence as at his *début*: the relative injustice of the multitude has disheartened and chilled him. The other singers, excepting the young Vitali, who doubts nothing, have ceased to do their best, for it has no chance with the public indifference toward them. The best operas are those which the favorite does them the honor to sing, whatever their actual merits, and so talents that might be made to illuminate the genius of the masters are employed to confound them.

A single artist cannot long make good the qualities of a troupe, for the dramatic art does not consist in monologue; and the repertory is too comprehensive to be permanently eclipsed. Let us add, that upon this point, as upon others, the pure interests of art are precisely in accordance with the requirement of theatrical economy. Just in proportion as the receipts on the evenings when the favorite sings are increased, in the same proportion the other nights show a falling off. Could she perform every night there would be a gain certainly, if we could count on the *rage* for her continuing. Could she play half the nights, the balance would still be preserved; but when she performs only one evening in three, the balance is against us. Besides, the theatre is so much more open to chance disasters. A fortnight's illness will produce an almost irreparable difference; and any break in the engagement carries disaster in its train. The name alone of the *Théâtre-Italien*, with its long history of glorious achievements, is a host, upon which dependence can always be made; but such a phenomenon as we are now considering may deprive it of even that prestige.

"What is to be done?" may be asked. There seem to us but two things. We must do away with the tyrannical supremacy of a single favorite, and frown upon an administration like the present, which in every way contrives to advance the separate interest in the one before all others, even by doing it in such little particulars as numbering the successive performances of Mlle. Patti, and allowing the others to pass unregistered, as if unworthy the public regard. In the second place, it is the feeblest part of the chain that needs the most guarding against, that is to say, we ought to bestow the most care where it is most needed, upon the off-nights, in purifying our choice of plays for those evenings, in fitting to them the most proper performers, and in securing for the post of director and chief of orchestra such leaders as we were wont to have formerly. Fraschini is an excellent singer, but, from being able to direct affairs, he has need himself of being animated, incited. We need in such a post the authority of character and reputation, — a Ronconi, for example, — and we may then hope to see some life imparted to our languishing attempts. In fine, it is the bounden duty of such a director to prevent the company and the plays becoming of less interest to the public than the favorite which may be uppermost. It is this watchfulness which has made the *Comédie-Française* what it is. It has actors of the first merit, together with the fit government of them, are not allowed to become individually too [illegible]inant, but rather study to make their [illegible] reflected one, from their necessity to their [illegible] The result is an organization which is [illegible] accidents and exigencies, whose ordinary [illegible] worth more than any spasmodic phenom[illegible] prosperity which is certain and constant, and [illegible] at dependence on a fashion of the hour. Ba[illegible]marchais and Molière exercise as much or more [illegible]ence upon the public than the new pieces [illegible] does not prevent *Le Fils de Giboyer* and [illegible] *Ginerin* from being a great success, nor [illegible] Provost, Geffroy, Regnier, Got, and Bressant [illegible] fame of being the best comedians of their [illegible] When a theatre is organized in this way, its [illegible] is assured, and it can trust itself.

The *Théâtre-Italien* could enjoy such a [illegible] if it pleased. It did enjoy it, at a period not [illegible] since. I know it is easier to call up the [illegible]brance of that golden age than to bring [illegible] return; and that the management of the [illegible] opera is more troublesome and hazardous [illegible] in the time of Severini, Robert, and Vatel, [illegible] all the gold in the world, and drawing upon [illegible] Italian troupes scattered over Europe and [illegible] we could not now find the equal of those per[illegible] that created *Les Puritains* at Paris, namely, [illegible] Lablache, Tamburini, and Grisi; — no, nor [illegible] of *Otello* as it was sung in 1821 by Garcia and [illegible] Now, these artists, with all their extraordin[illegible]ents, contented themselves with more mod[illegible]pointments than ours, and did double the [illegible] The business went on marvellously with [illegible] tenor or two, a single bass, a single baryto[illegible] or three prima-donnas, — each performer [illegible] as happened the comic and pathetic. Lab[illegible] himself, in that deep chest of his, harbo[illegible] greatest variety of tones. Rubini sung [illegible] and Almaviva equally well. To-day we [illegible] at least two troupes, — one for the *spianato* [illegible] melodrama, the other for the comic reperto[illegible] company now at the Italian house is three [illegible] large as it was twenty years ago, and yet [illegible] do not seem always well filled.

Our two conditions, then, are, to have [illegible] pieces varied regularly, and to have the [illegible] homogeneous and stable. They can do [illegible] they have the material, and only need [illegible] word to command success. If it should b[illegible] that without the subsidy of the governme[illegible] not sustain itself, it should by all means b[illegible] restored to it. We will not admit the [illegible] Paris should be deprived of the Italian st[illegible] all other capitals, great and small, enjoy it. [illegible] be still worse to see it degenerate among [illegible] precarious existence: for it has honorable [illegible] to be sustained, and the national pride is [illegible] interested in them.

The *Grand Opéra* belongs to the offi[illegible] and the more fixed portions of the high[illegible]risian society. The Italian house is rat[illegible] traction of the cosmopolites, and if it be [illegible] Paris is more than the nation's capital, it [illegible] bent on us to sustain it.

HE AND I.

"CANDIDLY, do you believe in love at [illegible] Amy?"

A young man asked the question, lookin[illegible] the novel he was reading. And a young [illegible]

his cousin, blushed as she replied, "She did now."

orget what else passed. They were only fellow-llers in a railway-carriage. My friend, Mrs. ay, who was taking me to her home, called my tion to some place of interest we were passing, the young man resumed his book.

at the question recurred to me; and as I leaned in my corner I tried to answer it for myself, to solve a little mystery that puzzled me.

hree times had I met a gentleman, a handsome ng man, tall, dark, and listless. We had never ten, but his notice of me had attracted my atten-. At a ball he followed me about, changed r when our eyes met, but did not seek an intro-tion.

At a concert he had stared me almost out of coun-ance, yet gravely, almost respectfully.

At a picnic — the last time I had seen him — he s happy, laughing and talking till he saw me, en his manner became constrained, and in a few nutes he left the party.

There was a strange fascination in his large dark es, and I wondered if I should ever meet him ain.

He must have had some reason for noticing me so rangely, for I was not pretty. No, no! It could ot be love at first sight, could it?

We arrived at The Meadows late in the evening. Mrs. Murray introduced me to her daughter Lydia, lady some fifteen years older than myself. She was the only child at home. Mr. John was married, and had the rectory. George, the eldest son, was travelling abroad.

Mrs. Murray and my mother had been school-friends, but had been separated for years, and so were comparative strangers till they met again in society, and Mrs. Murray asked me to spend two or three months with her in the country, to recruit my strength after the fatigue of a London season.

The day after our arrival Lydia showed me over the house and grounds. Harold, Mr. John's eldest child, eight years old, came with us.

The conservatory door was locked. Miss Murray left us to fetch the key. Harold remained talking.

"I shall have this horrid old place pulled down!" he said, pulling at some ivy that clustered round the turret. He looked at me as though expecting an answer, then resumed: "Pa says, if *he* has it he sha'n't stay at the church. He shall pull this down; if *he* don't, *I* shall."

"But this is your uncle's place," said I.

"My uncle! He won't live long. My ma says Uncle George is a bad man, — a wicked man. Don't you think he is a wicked man?"

"No," said I, though I knew nothing of him. "Little boys —" I began impressively; but his aunt returned, and the conversation ended.

"The place would be very different if poor George were here," said Lydia, sadly.

"Does he never live here?" I inquired.

Miss Murray looked at me keenly. "Live here! No, never. He *stays* for a week or two sometimes."

"Perhaps some day he will marry and settle."

"Never!" said Lydia, stooping to pick a flower. "Have you not heard about him?"

"Heard what?" said I.

"I shall not be a raven, and tell you. You will learn soon enough."

Harold was standing in the doorway looking back at us. He had large brown eyes, and something in them made me fancy I had seen him before, though I knew I had not.

So there was a secret in the family, — some mystery about the eldest son. Perhaps I was wrong, but I did wish to find it out.

I had been at The Meadows nearly a month before an opportunity occurred. Then I paid a visit to the rectory, taking my work, that I might spend the day there. Mrs. Murray, I fancied, got tired of having to entertain me, and Lydia liked to have some time to herself.

Mrs. John and I were friends, so could speak freely to each other.

"Are you engaged?" said Mrs. John.

"No," said I, fancying she alluded to an opal and diamond ring I always wore.

"Some girls are, so young. How old are you?"

"Eighteen. Not so *very* young."

"No, not so very young," said Mrs. John, meditatively. "I was only seventeen when I was engaged."

"That was very young to marry."

"O, I was more than that when I married. Mamma could not bear the idea, — a second son, you know. It was *not* a good match then; but I always said I would marry for love. *Now* they are pleased enough; for poor George is really nobody; only he keeps John out of the place at present. Eventually Harold must have the estate. It is entailed."

"But there is an elder brother?" said I.

"To my husband? Yes; but since that affair of his he will never marry, and John comes next. Sad affair that! I always pity poor George."

Mrs. John said this very comfortably, in the same way one pities a tradesman for having to reduce the price of his goods, while rejoicing in the opportunity of buying them cheaply.

"Is he very unhappy?"

As I said this I hated myself for asking it. I know if I had been right (as some would say, "commonly honest") I should have declined to hear anything Lydia would not tell me. Like a good child I should have said, "Thank you, I must not listen. He would not like it"; but "*misère!*" as a French friend of mine used to exclaim, I am one of Eve's true daughters, and the temptation was irresistible. I yielded to curiosity.

"Well, yes," said Mrs. John, "for the world is not charitable. Of course *we* know the truth, and we don't really condemn him. But he takes it to heart (perhaps to conscience, and that is as bad), though it may be a shadow after all, — *it may be.*"

Mrs. John emphasized the last three words, and her straight lips again made a corresponding line to the faint straight eyebrows that met over her nose, and disappeared behind the set curls arranged on either side of her face.

"It is a pity he should mind a shadow —"

I spoke awkwardly, conscious of trespassing on a forbidden subject.

Mrs. John looked up at me. "I thought all the world knew his history," she said; "quite romantic it is, and sad. You know he was a surgeon. Before his father had this property left him by his brother, the boys were brought up to professions. My husband to the church, to take this living. George chose to be a surgeon, so he became one; and clever, too, I believe, — very clever. Well, he had good expectations, so was in a good deal of society; and in the course of his practice met a young lady whom he liked; in fact, fell in love with. I supposed she

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hat sent him away again so suddenly, poor fel-w!"

I did not speak; I dared not tell her Mrs. John's emarks then. So I sat, idly looking from the win-ow, and Lydia busied herself with the dressing-able. There were some papers there, left all to-ether just as they had been sorted out to take. Mr. George must have gone off in a hurry at last, nd so have forgotten them. Lydia looked through hem listlessly, saying, "Perhaps I must send them on?" Suddenly her hand stopped turning the crisp eaves, and an exclamation burst from her lips. I rose and looked over her shoulder. In her hand she held a small square paper, that might once have been a leaf in a sketch-book. On it a girl's head had been roughly drawn in pencil. The hair waved off the temples, the eyes looked up anxiously, pleadingly. The lips were silently apart. Round the throat a little ribbon was tied, and on the ribbon hung a small locket. Beneath the drawing the letters D. C. were written, and these two words, "Kyrie Eleison." It was not an artist's sketch; it was the drawing of a hand that loved. Lydia held up the sketch, and placed her finger on the looking-glass before us. The reflection was reproduced in the sketch. I turned away, for it was my own reflection that I saw, and I was sorry to have stumbled on another of his secrets. But my heart bounded, and a new life seemed to come to my soul. Lydia put her arm round me and kissed me.

"My dear, a red rose; mind, a full, rich crimson rose, from the second standard in the large conservatory, and your long white dress."

It was Lydia that spoke; she had come to bid me good by for the afternoon. She was called from home, she said. I must excuse her and try to amuse myself. A bright bloom was on her cheek, and she looked quite young again, though she was dressed soberly in black with only a violet ribbon to relieve it. Those delicious hours of solitude, if solitude it could be called! No, no; it was life! new life! a happiness too great to realize, — luxurious; a holy future, in a sweet uncertainty and shadowy brightness. One figure, one face, in a thousand reflections, precluded the idea of solitude. I was companioned by the future. The evening came, so quickly. I must dress for Lydia's return. The rose was plucked. I was fastening it in my hair when she came softly to my room. She had been crying, though evidently she tried to compose herself.

"My dear," she said, drawing me down to the sofa at her side; "do you think we are responsible for the evil we unconsciously bring on others?"

"Certainly not," said I, my mind going to George and his mistake.

She leant her head upon my shoulder, an l a tear dropped on my hand, as she whispered, —

"I have done you a real wrong. I have been a Judas to you, and betrayed you by a kiss!"

I did not know myself or my weakness; actually I was ill. Mrs. Murray and Mrs. John thought I had taken cold. Lydia knew differently. She kept my secret and nursed me kindly. When I was recovering she told me it was Miss Chester's portrait I had seen; D. C. was not Dora Christensen, but Delicia Chester. It was my resemblance to Miss Chester that had brought me so much notice from Mr. Murray. I hated myself for the mistake, and my hatred only increased the evil. For weeks I lay ill at The Meadows.

Lydia would blame herself for showing me the portrait. But we both felt that there is a mystery in sequence, — circumstance must follow circumstance. One link cannot be severed in the chain of fate. And the weary days of illness and convalescence passed on; and after a time my mother took me across the Channel to Dieppe. We were *en route* for Geneva; but I was weak, and we waited at Dieppe for a few days to rest. We used to watch the steamers come in. It was the autumn, and there were not a great many passengers. As the boat neared the shore the day before we intended to leave, I recognized a pair of dark eyes looking up at me. Mr. George Murray was on board. I fainted. When I recovered, Lydia was bending over me, and though we were in an open carriage in the public road, she kissed me as she said, —

"Silly girl!"

We did not leave Dieppe that day. In the evening Lydia and I walked out together, to have a chat, she said, about old times; but that seemed scarcely her intention, for when we were alone together she was unusually silent. We were on the pier. I sat down to rest, and Lydia, with some unintelligible excuse, left me. I leaned against the parapet, watching a boat come in. The tide was dead ahead; the wind only a cross wind, so the task of bringing her in was not an easy one. It was only a fishing-boat; four men were in it; each had an oar; still, as they passed the crucifix at either side, each raised his hat and signed the cross upon his breast, and seemed to breathe a prayer.

"Do they lose or gain by that act?"

I started so when I heard the question. It was Mr. Murray who put it.

"They lose a wave," said I. "It is a question."

"They believe they gain. It may be superstition; still I think there is some reality in their idea. The loss is a gain. The boat is a trifle longer in getting in; — each man is nearer to his home."

I did not understand, for my brain was stupid, and I felt ashamed at seeing him again: but he said no more about the boat or the men, though we watched them out of sight. Then he sat down at my side. I felt his brown eyes on me; but what passed next I can never write. It is only for him and me. The minutes passed on, each bearing away a pain from my heart. He told me he had come to Dieppe on purpose to see me, and with the remainder of his life endeavor to banish the remembrance of the mistake that had cost me so much. And I could only weep and weep, till Lydia came back to put his hand in mine, and ask if I would be her sister.

It is all told now. A month after, we left Dieppe; and were married by special license before he took me home to The Meadows his wife. Mrs. Murray was glad to welcome me, and have her eldest boy near her, happy, — though Mrs. John was not so pleased as she might have been. And George and I talk freely of the past: and I, too, have learnt to sympathize in Miss Chester's sorrow, when she wrote those two sad words beneath the sketch Colonel Chester permitted him to make from her a few days before her death.

Some day I am to travel, and stop in Madeira, to visit the English cemetery and see her grave. Still he carries the sketch; but the mystery is gone between us, and we are very strangely happy, — he and I. He does not tremble at *my* baby, though often I see the little fingers twine round his; indeed, I think he likes to feel the strange soft touch of baby's cheek against his own.

RECENT AFRICAN DISCOVERY.

There is no part of the world in which the progress of exploration is watched by geographers with such intense interest as the African continent. That peninsula had been the scene of the labors of most of those brave men whose names will ever be inseparably connected with geographical science, and to whose indefatigable labors we are indebted for the knowledge we possess of the interior. Bruce, Park, Landor, Livingstone, Burton, Speke, and Baker have won their laurels in Africa; and the geographical record contains the names of a host of others who have endured equal hardships, but who have not come so prominently before the world as those we have named. Africa was the theatre of exploration for centuries before America or Australia was discovered; before Vasco di Gama had rounded the Cape of Good Hope, or Greenland was discovered by the Icelanders. It is still comparatively unknown, and consequently every feat of exploration is regarded with supreme interest.

We have now the pleasure of chronicling something new in the way of discovery, and though its importance may appear to be somewhat dwarfed by the grandeur of Nilotic explorations, or Livingstone's almost superhuman labors, geographers will not fail to assign it a worthy position among the feats which African travellers have performed. Intelligence has just been received that Mr. Frederick Green, one of the boldest elephant hunters of Southwest Africa, has succeeded in reaching the Cunene River, the existence of which during the last ten or fifteen years has been enveloped in so much mystery. Since 1824 it has been known that the Cunene or Nourse River flowed into the Atlantic in latitude about 17° south, and was supposed to have its source almost in the centre of Africa. In attempting to reach it Dr. Hebden perished by fever, and Mr. C. Green lost his life by the capsizing of a canoe, while many others have persevered in vain. The supposed Cunene was an object of interest to many travellers and hunters who followed the retreating elephants as, year by year, they were driven north from Damara Land. In March, 1859, Mr. C. J. Andersson found a river in latitude 17° 30′ S., and longitude about 19° E. He thought at first that the river was the Cunene, but it turned out to be the Okovango, a noble stream 200 or 300 yards broad, apparently of great depth, with a current of 2½ or 3 miles an hour. The Cunene was known to flow westwards into the Atlantic, but Mr. Andersson found the Okovango flowing to the east, or towards the centre of the continent. The natural conclusion was, that this must be a branch of the great Zambesi; and an intelligent native drew for him on the ground a map in which he described the river as dividing into two branches near Libebe, one flowing southeast to Lake Ngami, and known as the Teoge, and the other in a more easterly direction to Linyanti and thence into the Zambesi a little above the Victoria Falls. That the Okovango is a tributary of the Zambesi there is now no doubt, though it is known by different names throughout some parts of its course. The rivers in the interior of Africa are usually known by the names of the tribes in the districts they flow; and this explains the number of names we often find in the same stream, which are apt to confuse the geographer.

In his travels Mr. Francis Galton, and like Sir Samuel Baker, was a sportsman, and by his rifle he appears to have materially assisted her husband in the [illegible] and hardships to which he was exposed. [illegible] went northwards from Ondonga in the far w[illegible] Ovampoland, and were fortunate enough to [illegible] the friendship of Chikongo, the Ovambo chief [illegible] had formerly been visited by Andersson.

The great difficulty in reaching the Cunene [illegible] hitherto been that of passing unmolested th[illegible] the different savage tribes of the region, who [illegible] unacquainted with Europeans; but by securing [illegible] friendship of Chikongo, Mr. Green removed th[illegible] stacle, for that chief not only provided the [illegible] with people to introduce them to the different [illegible] who had hitherto been hostile, but sent messe[illegible] in advance to the different chiefs, requesting [illegible] not only to allow the travellers to pass unhurt th[illegible] their dominions, but to receive and welcome [illegible] as friends of his. Without the aid which Chi[illegible] thus generously afforded Mr. Green thinks it w[illegible] have been impossible to have passed through [illegible] country unless they had shown a bold front [illegible] fought their way, which, with a small force, w[illegible] have been extremely hazardous. All these [illegible] tribes having suffered from the raids of the Nama[illegible] Hottentots, naturally thought all men on horse[illegible] were robbers; and once or twice when Mr. Gre[illegible] and his party arrived, the warriors turned out [illegible] force to fight. On one occasion, when they ent[illegible] the lands of the Onguangua, which is one of the most warlike tribes of that part of Africa, the tra[illegible] ellers were astonished and alarmed to hear the w[illegible] ery resounding on every side, and immediately a[illegible] terwards a hundred warriors in full fighting cost[illegible] came upon them at full charge. They presented very formidable appearance with their spears a[illegible] poisoned arrows; but Chikongo's guides expl[illegible] lated with them, explaining that it was not a w[illegible] party that had invaded their country, and solic[illegible] them to lay aside their weapons.

Not, however, until some of the Onguangua w[illegible] within a few paces of Mr. Green and his party, [illegible] were on the point of hurling their spears, were [illegible] convinced of the pacific intentions of the explo[illegible] though, when they were assured of this, their [illegible] like demonstration was converted into one of a[illegible] posite nature, and instead of exterminating the [illegible] vaders as they had threatened to do, they gre[illegible] them with a friendly reception. All the tribes [illegible] whom the travellers came in contact resembled [illegible] Ovambo to a more or less degree, and, with bu[illegible] tle difference, adopt the same manner of adorn[illegible] their persons. An invariable mark, however, [illegible] which the tribes, not only in this but in other p[illegible] of Africa, may be distinguished from each oth[illegible] the mode of dressing the hair, especially amon[illegible] female sex. The men of the Onguangua tri[illegible] also distinguished by the peculiar nature of th[illegible] [illegible]. Among those tribes, Nahumo, chief of [illegible] Wiga[illegible]ambe, is the only individual who wears E[illegible] pean costume. Traders come to him from the [illegible] tuguese settlements on the coast, and he is, there[illegible] much more civilized than his neighbors. He g[illegible] Mr. Green a most cordial reception, and, like [illegible] kongo, offered to send to all the tribes with w[illegible] he had friendly relations, informing them of the [illegible] rival of the travellers at his residence, and to de[illegible] the chiefs to receive them as his friends.

On arriving at the Cunene, Mr. Green foun[illegible] surpassing the Okovango both in the size of [illegible] stream and its picturesque scenery. The bank[illegible] the latter are either covered with corn-fields or o[illegible] grown with reeds and rank vegetation, and alm[illegible]

tirely destitute of trees. The Cunene, on the ntrary, is shaded by large, wide-spreading trees th dense foliage, which nearly meet across from ther bank, while the almost obscured stream ides along as smooth as a mirror. It is evident at the two rivers rise in the same locality; and Ir. Green even thinks that the Okovango is a ranch of the Cunene. If this supposition be not orrect, it is probable that both rise in one of those reat marshes which exist in that part of Africa; ne stream taking an easterly direction to the Inlian Ocean, while the other flows into the Atlantic. This shows that even in that latitude there is water ommunication across the continent from one coast o the other without any interruption, which may at ome future period be made a highway of commerce by which the productions of the interior may be brought to the coast. Between the point, however, at which Mr. Green found the Cunene, and the Atlantic, the river flows through mountain gorges; and the rapidity of the current may possibly interfere with the navigation. With regard to the size of the Cunene we are as yet in comparative ignorance. When Mr. Green saw it the waters were low, though not at their lowest ebb; and, judging from the grass and rubbish carried down when it is full, he estimated it to rise fifteen or twenty feet above the level at which he observed it. When at its greatest height it inundates a considerable extent of country, and must then have the appearance of a noble stream. Its course is about W. S. W. The water of the Cunene is thick and milky, like that of the Orange River; which is, doubtless, owing to the nature of the soil through which it flows. The Okovango, on the contrary, has no such milky appearance, its water being clear and dark-blue, like that of the sea. The Cunene is studded with many beautiful islands, and the scenery on its banks is very romantic and picturesque. Like the Okovango, it swarms with crocodiles, and hippopotami are also numerous in many parts.

Among the different kinds of game to be found in the neighborhood of the river may be mentioned giraffes, bastard gemsbucks, zebras, wildebeests, pallahs, springbucks, hartebeests, ostriches, and waterbucks. Mr. Green had anticipated finding a fine elephant-hunting ground; but on reaching the river was excessively disappointed to find the country entirely destitute of elephants. The latest intelligence from Mr. Green is dated the 18th February of the present year, when he had returned to within 190 miles of Otjimbengue. Having been so disappointed at the absence of elephants from the Cunene, he determined to seek them in a country destitute of natives, and, consequently, of corn or vegetable food. To the hardships and difficulties he could only expect to find on such an excursion he would not expose his wife, and, therefore, sent her back to her father, Mr. Stewartson, who resides near Otjimbengue.

The results of Mr. Green's exploration are extremely interesting, and though he was unable to determine the sources of the Okovango and Cunene, he hopes at some future period to be able to accomplish this desirable object. Our notions with regard to the interior of Africa have of late years been certainly very much modified. The idea formerly prevailed that the greater part of the continent consisted of burning sandy plains, into which rivers ran and were lost. But subsequent explorations have proved this "land of perpetual thirst" to be a well-watered region, and the westernmost branches of the Zambesi form a perfect network of rivers. In consequence of the rainy seasons which prevail in Africa the rivers are periodically flooded; and Libebe, a chief on one of the principal tributaries of the Leeambye, annually drowns a man in the river to induce the floods. If they are late in coming, Leshulatebe, another of these enlightened potentates, who resides near Lake Ngami, sends to know why the man has not been given to the river. The southern part of the African continent is traversed by rivers almost from one coast to the other. We find the Cunene-Okovango stretching from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, and further south the Orange River rises near the eastern shores of the peninsula and falls into the Atlantic.

No one but the experienced can tell the difficulties with which travellers have to contend and the scourges which beset their paths. Not the least of these is the tsetse-fly, which attacks the cattle of the explorers, usually causing their death. It does not, however, attack human beings nor wild animals, and its ravages are confined within certain boundaries. A suggestion has been made to, and will shortly be considered by, the Royal Geographical Society, that the regions infested with this fatal pest shall be marked on the maps, in order that travellers may be made aware of its neighborhood and take every precaution against its attack. It is a most sensible suggestion, and we trust to see it carried out. Thanks to the explorers, we now know that, instead of being a barren desert, a great part of Africa is most exuberant in its productions, and bids fair to become one of the most promising spheres for commercial enterprise that exists in the world. Cotton, coal, and iron are found in great abundance, and of very superior quality; and we have no doubt that future explorations will reveal to us some other sources of natural wealth with which we are still unacquainted. To those gallant men who have devoted themselves to exploration we look for these further revelations, and we consequently regard with peculiar interest the accomplishment, by Mr. Frederick Green, of a work which for more than forty years has defied all the energies of those who have attempted it. We trust, in his endeavor to decide the question of the sources of the Cunene and the Okovango, he will be as successful as he has been in finding the former river, and that he will thus be enabled to open up a new region, on which may be brought to bear the ameliorating influences of commerce and civilization.

A PERFECT TREASURE.

I AM not the man to have hobbies, — far from it, — but everybody, I suppose, likes one thing more than another, and what I like is Plate; good serviceable gold and silver, such as is pleasant to see upon one's table, whether by sunshine or candle-light, and which one likes one's guests to see. It is whispered by malignant persons (so at least certain good-natured friends tell me), that I should not give so many dinner-parties, if it were not to exhibit these costly articles. I am not conscious of such a motive for my hospitality; but if it exist, it need not surely be objected to: it is I who have to pay for the weakness, and not my friends, — as happens in some cases I could name. If I possessed a selection of the most hideous china in the whole world, and filled my drawing-rooms with unhappy persons *after* dinner, who were compelled to bow down before Bel and the Dragon (if I may say so without impiety),

as Colonel Twankay does, for instance, *then* I grant you there would be some ground of complaint; or if I invited people to "at-homes" every Wednesday evening (a most impertinent form of invitation, in my opinion) in order that they should have the pleasure of hearing me confute Professor Piebald upon the question of the Theory of Development, as my good friend Dr. Twistie is in the habit of doing; or if I had a daughter with high notes, and inveigled the Unwary with the bait of "a little music," like my neighbor, the Hon. Mrs. Matcham, — so proud and stuck up, that she is as often as not called Lucifer Matcham, — who, I dare say, thinks her invitations quite an honor to the recipients — But there; I have no patience to speak about such people. These, forsooth, are the persons, — *these*, with their tea and thin bread and butter, and three-pennyworth of cream, and with what they call "a light refreshment" to follow, — weak lemonade and cheap ices, — to charge me with the crime of Ostentation!

It was not looking at my gold and silver plate, I suppose, which made my mother-in-law bilious: she might have stopped a long time, at some other houses I could name, without getting the quality, or even the quantity, of food that would produce an indisposition of that kind. Mind, I don't blame her; she gave way to an amiable weakness (it was truffles), poor lady, and she suffered for it more than enough. Neither was it mere Ostentation, I suppose, that caused me to provide her with a sick-nurse, — Mrs. Maqueechy. My wife, of course, did everything she could for her mother, but ours is a large household, and we see a good deal of company; so we thought it best to provide a person exclusively to wait upon her. We had the highest written testimonials as to character, and her behavior was everything we could wish. Instead of "interfering," and setting the other domestics by the ears, as persons of her class are accused of doing, she kept herself *to* herself, and when anything was wanted, she would fetch it in person, rather than give anybody trouble. I used to meet her walking all over the house upon these little errands, and I noticed, to her great credit, that though she must have weighed nearly twelve stone, she made no noise.

She so won upon me, indeed, — for I am not at all a man to be familiar with my inferiors, and should certainly *not* "take a pleasure in exhibiting my plate to a maid-of-all-work or a crossing-sweeper," as some people have been so good as to affirm, — I say, I was so pleased with Mrs. Maqueechy's quiet and respectful manners, that, finding her upon one occasion in the dining-room admiring my two new shield-shaped salvers upon the sideboard, I took pains to explain to her the design of the engraving, and especially the embossed cipher: with which her intelligent mind was highly pleased. In short, she was a perfect treasure, and if we had wanted a housekeeper, or any confidential servant of that sort, I should certainly have retained Mrs. Maqueechy in that position, after her duties as a sick-nurse were concluded; and in that idea my wife entirely concurred. Mrs. Maqueechy was neither young nor good-looking, but a more thoroughly respectable-looking person, in her condition of life, it was not easy to find. Although I had every confidence in Bowles, — Bowles has had the charge of my plate for these ten years, — yet there seemed somehow to be a double warranty for the safeguard of my property, while Mrs. Maqueechy was under my roof. She was not a suspicious person, far from it; but she once remarked to me, in a meaning way, that the charge of so much valuable plate was a great responsibility, and would be even a temptation to some people; and I saw she kept her eye on Bowles. As the event proved, alas! Mrs. Maqueechy had only too good reason to do so.

Last Wednesday, we happened to have rather a large dinner-party; I had been dining out a good deal at various clubs lately, and of course it was necessary to invite my entertainers in return. I do not that I will ask *anybody* to come and admire my plate, but certainly some of the men were not intimate friends of mine, but only acquaintances. However, I suppose the fact of persons belonging to such clubs as I frequent is a sufficient guarantee of their social position. They were quite good enough, in my opinion, to meet Mrs. Lucifer Matcham at events, and they met her. The dinner had gone uncommonly well. The shield-shaped salvers had been very much admired, and so had my new screen. The ladies had retired to the drawing-room, and I had just passed the vine-leaf claret-jug to Colonel Twankay (on which the old hunks did not pass the slightest remark, by the by) when Bowles stooped down and whispered in my ear that a person wished to see me in the Hall, upon very important business.

"Ask him what it is," said I. "It is impossible that I can leave my guests."

"I did ask him, sir, and he refuses to state," replied Bowles, confidentially. "It is my opinion he's a begging-letter impostor; but he says he must see you in person."

I was upon the point of saying, "Tell him to leave the house," when something or other in Bowles's manner struck me so decidedly that I resolved not to do so. Why should he say a man about whom he could know nothing, was a begging-letter impostor? Perhaps I placed rather too much confidence in my butler, as Mrs. Maqueechy had hinted that very morning. Actuated by a vague presentiment of distrust and danger, I rose from table, made a hasty apology to my friends, and went with Bowles into the Hall. A shabby-genteel sort of person, answering, indeed, very tolerably to my man's description of him, was standing by the umbrella-stall.

"What is it you want with me, sir?" said I, in magisterial tone.

"One minute's private conversation with you," replied he, with a glance at the butler.

"You may leave us, Bowles," said I; and he withdrew accordingly, although, I am bound to say, very unwillingly. The thought flashed across me like lightning, "Bowles has something to fear from this man's disclosure," and the next words of my visitor confirmed me in the suspicion.

"I am a member of the detective police," said he, "and I come to warn you that there is something wrong in your house."

"Nothing to do with my plate, I hope?" said I, with considerable anxiety.

"Very much to do with it, sir," returned he, gravely. "There is a thief harbored here; and by this time to-morrow you will not have a silver spoon in your possession, unless I find him out. I must see every soul you have got under your roof."

"A thief!" said I; "impossible! I never lost even so much as a strange waiter. That butler has lived with me for ten years, and my two footmen even longer. I will answer for their honesty."

"Let me see 'em, sir; that's all *I* want," was the decisive reply.

"It is not Bowles?" said I, appealingly; "don't say it 's Bowles"; but, although it agitated me beyond measure to think that I should have to trust a new butler with all my plate, I confess that I had a horrible idea that it *was* Bowles.

"I think not," said the detective, quietly. "Let me see the other men. I turned the gas-light over the door as high as it would go, and called them both into the Hall.

"It is not them," said he. "What other men have you got in the house?"

"None but my guests," said I, "here in the dining-room."

"Do you know them all very well, sir? Are none of them mere acquaintances or neighbors?"

"Well," returned I with hesitation, and feeling very glad that Mrs. Matcham was not a third party to this interview, "I know some, of course, better than others."

"Just so," said the detective, quietly; "then I must see them."

This was a shocking proposal, and made me feel hot all over; but still I was not going to run any risk with those shield-shaped salvers. Major Pinkey, I now remembered, had expressed a great wish to examine them, and perhaps that fact had had some weight in my inviting him to dinner. Who the deuce Major Pinkey *was* — except that he belonged to my club — I certainly knew no more than the detective, and perhaps a great deal less. Still it seemed a very base thing to open the dining-room door, and let this fellow scrutinize my guests, in hopes to find a scoundrel among them.

"Upon my life," said I, "Mr. Detective, I can't do it."

"Very right, sir, — very natural," replied he, smiling in his quiet way. "It would never do, would it? But look you, sir: I 'm a waiter, a hired waiter. Who is to know that I have not business at your sideboard? In one minute, I could run my eye over the whole lot, and spot my man, if he 's there, as sure as taxes."

I did not like even this arrangement; but still it seemed the only thing to be done. So, sending for Bowles, I arranged with him the plan of proceeding, and then returned to the dining-room. My feelings are not to be described, when, a few minutes afterwards, sitting at the head of my table, I heard the door open, and knew that the detective was in the room. He was much longer at the sideboard than he had promised to be, and every hair on my head seemed to stand upright all the time. Suppose he should suddenly fall on Major Pinkey, and cry, "This is my man!" Nay, suppose Colonel Twankay himself should prove to be the offender! I seemed to have lost all confidence in my fellow-creatures. After a period of anxiety no measure of time could indicate, the supposed waiter took his departure.

"You 've got a new man, I see," said Dr. Twistie, carelessly; "with so much plate about, I hope you are satisfied about his honesty."

I was exceedingly glad to find old Twistie was honest, and had not been taken by the shirt frill, and walked off to Bow Street; but of course I did not tell him *that*.

"Please, sir, you 're wanted again," whispered Bowles as he brought in another bottle of claret.

"If the kitchen chimney is on fire, I am glad we have dined,' observed the Major, good-humoredly. "If I can be of any service, pray command me."

I did not inform him what a relief it was to me that he was *not* Wanted, but, remarking that it was only a little domestic matter, I once more sought the inspector.

"The one I 'm after is not among *them*, sir, *so far as I know*," observed this official, jerking his thumb in the direction of the dining-room. "Are you sure there are no more men in your house besides those I have seen?"

"Yes," said I; "there are no more."

"Then now I must have a look at the ladies."

"The ladies!" cried I, aghast at this proposal. "You don't want to go into the drawing-room?"

"It would be more satisfactory," observed the detective, coolly. "My information is very reliable. But, at all events, Who is there?"

"Well," said I, "my wife is there for one; you have no information against *her*, I suppose?"

He nodded satisfaction so far.

"Then there 's the Honorable Mrs. Matcham and her daughter."

"Safe!" rejoined the detective, checking them off on his fingers.

"Mrs. Twistie of Regalia Square, and Lady Bobbington."

"I suppose they 're all right," remarked my inquisitor, doubtfully. "Are you sure there are no more?"

"There 's my mother-in-law, but she 's in her own room, and exceedingly unwell."

"Very good," observed the detective inconsequentially. "There 's a Plant somewhere in this house, however; you may take your oath of that, and very likely in the last place where you would ever look for it; so now I must see the maids."

It was astonishing even to myself in what complete subjugation this man had placed me. Once, and once only, a terrible misgiving seized me — I was as full of suspicions by this time as a porcupine of quills, and darted them in as many directions — that the detective himself was a "Plant" that would presently blossom into a burglar; but my overtaxed mind refused to bear this burden. If it was so, I would trust to his clemency — just as an inhabitant of Dubernitz, deserted by Feldzeugmeister von Benedek, might have trusted to a Prussian — to leave me a silver fork or two to carry on the business of life. If this man turned out to be anything less than what he described himself to be, all authority would henceforth lose its effect with me. If Solomon had ever had to do with a metropolitan detective, he would never have spoken so slightingly of mankind. I had read of "the grasp of the law" in works of fiction, but I had never understood the tremendous nature of that figure until I felt this gentleman's knuckles (metaphorically) inserted in my white cravat. He had to repeat, "So now I must see the maids," in his undeniable manner, before I could collect myself sufficiently to lead the way to the kitchen, — a spot to which I should not alone have ventured to penetrate. To say that the cook and the kitchen-maid stared at the phenomena of our presence, is to underrate their powers of vision.

"Now, I dare say you have no charwoman nor any temporary assistant, my good lady, even on an occasion like the present," observed my companion urbanely; "but you and this young woman do all the work yourselves."

"That 's true, sir; we don't mind hard work now and then," returned the cook, tossing her head; "and besides, I don't like strangers in my kitchen, added she with meaning, "*especially when I 'm*

busy, and would rather have their room than their company."

I could have given that woman five shillings upon the spot (and I did so the next morning) for that rapid discharge of words: the detective's tongue, although I had found it so terrible a weapon, was silenced by my domestic's needle-gun, and he retired much discomfited, I could see, notwithstanding that he strove to conceal his defeat beneath a contemptuous smile.

"Now, if I'd been an ordinary policeman, and in uniform," whispered he to me, as we reached the Hall again, "I could have come over that cook in no time."

Without remarking upon this confession of defeat, I led the way up to the nursery. The servants in that department were not unused to visitors, and evidently imagined that my companion was some family-man among the guests, who had expressed a wish to "see the dear children" in their cribs. He, on his part, immediately understood the *rôle* he was expected to play, and walked admiringly from cot to cot, as though he were a connoisseur in babes.

"Charming children, and well taken care of, I can see," observed he, with rather a familiar nod (I thought) towards the under-nurse. "It's neither of *them*," he added in a low whisper. "You have got a housemaid or two, I suppose?"

His tone was exactly that which an ogre might have used in making inquiries concerning the larder at a Cannibal inn.

The housemaids were inspected, and pronounced to be free from suspicion. "But I cannot have seen everybody," said he decisively.

"Yes," said I, "everybody, except Mrs. Maqueechy."

"Friend of the family?" inquired the detective, with a disappointed air.

"Well," said I, "I might almost say so. She came to us not only with the best of written characters, but my wife had an interview with her late mistress, a Mrs. Ogilvie, who pronounced her a perfect treasure; and we ourselves have found her all that could be wished."

"I should like to see the 'perfect treasure,'" quoth the detective, smiling grimly: "we often find them to be the very people we want."

"Nay," said I, "but in this case your suspicions are quite groundless: Mrs. Maqueechy is a superior person, and takes an interest in us which you seldom find in a domestic except after years of service. Besides, she is my mother-in-law's sick-nurse, and most likely they have already made their arrangements for the night. It would be a pity to disturb them."

"I must see Mrs. Maqueechy," returned my companion, gravely: "she seems altogether too charming to be missed."

"You detectives are clever fellows," replied I with irritation; "but you often spend your time very fruitlessly. It is a pity that a man can't be determined, and yet avoid being obstinate. However, since you have gone so far, you shall go through with the business."

With that I knocked at the door, and, admitted to the sick-room, informed my mother-in-law briefly of what was taking place; while the invaluable Maqueechy retired with her usual delicacy to the dressing-room. Perhaps, I spoke a little too loud, — for that Mrs. Maqueechy could stoop to eavesdropping, it is hard to believe, — but, at all events, that intelligent woman must have possessed herself of the substance of what I related, for when I opened the door to admit the officer, I found her already outside, and in his custody. She had endeavored to escape through the second door of the dressing-room, — "bolted like a rabbut," said the detective, — but had run into the very danger she would have avoided, and there she was with a couple of handcuffs over her neat mittens.

"We know one another very well, me and Mrs. Maqueechy," observed the detective, grimly. "I was told I should find an old friend in this house, although I had no idea who it would be until you mentioned Mrs. Ogilvie. She is very charitable, *she* is, in getting her fellow-creatures situations in respectable families where there happens to be a good deal of plate. It was this very night that this good lady here had engaged to open your front-door to her husband and a friend of his, who keeps a light cart in the mews yonder. Being a sick-nurse, you see, nobody would be surprised at her being about the house at all hours. Was n't that your little game, Mrs. Maqueechy?"

"Well, I suppose it's a five-year touch?" observed that lady with philosophic coolness.

"Well, I'm afraid it is, ma'am; since that other little business in Carlton Gardens still remains unsettled. — Good by, sir; you will see Mrs. M. again, once or twice, before you have done with her; and in the mean time you take my advice, sir, and in hiring another sick-nurse for your mother-in-law, don't you apply to Mrs. Ogilvie."

And off he walked with our "perfect treasure."

MR. BUCHANAN ON IMMORALITY IN AUTHORSHIP.

Mr. Buchanan, whose poems show us how high is his own standard of imaginative reality and sincerity, has written an interesting essay in the new number of the *Fortnightly Review*, which is meant apparently to prove that no literary production can be morally pernicious in its effect on men of culture which is sincere and real in its conception, — that is, which is written from the heart, with the full consent of all the author's faculties of belief. One writer's immorality, he remarks, is the morality of another writer, because one may say with insincerity or half-sincerity what another says with complete and profound sincerity. And the mere quality of thorough and absolute sincerity of literary purpose diffuses — such is Mr. Buchanan's theory — a charm over the writer's style, and steeps it in an atmosphere of art, which turn out to be practically, to any reader capable of perceiving them, perfect safeguards against every vitiating influence. Mr. Buchanan is thinking no doubt chiefly, and naturally enough, of imaginative or artistic pictures of evil actions, or of the incentives and temptations to evil actions. And no doubt he is quite right in believing that an action, however evil, or a temptation to evil, however strong, once perfectly enveloped in the magic nimbus of art, is thereby to all minds capable of perceiving that nimbus, absolutely divested of directly vitiating tendency, because it ceases at once to appeal to our desires or appetites, and presents itself instead to our spiritual imagination. The picture of Lady Macbeth certainly never tempted any woman capable of entering into it to unscrupulous ambition for her husband, nor did that of Cleopatra ever fill a mind capable of grasping it imaginatively with sensual feelings. True art has the power to transfigure all the human passions, desires, and hopes or fears, to the experience of which it appeals, into

something different from themselves. As called out by art they are no longer passions, no longer desires, no longer hopes, no longer fears, but the etherealized forms of passions, desires, hopes, and fears flashing upon "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude," and divested of all directly exciting influence on the passionate elements of our nature. So much we concede heartily to Mr. Buchanan. And we feel no doubt also that *one* of the most important conditions of all true art, is that complete sincerity of intellect and heart in the author of which Mr. Buchanan speaks.

But we differ from him on two important points. First, we hold that true works of art, — that is, creations which really do envelop their subject in the ethereal glory of art, and so snatch it out of the region of illegitimate excitements to the appetites or passions, may exercise a far more lasting, though not so immediate an influence for evil, *through* the higher imagination to which it now makes its appeal, than it ever would have done by the direct excitement of evil desires. Thus Goethe to a certain extent *diminishes* by the *Elective Affinities* and parts of *Wilhelm Meister* in which he certainly passes out of the region of true art, the fascination of the ethereal poison with which he plentifully saturates his greatest and truly classical works, — for he allows there the germ of immorality in his own nature — the self-worship, — which he usually embalms in so pure an atmosphere of poetry that it loses completely its immediately vitiating influence on the moral nature, to burst the artistic envelop, and take its coarser form of direct stimulus to immoral passion. The consequence is that those of Goethe's works which violate Mr. Buchanan's principle really do more to betray the intellectual and imaginative selfishness which pervades his highest works of art than probably they have ever done to poison directly the nature of his readers. But for them, his perfect works of art, the *Iphigenia*, the *Faust*, the exqnisite lyrics, would have had a far more subtile influence over the spiritual imaginations of men than they now have, and would have had a greater chance of perverting them almost imperceptibly, operating thus from above. Surely there cannot be a doubt that the subliming influence of true Art is a safeguard only against the immediate excitement of practical emotions, desires, and passions, and by no means a safeguard, — the very reverse of a safeguard, — against the impalpable influence which the higher imagination itself exerts on the general standard of men's actions and lives. This is no doubt immorality in a higher sense than any of which Mr. Buchanan was speaking, but then it is also immorality in a more powerful and dangerous sense. We all admit it in other classes of writings.

Most intellectual men in England believe that Carlyle has in this way diffused a subtle poison through the higher strata of the moral atmosphere, which the very sincerity of his intellectual purpose has hidden from ordinary minds. So we may admit that a man of probably greater genius, Dr. Newman, has diffused a bad influence through the region of spiritual belief, by his advocacy of the free use of the *will* in forcing upon one's self an experimental submission to the authority of the Roman Church, before the mind of the postulant has attained any profound and adequate belief in that authority. In these regions of semi-dogmatic thought, the danger of a subtle immorality of the most purely spiritual kind is generally admitted; and it is scarcely therefore possible to doubt that a great artist may diffuse far more subtle poison, — poison ultimately, though not immediately, working on the passions, through the standards of ideal life which he erects in the imagination, — than any bad writer, any one who is not an artist at all, who appeals directly to the worst tendencies and appetites of human nature, can ever hope to do. Goethe, for instance, has doubtless led more men to hunger after the largest possible range of human experience, for the mere sake of experience and self-completeness, independently of any moral limits to the right to have such experience, by his finest poems, than he has ever tempted into immediate vice by his very few gross and inartistic descriptions. That is our first difference with Mr. Buchanan's theory as he has stated it. We are not sure that it implies any substantial difference with his thought.

But next, with regard to his theory of literary immorality in the lower sense, we hold that the utmost sincerity of vision, and although implying, what Mr. Buchanan seems to intend that it should imply, the full consent of all the faculties of the author to his work, is not sufficient to insure that ethereal halo of art which Mr. Buchanan maintains would save a work written in such a mood against all the corruption incident to the imaginative conception of evil. Indeed, there is a kind of sincerity and realism which is positively inconsistent with this artistic mood. We believe that from every truly artistic delineation of life, whether of evil or of good, all urgent personal feeling, all personal feeling which has not been thoroughly transmuted by the memory and imagination into something that for the time is merely an *object* for the artist, not a subjective experience, should be absent. False art begins where vivisection begins. Even grief cannot be put into a true poem till it is no longer felt (for the moment) as personal grief, but only as an object of imaginative apprehension, which it gives delight, not anguish, to apprehend, so completely is it for the moment separated from personal feeling, and made an objective and not a subjective fact.

Now, much of the realism of modern art seems to us to violate this artistic principle, if it be one. Miss Brontë, for instance, who in delineating many of her characters was as pure an imaginative artist as ever lived, certainly violated it in drawing most of her *heroines*, putting down living feelings, sincerely enough seen, but half raw and bleeding, as she wrote. The consequence is that all her heroines, from the Professor (who is a heroine in man's clothes) to Lucy Snow in *Villette*, affect us painfully, and often even with a sense of indelicacy, for which there is nothing in the subject-matter, only in the manner, to account. The secret of it is that we feel the individual experience protruding through the artistic medium, and this gives us just the same sort of shudder as what the doctors call a compound fracture, where the bone protrudes through the flesh. When natures less intrinsically pure than Miss Brontë's are guilty of the same offence against art, the effect is often not only inartistic, but immoral. The glorifying halo of art is pierced, and you have the horrid picture, not of universal human passion, but of an individual lust. Shelley, we think, was now and then guilty of this literary indecency, certainly not in the *Cenci*, which is, as Mr. Buchanan says, a perfectly artistic poem, but certainly in parts of *The Revolt of Islam* and *Epipsychidion*. Goethe was guilty of it in the grossest form in the *Elective Affinities*. We doubt if either Shakespeare or Mil-

ton were wholly guiltless of it, assuredly not Milton. And there are passages in some of Shakespeare's earlier plays, especially, we are disposed to think, *Romeo and Juliet*, which he does not seem to have created pure out of the transmuted experience of his imagination, but took, in some degree, baldly out of his personal experience. Of course one is always liable to err in judging such a question. It is a matter for the utmost delicacy of moral discrimination whether the connection of thought and language seems to flow from the creative effort of the poet, — using of course the materials of his own spiritual, moral, and sensuous life as the elements on which his imagination works, — or to spring out of an individual experience which is tacked mechanically on to that creative effort.

Everything which Shakespeare puts into Cleopatra's mouth has on it the indelible stamp of birth through the imagination. But this is not uniformly the case to our apprehension in Shakespeare. In his younger poems we see traces that with him, as with all young men of strong and glowing vitality, individual sensations sometimes interrupted the play of his creative power, and forced themselves into his poetry without having been first passed through the alembic of his great imagination. It is certainly so with the sensuous poetry of Milton, which always strikes us as having more of personal and individual sensation in it than of imaginative conception. He makes Satan and Sin, for instance, in *Paradise Lost*, converse together of their former intercourse in language which, instead of bringing vividly before us the supernatural beings whom he is depicting, calls up at once the conflict of sensual passion and spiritual loathing in the breast of a great Puritan divine. No doubt the deficiency is due chiefly to Milton's want of *dramatic* power, which obliged him, when he attempted drama, to draw directly on his own experience, instead of on the transfigured imaginative forms of that experience, but it is nevertheless true that Milton's sensuousness reads much more like the record of personal sensation decked out in the gorgeous clothing of a fine imagination, than like new births of imaginative conception. The ornament is imaginative, but not the substance of the thought. It is otherwise in the address to Light and the exquisite lyrics, like *Il Penseroso*. There still we see the grand personality of the old Puritan, but it is not *direct* personal experience: there is the "lyrical cry" about it which shows you that he was not describing his actual experience, but his sublimated experience, that he was not, as he wrote, suffering from his own blindness, but, on the contrary, rejoicing in the spiritual vision of light; that he was not, as he described the ideal of calm melancholy, soberly dejected himself, but, on the contrary, exulting in the creative joy. There is not this mark of creative energy in his sensuous poetry; to us at least he seems there to be drawing on his own senses, and merely ornamenting with his imagination. And no doubt the reason why sensual poetry so much oftener fails to take the true imaginative stamp, and seems to be impressed with the mark of individual experience, is that it is far more difficult to generalize bodily feelings than any others; they tend to egotism more than any others; they have less of the universal in them.

Shakespeare indeed often, if not always, succeeded in his dramas, but certainly not always in his sonnets and earlier poems. Shelley almost always failed in the sensual elements of his lyrics. In the *Cenci* alone he succeeded perfectly in merging every sensual element in the imaginative strength of his conception. We cannot help thinking that even Mr. Swinburne, whose volume has been so universally and in general so deservedly blamed for atrocious immorality, succeeds in one of his most bitterly blamed poems, *Faustine*, in so completely absorbing the mind in the imaginative conception of a thoroughly hateful figure, a Roman Messalina, that no mind capable of entering into the horror of the picture would be sullied for a moment by the delineation. It is entirely otherwise with his *Anactoria*, and *Phædra*, and other foul stuff, worst of all *The Leper*, which we think no critics can speak worse of than they deserve; not only the imaginative conception does not give birth or seem to give birth to the thoughts, but the traces of the most morbid details of an individual psychology are thrust shockingly forward.

On the whole, we are persuaded that no sincerity of vision, not even sincerity of heart and soul in writing, is a sufficient guaranty for that artistic halo which preserves absolutely against the immediate contamination of an immoral subject. And we are still more sure that even where this imaginative nimbus is actually provided, though all danger of immediate taint is certainly removed, the whole intellectual and imaginative system of an immoral mind may diffuse a subtle poison which the worst literary immorality, in the common and coarser use of the term, could never convey.

CONCERNING SALADS AND FRENCH WINES.

It was a hot day in July. The thermometer stood at 86° in the shade. Parliament was still sitting. It was a far cry to Lochow, or any other place in the Highlands. Grouse was a sacred and untouchable bird for a month to come. The season was at its zenith. Rotten Row was crowded with horsemen and horsewomen, most of whom would, in all probability, if the truth were known and fashion permitted, have been much better pleased if they had been cantering over the breezy downs of Brighton or the Isle of Wight; or, better still, if they had been quietly sitting by an open window at the seaside, reading the last new novel, or bathing their manly or their lovely limbs, as the case might be, in cool waters. It was nearly dinner-time as I sat in my customary nook by the window at the club in Pall Mall, and looked out wistfully upon the little patch of verdure on which once stood the palace of the Prince Regent in the hot youth of our grandfathers when George III. was king, but which is now a little oasis in the populous desert of London, that appears to be trodden by no human feet except those of the gardener, and to be wholly abandoned, when that official is not on duty, to the cats and the sparrows.

But the green grass is always pleasant to the eyes of the fagged and weary Londoner, and suggested to me on that over-warm afternoon all the delights of the country. I longed to be roaming in the shadow of beech or elm, by the side of murmuring river, by forest or shaw, by lake or mountain, or woodland bordering on the sea, — anywhere, in fact, where it was possible to enjoy the luxury of cool winds, to breathe an atmosphere unladen with the mephitic impurities of a great city, and to look forth upon the beautiful world with no such boundary to the vision as a wilderness of brick and mortar, or a row of dingy houses all of the same pattern. But the wish was not to be gratified. Tied to the

metropolis like other laborers (for do we not all of us, whether ministers of state, members of Parliament, judges, barristers, authors, publishers, merchants, bankers, mechanics, or ploughmen, belong to the working class?), the nearest approach to rural coolness that could at that moment be mine was to sit at the open window and look upon the little green enclosure aforesaid, drink Wenham Lake ice as clear as crystal with my temperate half-bottle, and order a dinner befitting alike the atmosphere and the state of body and mind which it induced. To be a Pythagorean, a Hindoo, or a vegetarian, is not consistent with my English notions on the subject of beef, or with my Scottish notions on the superiority of mutton; but if there ever be a period when a purely vegetable diet recommends itself strongly to the carnally nurtured Briton, it is on the rare occasions when an English summer justifies its name and boils up the mercury in the glass to the figures above eighty-five. In his "Philosophical Dictionary," under the head of Brahmin, the learned cynic of Ferney says, "Une atmosphère brulante exige une nourriture raffraichissante, et inspire de l'horreur pour notre coutume d'engloutir des cadavres dans nos entrailles." "Engloutir des cadavres" is a rather strong expression, though not wholly inappropriate to the temporary idiosyncrasy produced by very warm weather, when the idea of fruit and vegetables — the dinner of Adam before the Fall — is pleasant to the imagination; and when that of hot joints steaming from the pot, the spit, or the oven is simply repulsive; unless, indeed, one happens to be a savage, or a civilized man actually enduring the pangs of hunger. Not being a Brahmin or a Pythagorean, or unusually hungry, and remembering what the "Almanach des Gourmands" asserts, that "une salade est la compagne inseparable du rôti," I compromised on the "rôti" by ordering a couple of ribs of cold roast lamb — *and a salad.*

My friend Mr. MacTavish, who has been in all parts of the world, and is in the habit of maintaining against all opposition that an American devours, an Englishman eats, and a Frenchman dines, and that he in this respect, if in no other, is a Frenchman, hearing me order the lettuce and other materials, asked permission to sit at my table. "Everybody," said he, "thinks he can prepare a salad. It is the commonest false pretence within the limits of my experience. I myself am a tolerably good proficient in the mystery; but, flattery apart, you make a better salad than anybody I ever met in the Old World or the New." Thus propitiated by a homage to my merits which I felt to be merited, it was not in human nature, even if it had been consistent with politeness, to refuse Mr. MacTavish's company. So we dined together, and extended our *menu* until it assumed the following shape: —

Sole frite à la française.
Roti d'agneau froid à l'Anglaise — sauce de menthe.
Salade à la laitue suprême.

DESSERT.

Des fraises à la crême.

VINS.

Pouilly première.
Clos Vougeot (vin de comète).

The reader will perhaps observe that "cheese" is omitted from this little bill of fare. But not without cause or purpose. The vast majority of Englishmen seem to consider that a dinner without cheese at the end is no dinner. Some Frenchmen are of the same barbarous opinion. Brillat Savarin, in the "Physiologie du Goût," panders to this popular delusion, and informs the world that "a dessert without cheese is like a beautiful woman with but one eye." Had that delectable Frenchman been alive, and dining that day with MacTavish and myself, I think I could have proved to him that his predilection for cheese was a prejudice unworthy of his genius; and that cheese should never be eaten with fruits of any kind, unless it be after fruit, to prepare the palate for a fresh wine.

Not having to argue the point with him or with his memory, or intending to drink after dinner, I purposely omitted the article from the *menu*, with the acquiescence of my companion. With his acquiescence, also, sherry and port were systematically excluded from our repast, being wines that are fitter for winter than for summer drinking, and which have done more to bedull the British intellect and impair the healthful activity of the British stomach, than any beverages that ever were compounded since men abandoned the exclusive use of pure cold water. As an accompaniment to the sole, we chose Pouilly, a noble white Burgundy, very superior to Chablis, which it resembles; and for the lamb and salad, that require a red wine, we resolved to remain true to the vintages of Burgundy, and to drink either Chambertin, the wine of Napoleon I., or Clos Vougeot. The latter, as the more delicate and less potent of the two, was finally agreed upon.

"I wonder," said MacTavish, as the sole was removed, and the materials for the salad placed upon the table, "whether any one has ever written a book upon salads."

"Not to my knowledge. Even Brillat Savarin, the only man who has written tolerably well upon the philosophy of dining, has not thought proper to devote a chapter to the subject, though it might well have tempted him. I think if any enterprising publisher would give you and me, say a thousand guineas, for the job, we could get up a nice little volume, in which we would discuss it historically, gastronomically, philosophically, poetically, medicinally, and anecdotically, — make it, in fact, the textbook of the subject now and forevermore."

"I never wrote a book in my life, and don't intend," replied MacTavish; "but I would read such a book if it were published, and if it were the work of a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of the world."

"Rare combination! Supposing *I* now — excuse the modesty — were to write the book, how should I begin? *Firstly*, I should look into the etymology of salad, and should find that the word was derived from *sal*, salt, and that therefore it means something salted, or *salada*, as they say in Spanish and Italian. This would afford an opportunity, *in limine*, for diverging into an historical chapter or two upon salt, beginning with the creation of the world and the salt sea, and why the sea is salt, and could not be fresh with safety to the denizens of the dry land. If I did not go into the geology of the subject, and descend into the salt-mines, or explore the salt-licks of which the buffaloes are so fond, I could at all events begin with Lot's wife, and end with the revenue of £5,300,000 per annum, which Lord Cranbourne a night or two ago informed the House of Commons and the country was paid by the poor people of India as a tax upon the sea-salt, almost the only condiment which they use with their wretched dinners of boiled rice.

"A rich vein to work on; while one still richer, perhaps, would be the superstitions connected with

those, more especially, which are mixed with fish of any kind are an abomination.

"And having discoursed so far, let us proceed to the business before us, — our own dinner and salad. You will do the work, Mr. MacTavish, while I do the talking. Place the egg in the bowl and carefully remove the white. It must have been boiled ten minutes at least, or it will not answer its purpose, which is simply to add a little consistency to the mixture which we are about to make. Half a dozen broad Windsor beans, well boiled, with the skins removed, would answer the purpose still better if beaten into a *puree;* but for to-day, as there are no beans, the egg must suffice. The next time we make a salad the broad beans shall be provided, and no animal ingredient of any kind shall interfere with the purely vegetable character of the dainty. Now add a teaspoonful of salt and three teaspoonfuls of mustard. I hope the mustard is genuine, and not adulterated trash, — ten per cent of mustard and ninety per cent of flour colored with turmeric, which is sold by some of the rascal grocers of this swindling metropolis, for whose especial behoof it were to be wished the pillory and the whipping-post could be revived. To be quite sure of the requisite pungency, add a little cayenne pepper, and pound the mixture well together at the bottom of the bowl with a silver spoon. Next add a spoonful of vinegar, and discard the silver for an ivory or hardwood spoon. Here it is in your hand. Common vinegar, if pure, will answer the purpose; but for the perfect salad, tarragon vinegar, odoriferous as a garden of herbs, is a *sine qua non*. Stir all these gently together for one minute; next add two spoonfuls, not stinted, but brimming over, of the best olive-oil of Lucca. 'Niggard of your vinegar, prodigal of your oil,' is an old maxim that every salad-maker should act upon. Stir again for a minute or two, till the ingredients are well mingled; and then, as the finishing touch, add half a teaspoonful of brown sugar; once again ply the spoon for a minute, when the mixture is ready to receive half a dozen little spring onions cut fine, three or four slices of beet-root, the white of the egg not cut too small, and the lettuce itself, — to the beauty of which all the rest are but the adornments. The lettuce, crisp and dry, is the king, of whom all the other ingredients are but the ministers and the courtiers. Have a care to remove the hard stock, and use only the tender leaves, with the brittle spinal columns that support them. Do not shake the mixture too violently or too long. It used to be said, *Fatiguez la salade*, but this is error. It is sufficient that every portion of the vegetable should come in contact with the mixture, and a very gentle stirring, so as not to break or bruise the lettuce, is all that is required."

Mr. MacTavish was as docile as a disciple should be, and the salad thus compounded was pronounced to be a success, not merely of that modified kind which in dramatic criticism is delicately called a *succès d'estime*, but such a decided success as at the theatre brings down the bouquets at the feet of a *prima donna*. It will doubtless have been remarked by the gentle reader, that in this matter my companion had by no means the lion's share of the talking; but in a supplementary conversation that sprang up on the subject of the wine we had been drinking and were about to drink, he had his revenge, and discoursed fluently upon a topic which was evidently his favorite.

"How little do the English people know about claret and burgundy," said he, pouring out a glass of Clos Vougeot, and taking especial care not to shake the bottle, which lay cosily in a cradle, — as burgundy always should do, if he who drinks it would be sure that the waiter or butler had not stirred it in the process of decanting. "Though the consumption of claret has increased since Mr. Gladstone's reduction of the duty, it seems as if it were only the travelling, and well-read but not over wealthy professional classes, who have discarded the use of the fiery port and sherry of their fathers and grandfathers, for the cheaper and better drink that France offers us. For my part I should like to see claret as cheap and as plentiful as beer. If it were, the national vice of drunkenness would receive a blow, which would stagger and perhaps kill it. The Frenchman drinks wine at his breakfast, but for one drunken Frenchman who is to be met with in the world, there must be, if appearances are not *too* deceptive, a hundred drunken Englishmen or Scotchmen. It takes a long time, however, to induce people into new habits, either of thinking or of drinking."

"Being in the country one day this summer," said I, "I stopped at a pleasant little wayside inn, within twenty-five miles of the metropolis. Needing some refreshment, I asked the landlord if he had any claret. 'No,' said he; 'but I have some excellent old port' (his red nose and blotchy face were a sign positive that he did not keep it exclusively for his guests). 'The fact is, I don't keep *home-made* wines.' I endeavored to prove to him that claret was a foreign and not a home-made wine; but he was neither to be convinced that claret was not as native as gooseberry, or argued out of his belief that port was the only wine fit for an Englishman's drinking; so I had to refresh myself with a draught of Bass's bitter beer and leave my Boniface alone with his ignorance. Much as the English still love port, or the compound that goes under that name, I do not think it is more than a century ago that England seriously took to the drinking of either Portuguese or Spanish wines."

"I am not sure," said MacTavish; "for I happen to remember a snatch of the old National Anthem of England, the famous '*Vive le Roi*,' that long preceded 'God save the King,' and was sung by the Cavaliers over their cups during the Protectorate of Cromwell, —

> 'Shall not the Roundhead
> Be confounded.
> Sa! sa! sa! boys; ha! ha! ha! boys;
> Then we'll return with triumph and joy;
> Then we'll be merry, drink *white wine and sherry;*
> Then we'll sing, boys,
> God bless the King, boys,
> Cast up our caps, and cry *Vive le Roi!*'

Claret, I believe, came in with Charles II., and superseded the 'white wine and sherry' of the Cromwellian era, when claret was not easily obtainable. In an old ballad in the Roxburghe collection, the toper sings, —

> 'I'll subscribe to petitions for nothing but claret,
> That that may be cheap, here's both my hands for it.
> No doubt 't is the best of all drinks, or so soon
> 'T would not have been drunk by the Man in the Moon.'

The allusion is to the silly old nursery rhyme, —

> 'The Man in the Moon drinks claret,
> But he is a dull Jack-a-dandy;
> Would he know a sheep's head from a carrot,
> He should learn to drink cider and brandy.'

Doubtless the nursery ditty belongs to the sack, or white wine and sherry period. Perhaps it was intended to nurture the youthful Briton even from the cradle into a liking for the strong drinks of his an-

cestors, and to indispose him to the new-fangled potions that were coming in from France, which at that time was supposed by the Whigs to be the natural enemy of England. If claret came in with Charles II., it went out with his unfortunate brother, or, at all events, was driven out by the statesmen of William III. and Queen Anne.

"To punish Louis XIV., who claimed to be the state (*L'état, c'est moi*), for having espoused the cause of the Stuarts, the British government, in 1693, imposed a duty of £8 per tun on all French wines imported into England, which duty, four years afterwards, with the same spiteful and silly object, was increased to £33 per tun. Claret, in consequence, became scarce and dear, and England lost a good French customer. Acting on the same irrational principle, the British government, in 1703, entered into the famous Methuen treaty with Portugal, by which Great Britain bound herself to admit Portuguese wines at a duty of 33⅓ per cent less than was levied upon those of France. For ten years England was in consequence obliged to drink port and beer, or confine her libations to the pump. How much international ill-will was thus engendered no one can tell. How greatly the doctors of the day profited, perhaps not even their heirs could remember, for port grew in favor, and it was not everybody who knew how much podagra was contained in every dozen of it. Previously to 1689, it is doubtful whether a single pipe of port wine ever found its way into England. Once the taste was acquired, the upper classes never wholly lost it, while the Tories forgot the Whiggery of its introduction in their love for the liquor. At the peace of Utrecht in 1713, Louis XIV. having agreed to abandon the Pretender, and to acknowledge Queen Anne's title and the Protestant succession, the British government agreed to re-admit French wines on the same terms as those of Portugal and all other countries. The popular opinion of the time on this free-trade movement is recorded in a song to the tune of Old Sir Simon the King, in 'A Pill to purge State Melancholy.'

'King Louis is a good-humored man,
O Lord! who can it deny?
Since he sends such good wine to Queen Anne,
Lest her Majesty should be dry.

'Lest her Majesty should be dry,
And her servants too, I suppose,
There 's good reason for it; for why —
Just look on the Treasurer's nose.

'Then fill up a bumper, my friends,
Ingratitude is a sin;
Here 's peace with old Lewis le Grand,
And a health to Monsieur Le Vin.'

"This age is of the same opinion as that was, and might well join, if it were a singing age — which I don't think it is, as far as table conviviality is concerned — in a similar chorus with regard to the greater than Louis le Grand who now sits on the uneasy throne of the Gauls and Franks. I for one most fervently hope that every pipe of good claret we import may strengthen the friendship between France and England."

"And of good burgundy also?"

"Decidedly. Burgundy is, after all, a little more to the taste of a port-loving people than claret. But claret, for what is called a steady drink, is the safest and most wholesome wine that France produces. There is neither gout nor drunkenness in the Bordeaux country. At one time burgundy was better known in England than claret. You know the chorus, —

'A bumper of burgundy fill, fill for me,
Give those who prefer it champagne.'"

"I do: and another song of Queen Anne's time, in an old song-book which I possess, full of indecencies, but asserted by the publisher in his preface to contain nothing to unfit it for a place on the drawing-room-table, —

'Hail, burgundy, thou juice divine!
Inspirer of my song;
The praises given to other wine
To thee alone belong.

'Of poignant wit and rosy charms
Thou canst the power improve;
Care of its sting thy balm disarms,
Thou noblest gift of Jove!'

Such tributes to its merits as this are as thick in the literature of that age as poppies in a wheat-field in this month of July. I could cite you scores of them."

"I prithee, forbear. But did you ever meet with a song or ballad in praise of port? — I never did. With the Methuen treaty the poetry of wine received the *coup de grace*. As Home, the author of 'Douglas,' says, speaking of port, in the well-known epigram,

'He drank the poison and his spirit died.'

In fact, the fires both of patriotism and of poetry were dulled and dimmed by the heavy stupefying liquor that our rulers introduced amongst us. No poet could write in praise of port; although, for the sake of a rhyme to "merry," some of the smaller fry of poetasters tried their prentice hands upon the glorification of sherry, — a wine against which I beg you to understand that I have nothing to say. I fully admit its goodness; while I state at the same time my own conviction that, as a whole, the French wines are preferable, and, all things considered — cheapness, wholesomeness, flavor, aroma, whatever makes wine pleasant, exhilarating, and innocuous — the finest in the world."

"Yet it is strange how firm a hold port — though real port is very dear and very difficult to obtain — has taken upon the British upper and middle classes, and how strong the prejudice against claret — as something weak, poor, and thin — continues to be. Unless among those who have lived upon the Continent, there is scarcely one middle-class Englishman in ten who knows the difference between bordeaux and burgundy."

"I grant the ignorance, and hope it may be dispelled, for the sake of the revenue, for the sake of international amity, and for the sake of sobriety."

"Have you made up your mind, Mr. MacTavish, as to which particular wine is the finest in the world?"

"Not exactly. I cannot decide between Chateau Margaux, — the queen of all clarets, — and Clos Vougeot, — the king of all burgundies. I have visited both places, and drank the wines at the fountainhead. Were there no drop of Chateau Margaux left in the wicked world, I should have no hesitation in proclaiming Clos Vougeot to be king and lord of the vintages; and, in like manner, were Clos Vougeot removed from a world unworthy to possess it, I should throw up my cap, and shout *vivat* for Chateau Margaux."

"I think there is a proverb which goes further than you do, or at all events is less dubious than you are in glorification of burgundy. It says 'Burgundy for kings, champagne for duchesses, claret for gentlemen, and port for shopkeepers.'"

"Champagne for nobles — not duchesses — is the way in which I have heard the proverb. There is

meat and vegetables, and taking in our water, and one thing and another: and a fine game we had one day, while one of the passengers was aboard. He was down on the lower-deck, swelling about, and trying to get to see and hear all he could, — a bounceable chap, with a big black beard, one of a party of six going back with us: they 'd been partners up at the diggings, and were going to bring their gold abroad; and a precious fuss they made with the captain and mate about being safe, and proper protection, and so on. They 'd been backwards and forwards, all of 'em, several times, and I heard the captain say: "Tell you what, Smith, I've half a mind not to take 'em. I can let their berths directly; and I 'm afraid they 'll throw us overboard at the last, afore they pay the full passage-money."

Next day, though, I heard it was all right; and the berths were all taken; and this chap, Hicks he called hisself, was peeping about aboard and asking the mate about our chaps, whether he thought this man honest, and that t' other one fit to trust, and all on in that way, till I could see with half an eye as old Hammer and Tongs felt savage enough to kick him overboard.

Well, we was lowering down a water-cask, and this chap stood close to the mate as was giving the orders; when somehow or another the tackle slipped, and the cask came down on its head by the run; the head flew out, and the mate and this gold-digger, Hicks, got it beautiful. I'm blest if ever I see anything to equal it. Talk about a shower-bath! My! it was glorious. You should have seen that chap stamp, and splash, and kick about, and to hear him storm and swear, looking as he did like a drowned rat; while old Smith, who had it wuss if anything, sat on a chest and laughed till he was a'most choked; and we had to hit him on the back, being a stout chap, to bring him to again.

"'Pon my soul, Mr. Hicks," he says, "I beg your pardon, but you 've a'most been the death o' me."

He did n't say nothing; but he showed his teeth like a savage dog, and I've often thought since he seemed to say, "And I'll quite be the death of you one day."

But he did n't speak a word, but went off and into his cabin, and sent one of the sailors ashore with a message; and one of his mates came from the hotel they stopped at, and brought him some dry clothes; but he did n't come hanging about us any more.

"Here, shove that cask in the corner there," says the mate as soon as our gentleman had gone. "Head down, you lubbers, to keep it clean. Shove the bits inside, and the carpenter shall put it right when we 're well afloat."

Next night they was all six aboard, with the captain; and they had a table and chairs out on the poop, and sat smoking and drinking the captain's pale ale. They talked very big about what they 'd made, and what an encumbrance it was, and how glad they should be to have it safe aboard.

I happened to be sitting mending and splicing a bit by a lantern, so I heard a good deal of the conversation.

"You see it 's safe, I think, now, for they have it in the strong room at the hotel; but if you 'll take it into your charge to-morrow, captain, we should be glad to have it off our minds."

This was the one called Hicks as spoke, and then another chimes in, and he says, "But the captain must be answerable."

"O yes; of course," says Hicks. "But curse it, Phillips, if you ain't the worst of us all. You 'll have the yellow fever, if you don't soon get rid of your share."

"I wonder you did n't turn it into notes," says the captain. "There they are, snug in your pocket-book, and nobody a bit the wiser."

"What 's the good of shying a hundred pounds away?" says another of 'em. "Why, we can make that, and more too, in the old country."

"What 's in it?" says the captain.

"Three cases — government pattern," says Hicks; "all regular and in style; and without being too funky, captain, I 'm blest if it ain't like a nightmare allus on us. We 've had more than one fight for it, and one chap had four inches of that in his ribs for trying to meddle with what warn't his own"; and then he pulled out a nasty awkward-looking knife, as I could see the gleam of as he gave it a bit of a flourish.

"I made a noise with that, too," says another, pulling out a revolver; and then it came out as they were all armed.

"And I tell you what it is, captain," says Hicks; "we 'd one and all shed every drop of blood in our veins before we 'd be chowsed out of it now, after the years of toil and danger we 've had."

"All right, gentlemen, all right," says the captain. "I don't wonder at what you say; but my crew to a man are English, — none of your beggarly coolies or Lascars; so I think you 'll be pretty safe. Winds and waters permitting, I 'll see you safe into Liverpool Docks; and if I don't, it won't be my fault."

Then they sat drinking another bottle or two of ale, and went ashore.

That night as I lay close aside of Tom Black, it was that hot that we could neither of us sleep, for not a breath of air came between our hammocks. I got talking about the gold, and about these swell chaps as was coming aboard, and I says: "Tell you what, old boy, if I'd got a chest o' gold, I don't think I should go crying out, 'Look ye here!' even if I had a six-shooter to take care of it with. I'd mark it as lead or copper, or something of that sort."

"Gammon," says Tom. "Who goes travelling with a chest of lead or copper? That would n't be no good."

"Well, then, I'd shove it in a coffin, and pretend it was a corpus," I says.

"Yes," says Tom; "and ten to one, if it was rough weather, some o' the chaps would say Jonah was aboard, and shove the coffin out of one o' the lee-ports on a dark night. How then, old hoss?"

Well, I had n't got nothing to say to that; and as I had n't got any gold of my own to bother about, I turns over, and goes to sleep, and dreams about seeing angels in a sunshiny land, and they 'd all got long golden hair, and black velvet hats with white feathers, and wore yellow kid gloves.

CHAPTER III.

They say it does rain over there sometimes; and when it does come down, it 's wash away; but there never came any rain in my time; and of all the hot, dusty, dry places I ever did see, that there Sydney 's about the worst. We were pretty well ready for sea now, and a sight more snug than when we were coming out; for cargo and traps had come in comfortable-like, some at a time, and not bull-roosh all together. That very next day comes our six pas-

sengers, with a deal of fuss, and a truck, and a couple of policemen to bring their three little chests on board; for all their luggage, which was n't much, came on day before. It did seem such a hullabaloo to make about three little boxes, that, as we took 'em aboard, some of us could n't help having a little bit of chaff about it among ourselves; and precious savage those six passengers looked about it, I can tell you. You see, they were n't gentlemen; but the sorter chaps as I set down in my mind to go on the spree when they got home, and spend all they 'd got in a couple o' months; and so I told Tom Black.

Well, once the treasure was all aboard, we did not see much of our six gentlemen till the day of sailing. We had Major Horton's luggage on board, — for that was the name of the gentleman as had the two daughters; and just at the last, when we were getting up the anchor, after lying away from the wharf a couple of days, Major Horton came off with the ladies in the same boat with our captain; and when he saw who were going to be passengers as well, I don't think he much liked it; but he did n't say anything; and as he and his daughters had a cabin to themselves, and a servant-lad too, why, it did not much matter to them. I managed to get to the gangway, and was going to help the same young lady aboard as she was being slung up; but the black-bearded chap, Hicks, starts forward, shoves me on one side, and takes off his hat, and holds out his hand. But I warn't sorry to see her just lightly lay her hand on his arm for a moment, then bow stiffly, and take her father's arm, quite turning her back on my gentleman; and then giving me a smile and a nod, just to thank me all the same, — though I did n't help her.

You see when that Hicks shoved me back, it was as if some one had rubbed all one's fur up wrong way, while, when I got that smile and nod, it was like a hand smoothing me down again; but I must say as I should have liked to pitch that chap over the bulwarks.

I 'd no time to see more then, for old Hammer and Tongs was letting go at us all like blazes. He did swear that day, and no mistake; for he was one o' them old-style sailors as could n't get on without. I don't believe he meant any harm; but Lord bless you, how he would go on! It was like a thunderstorm, — thunder and lightning, — thunder and lightning, till the bit of work was done; and then he 'd stand there rubbing the perspiration off his old bald head, and dabbing himself, and smiling, and — "Werry well done, my lads, — werry well done indeed," he 'd say, and this day he turns round to Major Horton, as was standing close by.

"Smart bit of seamanship," he says, "was n't it, sir?"

"Well, really, I 'm no judge," says Major Horton; "but I thought the men were getting wrong over it, by your being so angry."

"Angry, sir!" says old Smith; "angry! Lord bless you, I was n't angry; I never see the lads do it better"; and he looked so surprised and innocent that our captain could n't help laughing.

"It 's a way of his, he 's got, sir; that 's all."

"Ah!" says Major Horton, with his face a bit screwed up; "then I hope he will not have that way of his on often when my daughters are on deck"; and then he walked aft.

Our captain cocked his eye, and grinned at old Smith; and the old chap screwed up that old figure-head of his just like a bit of carved mahogany; and then he blew out his cheeks, and stared at the captain, and he says: "I must turn over a new leaf, mate. But, I say, that was rather hot, was n't it?"

A fine fair breeze as ever blew homeward, and the good ship bent to it with every stitch set, and away we went through the blue water, sending it out behind us covered with white foam; and now for days past we had seen nothing but blue sky and blue sea.

I had n't seen much of the ladies, only just when they took a walk on the deck with their father; for, after the first day or two, they never came on deck alone, on account of that Hicks, and the one as they called Phillips, — a long, sandy-whiskered chap, but one as had a wonderful good opinion of hisself, and along with this Hicks, tried it on very strong to make himself agreeable to the ladies.

The young ladies did all that well-bred folks know so well how to manage, — such as giving these chaps cold answers, and in all sorts o' ways showing 'em as their company was n't wanted; but it was n't a bit of use, bless you, and they showed themselves so forward at last that the ladies did n't show at all, which made me feel a bit mad, for I felt to know why it was. Then my gentlemen must try it on with the father when he came on deck to smoke his cigar, for they were most always sitting somewhere about smoking and drinking bottled beer. Now they 'd ask him to take a glass with them; another time to take a cigar; but as far as I saw, and Tom Black told me, he always as civilly as could be said "No"; and showed them that he belonged to a different class of ship, and wanted to keep hisself to hisself.

But that did n't suit our gentlemen, and this Phillips must be always borrowing a light of the Major, and walking aside him along the deck, turning when he turned; and so thick-skinned he was that he could not, or would not, see how he was being snubbed; and more than once I 've seen the gray-headed old gentleman go down into his cabin quite vexed and savage-like.

And yet he was n't proud; for when Tom and I have had the watch of a night, he 'd come and give us a cigar apiece, and stop for long enough talking; and the same with either of us when it was our spell at the wheel. As for him and old Smith, after that bit of a fly the first day, they were as thick as thick; and the old chap never did let out but once before the ladies, and then he brought hisself up short with a spank in the mouth; and Tom said he went and begged pardon afterwards; but I don't quite believe that.

One lovely evening, when there was one of those glorious sunsets as turns everything, sea, sky, ship, and rigging, into gold, Miss Horton and Miss Madeline, which was her dark-haired sister, were both up on deck, for the unpleasant party was all below in the captain's cabin, and talking a good deal, — so Tom said, for he was close aside the skylight, — about where we were, and seeming to know a good deal about latitude, and longitude, and so on.

"They ain't half-bred sailors," says Tom to me; "but it strikes me, Jack, as they 're a bad lot, and I don't like the look of 'em. The captain does, though, for they 're awfully thick, and they 've got the chart out there, and he 's a'most tight; but he 's showing them exactly where we are."

"What a pair of handsome gals those are, Tom?" I says, looking along the deck, for I was thinking of something else.

"Yes," says Tom; "and if I was their father, I

should n't take it so coolly, is that hook-nosed chap Hicks, and that other long awry chap, was always follering them about."

"P'r'aps he don't know it!" says I.

"Think not?" says Tom.

"P'r'aps they don't tell," I says, "so as to save a rumpus; for I don't think their old man would stand much nonsense. I 'm blest if I should like to upset him."

"Look at that, now," says Tom.

But I was looking; and just then, the very two chaps as we 'd mentioned came up on deck, and first thing they does was to put themselves so as to meet the ladies, and smile and bow.

I saw Miss Madeline press closer up to her sister, and as they went by, they just slightly bowed, and then walked towards where Tom and I stood, so as to be pretty close; when they went and stood gazing out to sea.

Up comes my two gentlemen; and I could see them as they 'd both had as much as they could carry; and one goes on one side o' the sisters, and the other the far side, and then they leaned round and looked right in their faces, and said something as made both start back and cross over to the other side, — for another of the party stood lolling and smoking just by the cabin-stairs, — ours being a flush-deck.

"Steady, mate," says Tom, getting tight hold of my wrist, for I was going to do something, — I don't quite know what; but I felt all red-hot like. "'T ain 't your business, Jack Cross."

Well, I did n't see that; for if it ain't a British sailor's duty to succor a maiden in distress, whose duty is it? — tell me that; but I stood quite still, hoping that the father would come up.

"And if he does pitch him overboard," I says, thinking out loud, "why, 'ware sharks."

"Just what I thought, Jack," says Tom Black.

I could see as the poor girls looked frightened, and Miss Horton — Mary, as she told me her name was — dropped her handkerchief on the deck, but turned directly to pick it up; but Hicks was too sharp for her, and he got hold of it, kissed it, and began a stuffing it in his wesket.

I saw Miss Mary flush up, and I've never seen any one look so handsome since; and her eyes seemed to flash, as she says: "If you 're a gentleman, sir, you will immediately restore that handkerchief."

"My angel," he says; "never! — Now," he says, taking hold of her hand, and drawing it through his arm, "don 't be so cross; let 's have a walk, and talk it over."

She did not speak, but struggled to get away; and then turned her head towards me, as if to ask for help, and our eyes met, though there was a good distance between us.

That was enough. I saw she was too brave to scream, though she was backing towards the cabin-stairs, while her sister tried to follow; but Phillips kept between 'em, and would n't let her pass. That was enough for me. I shook Tom off, and made a rush, and stopped short half-way, as Miss Mary made towards me, and I caught her in my arms, just as I saw Hicks go down like a bullock, and roll over, stunned and bleeding, on the white deck; while, directly after, Phillips caught a lift under the ear, as sent him staggering against the long-boat, when he tipped up, went in, and you saw his heels for a moment, and then he was gone.

Talk about a lion; why, the old gentleman's beard seemed quite to bristle, and he could n't speak, but he gave me a wag of the head to help Miss Mary down; and I tried to carry her for a few steps, but she asked me to set her down directly, and then she took my arm, and we followed the Major and Miss Madeline into the cabin; and I was coming away, when the old gentleman came up and shook me by both hands. "I 'll talk to you to-morrow," he says. "I thought I knew an honest face when I saw it."

I backed out, awkward enough, and feeling somehow quite ashamed of what I had done; and the last thing as I saw there was Miss Madeline crying in her sister's arms. While, when I got back on deck, both of them gentlemen had made theirselves scarce; and the only thing to show as there had been anything wrong, was some blood, as Tom Cross was swabbing up, while old Smith was looking on as black as thunder.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was a pretty sharp row about that evening's upset, and I believe the captain apologized to Major Horton about it. I don't think the old soldier thought any the less of the captain on account of it, for they kept very good friends; but I never, during the next four days, once saw the ladies on deck alone; while, as for Hicks and his party, — well, I have seen a few ill looks pass in my time, but I never did see anything quite to equal some of them as were sent from that party after the gray-bearded old major.

We were a crew of eighteen men, — all told, — four of 'em being fresh hands, shipped at Sydney; and on the fourth night after the upset, it being our watch, Tom and me leaned over the bulwarks together, talking quite low, for Hicks's party had a table and chairs close by, and were sitting smoking and drinking.

"Jack," says Tom to me all at once, for he was a deep, quiet chap, always thinking, and putting this and that together, — "Jack," he says, "there 's something up."

"All right," I says; "what is it?"

"Them four chaps as shipped at Sydney."

"Well, what about 'em? They 're regular swabs, anyhow."

"They 're a bad lot," says Tom; and then Hicks's party got up, and came sauntering along towards us.

"I watches my chance," says Tom in the same tone; "and the next time as he come under, down goes the harpoon, and I hit him slap. He pulled hard enough, but I had him; and arter so much salt tack, a bit of fish is first-rate, if it is only bonito."

"Eh?" I says, for I could n't make him out.

"Keep dark," he says; "they 're a coming back."

"You know," says Tom, going on again, "all you have to do is to look sharp, and aim straight: any fellow could do it; and if the skipper 'll let us, we 'll — There," says Tom, "they 're gone down now, and our watch is up; so let 's turn in."

Only that I knew t' other way, I should have said as Tom had been splicing the main-brace; and I followed him down, and turned into my hammock close aside his, hardly knowing what to make of him.

"Now, I tell you what," says Tom, beginning again, 'there 's something up, my lad."

"Well," I says.

"How came them six passengers to be so thick with Rudd, and Johnson, and Brock, and Perkins?"

"How should I know?" I says. "Why, what an old mare's-nest hunter you are, mate."

"I've been reckoning 'em up, Jack, for above a week; and I knows a little more than they think for; and now I just want to get one more knot undone, and then I shall lay it all afore the skipper. You're asleep, ain't you?"

"No, I ain't," I says, rousing up, for I had been next door to it.

"Well, I tell you what," he says, "they mean that gold, — that's what they mean!"

"What, their own?" I says, getting interested; for though I chaffed him, I thought a good deal of what Tom Black said.

"No, no," he says, — "the treasure; and I'm blest if I don't think as them three chests o' theirs is all on 'em dummies. Now, then, what d'yer think o' that, lad?"

I was so took aback for a bit, that I didn't know what to think; so I says, "What makes you think so?"

"What do they want to be such good friends with them four chaps for, when nobody else is there; and not know 'em when somebody's a looking on?"

I didn't say anything.

"What do they want to know so exactly where the ship is, and to get her place marked on the chart for?"

I didn't answer.

"What do they pretend to know nothing about the sea for, and always call every sheet and bit of tackle by the right name, and have their sea-legs as soon as they come aboard?"

I didn't say nothing.

"I tell you what it is, Jack Cross," he says, "it's my belief as there'll be a fight afore long, and p'raps a change o' skippers; and if so, why, the Lord ha' mercy on them two poor gals."

"Tom," I says, growing quite husky, "surely not quite so bad as that."

"Mate," he says, "there's fifty thousand pound worth o' gold in them little boxes, and what some chaps would do for that —"

"What's the matter?" I says in a whisper, for he'd stopped short.

He didn't answer, but leaned over and clapped his hand across my mouth, and of course I lay still as could be, listening.

After a minute, he takes his hand away, and says: "There's some devilment up, Jack Cross, and I'm hanged, mate, if I don't think it's on to-night."

He spoke so huskily, too, and seemed so warm, that I could feel my heart go "thud, thud," like a pump.

"Why, what's up?" I says.

"Mate," he says, "there's two o' them Sydney chaps in the watch as relieved us; and when I stopped you, I know I heard some one a stealing up the companion-ladder."

"Phew!" I says, very softly. "What shall we do?"

"Let the captain know," says Tom.

"*If we can*," I says; for something struck me that if it was as he said, we should be stopped.

"Ah! if we can," he says; and we slipped out quietly, and were both ready in a minute.

"Had n't we better rouse up these chaps?" I said, for there was half a dozen down beside us.

"Wait a bit," says Tom; "p'raps it's only a hum after all."

So we stole under the hammocks to the ladder, and as I was first, I crept up, raised my head above the combings, and looked round, but did not see anything particular; so I crawled quietly on to the deck, and waited for Tom. He was aside me in a moment, and we were beginning to feel rather foolish, and to think we had both of us better go down, when, as we knelt close under the shade of the long-boat, we heard a bit of a scuffle aft and then there was a faint cry, and a heavy plunge in the water, and then another cry, but fainter.

"Hush!" says Tom, grasping my arm; and then several dusky figures ran by us, seemingly barefooted, for you could hear the "pad, pad" of their feet on the deck, and directly after there was another short scuffly noise, — the sound of some one trying to shout with a hand held over his mouth, — and then another splash in the water.

"Come on," says Tom; and I followed him, and we crept along by the bulwark, and then darted down the cabin stairs, stopping a moment to listen, and then we heard them closing the hatch we had come up, and there was the sound of rope being piled on it.

We were at the bottom in an instant, when I was seized by the throat, and a voice growled: "Who's this? What's the ship's course altered for?"

"Look out, Mr. Smith," hissed Tom: "mutiny! They'll be here in a moment."

"Damn nonsense," roared the old fellow, pushing by us, and running on deck; and as we banged at the captain's and Major Horton's door, we heard a gurgling cry, an oath, and a heavy body fall. Directly after, there was a rush down the stairs; and as Major Horton's cabin door opened, some one struck me a tremendous blow on the head, and I fell; but was conscious enough to see the Major, with a light in one hand and a pistol in the other, send one fellow down; to hear the piercing screams from the two poor girls, whom I could not help; and then to hear the sound of shots and oaths, and blows in the captain's cabin, for a few moments; and then all was still, except the shrieks of the poor girls; while directly after more lights were brought, and I saw lying across a chair, with his head and legs upon the floor, the body of the poor old Major; and then all seemed to be blank for a bit.

The next thing I recollect was hearing Hicks's voice giving orders, and I heard him say, "Over with him"; and then there was the sound of a heavy body being dragged along the floor of the next cabin, and then I heard the head go "bump, bump" up the cabin stairs; then scrape along the deck; and then came a heavy plunge in the water.

"That's the poor skipper," I thinks to myself; and just then somebody walked right over me, and into the cabin, and I saw it was Hicks.

"Serve this old beast the same," he says; and Phillips and Johnson takes hold of the poor old gentleman's legs, and drags him along; and as they knocked the chair down, there was a cry from the inner cabin.

"Silence!" roared Hicks, dashing the but-end of his pistol against the door; and then I felt the body drawn over me, and the warm blood drip on my face, and smear across it, as it was dragged along. Then followed the "bump, bump" of the head up the stairs; the creeping, rustling noise on the deck; and then a splash told me the poor old gentleman was gone.

Accustomed to attach a wonderful amount of importance to duties and responsibilities which were his, if their due fulfilment could add to his dignity and reputation, Mr. Carruthers was a model of the uncle and guardian. He really liked Clare very much indeed, and he was fully persuaded that he loved her, — a distinction he would have learned to draw only if Clare had been deprived of her possessions, and rendered dependent on him. He spoke of her as "my brother's heiress," and so thought of her, not as "my brother's orphan child"; but in all external and material respects Mr. Carruthers of Poynings was an admirable guardian, and a highly respectable specimen of the uncle tribe. He would have been deeply shocked had he discovered that any young lady in the county was better dressed, better mounted, more obsequiously waited upon, more accomplished, or regarded by society as in any way more favored by fortune than Miss Carruthers, — not of Poynings, indeed, but the next thing to it, and likely at some future day to enjoy that distinction.

Mr. Carruthers did not regret that he was childless; he had never cared for children, and, though not a keenly observant person, he had noticed occasionally that the importance of a rich man's heir was apt, in this irrepressibly anticipative world, to outweigh the importance of the rich man himself. No Carruthers on record had ever had a large family, and, for his own part, he liked the idea of a female heir to the joint property of himself and his brother, who should carry her own name in addition to her husband's. He was determined on that. Unless Clare married a nobleman, her husband should take the name of Carruthers. Carruthers of Poynings must not die out of the land. The strange jealousy which was one of the underlying constituents of Mr. Carruthers's character came into play with regard to his niece and his wife. Mrs. Carruthers loved the girl, and would gladly have acted the part of a mother to her; and as Clare's own mother had been a remarkably mild specimen of maternal duty and affection, she could have replaced that lady considerably to Clare's advantage. But she had soon perceived that this was not to be; her husband's fidgety sense of his own importance, his ever-present fear lest it should be trenched upon or in any way slighted, interfered with her good intentions. She knew the uselessness of opposing the foible, though she did not understand its source, and she relinquished the projects she had formed.

Mr. Carruthers was incapable of believing that his wife never once dreamed of resenting to Clare the exclusion of George, for which the girl's residence at Poynings had been assigned as a reason, or that she would have despised herself if such an idea had presented itself to her mind, as she probably must have despised him had she known how natural and inevitable he supposed it to be on her part.

Thus it came to pass that the three persons who lived together at Poynings had but little real intimacy or confidence between them. Clare was very happy; she had her own tastes and pursuits, and ample means of gratifying them. Her mother's brother and his wife, Sir Thomas and Lady Boldero, with her cousin, their ugly but clever and charming daughter, were much attached to her, and she to them, and, when she got away from Poynings to the Sycamores, Clare acknowledged to herself that she enjoyed the change very much, but was very happy at Poynings nevertheless. The Sycamores had another interest for her now, another association, and the girl's life had entered upon a new phase. Innocent, inexperienced, and romantic as she was, inclined to hero-worship, and by no means likely to form sound opinions as to her heroes, Clare Carruthers was endowed with an unusual allowance of common sense and perception. She understood Mr. Carruthers of Poynings thoroughly; so much more thoroughly than his wife, that she had found out the jealousy which permeated his character, and recognized it in action with unfailing accuracy. She had considerably more tact than girls at her age ordinarily possess, and she continued to fill a somewhat difficult position with satisfaction not only to others, but to herself. She contrived to avoid wounding her uncle's susceptible self-love, and to keep within the limits which Mrs. Carruthers's discretion had set to their intimacy, without throwing external coldness or restraint into their relations.

Clare found herself very often doing or not doing, saying or refraining from saying, some particular thing, in order to avoid "getting Mrs. Carruthers into a scrape," and of course she was aware that the constantly-recurring necessity for such carefulness argued, at the least, a difficult temper to deal with in the head of the household; but she did not let the matter trouble her much. She would think, when she thought about it at all, with the irrepressible self-complacency of youth, how careful *she* would be not to marry an ill-tempered man, or, at all events, she would make up her mind to marry a man so devotedly attached to her that his temper would not be of the slightest consequence, as, of course, she should never suffer from it. On the whole, it would be difficult to find a more dangerous condition of circumstances than that in which Clare Carruthers was placed when her romantic meeting with Paul Ward took place, — a meeting in which the fates seemed to have combined every element of present attraction and future danger. Practically, Clare was quite alone; she placed implicit confidence in no one, she had no guide for her feelings or actions, and she had just drifted into a position in which she needed careful direction. She had refrained from mentioning her meeting with the stranger, more on Mrs. Carruthers's account than on her own, from the usual motive, — apprehension lest, by some unreasonable turn of Mr. Carruthers's temper, she might be brought "into a scrape." Her curiosity had been strongly excited by the discovery that Mrs. Carruthers had some sort of acquaintance with Paul Ward, or, at least, with his name; but she adhered to her resolution, and kept silence for the present.

Mrs. Carruthers's son had always been an object of tacit interest to Clare. She had not been fully informed of the circumstances of her uncle's marriage, and she understood vaguely that George Dallas was an individual held in disfavor by the august master of Poynings; so her natural delicacy of feeling conquered her curiosity, and she abstained from mentioning George to his mother or to Mr. Carruthers, and also from giving encouragement to the gossip on the subject which occasionally arose in her presence.

In Mrs. Carruthers's dressing-room a portrait hung, which Clare had been told by Mrs. Brookes was that of her mistress's son, when a fine, brave, promising boy ten years old. Clare had felt an interest in the picture, not only for Mrs. Carruthers's sake, but because she liked the face which it portrayed, — the clear bright brown eyes, the long curling hair, the brilliant dark complexion, the bold, frank, glee-

ful expression. Once or twice she had said a few words in praise of the picture, and once she had ventured to ask Mrs. Carruthers if her son still resembled it. The mother had answered her, with a sigh, that he was greatly changed, and no one would now recognize the picture as a likeness of him.

The dignified and decorous household at Poynings pursued its luxurious way with less apparent disunion among its principal members than is generally to be seen under the most favorable circumstances, but with little real community of feeling or of interest. Mrs. Carruthers was a popular person in society, and Clare was liked as much as she was admired. As for Mr. Carruthers, he was Mr. Carruthers of Poynings, and that fact sufficed for the neighborhood almost as completely as it satisfied himself.

The unexpected return of her uncle from York had caused Clare no particular emotion. She was standing at the French window of the breakfast-room, feeding a colony of birds, her out-door pensioners, when the carriage made its appearance. She had just observed the fact, and was quietly pursuing her occupation, when Mrs. Carruthers, who had left the breakfast-room half an hour before, returned, looking so pale, and with so unmistakable an expression of terror in her face, that Clare looked at her in astonishment.

"Your uncle has come back," she said. "I am not well, I cannot meet him yet. Go to the door, Clare, and tell him I am not well, and am still in my room. Pray go, my dear; don't delay a moment."

"Certainly I will go," answered Clare, leaving the window and crossing the room as she spoke: "but —"

"I'll tell you what ails me another time, but go now — go," said Mrs. Carruthers; and, without another word, the girl obeyed her. She had seen the carriage at a turn in the avenue; now the wheels were grinding the gravel of the sweep opposite the hall door. In a minute Clare was receiving her uncle on the steps, and Mrs. Carruthers, having thrown the bonnet and shawl she had just taken out for her proposed expedition to the shrubbery back into the wardrobe, removed her gown, and replaced it by a dressing-gown, was awaiting her husband's approach with a beating heart and an aching head. Had he met her son? Had he passed him unseen upon the road? Would Mrs. Brookes succeed, unseen and unsuspected, in executing the commission with which she had hurriedly charged her?

"She is in a scrape of some sort," Clare thought, as she accompanied her uncle to his wife's dressing-room. "What can have happened since he left home? Can it have anything to do with Paul Ward?"

[To be continued.]

FOREIGN NOTES.

PUNCH says that the companion game to Parlor Croquet is Cricket on the Hearth.

THE author of "Self-Help," "Brief Biographies," etc., is engaged on another work to be published early next year.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL *fête* will be celebrated at Milan, says *L'Opinione*, in honor of the memory of Panfilo Castaldi, who first invented movable type. The invention of Castaldi will be immortalized by a monument, the work of a Milanese sculptor, Giuseppe Corti. "We have reason to believe," adds the same Italian paper, "that all the printers of all the Italian cities will be represented at this festival which is to do homage to one of the glories of Italy."

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN is about to edit an illustrated volume of rural poetry entitled "Wayside Poesies."

A MARBLE statue to Mr. Gladstone, representing him as ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his robes of office, is to be placed in one of the niches of St. George's Hall, Liverpool.

IN Boucicault's new play, the "Long Strike," a telegraph office, with all the apparatus in full operation, is one of the most effective scenes. The drama, which is an adaptation of Mrs. Gaskell's novel, "Mary Barton," has made a great hit in London.

MR. PERCY FITZGERALD promises, in January, a new and complete Life of David Garrick, in which his claims to recognition for social gifts, private worth, generosity and virtue, as well as for dramatic ability, will be put forward and insisted on. That there is an opening for such a work, a single glance at the meagre accounts of Murphy and Davies will show.

PRETTY Princess Dagmar has had a reception of Oriental magnificence at St. Petersburg. As a matter of convenience, she has become one of the Greek Church; and as a matter of convenience, it is said, the Crown Prince takes her as his bride. Russia hopes in this way to become possessed, in time, of Denmark, and thus to obtain an outlet from the Baltic. Such, at least, is the story. The eldest son, her first betrothed, being removed by death, she is tacked on to the second.

TWO Continental newspapers, one of which has had the longest life, and the other the longest name, have ceased to appear. The first is the Frankfort *Post-Zeitung*, founded in 1616, by the Prince of Tour and Taxis, and continued by the princes of that house till Taxis and Hapsburg and the Postal Confederation broke up. The second defunct is the *Rousselærschnieuwœodigingsblad*, a Flemish paper, whose very readers must have been out of breath in pronouncing its name.

A LATE number of the *Fortnightly Review* contains a charge against Mr. John Stuart Mill of having, for the sake of currying favor with the Radical party, struck out of the last edition of his works a passage in his treatise on "Political Economy," reflecting on the Americans as being wholly devoted to dollar-hunting. The *Morning Star* is indignant at this charge, and remarks that Mr. Mill may fairly have altered his mind, in consequence of the self-sacrificing conduct of the American people, and their high regard for great principles, during the civil war. The honesty of a distinguished writer was never questioned on more frivolous grounds.

ALTHOUGH historical painting has never been a lucrative branch of the fine arts, a certain Mr. and Mrs. Melville, of London, have made a desperate venture in it. "Encouraged by many expressions of approbation from aldermen and common councillors," Mr. and Mrs. Melville have occupied themselves for the last four years in covering one hundred and fifty superficial feet of canvas with the portraits of four hundred and fifty of those worthies as they appeared at a city feast given to the Prince and Princess of Wales on the occasion of the presentation of the freedom of the city to his Royal

The bay, much like the bay of Spezzia, save for Irish grays in lieu of Italian blues and purples, was at some seasons literally swarming with fish. First there came the little silvery sprats, in such shoals that the fishermen could scarcely haul in their nets into their boats, and soon stood up to their knees in the living mass. Many a time have we watched pictures like Raphael's cartoon, where a "miraculous draught" was hauled to land. On the shore stood women and children, whole villagefuls, bearing every species of dish, plate, kettle and basket, and bag, hat, shawl, pillow-case, to bear away a share of the spoil. After long starvation on scanty oatmeal and diseased potatoes, very welcome was the ocean's gift of plenteous meals. Sprats (or, as those who were supposed to speak English called them, "sprit"), — sprit for breakfast, sprit for dinner, sprit for supper, sprit laid up in salt in heaps in the houses, — sprit, sprit, sprit. Everything was redolent of sprit. The villages smelt of it: the men and women's Sunday clothes (kept in the receptacles of the salted sprits) were odorous half a mile off. There was no end of the sprit. Then, when nobody could eat any more, great tumuli of sprit were made before the fishermen's houses, like Danish "kitchen-middens," where the sprits slowly decayed, and then, at the last stage, were dug out, all shining with phosphorus, and spread over the potato-fields as manure. Horrible stench!

Then, after the sprit, came the mackerel, and when the mackerel appeared in the bay, the porpoises came, and sometimes a school of small whales. Great was the excitement. Mackerel-fishing was animated enough: the pretty green and purple fish leaping up as fast as the hooks were thrown, so that we have seen fourteen dozen caught in an hour or two with a couple of lines. But the most curious sight to one unaccustomed to such things was the long-line fishing. A cord, about eight hundred yards long, was suspended in the sea from two corks, and left for about an hour alone, the boats rowing away. From every yard or two of the cord hung a short line, with a hook and bait attached, thus forming, doubtless, to the poor fishes a whole festoon of irresistible attractions.

When the boat returned, one cork was slipped, and then the hauling-in began. Such monsters as there were! Here a cod; next a great conger eel, violently struggling and coiling, and entangling all the line: here a beautiful red-gold fish of the roach kind, whose true name we know not (the Irish call it a Brazy), whose colors, as it came out of the water were like the setting sun for beauty; then a large hake, four feet long; then starfish, and sea-mice, and bladders, which the fishermen turned angrily away; then a splendid turbot (such as Charles would value at a pound), to be sold presently on the shore for a shilling; then mackerels, and lobsters, and mackerel and starfish, and a lobster monster called ironically a sunfish, with great eyes, and a mouth (smiling the semblance of his nearly circular figure). We open this monster, and half-way down his gullet there is a sort of valve which lets readily and lets not well back down all the way to his tail — and pop him back in the water freely. Among the others there are some fifteen or nine turbots, and perhaps twenty or four hundred lobsters, of coarser fish.

Such are the amusements of Donegal: but as the time goes on there are other sports, not without interest. Here, for instance, are travellers who lived for weeks in the same lodgings without change of raiment, and came out as fresh as roses, with nicely-brushed hair and clean white muslin robes, were very much on a par with those modern heroes of books of travel who live in Norway or the steppes of Tartary on a few handfuls of meal and bad water, and all the time retain the most enchanting spirits, and view life as altogether delightful. When Baker tells us that he was satisfied to die of starvation and fever, after achieving his glorious discovery, but only wished that he might be permitted to eat a chop and drink a glass of Allsopp before he died: and when he hints that, after living for months on something very like the food of the Prodigal Son, the doubt did steal over him whether Solomon was *quite* justified in preferring "a dry morsel where love is, to a stalled ox and hatred therewith": when, we say, Baker tells us these things, we all feel he is a man and a brother. The ethereal hero, on the other hand, who discovers no Sources of anything, but professes to live a life of rapture unbroken by the interruption of meals, — that hero we feel to be simply superhuman. His place would be on Olympus: only on Olympus ambrosia and nectar were served with sufficient regularity.

In Donegal, when we dwelt there at least, there were diseased potatoes: there was bread innocent of barm: there was salt beef of the worst possible quality, and (when there was no fresh fish) there was precisely nothing else, always excepting salt sprit, of which the very name was abomination. "Man wants but little here below." I am aware: but certainly most of us want a few things beside bad salt beef and diseased potatoes. Sometimes one has an illness or a bad accident (as happened to the writer, falling over the river-bank and snapping the tendon Achilles, the doctor being forty miles off), one wants the common remedies for a cold, and not a lozenge or a pot of jelly is to be had: above all, one wants ink, books, and paper, and none are to be procured short of a pilgrimage. The post must be sent for some dozen English miles. It rains, it snows, it blows. Shall the poor boy and pony be sent so far this wild weather (which lasts for a week together), on the chance that one of the few friends who still remember we exist, has shown pity on us and written us a letter?

Everybody thinks letters a bore in London. In ordinary English country places or pleasant spots abroad, whence we too may send our budget of news, letters are among the common pleasures of every day: but let anybody who believes in the disinterestedness of correspondents go and live in some utterly outlandish way place, whence his letters can bear nothing but egotism, and observe how his postbag's contents dwindle and shrink, fine by degrees and beautifully less, till he begins to look on the agent who forwards his *Times* as the only faithful friend he has in the world. But what is the use even of the *Times* when he is so far from all the interests of the world and has not a single acquaintance with whom to speak of the *Times*? We would venture to wager a large sum that not three copies of the morning *Times* have ever been despatched to Donegal, and a small one that there is not a single subscriber in the country.

Such are the [illegible] of living at the north-west angle of Ireland. If the reader will undertake the trip and [illegible] cured of all disposition to [illegible] in "the uttermost parts of the earth," he shall be extremely surprised. "Better twenty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

THE DYKEHAMBURY CONCERT.

I.

"Go into society! Of course he won't, yet. Why, the old man has scarcely been dead six months, and it is n't two since the poor lads were drowned in the Dike, — a lucky chance for him."

"That 's no matter. Mr. Hugh Carton is not a near relative. Where they fished him up from, no one can tell. And then he has an invalid sister."

"To whom he is very good."

This was from an elderly bachelor who was grim and testy, but whose testiness no one minded much. He took snuff as he said it; he also struck his cane into the carpet savagely, as though that had been the speaker, and wanted putting down.

"And I should like to know what man, worthy the name, would n't be good to an invalid sister?" persisted this gentleman.

"Of course, Mr. Crane, of course. But then she is an invalid, you know, which might be against —"

"Her brother's dancing attendance on a bevy of music-mad young ladies, and screaming up to B flat," said Mr. Crane, pulling a face. "Well, I don't pretend to be musical, and I have already been introduced to Mr. Carton. I should say that he is not musical either. Sorry to disappoint you."

The three Misses Grafton looked at each other and smiled. The parish of Dykewood was eminently a musical parish. It was about to take part in a grand amateur concert, to which everybody for miles round was expected to come, and its great desideratum had long been a good tenor. Baritones there were in plenty, and these had to be pressed into tenor service; but they were thin, for the most part, like *vin ordinaire:* and besides, they could not take the high notes. Now, a real tenor, after the fashion of Mario or Sims Reeves, was the thing wanted; therefore, from Mr. Hugh Carton's somewhat thin brown cheeks, moustaches, long hair, and general foreign appearance, it had been suggested as not impossible that he might supply the deficiency.

"At any rate," said Miss Grafton, "we will not take him at your valuation, Mr. Crane."

"No one expects you to do so, young ladies," retorted Mr. Crane. "The proof of the pudding — but I forgot, that 's vulgar. Listen, however, to an old fogie. I venture to predict — nay, I would lay a small wager that the concourse of you — Graftons, Hetheringtons, Wilsons, every one — don't extract five consecutive words from this taciturn gentleman. I could n't; and I talked about top-dressing, and the crops, and the game laws, — all that would naturally interest a country gentleman. I don't believe myself that he knows what it is he has come into. The only time I succeeded in attracting his attention for a moment, was when I spoke of that poor Mrs. Wynne, who lives over there, you know, almost inside his park. I suppose it was because she is a cripple, like his sister." Again the young ladies smiled.

"Ay," said Mr. Crane, "laugh if you will, ladies. I dare say you think a crusty old fellow like me would n't be very likely to entertain this new lion; but you may be mistaken. "Why, he 's thirty-five if he 's a day, and the gray hairs are coming."

"His voice will be in its prime, Mr. Crane," said the ladies.

"His voice! his voice!" exclaimed Mr. Crane; "as if a human being were nothing but a mechanical contrivance for emitting sound. And," he added, softly, "the man has known sorrow."

He got up to go as he spoke, and the girls shook hands with him good-humoredly enough, for he was not so sour as he seemed, and in spite of his caustic speeches, he was rather a favorite amongst them.

Meantime the object of these remarks was walking about the lawn of Dykewood Park with a cigar in his mouth; a tall, muscular man, with a rather worn brown face, and eyes that would have struck a stranger as having a pitiful, hunted look in them at times. When his possessions became a reality to him, instead of appearing like a dream, from which he was afraid every moment of awaking, this wore off; but at present he could hardly believe that fortune, adverse to him from childhood, had suddenly turned upon him her pleasant smiles.

There were gardeners at work in the shrubberies and amongst the flower-beds; and as his eye fell upon them, Mr. Carton stood still with a sudden wonder at the thought that these men where his servants, and would look to him for payment. He shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked out into the west, where the sky was one blaze of gold and red. The light fell on hill and dale in fitful gleams; it touched the tree-tops, and picked out bits here and there of the winding river to make it glisten like silver. The scene grew dim before Mr. Carton's eyes. He saw instead a miserable lodging under a foreign sky, where a gaunt man cowered at night over the stove, whose supply of charcoal was scanty. He saw this man rising up in the morning, sometimes hopeful, to be beaten back again from time to time, till hope was almost dead within him; then he saw this same man, but changed a little, for better days had begun, and his genius was making its way tardily; a newspaper was in his hand, and one finger rested on an advertisement. His breath came in painful gasps, his face grew gradually paler until —

Mr. Carton started, for one of the workmen stood before him, touching his hat, and asking instructions respecting certain trees which he thought should be cut down to improve the view. Mr. Carton could have laughed aloud at the incongruity of the thing, but he restrained himself, and gave his orders quietly.

"I might be the country squire in a farce," he said to himself; "I feel like playing at being a rich man. Pleasant play, though! Ah, I am thankful it did n't come too late."

He flung down his cigar, and walked quickly towards the house. He passed the wide stone steps, which looked so imposing, pushed open a French window, and entered a small drawing-room, at the end of which was a conservatory. A young girl lay on a couch near this window, young, but with few of the marks of youth. There was not the faintest rose-tint in the cheeks, from which suffering had driven the healthy blood; the hands that she stretched out to him were fearfully thin, and the large eyes, which filled with tender light when they saw him, seemed too large for the wasted features. Yet in a certain way she was beautiful. Hugh Carton knelt down beside the couch, and put his arm under her head gently.

"Is it pleasant, sister?" he said. "Are you happy here amongst the birds and the flowers, or do you long after bluer skies?"

"No, Hugh," replied the girl: "there was trouble under them."

"Ah, but it was growing lighter," said Hugh.

"I know it was," said the girl: "but what of that? They should have appreciated you before: they shall not have you now to make a slave of. I am glad for your sake a thousand times more than my own. It seems too good to be true."

"It does, indeed," said Hugh, smilingly. "I am ready to warn my own men that sometimes I may not be able to pay them for their work. I am only thankful that all this came when it did."

"That's for my sake," said the girl, clasping his neck with a sudden, passionate movement of affection. "Hugh, how shall I ever repay you? All your life long you have sacrificed everything for me. Many a time you thought I did not know when something had to be given up, because you would not leave me to the care of strangers. You would have got on, and been famous long ago, but for me. Tell me, is not that so?"

"Perhaps I didn't want fame, Ethel," he replied.

"Ah, but poverty would have been over then," said Ethel: "and I know, I know — Hugh, don't you remember what that English viscount said about you?"

"He was an old woman," said Hugh.

"You know better," said Ethel: "and if you had come to England, as he said, you would have done better. Do the English justice, — they always recognize talent."

"You forget that you are praising yourself," said Hugh. "Are not we English? But I could not have come to England in that way, Ethel."

"You might have changed your name," said Ethel.

"No, —" said Hugh, [illegible].

"You preferred slaving your best years away for me," continued Ethel. "I wonder how many brothers there are in the world like mine?"

"A[illegible]

[illegible]

"No," said Ethel, [illegible]

[illegible]

"Wh[illegible]

[illegible]

"S[illegible]

[illegible]

"Indeed, no, sir," said Ethel, and she caught his arm and held him fast. "You never did leave me to bear the brunt of anything yet, and you shall not begin now. Besides, consider that you'll have to return all these calls since I cannot: so stay and break the ice."

II.

Hugh Carton was a very singular gentleman indeed. Dykewood raised its eyebrows and didn't know what to think about him. As to his being an acquisition to the neighborhood, that seemed very dubious indeed. Dykewood had called upon the Cartons, and Mr. Carton had returned the calls. His sister won golden opinions from all: but as for Hugh, he sat for the most part in his corner staring at the landscape with absent eyes, or pulling his long black moustache over his mouth, as if he wanted to hide a smile. Dykewood invited him to an evening party, to which Mr. Carton went, after a strong argument over the matter with his sister: and the musical young ladies were more puzzled than ever. Miss Grafton played her pet piece with more than usual elaboration, and her sister drew a startled and dreamy acknowledgment from him that he knew nothing of Thalberg; was not quite sure that he had ever heard the name. Then three young ladies sang a trio, and when it was over Mr. Carton did not even applaud, but sat still by little Bertie Wynne, and positively talked to her. Poor little Bertie did not sing or play — before company. She could not know the charm that lay hidden in that naive confession; she was only conscious that Mr. Carton's manner grew suddenly kinder; that he had a very pleasant way of saying funny things; and it made her feel very angry afterwards to hear her companions expressing their disapproval of him in a corner, as hopelessly stupid.

"Why, he turned your music over always in the wrong place, Clara," said the second Miss Grafton, "before the page was half finished."

A little [illegible] broke from Mr. Crane at this.

[illegible]

[illegible] Miss Grafton [illegible] Mr. Carton's corner.

[illegible] Mr. Carton," she said. [illegible] I am quite sure that you [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Carton [illegible]

[illegible] said Miss Grafton. [illegible]

[illegible] about Mr. [illegible] Bertie Wynne [illegible] Miss Grafton's [illegible]

[illegible]

"And then we are going to have an amateur concert," said Miss Grafton; "and we should be so glad of your help, — at Dykehambury, you know."

"Ah!" said Mr. Carton. His face grew a shade paler, and he stretched out one hand in an aimless sort of fashion, as though searching for something. The gesture was peculiar; these people could not know how suddenly they had touched a chord in that weary, struggling past of his, and drawn forth the old instinctive movement by which he had been used in those days to draw his sister's couch towards him and feel that there was a comforter.

Mr. Carton walked home that night with little Bertie Wynne, which gave rise to many expressions of discontent, fortunately never destined to reach his ears. Bertie's servant kept at a decorous distance, but there was no laughter or funny speeches now. Hugh had grown grave in the moonlight; so grave, indeed, and absent, that he would have forgotten to wish his charge good night if she had not spoken the words first; and then he remembered, and his face grew red as he spoke the parting salute.

The last words which Mr. Carton said to his sister that night must have been very comical, to judge by the amusement they created. She looked up at him with mischief sparkling in her large eyes; and twisting the corners of the mouth, about which pain had drawn many lines, she said, simply, "Sing for them, dear Hugh, — do."

III.

"So you have given him up!" said Mr. Crane, biting his lips.

"O, of course," replied Miss Grafton. "It would never do to take a beginner amongst the Dykehambury people, — they would n't like it."

"But you have asked him," said Mr. Crane. "Suppose he says he will sing? — and there he comes. Besides, how do you know he is a beginner?"

"I know how he turned my music over," said Miss Grafton. "But that's nonsense. I should have liked a tenor solo; but we must do without it."

When Mr. Carton made his unexpected entrance into the committee-room this question was still undecided. No one spoke to him beyond the ordinary greeting, and that was cut rather short, for they were preoccupied, and, in a musical light, he was evidently nobody. He sat listening and caressing his moustache, as usual, till the debate grew warm, and then all at once the Oracle stepped forward and broke his silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I believe my voice is a tenor. I will undertake this solo that you are in trouble about. Let me see — one part of the concert is to be sacred and the other profane — I hope that does n't mean that it is to be wicked. If I may choose, I prefer appearing in the sacred part. I will sing 'Deeper and deeper still.'"

There ran a sort of terrified gasp through the assembled ladies. Mr. Crane, who liked to be everywhere, and hear everything that went on, sucked the knob of his stick and chuckled. At last some one said feebly, "What, that grand thing! — the song John Braham made immortal?"

"Did he?" said Hugh. "I should have thought the composer had some hand in doing that. Don't you approve of my choice?"

"It is a difficult song," was the reply. "Do you know the recitative?"

"Recitative," repeated Hugh, absently; "O, to be sure. That is, of course I shall get the music, and my sister will run through it with me at home. I don't think you will want me at the rehearsals," he added, with a twinkle in his eye. "I wish you good evening."

Mr. Carton's step was more elastic than usual as he went away. Perhaps the fresh summer air and the beauty of woods and fields did him good. At any rate it was with a very bright face that he stopped at the little door in the wall which divided Mrs. Wynne's garden from his park. He opened this door, listened, and shook his head, but indulgently. Some one was playing on a piano which was not in very good tune. By and by the sound ceased, and a little figure came to the window, peeped through the muslin curtains, and saw him. Mr. Carton took off his hat, and she met him at the door.

"I thought you did n't play," he said.

"I don't — for visitors," was the reply; "but mamma likes it. I was only trying a bit from 'Oberon.' It is such sparkling music, just as if the writer were so brimful of happiness and mirth that he did n't know what to do with himself."

"Then you could n't fancy the man who wrote it dying slowly while he wrote?" said Mr. Carton, gravely. "What judges we are, all of us!"

"Was Weber dying when he wrote 'Oberon'?" asked Bertie.

"Yes," replied Mr. Carton, "and knew that he was. He wrote it for an English opera company, and came to England to put it on the stage. He left his wife and bairnies behind him in the far country, and worked all the harder in the hope of seeing them once again before he died. He never did, though. It's sad, is n't it? We won't talk about it. What's that puzzled face for?"

"I was wondering," said Bertie, "how you, who don't care for music, came to know all this about Weber, and to be so interested in it."

"I may know something of the life of a clever man, though crotchets and quavers were Greek to me, may n't I?" laughed Mr. Carton. "And how can you tell that I don't care for music, eh?"

"Well, you never say anything about it," replied Bertie. "And then the choir —"

"O, the choir," said Hugh, slowly. "But then you see, in the foreign churches, at least some of them, one might get a little spoiled for — *your* choir?"

"Don't call it mine," said Bertie. "They would n't admit me if I wanted to join it, which I do not, for I could n't spare time as the others can."

"Why would n't they admit you?" he asked.

"O, I don't know," replied Bertie, with a little shrug of indifference. "I 'm insignificant and a nobody, and then my voice is neither one thing nor another, — not worth having, you know. I can't go up to B, nor down to wonderful depths, Mr. Carton."

"Will you let me hear it?" said Hugh, quickly.

"Are you serious?" said Bertie, looking up, with a little flush of astonishment.

"Indeed I am," he replied. "Sing something for me."

Mr. Carton was silent for a while after the song was finished, and he looked over Bertie's music discontentedly.

"These don't suit you," he said, at last. "I wish you would let me get some mezzo-soprano things for you. I am going to send to London. Ah, by the way, I have n't told you about that. I hope I shall not disgrace myself; but I am going to sing a solo at this grand concert."

"Mr. Carton," [illegible] Bertie.

"[illegible] Don't look so terrib[illegible] are always in [illegible] Is it not so? What [illegible] Eton will be waiting for [illegible] Miss Bertie [illegible] your kindness to her, and to me [illegible] And now let me pay my respects to Mrs. Wynne, for I must go."

IV.

Mr. Carton [illegible] he [illegible] it would [illegible] Dykeswood [illegible] him [illegible] right. H[illegible] that was, if some happy [illegible] interfere to prevent it. If the Dyke[illegible] make him [illegible] them all [illegible] it. Mr. Crane said it would serve [illegible] right if he had [illegible] the man as soon as he came [illegible] he would make a fool of himself. The fellow [illegible] themselves with the idea that a [illegible] would do him good; [illegible] more humble and tractable, and [illegible] him not to make remarks about the church. But little Bertie Wynne went about with a troubled [illegible] and [illegible] herself with rising anger, that she hated the concert, and that nothing should ever induce her to go to it. She was thinking this one evening discontentedly, while her busy scissors snipped away here and there a dead rose from the [illegible], when suddenly a voice which she knew pretty well by this time, interrupted her musings, and she looked up and saw Mr. Carton's hands [illegible] above the wall on which his hands rested.

"These roses are finer than mine," he said, demurely. "May I have one if I come for it?"

He did not wait for an answer, but raised himself to the top of the wall and then dropped on the other side.

"It's so far round to the gate," he said, glancing at a [illegible] at the [illegible] distant. "And besides, I feel very like a schoolboy still. I never saw a wall like this without wanting to climb over it. Now for my rose."

Bertie handed him the scissors, but Hugh said, "No, [illegible] it is mine. Now put it in my button-hole there, please. What's the matter?"

He [illegible] this [illegible] quickly, and in a tone which had lost its lightness, for looking down at her as she obeyed his command, he saw that her face was [illegible] and her eyes troubled.

"What a [illegible] I am!" said he. "What is it? Mrs. Wynne—"

"No, no," interrupted Bertie; "mamma is all right; it's not that. And there's nothing the matter, only— Mr. Carton, I want very much to say something to you, if you are sure you won't be angry."

"Angry!" [illegible] "We ought to be friends by this time, Miss Wynne. You are not afraid of me?"

"No," said Bertie, "but— I want to your sister [illegible] I should [illegible] She said that I must promise myself—that you would not listen to her. Mr. Carton, it's about the concert."

He [illegible] in a moment. Subdued [illegible] in his eyes, and twitched the corners of his lips under the black moustache, but Bertie was not looking at him.

"You think I shall make a worse mess than the rest?" he said.

Bertie did not answer; she was looking away over the woods towards the spires of Dykehamsbury, some miles distant.

"Mr. Carton, everybody is talking about the concert," continued Bertie. "You see, it isn't the same thing as it would be if it were confined to Dykeswood and the [illegible]. The Dykehamsbury Music Hall is a very grand place, and people will come from all parts—"

"For the fun of hearing what a fool I shall make of myself, eh?" said Mr. Carton. "Well, don't you perceive that by such means I shall be a thing [illegible]? And with, for a charity, one should not mind being laughed at."

"But, Mr. Carton, you don't know—"

"But, Miss Wynne, you don't know how I was [illegible] set on all this, but this offer just at first," interrupted Mr. Carton. "They have begun to look [illegible] on me now, I am aware; so see how amiable I am to be still willing to help."

"But if you can't?" said Bertie.

"I man never knows what he can do till he tries," replied Mr. Carton.

"Why, you don't even attend the rehearsals," said Bertie.

There was an involuntary movement of Mr. Carton's hand towards his ears. "No," said he. "I do not; and I have not got the song yet."

Bertie turned a horror-stricken face towards him.

"Do you know that the concert is fixed for Wednesday?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Hugh. "I expected to get a packet by post this morning, but it did not come. I wonder if I remembered to put the address," he added, with a spirit of mischief he could not control.

"Mr. Carton," said Bertie, "don't do it."

Hugh's air of light raillery changed altogether at these pleading words. He bent down and took the two nervous little hands in his, and his face was very grave.

"You don't like me to be made fun of," said he. "You are unhappy—that is, anxious, on my account, Bertie?"

"Yes—and Ethel's," added Bertie, quickly. She hardly knew what made her add that. Perhaps there was something in his face which she had never seen before; or it might have been the consciousness that he had called her by her name for the first time. If she had looked at him then she would have seen that a [illegible] was going on in his mind, but she did not. He was silent for some minutes, still holding her hands; then dropping them, he turned away, and said, coldly, "I shall hope to see you at the concert, nevertheless, Miss Wynne; don't disappoint me."

The words fell chill on Bertie's heart, and she took a step towards him.

"You are angry," she said. "I have offended you."

"No. Good night," he replied.

Mr. Carton never looked back once, but went out by the gate this time, slowly enough, and walked away along the park. And Bertie stayed among the roses, thinking she had done a foolish thing, wishing that vainest of all wishes, for the past back again, till it grew late, till the moon came out, and she went into the house with the heart-ache.

V.

The clocks in the great square of Dykehamsbury were striking seven, and one solitary gentleman was wandering about the orchestra of the music-hall

The organ stood ready open, and this gentleman went up to it and examined the stops; but he could have done nothing further if he had desired it, since there was no one to blow for him. From the organ he turned to the grand piano, struck a few chords, and broke off with a gesture of amusement. It was the air the variations of which he had so unceremoniously cut short for Miss Grafton. Then this solitary gentleman espied in one corner a violin with its bow stuck invitingly across it. A strange expression stole over his face at the sight of this. He took off his gloves and went up to it softly, looking round him as if he had been going to do some guilty thing. He had only time to adjust the instrument caressingly in its place, and to draw from it one long chord, when another step came up the stairs, and the conductor stood before him. Hugh Carton positively blushed as he put down his prize with reluctant fingers. He glanced with a comical deprecation at the new-comer, who knew no better than other people what were the powers of this bold soloist, and said, half smiling, "Who knows? I might play as well as sing, if I tried."

He then selected his corner in the orchestra, and took his seat. He did not care about all the fuss and bustle of the green-room, and he sat, indolently watching the chorus-singers take their places, the arrangement of harps and music-stands, and the gradual filling of the hall down below, till the conductor came forward with his bâton, and the overture began. No one who looked at him would have thought that Hugh heard anything. He never moved a muscle of his face, never looked up even when the first soprano solo brought forth an *encore*, so clamorous, that it had to be complied with. He was perfectly passive and immovable until his own turn came, when he stepped forward and took up his music.

Even Hugh himself could not help being conscious of the subdued rustle which swept through the hall at his appearance, — a rustle of excited anticipation; a sort of self-gratulatory preparation to be critical. He knew that there were smiles more cynical than pleasant on some of the faces, and that opera-glasses were being levelled at him. His blood might have flowed a little more quickly in his veins, perhaps, as he looked down upon the audience below him, but that was all. He could not see, though perhaps he guessed intuitively, that Bertie Wynne had her head bent down, and her hands pressed tightly together in an agony of suspense for him; for Bertie had retracted her decision not to be present. She had found it impossible to stay away; and she will never forget the moment when the first few notes of Hugh's recitative broke on her ear, and the little rustle in the hall sunk suddenly into breathless stillness. Bertie's head was raised, and the flush of nervous dread left her face. She had never heard anything like this before; it was very possible that Dykehambury never had either.

The silence remained unbroken for some moments after the song was finished, and then the applause broke out in a deafening clamor, that would not cease until Mr. Carton came back, spoke a word to the accompanyist, and substituted "Angels ever bright and fair."

The rest of the concert was hopeless confusion to Bertie Wynne. In the interval she heard dimly the exclamation of astonishment and delight that passed from lip to lip around her; she even recognized the harsh chuckle of Mr. Crane, as he asked old Mrs. Grafton what she thought of the choir after that; and she was vaguely watchful of that one figure sitting silent and grave in the orchestra, never moving, never seeming to notice anything that went on, and to all appearance profoundly unconscious of the commotion which his wonderful voice had stirred up in the hall. She knew little more until she found herself in Mrs. Grafton's carriage, and saw Hugh at the window petitioning for a seat. He did not say much when he got in. The stars were bright, and the air of the summer night was very sweet after the close music-hall. Perhaps altogether there had been no passage in Bertie's quiet life so wonderful as this drive home from Dykehambury. At the little gate in the wall they both got out, and Bertie's *chaperon* drove away, with a caution to Mr. Carton to see her safe into the house. Hugh took off his hat to the retreating carriage significantly, and stood in the gateway, looking down at the little figure all in white beside him.

"Well?" he said, smiling.

"Mr. Carton, I never heard anything so beautiful in my life," said Bertie. "Why did n't you tell us?"

"Tell you what?" he asked; "that I once made a living by singing in public? I never said that I knew nothing of music. It was taken for granted; and, excuse me, your Dykewood people are rather supercilious; they amused me a little. One only, out of all, did not sneer, but took a part that would have been doubly kind if I had been the presumptuous fool they thought me. Do you think I did not know the sort of 'lead him on, it will be fun,' that possessed all Dykewood — you excepted? Yet one evening I was sorely tempted to tell. Do you remember?"

"I think so," said Bertie, as she made a step towards the house; but he stopped her.

"One moment," said Hugh. "Something else dates from that same evening. My pulses are riotously quick; I can't go home till they are quieter. I began to hope then, Bertie, that evening, that I might give my little friend and counsellor a dearer title. It's very sweet to hope. You won't forbid it? Don't you care for me after all?"

"I am not fit," said Bertie.

"You are my pearl of price that I meant to win for myself, if I could," said Hugh. "Listen: no; thus, with your hand in mine, that I may feel if you shrink from me. My father married an Italian opera-singer, and was cut off with a shilling for doing so. Do you think the worse of me for my mother's sake?"

"No," replied Bertie.

"I have been next door to a pauper," he continued. I have done the hardest manual labor. Finally, I have been a public singer myself. Do you think the worse of me for all this?"

Involuntarily Bertie crept a little closer to him, which was answer sufficient.

"If those silent woods and lawns could speak, they would tell how you have haunted them with your ghostly presence. Come and make it real for me. I shall come to-morrow, and the next day, and every day until you will let me take you home. These things creep out, don't they, Bertie? To-morrow all Dykewood will know what came of the Dykehambury concert."

"They will say that I am not good enough for you," returned Bertie.

Mr. Carton's answer was unimportant. He waited until the hall door had closed after Bertie, stayed a

little while longer looking up at the light in her window, and then went off to walk up and down in the starlight and wonder that Fortune was so good to him, as he used to wonder in the old days at the strange grudge she seemed to bear him.

WALT WHITMAN.

THERE is as yet nothing distinctive in American literature except its tendency. This is interesting, because it is toward a reproduction of some of the characteristics hitherto peculiar to the earliest literature of the East. That the tints and splendors of the Oriental should begin to reappear in the Occidental mind, is as manifest as it is suggestive. The passion for Oriental Scriptures in America was already active when the transcendentalists of Boston recognized it twenty-five years ago, and responded to it in the pages of their magazine, the *Dial*, which contained in each number an important chapter of "Ethnical Scriptures." Mr. Emerson reproduced many fine thoughts from Hafiz, Saadi, and the "Redekunste" and other Persian transcripts of Von Hammer. Thoreau, naturalist and scholar, passed his life in the woods as a devout *Yogi*, studying the Bagavat Geeta and the Puranas. Other miners of this old vein, as Brookes and Alger, scattered through the country orient pearls from "Wisdom of the Brahmin" and "Grains of Incense," which were hungrily caught up by the multitude. I could quote here worthy verses from several young poets of America, to show that the direction I have ascribed to the Occidental mind is genuine, and as free from mere imitativeness as from affectation: but my purpose at present is to give some account of a singular genius whose writings, although he certainly had no acquaintance with Oriental literature, have given the most interesting illustration of it, besides being valuable in other respects.

It was about ten years ago that literary circles in and around Boston were startled by the tidings that Emerson — whose incredulity concerning American books was known to be as profound as that of Sydney Smith — had discovered an American poet. Emerson had been for many years our literary banker: paper that he had inspected, coin that had been ring on his counter, would pass safely anywhere. On his table had been laid one day a queerly-shaped book, entitled, "Leaves of Grass. By Walt Whitman." There was also in the front the portrait of a middle-aged man in the garb of a workingman. The Concord philosopher's feeling on perusing this book was expressed in a private letter to its author, which I quote from memory: "At first I rubbed my eyes to find if this new sunbeam might not be an illusion. . . . . I greet you at the beginning of a great career, which yet must have had a long foreground somewhere for such a start." Toward no other American, toward no contemporary excepting Carlyle, had Emerson ever used such strong expressions as these. The writer to whom they had been addressed at once printed a new edition of his poems, placing on the back of it, "I greet you at the beginning of a great career. — R. W. Emerson."

This and the publication of the entire letter at the end of the volume annoyed Mr. Emerson very much, for it was a formidable book for any gentleman to carry by his indorsement into general society. Mr. Emerson was afterwards convinced, I believe, that Walt Whitman had printed his letter in ignorance of the *bienséances* in such cases, but he was destined to hear of some unpleasant results from it. Walt Whitman's book was, in fact, unreadable in many of those circles to which the refined thinker's name at once bore it; and many were the stories of the attempts to read it in mixed companies. One grave clergyman made an effort to read it aloud to some gentlemen and ladies, and only broke down after surprising his company considerably. Nevertheless, the book continued to be studied quietly, and those who read it ceased to wonder that it should have kindled the sage who had complained that the American freeman is "timid, imitative, tame," from listening too long to "the courtly muses of Europe." The plainness of speech in "Leaves of Grass" is indeed biblical; there is, too, a startling priapism running through it; nay, squeamish readers must needs hold their noses, for the writer does not hesitate to bring the slop-bucket into the drawing-room to show that the chemic laws work therein also; yet from its first sentence, "I celebrate myself," there starts forth an endless procession of the forms and symbols of life, — now funeral, now carnival, or again a masquerade of nations, cities, epochs, or the elements, natural and human, — fascinating the eye with wonder or dread. To these terrible eyes Maya surrenders: faces, forms, skeletons, are unsheathed. Here are the autographs of New York, and of the prairies, savannahs, Ohio, Mississippi, and all powers, good and evil. There is much that is repulsive to the ordinary mind in these things and in the poems that really express them: but as huge reptiles help to fashion the pedestal of man, as artists find in griffins and crouching animal forms the fundamental vitality upon which the statue or pillar may repose, one might not unreasonably find in the wild and grotesque forms of Walt Whitman's chants, so instinct with life, the true basis of any shaft, not the duplicate of any raised elsewhere, that American thought is to raise. . . . .

Having occasion to visit New York soon after the appearance of Walt Whitman's book, I was urged by some friends to search him out, and make some report to them concerning him. It was on a Sunday in midsummer that I journeyed through the almost interminable and monotonous streets which stretch out upon "fish-shaped Paumanok," and the direction led me to the very last house outward from the great city, — a small wooden house of two stories. At my third knock a fine-looking old lady opened the door just enough to eye me carefully, and ask what I wanted. It struck me, after a little, that his mother — for so she declared herself — was apprehensive that an agent of the police might be after her son, on account of his audacious book. At last, however, she pointed to an open common with a central hill, and told me I should find her son there. The day was excessively hot, the thermometer at nearly 100°, and the sun blazed down as only on sandy Long Island can the sun blaze. The common had not a single tree or shelter, and it seemed to me that only a very devout fire-worshipper indeed could be found there on such a day. No human being could I see at first in any direction; but just as I was about to return I saw stretched upon his back, and gazing up straight at the terrible sun, the man I was seeking. With his gray clothing, his blue-gray shirt, his iron-gray hair, his swart, sunburnt face and bare neck, he lay upon the brown-and-white grass, — for the sun had burnt away its greenness, — and was so like the earth upon

which he rested, that he seemed almost enough a part of it for one to pass by without recognition. I approached him, gave my name and reason for searching him out, and asked him if he did not find the sun rather hot. "Not at all too hot," was his reply; and he confided to me that this was one of his favorite places and attitudes for composing "poems." He then walked with me to his home, and took me along its narrow ways to his room. A small room of about fifteen square feet, with a single window looking out on the barren solitudes of the island; a small cot, a wash-stand with a little looking-glass hung over it, from a tack in the wall, a pine table with pen, ink, and paper on it; an old line-engraving, representing Bacchus, hung on the wall, and opposite a similar one of Silenus; these constituted the visible environment of Walt Whitman. There was not, apparently, a single book in the room. In reply to my expression of a desire to see his books, he declared that he had very few. I found, upon further inquiry, that he had received only such a good English education as every American lad may receive from the public schools, and that he now had access to the libraries of some of his friends. The books he seemed to know and love the best were the Bible, Homer, and Shakespeare: these he owned, and probably had in his pocket whilst we were talking. He had two studies where he read; one was the top of an omnibus, and the other a small mass of sand, then entirely uninhabited, far out in the ocean, called Coney Island. Many days had he passed on that island, as completely alone as Crusoe. He had no literary acquaintance, beyond a company of Bohemians who wrote for the *Saturday Press*, — the organ at that time of all the audacity of New York, — whom he now and then met at Pfaaf's lager-beer cellar. He was remarkably taciturn, however, about himself, — considering the sublime egoism of his book, — and cared only about his "poems," of which he read me one that had not then appeared. I could not help suspecting that he must have had masters; but he declared that he had learned all that he knew from omnibus-drivers, ferryboat-pilots, fishermen, boatmen, and the men and women of the markets and wharves. These were all inarticulate poets, and he interpreted them. The only distinguished contemporary he had ever met was the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, who had visited him. He had, he said, asked Mr. Beecher what were his feelings when he heard a man swear; and that gentleman having admitted that he felt shocked, he (Whitman) concluded that he still preferred keeping to the boatmen for his company. He was at the time a little under forty years of age. His father had been a farmer on Long Island, and Walt had worked on the farm in early life. His father was of English, his mother of Dutch, descent, thus giving him the blood of both the races which had settled New York. In his youth he had listened to the preaching of the great Quaker iconoclast, Elias Hicks, of whom his parents were followers; and I fancy that Hicks, than whom few abler men have appeared in any country in modern times, gave the most important contribution to his education. After leaving his father's farm he taught school for a short time, then became a printer, and afterwards a carpenter. When his first volume appeared he was putting up frame dwellings in Brooklyn; the volume was, however, set in type entirely by his own hand. He had been originally of the Democratic party; but when the Fugitive Slave Law was passed he found that he was too really democratic for that, and uttered his declaration of independence in a poem called "Blood-money," — a poem not found in his works, but which was the first he ever wrote. He confessed to having no talent for industry, and that his forte was "loafing and writing poems"; he was poor, but had discovered that he could, on the whole, live magnificently on bread and water. He had travelled through the country as far as New Orleans, where he once edited a paper. But I would find, he said, all of him — his life, works, and days — in his book; he had kept nothing back whatever.

We passed the remainder of the day roaming, or "loafing," on Staten Island, where we had shade, and many miles of a beautiful beach. Whilst we bathed, I was impressed by a certain grandeur about the man, and remembered the picture of Bacchus on the wall of his room. I then perceived that the sun had put a red mask on his face and neck, and that his body was a ruddy blonde, pure and noble, his form being at the same time remarkable for fine curves and for that grace of movement which is the flower of shapely and well-knit bones. His head was oviform in every way; his hair, which was strongly mixed with gray, was cut close to his head, and, with his beard, was in strange contrast to the almost infantine fulness and serenity of his face. This serenity, however, came from the quiet light blue eyes, and above these there were three or four deep horizontal furrows, which life had ploughed. The first glow of any kind that I saw about him was when he entered the water, which he fairly hugged with a lover's enthusiasm. But when he was talking about that which deeply interested him, his voice, always gentle and clear, became slow, and his eyelids had a tendency to decline over his eyes. It was impossible not to feel at every moment the *reality* of every word and movement of the man, and also the surprising delicacy of one who was even freer with his pen than modest Montaigne.

After making an appointment to meet Walt again during the week, when we would saunter through the streets of New York, I went off to find myself almost sleepless with thinking of this new acquaintance. He had so magnetized me, so charged me, as it were, with somewhat indefinable, that for the time the only wise course of life seemed to be to put on a blue shirt and a blouse, and loaf about Manahatta and Paumanok, — "loaf, and invite my soul," to use my new friend's phrase. I found time hanging heavily on my hands, and the sights of the brilliant city tame, whilst waiting for the next meeting, and wondered if he would seem such a grand fellow when I saw him again. I found him on the appointed morning setting in type in a Brooklyn printing-office a paper from the *Democratic Review*, urging the superiority of Walt Whitman's poetry over that of Tennyson, which he meant to print (as he did everything, *pro* and *con*, in full) in the appendix of his next edition. He still had on the workingman's garb, which (he said) he had been brought up to wear, and now found it an advantage to continue. It became plain to me, as I passed along the streets and on the ferry with him, that he was a prince incognito amongst his lower class acquaintances. They met him continually, grasped his hand with enthusiasm, and laughed and chatted (but on no occasion did he laugh, nor, indeed, did I ever see him smile). Having some curiosity to know whether this class of persons appreciated him at all, I privately said to a workman in corduroys, with

whom I had seen him conversing, and whom he had just left. "Do you know who that man there is?" "That? Why, Walt Whitman." "Have you known him long?" "Many a year." "What sort of a man is he?" "A great man is Walt. Nobody knows Walt, but everybody knows him. [illegible] him." There was a curious look [illegible] as he emphasized the word "knows," as if he were not wishing at the success with which he had expressed himself. "He has written a book, — has n't he?" "Not as ever I heard on." Several times, as we were crossing the waters about New York, I was able to separate from him, and put similar questions to artisans and others with whom I had seen him interchange greetings or words; but I found none of them knew anything about his writings, though all felt a pride in being acquainted with him. Nothing could surpass the [illegible] with a [illegible] observation in [illegible] the streets. "Look at [illegible] I [illegible] certainly a [illegible] of a villainous low [illegible] "There," said Walt, [illegible] New York [illegible] There's [illegible] I think." We [illegible] [illegible] At [illegible] In [illegible] man can communicate to us no experience; and if we are shocked, whose experience is it that we are reminded of? . . . . He occasionally suggests something a little more than human. . . . . Wonderfully like the Orientals, too, considering that when I asked him if he had read them, he said, 'No: tell me about them.' . . . . He is apparently the greatest democrat the world has seen." He made an equal impression on other men of culture and ability who visited him.

How Walt Whitman came to write those nine thousand extraordinary lines, — or verses, one knows not which to call them, — it were hard to say. The idea with which he entered upon his work may be gathered from the following extract from a private letter, which I am permitted to insert here. "I assume," he writes, "that poetry in America needs to be entirely recreated. On examining with anything like deep analysis what now prevails in the United States, the whole mass of poetical works, long and short, reveals either of the poetry of an elegantly weak sentimentalism, at bottom nothing but maudlin puerilities, or more or less musical verbiage, arising out of a life of depression and enervation, as the result of the class of poetry, plays, [illegible] of which the foundation is feudalism, with its [illegible] of lords and ladies, its imported standard of [illegible] and the manners of European high-life [illegible] in every line and verse. . . . . Instead [illegible] proportionate to our [illegible] with its powerful races of men, its tremendous [illegible] its great oceans, its mountains, its [illegible] I find a few little [illegible] moved by shrunken fingers."

His aim, he says in the same letter, "to give something to our literature which will be our own, with neither foreign spirit, nor imagery, nor form, but adapted to our case, grown out of our [illegible] pervading the West, strengthening [illegible] and finding [illegible] with and growth in our [illegible] of paper, in [illegible] — "MAKE THE WORK," [illegible] where he could always [illegible] every [illegible] and [illegible] in his book. He [illegible] music, and many [illegible] in the [illegible] of the opera [illegible] forgets nothing. [illegible] American formation. [illegible] forms in the [illegible] in his mind [illegible]

W[illegible] writing poems, that [illegible] of [illegible] — [illegible] bed its [illegible] of the war. [illegible] W[illegible] and [illegible] with the [illegible] His [illegible] asked nor [illegible] — [illegible] was [illegible] and [illegible] in any [illegible] He [illegible] people to [illegible]

[illegible] W[illegible] says. [illegible] say that, during [illegible] with, and, in [illegible] or on the [illegible] W[illegible]

field, personally ministered to, upward of one hundred thousand sick and wounded men."

At the close of the war he was appointed to a clerkship in the Department of the Interior, and in the intervals of official work wrote a new volume of poems entitled "Drum-Taps," which has been recently published. This volume is entirely free from the peculiar deductions to which the other is liable, and shows that the author has lost no fibre of his force. There is in this volume a very touching dirge for Abraham Lincoln, — who was his warm friend and admirer, — which is worthy of being quoted. It is as follows: —

"O captain! my captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won.
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But, O heart! heart! heart!
Leave you not the little spot,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

"O captain! my captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up, — for you the flag is flung, — for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, — for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
O captain! dear father!
This arm I push beneath you;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead."

"My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
But the ship, the ship, is anchored safe, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship comes in with object won.
Exult, O shore, and ring, O bells!
But I with silent tread,
Walk the spot my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead."

The late Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Harlan, recently had pointed out to him, — probably by some one who desired Whitman's clerkship, — some passages of the "Leaves of Grass" in which he could see only grossness, and for this cause ejected the poet from his office. The indignation which this caused throughout the country proves that Walt Whitman has quietly obtained a very wide influence. After a very curious controversy, chiefly notable for an able and caustic pamphlet written by Mr. O'Connor, showing that the Secretary would equally have dismissed the Scriptural and classical writers, the bard was appointed to an office in the Attorney-General's department, which he now holds. It is understood by his friends that he is writing a series of pieces which shall be the expression of the religious nature of man, which he regards as essential to the completion of his task.

AN OCEAN WAIF.

IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V. (*Continued*).

"Who spoke?" I heard from above me.

"Hush!" I whispered, leaning out as far as I could, — "hush! it is me, — John Cross." And then I heard a sound as if some one had fallen on the ground. A few minutes after, I heard the voice again.

"Pray — pray, save us! For Heaven's sake, help!"

"Yes, yes!" I said; "but speak low, or we shall be heard. — Miss Mary?"

"Yes," cried the voice, eagerly.

"Is there a rope of any kind there?"

There was silence for a minute, and then she said, "No!"

"Are you listening?" I said.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Then take the sheets from the cots, and tie them tightly together, and then fasten one end to the table; tightly, mind."

I waited while I could hear her busily toiling, but in a few moments the voice whispered despairingly, "I can never tie them tightly enough."

"Never mind," I said; "only tie them, all you can find, together, and lower them down."

Soon after, something white was lowered from the cabin window, and hung down, swaying backwards and forwards; and at last, after many tries, I reached it. More and more came down, till there was far more than I wanted, when I made the knots fast, and whispered to her to draw up. "Now," I said, "as soon as it is tight, twist all you have round the table-leg, and hold on."

In a few minutes, I found the sheet-rope would bear my weight, and directly after, I was holding on by the cabin-window, with those two poor girls clinging, crying, to me, and begging me to save them.

I felt most mad, as I looked at them by the light of the cabin lantern. Hair torn down; dresses half dragged from their shoulders; while, right across the face of Miss Mary, was a mark as of a blow, while her poor lip was cut and bleeding.

"O, pray — pray, save us!" she cried, putting her poor hand on mine, as I clung there.

"As I hope God may save me," I said; "or I'll die for you."

And then there was silence for a few moments; and if I had dared, I should have kissed the soft hand that nestled against mine so trustingly, but I thought it would be cowardly, and I did not.

"And now," I whispered, "I'm going on deck."

"Ah! don't leave us," sobbed Miss Madeline.

"It is to try what I can do to get you away," I whispered; and then the poor girl, who seemed half fainting, sank down, kneeling on the floor, and her sister leaned over her, and said to me, "We'll pray for you, Cross."

"Then I shall succeed," I said, for I felt that I should; and so I left them, feeling nerved to have done anything in their defence.

I soon was over the poop, and crawling close under the bulwarks, when I found that the man by the binnacle-light was fast asleep, for the ship made no way at all. I stopped in the darkness for a few minutes, listening, and could hear voices in the fore-cabin; and it was evident there was a good deal of drunkenness and carousing going forward. Half a dozen stanch, well-armed fellows could have secured the ship, I felt sure, as I opened my knife that hung by a lanyard to my waist, and then shoving it open in my belt, I crawled to the skylight, and looked down into the passengers' cabin, where I could see Hicks, Phillips, and two more playing cards, while another lay on the bulkhead asleep. It was a good thing I had no pistol in my hand, or I should have had that Hicks's blood upon my head then.

I crept away from the skylight and under the bulwarks again, though it was as dark as pitch, and began making my way towards the other boat as hung from the davits; when all at once, some one had me by the throat, and tried to turn me on my back; but I was too quick, for I had my knife against his ribs in a moment, and hissed out, "You're a dead man if you stir."

That was sharp practice, for we were both on our knees close against the bulwarks, and I could

feel his hot breath right in my face, as he must have felt mine. Just then, he gave a bit of a shift, and my knife pricked him, for I meant what I said then; but the prick made him start so that he a bit got the better of me, and had tight hold of my hand which held the knife.

"Now, you murdering, piratical scoundrel," he hissed between his teeth; and I began to feel that if I did n't look sharp I should have the worst of it. "Now, give up the knife, you dog, or I'll strangle you, if it's only for poor Jack's sake."

"Hallo!" I says in a whisper, slackening my hold.

"Hallo!" he says in a whisper, slackening his hold.

"What, Tom, matey?" I says.

"What, Jack, old lad?" he says; and I'm blessed if we did n't hug each other like two great gals.

"Why, I thought they knocked you on the head," I says.

"Why, I see them pitch you overboard," he says.

"Yes," I says; "but I got on the rudder-chains."

"Ah," he says; "and in the russie I was knocked down; but I got down below arter, and got in that empty water-cask. I ain't been out a quarter of an hour."

"Who's on deck?" I says.

"Only that chap at the wheel," he says, "for I've seen the second."

[illegible] we had a whisper together for the [illegible] in our sleeping-[illegible] where [illegible]

"[illegible] water-butt here," says Tom.

"[illegible] seems to be some biscuit in the lockers," I says.

"[illegible]," says Tom, "had n't we better stop in holding? We shall be saved!"

"[illegible]"

[illegible]

[illegible] and was in the boat in a moment; but not without rattling one of the oars, and I trembled again for fear he should have been heard. But all was quiet, and the next moment I was beside him; and as we could n't unhook the boat, I cut the ropes fore and aft, and then Tom slowly worked her along and under the cabin window where those demons were sitting; then past the window of the captain's cabin, round the rudder, and then there was a joyful cry, for I had fast hold of the sheets hanging down.

"Make her fast with the painter, Tom," I said; and up I went, and next minute stood between those two poor creatures, both of them clinging to me in that sad way — it was pitiful.

"Hush!" I said — "not a sound"; and then drawing up the sheet, I just looked at the knots, and made it fast round Miss Madeline, for Miss Mary would not go first. Poor girl, she tried all she could to help me; and so, she creeping out herself, I lowered Miss Madeline down into the boat, and the shaken sheet told me all was right.

"God bless you for this," whispered Miss Mary, as I made the sheet-rope fast round her. "Be kind to us, for we are in your hands."

I did n't say anything, but I did kneel down and kiss her hand that time. She was a deal more active than her sister; and in another minute, I had her lowered down into the boat, and Tom cast off the sheet.

"Shy down some blankets," he whispered; and I brought those out that were in the cots, and threw them down, and the pillows too. On the table was biscuit, cheese, meat, and cake, and these I slipped into a pillow-case, and lowered down. In the lockers, too, were biscuit-tins, and two wicker-covered bottles; and these I lowered down, for I felt safe now, knowing how soon I could slip down, and that the ladies were out of danger; for I knew, if fire [illegible] would be vain in the dark. So, a [illegible] I lowered down cases of preserved meat and wine, and everything of use that I could find in the lockers, when, giving a glance round, I thought now I'll go. I thought the sheet-rope might [illegible] as an awning, so I stooped [illegible] meaning to slip it round the leg of [illegible] down with trouble, so that I could then [illegible] and draw it after me. It was hard [illegible] the knots had been strained; and [illegible] my teeth; but they [illegible] and I pulled my knife out of my [illegible] knot, drew up enough so as it should [illegible] and was passing it round the leg, when [illegible] and leaped on one side [illegible] the floor, and fired at me [illegible] revolver to cook for another [illegible] for I was on him in an instant [illegible] deep into his throat and [illegible] with a wild gurgling cry [illegible] staggered to the door, and [illegible] as I on was climbing up [illegible] for he could not reach [illegible]

[illegible] quickly, and cast off the [illegible] was getting out of my way, [illegible] give two or three [illegible] and then lie still. The [illegible] the boat, and with an [illegible] pushed away from the [illegible] darkness.

[illegible] the ladies; and Miss [illegible] sister's feet, while Tom and I

got out the oars, and as quickly as possible paddled away, not daring to make a sound, for there was a noise on board, and three or four shots were fired at random out of the cabin window. Then we could see them on deck, and some one fired a pistol off again; but the bullet never came near us.

"They're going to try and launch a boat, I expect," said Tom with a chuckle; "and there's the dingey, as 'll hold two comfortable; and as for the long-boat, I don't think they 'll get her over the side to-night."

"Pray — pray, row fast," cried Miss Mary. "Can't we help?" and she moved forward as if to get to an oar.

"God bless you, no, miss!" I said in a whisper; "we 'll bend to it directly." And then we paddled a little farther off, till I thought they could n't hear the oars in the rowlocks, when we both bent to it, and rowed stroke for stroke for a good hour, and all on right through the thickest darkness I ever saw, and long after the lights in the cabin window of the good ship *Southern Star* had disappeared.

All at once Tom stopped, and threw in his oar.

"What is it?" I says.

"Matey," he says, "I have n't had bit nor sup since tea last night; and I think we shall work better after somethin'."

I had n't thought of it before; but I knew how weak I felt, and so I pulled in my oar too, and Tom pulled up one of the biscuit-tins, and found the cheese and a bottle.

"Lend me your knife, Jack," he says, and my hand went naturally enough to my belt; but the moment after I shuddered, and told him to break the cheese, pretending I could not get at it.

Just as we pushed off, I could see by the cabin lights that Miss Madeline had crept down at her sister's feet; but on feeling now in the dark, I found they were sitting side by side; so I got one of the blankets over them, and then, after a deal of persuading, managed to get them to take some of the biscuit and cheese, and some wine. Tom and I took a sup each, and put our biscuit and cheese on the seat by us, and made ready for a start again, eating as we went on, and then rowing as true as we could, so as to keep the boat's head the same way; and without any more stoppage, for we knew what trouble those poor gals were in, starting as they were at every splash we laid down to our work, and rowed on, hour after hour, right away into the thick darkness.

CHAPTER VI.

I SUPPOSE it must have been the Devil put it into my head, for while I was busy lowering things down into the boat, I thought how easy it would be to get upsides with the murdering party as were in the ship. I 'd only got to turn over the cabin lantern, and she 'd soon have been in a blaze, when my gentlemen would have had enough to do to save themselves, and the treasure must have gone to the bottom. But I should n't have done such a thing, and in another minute I should have been helping to shove off the boat, if that Hicks had n't rushed on to his death; that was a terrible thing to think on, not but that he deserved it richly, and I knew what I did was in self-defence, and for the sake of them two poor gals.

I should say it was about twelve o'clock when we laid to at it, and rowed straight off right away into the thick darkness, with not a sound to be heard but the "lap, lap, lapping" of the water against the boat's stem, and the splash and rattle of our oars. There was n't a word spoken, for we wanted all our breath, and knew well enough that all depended on our being well out of sight of the ship when day broke; and of course they would be sweeping the offing with a glass. What I was most afraid of was, that we might get rowing in a circle, and not get far enough off, when we knew what would be the end of it if they once caught sight of us. It quite made me give a shudder and lay back at my oar, till Tom said "Steady!" when steady it was again.

There seemed something awful and solemn about that night: what with the horrors we had been through, and one thing and another, I felt quite outer sorts; and the still darkness we were driving through, far out there in the midst of the great ocean, seemed to hang heavy-like upon me, so that I did not care to speak. A regular, long, steady pull, hour after hour, and all that while not a star to be seen, while I could barely distinguish my mate Tom when I looked over my shoulder; and in front sometimes I could make out something indistinct, which was the ladies, though not often. But it was hot, steaming hot, that night, for there was n't a breath of wind stirring; and at last the pull began to tell upon us both, so that we were glad to take another sup apiece of the wine; but that did not take us long, and we were off and away again faster than ever.

All at once, with a sort of jump, the clouds began to tinge, and we then knew what we did n't know before, that we were pulling due north; and then, almost all at once, up came the sun, and shone upon them two poor things fast asleep, — worn out, as they sat in the bottom of the boat, with their arms tight round one another, and their poor faces that pale and bad, it was pitiful. Up went the sun higher, and there was the sea heaving gently and curling over, and all glowing with the most beautiful colors. But we had no thought for the glowing morning, for there was something else to take our attention, — there lay the ship, not half the distance off that I had hoped; and so near, that I knew if a breeze sprung up, she must soon overhaul us. If the darkness had only kept on, I should n't have cared, but there it was, a bright, glowing morning; and I knew, if they looked out, they must see us; our only hope being that, half-drunk overnight, they might be hours yet before they roused up; and then, dispirited with the loss of their head man, they might n't care about pursuit.

"Wash your face, Jack," says Tom in a whisper, as we lay to, looking at the ship, now standing out quite plain on the horizon, — "wash your face and hands, mate."

I looked at my hands, and gave a shudder, for they were all over blood, while I suppose my face was in the same state, and it was n't from the cut as I had on my head. So I leaned over the side, and had a good dip in the cool, pleasant water; and while I was drying myself upon my handkercher, Miss Mary gave a sigh, and opened her eyes, and looked at me as if she did n't know where she was, nor anything about it; but, directly after, the color began to come into her cheeks, and she reached over her hand to me, and I kissed it; and then she reached her hand over to Tom, and he did the same; and of course we did it roughly, but

[illegible]

[illegible] and I had [illegible] and [illegible] and toward [illegible] shown [illegible]

eyes, and lay quite still, as if I dare not move; for there was that face bending over me, and those soft white hands were bathing my face: while twice over there was a tender, pitying tear fell upon my cheek.

"Poor fellows! what you have suffered for us," she said, as I got up and said I was better now.

"It was that crack on the head, you see, miss," I said.

"What [illegible] were looking for?" she exclaimed.

"[illegible] I [illegible] miss. One [illegible] in the [illegible] on [illegible] ter [illegible] thick- [illegible]

us; and I suppose," she said mournfully, "they will not be merciful to you."

I gave my head a shake.

"Then," she said, with quite a smile on her beautiful lips, "I want you to promise, on your oath as a man, that we shall not — poor sister and me — fall alive into the hands of those monsters."

"What do you mean?" I says, falling all of a tremble, and with the sweat standing on my forehead. "What do you mean?"

"For God's sake — for the sake of your own mother — by all you hold dear and holy," she whispered, "kill us both."

"I could n't — I could n't," I groaned.

"Would you sooner see me do it?" she said, quietly.

I could not speak, for I felt choking. I could do nothing but gaze in a wild sort of way at the beautiful creature who was talking so calmly and patiently of death.

"There is no mercy from those monsters," she said, — "so promise"; and she took both my hands, and I promised; for the blood seemed to rush through my veins again as she held my hands, and I thought of the cries and prayers I heard as I hung on by the rudder-chains, and then I felt that I should sooner clasp her in my arms, and plunge overboard, than that one of those ruffians should ever again lay a finger upon her.

"I swear it," I says; and then, with a choky, husky voice I says: "And you'll forgive me?"

"Yes," she says; "and pray for you. And now I feel calm."

On came the ship, with the wind freshening every minute, so that our little boat began to dance a little on the waves. The sun sunk down lower and lower, and the cool breeze seemed quite to revive me, so that I sat up, and then helped Miss Madeline to sit up as well; when, with poor Tom fast asleep, I sat down in the stern-sheets waiting for the end, with those two well-born ladies, one on each side, clasping my hands, and trusting to me to save them, but not from death. In the calm of that golden, glorious evening there was more than one prayer said aloud by a sweet and touching voice, as I sat thinking how hard it was to die so young; and there we sat, with the vessel coming nearer and nearer, but not to touch our boat, for with the boat-hook near at hand I was ready to drive out a plank or two when I saw it was time; and there we sat waiting for the end.

CHAPTER VII.

"ANOTHER quarter of an hour, and then death," I muttered as I thought to myself; but they both heard it, and Miss Mary looked up in my face with so sweet and heavenly a smile as she said: "Yes, dear friend; and rest where there is no more sin and suffering, no more pain and sorrow. But a little while, and we shall be at peace."

It was not for such as me to answer her; but her sweet calmness seemed to nerve my arm, and as the ship came nearer and nearer, I drew the boat-hook closer to my hand, and laid it across the boat. The sun was now just dipping, and, roused and excited as I felt then, it seemed to me that the broad red path which stretched along the waves would be the one we should take; and certain as death then seemed, I don't know that I felt to dread it so very much, for there was so much pity, so much sorrow for the young and beautiful girls by my side.

"Very soon now," said Miss Mary; and with a wild, strange look, she laid her hand upon my knife, which stuck in my belt, and taking it, tried, with her tender fingers, to open the great blade, while her sister, seeing the movement, covered her face with her hands, and slipped fainting off the seat.

"Poor Maddy! good by!" said Miss Mary, kneeling by her, and kissing her pale face; and then she glanced at the ship, and then fixed her eyes on mine as I held the great open-bladed knife in my hand. "I will not flinch," she whispered.

"Not with this," I said hoarsely; "it's stained with his foul blood"; and cutting the lanyard which held it, I threw it overboard. "No," I says, "I could not do that; we'll go down together."

As I looked at her, I remembered some words I had read in the Testament about seeing Stephen's face shine like the face of an angel. I've said that hers was an angel's face, but if I had thought so before, how much more did it seem so now, in its sad, mournful beauty, with her bright golden hair hanging down loose, and the deep glow from the setting sun, half beneath the water, full upon her; and the sight of this made me hesitate, for it seemed impossible that man could wrong one so beautiful; and though my hand was stretched out to take hold of the boat-hook, I drew it back; when she saw what was passing, and whispered, "Your promise!" and then I called up those dreadful cries again; seized the boat-hook, and stood up, watching the bearing down of the ship, with the water foaming beneath her bows, and the golden sunlight seeming to creep up her masts till all below was in shadow; and nearer and nearer she came, as though to run us down.

I gave one look at Miss Mary, whose eyes were now closed; and with clasped hands, and a sweet smile still playing on her lips, she kneeled by her sister, waiting for the end, now so near.

And nearer and nearer still came the ship; but now the shadow deepened, for we were where there was no twilight, but a quick change from day to night. I could now see plainly the faces on board, and see that preparations were being made for shortening sail; and then I laughed, for I knew what our old ship was, and that she would shoot by far enough before they could bring her to.

They saw me standing up with the boat-hook, and, I suppose, thought I meant to hook on when they brought up, but, in another minute, it would have gone through the bottom of the boat with a crash. I looked towards poor Tom, who lay asleep; Miss Mary was still on her knees, beside her fainting sister; and I felt that the moment had come; when, with a prayer for mercy — one learned years upon years before, and which now came rushing to my lips — I raised the pole. The ship would pass within twenty yards of us, I knew; but it was almost dark already, and as she came dashing down, the breeze seemed to freshen as if by magic; and as the old *Star* swept by, my arm sank to my side, and I fell on my knees in the boat, muttering: "Saved, saved!" for the ship was far astern, and I knew that before she could bring to under their clumsy management, it would be night, for even now it was dark.

The change from despair to hope was so sudden that for a few minutes I could scarcely believe in the truth of our position, but a hand laid upon my arm roused me, and I explained how it all was, and that there was yet a chance of life. Then I set to and considered a little, and tried to think what was

of heaven, never once failed, but bore us bravely on, and on, and on, with hope rising in our breasts, till we saw the stars pale, the glow in the east, and the sun once more leap up, and shed the golden path across the waters, now dancing with life!

Although we were going so free, before the sun [illegible] and when there was the full [illegible] and anxiously for the ship, [illegible] the horizon well: [illegible] mast in sight, and so I told [illegible] and [illegible] Not a sail in [illegible] once more: [illegible] dancing [illegible]

west, Jack," he added, and just managed to take hold of Miss Mary's hand, and put it to his lips; and then, "Jack," he says, "you've had it all to do, mate, and you've got it to finish; and I won't ask my old mate to swear, but you'll do what's right by them both, won't you?"

"Ay, lad," I said, "I will," and the water came in my eyes as I said it; for he spoke so that I was afraid something was very nigh indeed.

"Then I shall go easy, Jack, mate, for I am going to give up the number of my mess"; and then he was silent for a bit, till Miss Mary sobbed quite aloud, and said she was going to lose a dear, true friend.

"No," said Tom, smiling sadly; "only a poor sailor, miss, as tried to do his duty by you, and broke down; but Jack here will take my watch for me; and God bless you all, for I don't think I shall see the sun go down again."

"Come, Tom," I says, "try and look up, mate"; but it was done in a cheerless way, and the poor fellow only smiled sadly.

"It was that chap Hicks as did for me, mate," he said; and then he looked hard at me, and we understood one another, for he looked as he did that morning when he told me to wash the blood off my face; and somehow or other I could not help feeling glad I had made an end of the villain who gave my poor mate his death-blow.

And poor Tom lay half-sleeping, half-waking, all that calm night, and I watched by him till just as the sun was beginning to rise, when he seemed to quite wake up, and stared out towards the east, as if he had been called.

"What is it, mate?" I says, lifting his head on my arm, and taking his hand.

"Tell 'em I'm ordered aloft, Jack," he whispered; and then, with quite a smile upon his face, my poor mate closed his eyes and dropped off into his long sleep; and there, with the sun shining upon his face, I did n't know it, he went off so quietly, till I heard the young ladies sobbing behind me, when I gently laid his head down, and sat at his side with my face in my hands for some time, for Tom Black and I were old shipmates.

It was a sad blow that to fall upon our little ship's company; but I did all as I knew my poor mate would have liked, and as I know he would have done by me. I lashed him up in one of the sheets, with a shot at his feet — one that had been in the boat for ballast — and at sundown, Miss Mary said some prayers over the poor fellow, and then, with a more sorrowful heart than ever I felt before, I hove my poor mate overboard, and then sat down in the bows, feeling as if I did n't mind how soon it was me as was called, till I thought of what I had promised poor Tom, which was to do my duty by them as was in my charge; when I roused up, tried to make all ship-shape, and waited for the wind, which soon came; and away we dashed again all that night.

CHAPTER IX.

"PUT her head a bit more to the west, Jack," said poor Tom, and I did; and taking turn and turn with me, Miss Mary gave me a watch below, or, of course, I could not have held up; and one day — the second after poor Tom went — I was dreaming about what was the case, namely, that our supply of water was out, when I felt my arm shook, and waking up in a fright, I found that Miss Mary had thrown the wind out of the sail, and there she was, looking frightened and horrified-like at a vessel standing right across our course.

"O, what shall we do?" she cried.

"Frigate," I says, "man-o'-war," as I took a good look at the stranger.

"What! not the *Star?*" she exclaimed, clasping her hands.

"No," I says, taking the tiller, and running down towards the stranger; but though we were out of water, I could not help doing it with a heavy heart, for it seemed that a great change was coming. But those two loving hearts were together, and when I saw them praying, I kept my eye upon the frigate, and would not show what was passing in my own mind.

In a couple of hours we were alongside, and our boat was hoisted on board, and the ladies had a cabin given up to 'em; but it fell to my lot to tell the story of our sufferings, and I did to the captain and some of the officers, for it was a Queen's ship. I saw the captain frown more than once, and he got up in a hasty, fretful way, and began to march up and down the room till I'd done, when he says: "My man, we must have you, if you'll stay with us."

A few days after, we were at the Cape, where the captain stopped to land the ladies, of whom I had seen but very little since we went on board the frigate, for they hardly left their cabin, though it was wonderful what respect the officers paid them, and how kind every one was to me, specially when they saw how them two ran to speak to and shake hands with me when they did come on deck.

I thought it all over; what the captain had said, and all about it; and I went to see the ladies once, by their own invitation, while they were staying at a gentleman's house; and I felt more low and sad than ever when I saw them dressed in deep mourning, for it brought all the scenes up again of that unlucky voyage; but I tried to rouse up, for though no scholar, and only a sailor, I knew as it was now time to wake up from a sort of wild dream as I had been in.

So I said "Good by" to them, and they both cried at our parting, and made me promise that I would go to see them when I was in Englaud; for I knew that their passage home was taken, and I had made up my mind what was best; and I told the ladies I was going to join the frigate. It was a sad afternoon that, and they seemed both of them cut to the heart to say "Good by," and I was too. But the words were said at last, and they each gave me a little ring to wear upon my handkercher for their sake; and then, when I was coming away, Miss Madeline first put both her hands in mine, and put her face up as naturally and tenderly as a little child would, and kissed me; and then Miss Mary put both her hands in mine — little white, soft hands in my rough, horny palms — and she, too, with a childish, loving innocence, and with the tears running down her cheeks, said "Good by," and she, too, kissed me as a dear sister would a brother.

There was a feeling as of something choking in my throat as I too tried to say the parting words, for I was now quite awake from the sort of dream that of late had come on me at times, and I hurried away.

We did not return to England for two years after that; but before I had been ashore — a' most as soon as we were in port — there was some one on

board as wanted to see me, and I was soon standing face to face with a tall, sharp-eyed, officer-looking gentleman, who told me his name was Captain Horton; and he shook hands heartily, and thanked me for what he called my gallant behavior to his sisters. He said I was to go and see them, and left the address; and when he went away told me, and gave it me on paper, that there was fifty pounds for me in one of the banks whenever I liked to draw it; and also, that I was never to want for a friend while he and his sisters lived; and then he shook hands, and left me standing thinking of the bygone, and looking at the packet he left with me.

I took and opened that packet, and there was a handsome silver watch in it, and a five-pound note inside a letter, which was written and signed by Miss Mary; but there was a great deal in it as coming from her sister. It was a letter as I did n't feel it a disgrace to drop a few tears on; and it was like that kiss, such a one as a dear sister would write to her brother. It said I was to go and see them; and there was a good deal in it about the sad past, and what she, too, called my gallant behavior, when it was nothing more than my duty. She said, too, that they would ever pray for my welfare, and begged that I would wear the watch for their sake, while I was not to think the less of it because it was not of gold, for their brother thought that a silver one would be the more suitable present.

And that part somehow seemed to hurt me, for it was like saying a silver one was more suited for a man in my station, which was quite right; but for all that, it seemed to rankle, though I knew at heart as the letter was all tenderly and lovingly meant. But all that went off again; and the letter, and the note in it, and the watch, lie together in my chest; and so sure as I take 'em out and look at them, I get in that dreamy way again; and at times on the long watches [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

course. Congress will be very strong Executive very weak. a law or two will passed over the Pr nt's head, and there some relaxation reins of official the evil will be temporary and South will either yield and accept its new as a strong but not a dominant section of monwealth, or remain outside until in election of some determined Northerner strates the futility of further resistance to evitable. The collection of one good crop of by paid labor will greatly improve the the great planters, while the lower whites time to perceive that as the aristocracy of not continue, the free-soilers are their against the aristocracy of the land, a danger the planters are sure to perceive, and try to avert by granting the freedmen rights. They may lead the negroes if fact which comes out at every turn,—but them and the landless whites there is a fixed. If Mr. Johnson will only yield, emancipation to be made a reality, the future may be, if not satisfactory, at least but if not —

Then, say American Liberals, Mr. be deposed. The President's term of expire till March, 1869, and it is quite that we can endure for two years and a conflict between the government and We cannot have our political course negroes left unprotected, the army filled crats, the bureaus stuffed with men concessions made to Fenians, schemers for foreign war, all progress and all finance rendered uncertain, wrong-headedness of a man whom we to be the head of the States. It is the moderates, and the fiercer men [illegible] possible or not, at least The great project of removing the [illegible] we have so frequently [illegible] alternative to his submission, is [illegible]. The extreme Liberals have [illegible] since Mr. Johnson vetoed [illegible] and now the nation has begun [illegible] of a single officer, [illegible] is a less evil than the [illegible] form of [illegible] and the country. [illegible]

ies exaggerates unconsciously the difficul-
e mere trial, for the second and third sec-
the first article give the House of Repre-
s the power of impeachment by a simple
and the Senate the right of trial. "The
all have the sole power to try all impeach-
When sitting for that purpose they shall be
r affirmation. When the President of the
tates is tried the Chief Justice shall preside,
erson shall be convicted without the concur-
two thirds of the members present. Judg-
cases of impeachment shall not extend
han to removal from office, and disqualifi-
hold and enjoy any office of honor, trust,
under the United States, but the party
l shall, nevertheless, be liable and subject
ment, trial, judgment, and punishment,
g to law." It is at other points that the
s begin to arise so thickly. Is the President
ied as President, or to be deposed first?
ds of the Constitution direct that an im-
officer shall "be removed from office on
nent for *and* conviction of" such and such
and it is almost certain that the two words
read together. Yet how try Mr. Johnson
hief Magistrate of the Republic, the actual
the most important witnesses, — the Secre-
State?

there must be an accusation, and there are
accusations. Impeachment is only possible
ison, bribery, or other high crimes and mis-
rs," and it is not settled what those "other
ies" include. No charge of bribery is con-
d, and treason is defined in the Constitu-
levying war against the United States, or
to their enemies, giving them aid and com-
l the Southerners are not now, technically,
nts, "enemies" of the Union. The Presi-
gal powers are so very large that it will be
to prove that he has exceeded them, even
g appointments or granting pardons, and
the charge, it is indispensable that it should
y made out. His attack on Congress as a
n the verge of the government" might in-
nish moral ground for an impeachment, for
tended to deprive Congress of its legal au-
out a President's speech must be in the na-
things privileged, and to try a ruler for a
ould in any case be contrary to all Ameri-
nets. General Butler thinks a case can be
t of consistent attacks on the Constitution
g appointments, Mr. Johnson being accus-
appoint a man on the last day of the ses-
when the Senate refuses the nomination
oint him next day *ad interim;* but to make
ate remove a President for an attack on its
er, is to make it prosecutor and judge at
esides, though he has overstepped the mean-
e Constitution, he has not even strained its
nd the Constitution is always interpreted
xt or a penal law.

al Butler's second charge, that the President
ace, whereas that power belongs to Con-
more definite, but if we are not greatly
, he made it under the provisions of an Act
, no doubt, to arm Mr. Lincoln, but still
under his successor. The third charge,
e disposition of prizes, seems stronger, the
ving been frequently returned by the Pres-
wn order to their original owners; but here
r of pardon may be pleaded with effect.
charge which to us, as outside observers,
seems tenable, is that the President has been guilty of a "high misdemeanor" in breaking the solemnly pledged faith of the Union to the negro troops, — a charge on which there would, we believe, be irresistible evidence. Impeachment, however, in any shape is surrounded with difficulties, and the Liberals will, we believe, in the end be driven back upon a constitutional amendment. It is quite practicable, if two thirds of both Houses and three fourths of the States can be made to agree, to pass a constitutional amendment declaring that Congress shall have the power on a two thirds' vote to order that there shall be a new Presidential election for the remainder of any term. This would not be a removal of the President, but would compel him to submit his claim to continue in office to the people, who, if they agree with him, will simply reappoint. It would therefore remove the objection that the President was intended to represent the nation, and not Congress. That amendment, moreover, besides meeting the existing difficulty, would have this further advantage, that it would definitively replace the sovereign power in the Representative Body whenever the latter is strongly in accord with the general sentiment of the nation, and so abolish the greatest evil inherent in Presidential as opposed to Parliamentary government. The power is one which it would on ordinary occasions be impossible to use, but which would remain as the strongest popular weapon in the legal arsenal, to be drawn forth only when the nation was substantially unanimous and the President unendurably out of accord with its opinions.

A stronger defence against tyranny it would be impossible to frame, or one which could be less perverted by professional politicians. To pass such an amendment would be difficult, for it would require the votes of twenty-seven out of the thirty-six States, and the North can rely implicitly only on twenty-three or four; but to gain the other three will, we fear, be an easier task than to manage the impeachment of the legal head of thirty millions of men. They were gained for the amendment abolishing slavery. Should Mr. Johnson, misled by passion, or ignorance, or an immovable conviction of duty, attempt any overt act against Congress, then, of course, impeachment would be easy; but if he confines himself to his legal power, paralyzes business, recognizes the old legislatures in the South, and steadily vetoes Northern bills, impeachment will, we fear, be a dangerous process, even in the hands of the stern men to whom the elections will intrust the representative power. We do not mean dangerous in the sense that they may excite the President to armed resistance. That is the fancy of men accustomed to consider armies machines. The first order to the army to act against Congress would bring Mr. Johnson within the strict letter of the law, and the matter would then be very speedily decided. The South cannot conquer the North, and the South alone would be behind the President, who would in a week find himself without a Northern officer of mark, with his scattered army resolved not to fire upon the people, and a quarter of a million militiamen who have seen service advancing amid enthusiastic approval straight on Washington. But there would be danger of reanimating the Democratic party, of creating the sympathy which always follows any neglect of the true principles of justice, and of alarming every State in the Union with the spectacle of a central power which to secure a political end would strain the ordinary

law. Of all solutions of the question, the best would be the voluntary resignation of the President; the next best, his enforced resignation under a constitutional amendment: the next, his submission; and the worst, his removal under a sentence which large sections of the people would undoubtedly consider unjust. The South would then seem to be headed by the legal chief of the Union, the North only by the creature of the representative bodies.

ON THE TRAIL.

I AM a police superintendent in a large iron-making town, and for upwards of twenty years have had the care of a populous colliery district. The peculiar avocations of the people supply ample disguise for criminals in hiding. Who would look for a runaway clerk in the black face and coal-stained garments of a collier, or in the guise of a laborer in the iron shed? It may be assumed, therefore, that many a strange incident has come under my notice in the course of so long a service, and some of these I may occasionally present to the public. One in particular I remember well, as practically illustrating a remark made in the *Times* on the conviction of Muller, that crimes of a conspicuous character are generally committed by the class that is least suspected. I was called one evening to quell a disturbance between several colliers and a party of Irishmen. The colliers, it appears, maddened with drink, had assailed the latter, driven them into a dwelling, and would speedily have killed one or more, but for the opportune arrival of the police. The night afterwards, I received a note from the railway authorities that a coal-train had been thrown off the line by some miscreant or other, who had placed sleepers along the rails. Knowing that colliers working at a distance invariably returned by these trains, and remembering the struggle of the night before, I at once concluded this to be an attempt at Irish revenge, and pursued my investigation accordingly.

A few nights after, another coal-train was thrown off the rails, as, in the former case, however, without harm to the men; but this second attempt spurred me on, so that certain suspected persons were speedily in custody. But I soon found that these were not "my men." It is useless for me to expatiate on the unerring signs by which innocence invariably asserts itself. The Irishmen were violent men in their cups, but most certainly incapable of the atrocious act of which they were accused.

Scarcely had a week passed when the whole neighborhood was thrilled with horror. At a distance of twelve miles from the town where I live there was another town, to which our tradesmen resorted in numbers every Wednesday to market. In the evening, the last train, as usual, bore its numerous passengers to their homes. It was summer-time, and merrily they dashed along the rugged bank of a mountain-river, winding in amongst the hills. But soon the picture was changed. Turning a curve in full career, the engine left the rails, and, cutting deeply into the embankment, rolled, as it seemed, fortunately having continued fast in spite of the lake in progress to break the shock of the carriages. There was an awful cry of lamentation, a wild medley of hideous screams, men and women scrambling through the opening above the locked wheels to the front on personal safety to think of anything else. Most were bruised and all were frightened. Will messengers were despatched to the nearest station, others searched along the route for the cause of the mishap. It was soon found. The scene of the accident was a curve, and the *rail nearest to the river had been forcibly removed*. The miscreant—for it was soon seen that a villain's hand had been there—had fortunately been ignorant of mechanics. He had taken up the rail by the ravine—for I have omitted to mention that there was a steep precipice at this point—and naturally thought that the train, with its load of human life, would have tumbled over. The rail next to the river was the "safe" one, and the engine simply ploughed along towards the side of the mountain.

When the details of this lucky escape reached me, I felt that my reputation was at stake. This was evidently No. *Three* of the diabolical attempts of the same hand. The first inquiry made was, Who drove the train? and one or two questions of a similar character put me in possession of this important fact, that the driver of the train and the driver of the coal-engine trains at the time the trucks were thrown off was one and the same person. "Now, then, for the driver," said I, and marched to his lodgings. I found him a quiet, [illegible] sort of young fellow, not a likely man to have any malignant enemy. He was unmarried, and somewhat fresh to his duties on the line, not having been in the position very long. We at once touched on the subject of the accident, but I found he was quite at sea as to the cause.

"Have you an enemy," said I, "or any one who entertains any malice against you?"

No; he thought not.

"You are unmarried, I believe?"

Yes; he was.

"Courting, perhaps?" I suggested.

He confessed to the soft impeachment.

"Have you any objection to tell me who the lady is?" inquired I, for we police officers are sometimes obliged to override delicate scruples. He mentioned the name of a young woman residing at a farm-house six miles down the valley, and within half a mile of the scene of the accident. I drew a long breath, but kept my own counsel.

"O, so the damsel lives there, does she? Has she any other sweethearts besides yourself?"

He thought there had been one, a carpenter, he quoth the driver, complacently smoothing an incipient beard. "She has no lover now but me."

"Where does this carpenter live?"

"About half a mile from the farm," he answered, and with that I left, fully satisfied now that I was *on the trail*.

The morning after, and at the scene of the accident, I had found a large thick stake, cut evidently from the adjoining wood. This had been used to prize up the rail from the sleeper. Examining minutely, I saw that it had been cut [illegible] that with a *notched knife*.

So, with this idea uppermost, I started on a mission, and after a pleasant drive reached the hamlet where the carpenter lived. The district was very mountainous and rugged; and as I [illegible] the winding road towards the house, I [illegible] the monotone of the river near which so many [illegible] has taken place. *Yonder* was the [illegible]. Was the criminal *here*? The door was soon opened to my knock, and by the carpenter himself, a [illegible]-possessed young man, who seemed to [illegible] a moment, yet asked me who I was without the change of a muscle. I [illegible] the little room, and told him I had a [illegible]

could enlighten me on the cause of the railway accident.

No, he could n't; he had heard of it, like the rest. Would he allow me to search him?

Certainly; and forthwith various articles were in my hand. On his person I found two pocket-knives, each of which would have served to cut the stake. As I paused a moment, and held them in my hand, he heedlessly observed: "That knife" (pointing to one) "I only put into my pocket this morning, as I generally keep it at home." I opened the knife; the blade was *notched;* and looking up from the article to the carpenter, caught his eye. We knew one another's thought in an instant; but he accompanied me tranquilly enough to the town. At the trial, the knife figured in evidence; various corroborating matters satisfied the jury of his guilt: he was found guilty, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. It turned out afterwards that he loved the farm-girl, and was incited by jealousy to the act which so nearly caused so frightful an accident. For all I know, the driver still dwells in single blessedness, for the maid is still a maid, as rosy-cheeked as ever, and, it is said, is waiting for the carpenter's return!

THE COUNTRY PARSON'S CHURCH.*

On this selfsame day, in this beautiful month of August, ninety-three years since, a great man entered our Parish Church. He was attended by a little man. The great man was Dr. Samuel Johnson: the little man's name need hardly be recorded. Though a little man, he was the greatest of biographers; and he has carefully preserved many of the great man's sayings for the advantage of innumerable readers. But, unhappily, he has not recorded what Johnson thought of our church. Instead of doing so, Boswell has related that, as for himself, he "was struck by the same kind of feelings with which the churches of Italy impressed him." What these feelings were he has not stated. But it may be plausibly conjectured, that they were admiration for noble architecture and reverence for venerable age, combined with wonder at enormous size. For such are the feelings with which the cultivated mind would be impressed, on beholding our Parish Church this bright sunshiny day.

Doubtless, tastes and opinions are found to differ, as concerning our ancient church. Tastes have their day. A hundred years ago, a Bishop of the Anglican Church wrote a defence of the Cathedrals of England. At that time, these magnificent structures were commonly esteemed as very ugly. The æsthetic Prelate insisted that they were not so ugly, after all. They had a certain rude and uncouth dignity, he said: though they were of course not to be compared for NEATNESS OR ELEGANCE with such a building as Greenwich Hospital.

As the Cathedrals of England were unappreciated then, so is our church by incompetent spectators now. In the writer's hearing, human beings have been known to say it is the QUEEREST church they ever saw. Some have called it ugly. None, I am sad to record, have ever ventured to go the length of calling it neat or elegant. It is a Gothic church, with pointed windows and Norman arches: in the days before it was ravaged by the hands of tasteless restorers, while the arches which carried the clerestory and the central vault were round, those of the side aisles were pointed. Even yet, it can boast the dignity of gigantic size, lavish use of material, and long centuries of Christian worship of the most various kinds. And in these days in which people talk of the Broad Church, I should like to know (orthodox as is the doctrine set forth on that spot whereon very contradictory doctrines have been preached) if anywhere in Christendom a broader church can be found than ours, whose internal breadth (to the occupant of the pulpit) is a hundred and sixty-two feet.

Yes, when a preacher stands in our pulpit, he has eighty feet on one hand and eighty-two on the other, and seventy in front. The present foundations were laid in the year 1112: only the present foundations, let it be said with sorrow: for the church has been cut about and altered so that its builders would not know it. The tower and spire remain untouched: they are later than the foundations of the church; yet they have stood here for four hundred and fifty years. It was a long Norman church, with Choir, Nave, and Transepts: the Choir and Nave having aisles. The north transept is gone: and the whole now forms a cruciform church, wanting one of the short limbs of the cross. Many cardinals, many archbishops and bishops, many dignitaries of the ancient faith, have shared in its stately worship: a good many of them now sleep under its shade. These would not know the church now; and would look with wonder at its worship. The last archbishops indeed, who ruled here, would feel comparatively at home. The old Roman dignities were sadly shorn, in the days when Protestant Episcopacy was the established religion of this country. Our magnificent cathedral was in ruins, and this church was ranked as pro-cathedral. As for the service, Sarum use and Anglican liturgy were alike unknown: the service was just what it is to-day under a National Church which Dr. Johnson described as "sunk into Presbyterianism." A liturgical worship is in many minds so associated with an episcopal hierarchy, that it sounds startling in many ears to be told that the worship of the Scotch church remained the same under episcopal and presbyterian rule, save in exceptional spots here and there. When the chief minister of our church was His Grace the Lord Primate, its worship was even what you would find it on any Sunday of the present time.

A voice, often heard in our church, was that of John Knox, the greatest and most energetic of Scotch Reformers. It is said, on doubtful authority, that from listening to a sermon he preached in it, a multitude hastened over the short space between, and wrecked the cathedral. Probably what Knox wished was that the grand building should be cleared of images and other things of specially Roman character: but when you set in motion a furious mob, "the rascal multitude," as Knox himself called it, it is apt to go a great deal further than was designed. And many folk, roughly estimating causes, have spoken of Knox as though he had been the great instrument in the destruction of the rare noble churches of Scotland. In the sight of the many ruins of religious magnificence which you might see within a few hundred yards round our church, Dr. Johnson was moved with strong indignation.

On some mention being made of the place where Knox is buried, he burst out, "I hope in the highway! I have been looking at his reformations." On these reformations you may look daily in this ancient place, and mourn over them. Yet even

* From the advance sheets of a new book, entitled "Sunday Afternoons at the Parish Church of a University City," by the Country Parson.

though you should hold Knox answerable for all the mischief done by mobs that did far more than he desired, he would not be guilty of the present state of our religious buildings. The cathedral was used as a quarry for two hundred years. If you wanted stones to build a wall, or a house, or even a pier to protect the little harbor, wherefore go farther than to the desolated sanctuary? Within the cathedral walls Johnson stood uncovered. With all the will to show due reverence to the sacred spot, those who visit it oftentimes, and occasionally in wintry weather, would catch terrible colds if they followed that decorous example. There he likewise observed, with no small force, that differing from a man in doctrine was no reason why you should pull down his house about his ears. True: but if the owner of the house had been accustomed to burn those who differed from him in opinion, not unfairly might he have a moderate share of his own measure meted out to him. A lofty turret, which had stood at the corner of a gable, being pointed out as in danger of falling, the venerated authority proceeded: "Don't take it down: It might fall on some of the posterity of John Knox, and no great matter."

But let us turn from the ruins to the unfallen parish church. Eighty years since, the pillars dividing the aisles were very massive and low, supporting heavy Norman arches. The side aisles were vaulted in stone; and the earth having crept up about them through ages, they were so low that the school-boys used to climb up and run along their roof. Above, there was a clerestory of unusual height, bearing up a steep-pitched open roof of oak. Well-meaning hands, guided by execrable taste, were laid upon the church: its offence being that the pillars were so many and so massive, and the recesses so dark. Each second pillar was taken away: the remaining pillars were greatly increased in height; and the arches between were made gigantic, suggesting a bridge rather than a church. The clerestory disappeared: the side aisles being carried up to nearly the height of the centre vault. Great galleries were devised by tasteless skill: the result being, that our church can hold with facility a congregation of two thousand five hundred souls; and with a little crowding, three thousand. The pulpit, placed with some ingenuity, enables the preacher to look at about two thirds of the congregation: the remainder listen to his instructions under the great disadvantage of looking full upon his back. Considerable in force the voice must be, which can tolerably fill the vast expanse.

And a considerable range of pews will be shown to the attentive visitor, bearing the title of *The Believers' Seats:* so called, because such as occupy them, not being able to see or hear anything, must assume that everything said and done is right, without adequate proof that the fact is so. All the space surrounding the church was in ancient days a burying-place. The burying-place has disappeared, and houses have encroached on its site. If you dig down a little, you will find many bones. And though the doors and windows of the church stand always open, yet it is pervaded by the unmistakable odor of age.

Our church fronts an ancient street, which runs east and west: the chief street of the ancient city. At its eastern end you may discern the ruins of our once magnificent cathedral. Quaint and venerable is the aspect of that street, which to some minds is suggestive of the High Street in Oxford. Between the church and the street is a little expanse of green grass, crowded with trees of moderate growth: you walk into church under the shade of weepin Some one, in former days, must have had a love for such trees, for you find them in man throughout the city. Gray ruins, luxuriant i weeping elms here abound. Injurious pers gardless of truth, told Dr. Johnson that th just one tree in all the city, and another ab miles off. It can hardly have been so th now in many spots you may discover well trees, one beautiful thorn in the court of one Colleges planted by poor Queen Mary. I writer record, with a justifiable pride, tha Johnson might this day count thirty-three b the parish church and the lofty iron railing parts it from the street. And though the immediately round the city be bare of trees, beyond the country rises into beautiful woo fair as though they never felt the salt spray.

The intelligent visitor, entering our churc weekday, will be shown its curiosities. Two stools, whose use has departed: a beautiful sp of the old oak stall-work, two seats in all; a head-piece, helmet-like, with a great projecti vised to rest upon the tongue which had evi disposition to speak evil of ecclesiastical di some massive silver vessels, bearing the w *usum ecclesiæ hujus donavit Jacobus ejusdem episcopus:* these are the special sights. And the east wall of the remaining transept is a great monument, of black and white preserving the record of a certain archbish barously murdered. Fifty feet in height monument: under it sleeps the old Prelate's part. Near its top is a relief of the arc propping up a church, sorely rent and se about to fall: thus is signified, from a friendl of view, the service he sought to render to tracted country.

Lower down, the archbishop has knelt in for nearly two hundred years. He is in his in the attitude of prayer: an angel is placing head the golden crown of the martyr, not sp deserved by him: for a martyr, surely, is o dies for the faith of Christ, not one who d either Presbytery or Episcopacy. *Pro mitra nam* was the motto his children afterwards Underneath is a curious representation in r the circumstances of his murder. First, the coach and six is shown at full gallop, pursu a band of horsemen; next, a few minutes passed: the archbishop, in his robes, has been to his knees: he is surrounded by Christian grim and unchristian aspect, one of whom is a pistol into his body, and another piercing with a sword. Hard by, his poor daughter en mercy from those who had not received muc would not give any. Yet these ferocious fa were unquestionably honest men: and for tha the more bloody and dangerous. Let us turn from this sad reminder of a sad time: and pr to the northwest angle of the church. Here climb a turret stair, narrow, steep, dark: t emerge on the bartizan of the spire, and look from this quiet and airy height on the city Three great bells hang near us, which on Su summon the congregation to worship: if the strikes while we are here, the sound is star What a grand view! Not Scotch, but Fren the aspect of the city from this point of view. tiled roofs, interspersed with many gardens: ruins: inland, and undulating country, wit Grampians for a horizon: on two sides the blu

Against it the desolated cathedral: and hard by a lofty square tower without architectural feature, and a fragment of an older metropolitan church. You are requested to believe that that tower was built fifteen hundred years since, by the good monk who brought to this sacred spot the bones of its patron saint, the first called of the Apostles. The days were, on which, from this height, you would have seen the smoke rising from piles of wood which consumed more than two or three true and single-hearted martyrs. There are the ruins of the great castle where the Cardinal dwelt, the clever, unprincipled scoundrel who sent one brave man to the flames, and beheld his death seated on comfortable cushions on the top of that ruined tower. There is satisfaction in reflecting, that shortly afterwards he met a well-merited violent death, and was hung by one leg out of a window of his castle, to assure all concerned that there was fairly an end of him. Then, the castle being besieged, there were no means of burying him: so he was salted like a pig and kept for a year in a dungeon made in the rock, wherein he had been accustomed to shut up better men. That dungeon was, and is, shaped like a bottle. You lowered the prisoner down the narrow neck, and the dungeon below widened out into a chamber of considerable size. Solid rock all round: no window: the only door by the neck, twenty-four feet above. O the happy and good old times!

Three times each Sunday the doors of our great church are opened to admit the congregation to worship. Of the three services the writer conducts one: alternately the morning and afternoon. Let it be confessed, he is always somewhat awe-stricken by his church, though now he should feel at home in it. Its gigantic size, fully discerned from hardly any point except the pulpit, never fails to impress. And preaching here, you are touched less by the academic character and associations of the church, than by the vast mass of human beings gathered in it. For though the Professors and students of a certain famous theological College, the glory of our University, attend its worship, the academic element is lost in the great general congregation. You will hardly find a greater variety of people in any church you are likely to see. For this is the church of a large country parish, as well as of the city: and here the rich and poor, in literal truth, meet together; the learned and unlearned, the rustic and the urbane. Then the incumbent of this church looks back on a line of venerable predecessors, who wielded great ecclesiastical authority: for though our National Church be presbyterian, we have sometimes had our virtual bishops, with more than episcopal sway. Among their number may the writer never be! Yet each Sunday, pacing the long passage that leads to the lofty pulpit, who can forget what dignified steps have been there before? Further back; and His Grace the Archbishop walks into his pro-cathedral, sorely abridged of the ancient state. And then you think of days more remote, when this space echoed to storms of organ music, and the voices of many choristers rendered a worship according to Sarum use. Greatly changed: greatly changed!

How different all this from my little country church of departed years! Great is the change even from the dear old charge in a great city, now left behind. Yet the matter and manner of the Message will be found not to be materially altered. The old story must always be told, after all; and the writer is likely always to tell it much in the old way. Certain volumes, containing words spoken by him from his pulpit elsewhere, have found a very great number of readers; some of whom have cheered him by saying that these words have done them good.

What numbers of clergymen have called that church their own! You feel the briefness of your life, placed in charge for a little space of what has seen such ages. The old church cannot be expected to care much for any of us now: it has made too many friends, and then lost them. I always feel as if it kept one at arm's length. You would feel, here, my friend, not that the church belongs to you, but that you belong to the church. I recall a fact in past history. By the wharf, at a great town not far from Highland hills and rocks, there lay a Highland vessel which had brought black cattle. Upon its little deck, a man was walking up and down, not without dignity. A woman approached the waterside, and loudly exclaimed, "Are ye the man that belongs to the boat?" The man continued his walk, taking no notice of the question. The question was repeated, in shrill and impatient tones. No reply: the Highlander silently paced to and fro. At length, on a third repetition of the inquiry, he ceased his walk; and turning to the woman, said with indignation, "No, I'm the man the boat belongs to!"

Let me reverse the theory of that dignified Highlander. And though the writer, for his turn in this life, is now "the man the church belongs to," yet let the case be more modestly put: and let him rather say that he meanwhile belongs to the church of fifteen generations.

OLD-FASHIONED SINS.

The history of mankind may be traced by the sins which have gone out of fashion. Not that it at all follows that mankind tends to perfection, or even to improvement. There is a fashion in sinning, as in other things. One popular sin may have gone out with the use of wigs, but another has perhaps been introduced with cylindrical hats; if so, it has brought its punishment along with it. Moral diseases change their type like physical. The Black Death and other hideous sicknesses have gone out, but we have got a good many new and virulent diseases in their place. Whether the physical constitution of men has on the average improved or decayed is a question for physicians to settle; and moralists may decide, if they can, whether we are on the whole better or worse than our forefathers. Believers in democracy will of course hold that we are improving; and stanch old Tories, that we are steadily declining in virtue. The cynical part of mankind will fall back on the somewhat musty aphorism that human nature is much the same in all ages, which is as far from the truth as most aphorisms. It depends for its superficial probability upon an arbitrary division between the permanent character of a man and the modifications produced by circumstances. We do not know that those modifications are merely temporary, and that a modern Englishman transplanted back to the middle ages would throw off his present habits as easily as he would change his clothes. On the contrary, it is more likely that some passions are ultimately killed out by particular forms of society, as the instincts of a beast are altered by his domestication. The moral injunctions

which were applicable in previous ages thus gradually acquire a curious tinge of *naïveté;* they are directed against sins which have so changed in character that we have some difficulty in discovering their modern representatives. In some cases, we have merely changed our mode of action. We have learnt to convey, and not to steal; to break a wife's heart by refined spiritual torture, instead of knocking her down with a club and stamping upon her; to influence by delicate attentions, instead of practising coarse bribery; and so forth. But there are also some sins for which we seem to have grown too sensible or too virtuous.

For example, old-fashioned moralists are always talking about the wickedness of revenge. People seem really to have taken an exquisite pleasure in revenging themselves; they are warned against yielding to its temptations as a workingman of the present day is warned against drinking gin. It is supposed to be undoubtedly wrong, but so pleasant that it requires almost superhuman strength to refrain from it. Now what civilized being at the present day really thinks it worth while to take any trouble to revenge himself? If any one has injured his vanity, has treated him in public places with contempt, or exposed his folly, he is rather glad than otherwise to pay off his adversary when the occasion comes; but to make vengeance any very serious object of thought, much more to devote a life to it after the melodramatic fashion, is so rare as to be almost an evidence of insanity. In old days, the case would naturally be different. A feudal baron, in the intense dulness of his country life, would very likely have nothing else to think of than the injury done to him by some brutal likeness of himself: the one great excitement of his life being a fight, he would be always employing his imagination at odd times in taking his enemy at a disadvantage, getting him down, and casting him into a loathsome dungeon. He might brood over this for hours, when his modern counterpart would be reading the *Times*. It would doubtless be extremely gratifying when he could ultimately change these amiable fancies into facts, and get his enemy bodily into the loathsome dungeon before his eyes. It would be a real addition to his narrow round of amusements to gloat over his unlucky victim in the dungeon, to ask him how he liked mouldy bread and stinking water, and perhaps ultimately to put his eyes out, or starve him, after the playful custom of the period.

Loathsome dungeons have, however, gone out of fashion. If a country gentleman were to get another into his power, and lock him up in the coal-cellar, there would be a row about it in the papers; he therefore gives up meditating such an action as a part of real life; he does not even anticipate very seriously that he will ever be able to knock his enemy's head off, though he sometimes uses some such traditional form of words as roughly expressing his feelings. As distractions are more plentiful than they used to be, — even in the country, — it is much easier to forget all about his injury, thus combining obedience to Christian morality with amusement. Mr. Mudie's Library has no doubt done a good deal towards eradicating this evil passion. Revenge is still known, indeed, and is exemplified by occasional murderers, and eccentric old bachelors and ladies; but in the classes whose time is fully occupied it has gone pretty well out of fashion; the pleasure is not worth the trouble. It is still believed it by novelists, because it is very convenient for dramatic purposes, and because nine tenths of novelists draw, not from life, but from their pre cessors. But even novelists are beginning to fin very hard to introduce it with any probability. is one of the many excellences attributed to Guy Livingstone that he has a very low opinion the Christian virtue of forgiveness. But the aut is amusingly unable to give him an opportunity gratifying his revengeful spirit. He goes ab cursing and swearing a good deal; but the worst can do, when it comes to the point, is to decidedly the person who has offended him. Duelling is g out of fashion, and murder is not common in g society. The way in which the heroes of m novels revenge themselves is by one of those el orate and diabolical plots which have, so far as have ever heard, absolutely no counterpart in r life.

People sometimes tell a good many lies to get the shares of a railway company, or to send dow horse in the betting; but the plot of fiction — elaborate arrangement in which the villain bri the virtuous characters under the influence o diabolical enchantment, causing everybody to m understand everybody else throughout two volu and a half — is simply fictitious. No one has ti enough to weave such tangled webs of deceit. T villain has to be at his chambers or on the St Exchange, and cannot be bothered with acting L in common life; he would much rather give up lady and the revenge, and take it out in mon One common device of novelists is exemplified i story in *Pickwick*, where a gentleman manages, af a long course of commercial operations, to sell his enemy, and leave him to starve in the Fleet: of course appears subsequently, wrapped in a cl (another arrangement which has perhaps beco obsolete with the decline in melodramatic revenge and reveals himself to his victim with an appropri speech. But even this sort of revenge is alre losing its efficiency: it depends upon the old law imprisonment for debt, and the probable result real life would be that the old gentleman would through the court and retire upon a moderate co petency, which would be a somewhat lame a impotent conclusion. Moreover, no good man business would think of mixing up business wi revenge. It is generally fatal to both purposes endeavor to combine benevolence with busine If you invest money with the purpose of doing goo you probably get no interest and no thanks; but invest it with malevolent objects would be ev worse, in a commercial as well as a Christian poi of view. In short, it is getting daily more difficult injure our enemies satisfactorily, and we have dai a greater number of causes of distraction. It is n yet easy to love our enemies, but it is remarkabl easy not to hate them. In fact, very few men ha got any enemies in the proper sense of the word. I a remote district the parson and the squire m quarrel, and go on "nursing their wrath to keep warm," for any number of years; but how could parson and one of his parishioners quarrel to a effect in London.

The parishioner may cease to go to the parson church, or to ask him to dinner: but that is a ve negative way of quarrelling; the two fill too litt space in each other's lives to be capable of inflicti or receiving much injury. There are many men f whom one feels an instinctive dislike, but the wor that the most spiteful of us can do is to avoid the company, and perhaps to speak ill of them behi their backs. And nobody is seriously the wor

nowaday for a little backbiting. The world won't trouble itself about trifles, and such hostility is at most like throwing a few shells into a fortified town. It is annoying, but does no vital injury.

There are various other vices which tend to become obsolete on the same principle. Why used our fathers, fifty years ago, to consume two bottles of port after dinner? Simply because life was so dull that they had nothing better to do. The dreary old bacchanalian melodies about driving away care merely meant that an elderly gentleman of the period was generally bored unless he was drunk. No man could now afford to dine early every day, and pass the evening boozing, even if it were intrinsically pleasant. A somewhat similar case is that of gambling, considered as distinct from speculation. People enjoy games of pure chance because it is the simplest possible way of obtaining excitement without even an intellectual effort. Savages are keen gamblers, when they have a chance; it is a pleasant relief to the torpor of their ordinary lives at home. Red Indians, after losing all their other property, will stake their scalps, their lives, or their liberties. In more civilized states of society a craving for excitement will induce men to gamble in proportion to their indolence and recklessness. Some of the old savage spirit is therefore still kept alive.

The heavy gambling of the last century has rather gone out of fashion, because the class amongst whom it flourished is on the whole better employed. The Turf still gives opportunities for sheer gambling, of which plenty of persons are ready to take advantage; which proves that there is still a large class of people with too little mind to appreciate any intellectual source of excitement, with too little serious occupation to preserve them from dulness, with too little forethought to appreciate the real value of their prospects, and with too much money to be good for them. The first three qualities make them approximate to the Red Indian as closely as other differences permit, and they take the best way for removing the distinction founded upon the last quality. The Turf is of course an improvement intellectually upon games of pure chance, in so far as the gamblers generally expect to win by superior knowledge or skill. Whether this is a moral advantage is a very different question. In the same way, gambling on the Stock Exchange of course involves intellect, — especially if that name includes every variety of cunning. We should therefore say that the old vice of gambling tends to go out of fashion and to be superseded by the more refined vice — or perhaps we should call it virtue — in which intellect has a share as well as chance.

The general tendency of these changes, as of so many others, is to what is called the softening of modern life, — the extirpation of the gross, brutal vices of former ages; and, in cases where they subsist in other forms, the substitution of more refined and indirect modes of gratifying the passion. Possibly the passion which is in some cases gradually starved out by this treatment is in others stimulated. If envy, hatred, and malice are on the whole declining, certainly picking and stealing do not seem to fall off. The modes by which property may be made to change hands are so various, and have been elaborated with such marvellous ingenuity, that the old language of theft is becoming inadequate. Railway companies have quite distanced pickpockets. But, it is only fair to add, this kind of cheating can only grow in proportion to the growth of confidence, so that perhaps it is a good sign on the whole.

FRENCH MANNERS FOR FOURPENCE.*

The authors of books on etiquette are always amusing; but when, like the American poet, they write "as funny as they can," they are irresistibly droll. In order that there may be no excuse for misbehavior, even in the humblest spheres of society, a benevolent French gentleman has recently published a work on good-breeding and on "French politeness," which may be purchased for the small sum of forty centimes, or, in English coin, fourpence. It is adorned with a picture of Louis XIV., but in the days of the Grand Monarque true politeness — the principles of which are now within the reach of every one who is fortunate enough to have fourpence — could only be acquired in the atmosphere of a Court. Indeed, until the close of the last century no attempt seems to have been made to soften the manners of the people by means of plain directions for conduct at all the great ceremonies of existence, such as dinner-parties, funerals, balls, marriages, &c. The advice given by Lord Chesterfield in his celebrated "Letters" was of too general a character, and it was expressed to one who already knew that he ought not to eat meat with his fingers, and that if his neighbor at a dinner-party happened to be blind, it would be accounted bad taste to mix mustard with his preserves. The rules for behavior posted up by Catherine II. on the walls of the Hermitage were only meant for her own guests; or they, perhaps, might be regarded as constituting the earliest guide to good manners in a direct, practical style. A good claim, however, might be put in for the cookery-book known as "La Cuisinière Bourgeoise," which appeared towards the end of the eighteenth century, and in which are to be found directions not only for cooking dinners, but also for eating them. The author or the authoress of "La Cuisinière Bourgeoise" has been remorselessly plundered, and by that demure imposter, Mrs. Glasse, among the rest.

Many of the rules given by "La Cuisinière Bourgeoise" for behaving prettily at table have also been imitated, if not literally reproduced, by French writers as well as by English. It was in the pages of this work that diners-out were, for the first time, publicly cautioned against digging their elbows too violently into their neighbors' ribs, pointing out to the host the pieces they would like to be helped to, uttering exclamations of disgust if they were left too long without being served, and so on. All this, and more than this, may now be learnt from the pages of our fourpenny friend. He treats not only of manners, but also of morals, which for really elegant manners he considers a useful basis. But manners, wherever you get them from, you *must* have. Some philosophers, he says, have declared politeness to be only a mask. Let it be a mask, only don't forget to wear it.

Without rifling the contents of a book which may be purchased complete for fourpence, we may yet be allowed to give some notion of its value by a few extracts. If, then, you are invited out to dinner it is unbecoming, according to this author, to take a dog with you.

When you are about to begin eating, do not turn your sleeves up as though you were going to wash your hands.

Do not tread upon any one's feet under the table.

If you want to give an order to a servant, do not

* Manuel du Bon Ton et de la Politesse Française. Paris. 1866.

mystery of this kind is of the greatest political importance, and consequently his lordship took the matter up at once, and set every engine we have at work to elucidate it. The result of our inquiries proves that the whole chance of identification rests upon a question of coats. The last person by whom, so far as we know, the wearer of the fur-lined coat was seen alive is a waiter at a tavern in the Strand, who distinctly recollects the murdered man, whose dress he describes very fully, being particularly positive about his jewelry — diamond studs, real, no 'duffers,' as he said, and of which there is no trace to be found — having dined at his eating-house, in company with another man, who had with him a blue Witney overcoat, on the inside of which was a label bearing the name of some tailor, Ewart or Evans, he is unable to state which, residing at Amherst."

"Good God!" said Mr. Carruthers, surprised out of his usual reticence. "Evans — I know the man well!"

"Very likely!" says Mr. Dalrymple, composedly. "Evans! The waiter has been had up, cross-questioned, turned inside out, but still adheres to his story. Now, as we imagine this to be a bit of political vengeance, and not an ordinary crime, and as the detectives (capital fellows in their way) have had their heads a little turned since they've been made novel heroes of, Lord Wolstenholme thought it better that I should come down into the neighborhood of Amherst, and, with your assistance, try to find out where and by whom this coat was bought."

No hesitation now on Mr. Carruthers's part: he and the Home Office are colleagues in this affair. Lord Wolstenholme has shown his sagacity in picking out the active and intelligent magistrate of the district, and he shall see that his confidence is not misplaced. Will Mr. Dalrymple breakfast? Mr. Dalrymple has breakfasted: then a message is sent to Mrs. Carruthers to say that Mr. Carruthers presumes he *may* say that Mr. Dalrymple, a gentleman from London, will join them at dinner? Mr. Dalrymple will be delighted, so long as he catches the up-mail train at Amherst at — what is it? — nine fifteen. Mr. Carruthers pledges his word that Mr. Dalrymple shall be in time, and orders the barouche round at once. Will Mr. Dalrymple excuse Mr. Carruthers for five minutes? Mr. Dalrymple will: and Mr. Carruthers goes to his dressing-room, while Mr. Dalrymple re-ensconces himself in the big arm-chair, and devotes his period of solitude to paring his nails and whistling softly the while.

The big, heavy, swinging barouche, only used on solemn occasions, such as state visits, Sunday church goings, and magisterial sittings, drawn by the two big grays, and driven by Gibson, coachman, in his silver wig, his stiff collar, and his bright top-boots, and escorted by Thomas, footman, in all the bloom of blue and silver livery and drab gaiters, comes round to the front door, and the gentlemen take their places in it and are driven off. The three gardeners mowing the lawn perform Hindooish obeisances as the carriage passes them: obeisances acknowledged by Mr. Carruthers with a forefinger lifted to the brim of his hat, as modelled on a portrait of the late Duke of Wellington. Bulger at the lodge gates pulls his forelock, and receives the same gracious return. Mr. Carruthers all the time bristling with the sense of his own importance, and inwardly wishing that he could tell gardeners, lodge-keeper, and every one they met that his companion had come from the Home Office, and that they were about together to investigate a most important ca of murder. Mr. Dalrymple, on the contrary, see to have forgotten all about the actual business u der treatment, and might be a friend come on a fe days' visit. He admires the scenery, asks about t shooting, gives his opinion on the rising crops, ta of the politics rife in the neighborhood, showing, the way, a keen knowledge of their details, a never for an instant refers to the object of th inquiry until they are nearing the town, when suggests that they had better alight short of th destination, and proceed on foot there. There no particular reason for this, as probably Mr. D rymple knows: but he has never yet pursued official and mysterious investigation in a barouch and it seems to him an abnormal proceeding. Mr. Carruthers, deferring in a courtly manner his visitor's wishes, but, at the same time, walki beside him as though he had him in charge, th alight from the carriage, bidding the servant wait, and walk into the town, directing their ste towards Evans, tailor.

Evans, tailor, coatless, as is his wont, and wi his thumbs stuck in the arm-holes of his waistco is standing at his door, and greets Mr. Carruthe with as much bow as is possible to his stout figur Could they speak to him for a moment? by a manner of means; will Mr. Carruthers walk in the back shop? where Miss Evans, a buxom gi with many shaking curls, is discovered working pair of Berlin wool slippers, at a glance too sma for her father, and is put to flight with much blus ing and giggling. The two gentlemen seat them selves in the old-fashioned black horsehair chair and Mr. Evans, a little excited, stands by them wit his thumbs in his arm-holes, and flaps his hands o casionally, as though they were fins.

"This gentleman, Mr. Evans," says Mr. Carruth ers — giving this happy specimen of his acumen an discretion in a loud and pompous tone — "has com from Lord Wolstenholme, the Secretary of Sta for the Home Department." Mr. Evans gives a fu flap, indicative of profound respect. "He has bee sent here to —"

"Will you permit me in the very mildest manne to interrupt you, my dear sir?" says Mr. Dalrym ple, in dulcet accents. "You put the matter a mirably — from the magisterial point of view — b perhaps if I were just to — You have no obje tion? Thank you! You've lived a long time Amherst, Mr. Evans?"

"I've been a master tailor here, sir, forty-thr years last Michaelmas."

"Forty-three years! Long time, indeed! A you're the tailor of the neighborhood, eh?"

"Well, sir, I think I may say we make for all t gentry round — Mr. Carruthers, of Poynings, and Sir Thomas Boldero, and —"

"Of course — of course! You've a gold-print label, I think, which you generally sew on to goods made by you?"

"We have, sir — that same. With my na upon it."

"With your name upon it. Just so! Now suppose that label is never sewed on to anyth which has not been either made or sold by you?"

"Which has not been made, sir! We don't anything except our own make, — Evans of Amhe don't."

"Exactly, and very proper too." To Mr. C ruthers: "Settles one point, my dear sir; must h been made here! Now, Mr. Evans, you make

sorts of coats, of course, blue Witney overcoats among the number?"

Mr. Evans, after a hesitating fin-flap, says: "A blue Witney overcoat, sir, is a article seldom if ever called for in these parts. I should n't say we 'd made one within the last two years, — leastways, more than one."

"But you think you did make one?"

"There were one, sir, made to order from a party that was staying at the Lion."

"Staying at the Lion? The inn, of course, where I slept last night. How long ago was that?"

"That were two years ago, sir."

"That won't do!" cries Mr. Dalrymple, in a disappointed tone.

"Two years ago that it were made and that the party was at the Lion. The coat was sold less than three months ago."

"Was it? To whom?"

"To a stranger, — a slim young gent who came in here one day promiscuous, and wanted an overcoat. He had that blue Witney, he had!"

"Now, my dear Mr. Evans," says Mr. Dalrymple, laying his hand lightly on Mr. Evans's shirt-sleeve, and looking up from under his bushy brows into the old man's face, "just try and exercise your memory a little about this stranger. Give us a little more description of him, — his age, height, general appearance, and that sort of thing!"

But Mr. Evans's memory is quite unaccustomed to exercise, and cannot be jogged, or ensnared, or bullied into any kind of action. The stranger was young, "middling height," appearance, "well, genteel, and slim-like"; and wild horses could not extract further particulars from Mr. Evans than these. Stay. "What did he give for the coat, and in what money did he pay for it?" There's a chance. Mr. Evans remembers that he "gev fifty-three-and-six for the overcoat, and handed in a ten-pun' note for change." A ten-pound note, which, as Mr. Evans, by a further tremendous effort, recollects, had "the stamp of our post-office on it, as I pinted out to the gent at the time." Was the note there? No; Mr. Evans had paid it into the County Bank to his little account with some other money, but he quite recollected the post-office stamp being on it.

Mr. Carruthers thinks this a great point, but is dashed by Mr. Dalrymple's telling him, on their way from the tailor's, that all bank-notes passing through post-offices receive the official stamp. This statement is corroborated at the Amherst Post-Office, where no money-order of that amount, or of anything equivalent to that amount, has been recently paid, the remittances in that form being, as the postmaster explains, generally to the canal boatmen or the railway people, and of small value.

So there the clew fails suddenly and entirely, and Mr. Carruthers and Mr. Dalrymple again mount the big swinging barouche and are driven back to Poynings to dinner, which meal is not, however, graced by the presence of either of the ladies; for Mrs. Carruthers is too ill to leave her room, and Clare is in attendance on her. So the gentlemen eat a solemn dinner by themselves, and talk a solemn conversation; and at eight o'clock Mr. Dalrymple goes away, driven by Gibson, coachman, in the carriage, and turning over in his mind how best to make something out of the uneventful day for the information of the Home Secretary.

That dignitary occupies also much of the attention of Mr. Carruthers, left in dignified solitude in the dining-room before the decanters of wine and the dishes of fruit, oblivious of his wife's indisposition, and wholly unobservant of the curiosity with which Mr. Downing, his butler and body-servant, surveys him on entering the room to suggest the taking of tea. Very unusual is it for the Poynings servants to regard their master with curiosity, or indeed with any feeling that bears the semblance of interest; but, be the cause what it may, there is no mistaking the present expression of Downing's face.

Surprise, curiosity, and something which, if it must be called fear, is the pleasant and excited form of that feeling, prompt Mr. Downing to look fixedly at his master, who sits back in his chair in an attitude of magisterial cogitation, twirling his heavy gold eye-glass in his bony white hands, and lost in something which resembles thought more closely than Mr. Carruthers's mental occupation can ordinarily be said to do. There he sits, until he resolves to take his niece Clare into confidence, tell her of the visit he has received from the gentleman from the Home Office, and ask her whether she can make anything of it, which resolution attained, and finding by his watch that the hour is half past ten, and that therefore a Carruthers of Poynings may retire to rest if he chooses without indecorum, the worthy gentleman creaks up stairs to his room, and in a few minutes is sleeping the sleep of the just. Mrs. Carruthers — Clare having been some time previously dismissed from the room — also seems to sleep soundly; at least her husband has seen that her eyes are closed.

Her rest, real or pretended, would have been none the calmer had she been able to see her faithful old servant pacing up and down the housekeeper's room, and wringing her withered hands in an agony of distress; for the servant who had gone to Amherst with Mr. Carruthers and his mysterious visitor in the morning had learned the meaning and purpose of the two gentlemen's visit to Evans, the tailor, and had made it the subject of a lively and sensational conversation in the servants' hall. Although literature was not in a very flourishing condition at Amherst, the male domestics of the household at Poynings were not without their sources of information, and had thoroughly possessed themselves of the details of the murder.

Mrs. Brookes had heard of the occurrence two or three times in the course of the preceding day, but she had given it little attention. She was in her own room when the servants returned with the carriage which had taken Mr. Dalrymple to the railway station, having visited her mistress for the last time that evening, and was thinking, sadly enough, of George, when the entrance of the upper housemaid, her eager face brimful of news, disturbed her.

"O Mrs. Brookes," she began, "do you know who that gentleman was as dined here, and went to the town with master?"

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Brookes, with some curiosity; "do you?"

"Not exactly; but Thomas says Home Office were wrote on his card, and Home Office has something to do with finding people out when they've been a-doing anything."

Mrs. Brookes began to feel uncomfortable.

"What do you mean?" she said. "Who has been doing anything that wants finding out?"

"Nobody as I knows," replied Martha, looking knowing and mysterious. "Only, you know, that murder as Mr. Downing read us the inquest of, and how it's a foreigner as has been killed because he would n't help to blow up the King of France; at

least, there's something of that in it. Well, Mr. Downing thinks as the gentleman come about that."

"About that, *how?*" said Mrs. Brookes. "Whatever has put such a notion into Mr. Downing's head as that?"

"Well, Mrs. Brookes, this is it: they're all talking about it in the hall, and so I thought I'd just come and tell you. Master and the stranger gentleman did n't take the carriage right on into town; they got out just inside the pike, and went on by themselves; and, when they came back, master he looked very red and grand-looking, and the strange gentleman he looked as if he was rare disappointed and put out, and, as he was a-shutting the door of the b'rouche, Thomas heard him saying, 'No, no: there's nothing more to be done. Evans was our only chance, and he's no use.' So nat'rally Thomas wonders whatever they've been about, and what was their business with Evans; so he and coachman was n't sorry this evening when the strange gentleman was gone by the train, and they see Evans a-loungin' about, a-flapping his hands, which he's always doing of it, up by the station. He were lookin' at the strange gentleman as sharp as sharp, as they drove up to the bookin'-office; and when they came out, there he were, and coachman tells 'em all about it."

"All about *what?*" asks Mrs. Brookes, sharply.

"All about what brought master and the other gentleman to his shop; and it's his belief, as master said more than the other gentleman wanted him to say; for master let out as how a murder had something to do with the business."

"What business, Martha? Do tell me what you mean, if you want me to listen to you any longer. How could Mr. Carruthers want to know anything from Evans about a murder?"

"Lor', ma'am, it were n't about the murder; it were about the coat! Master told Evans as how there had been a murder, and the other gentleman took master up rather shorter, Evans thinks, than master is accustomed to be took, and asked him no end of questions — did he make such and such coats? and who did he sell 'em to? and partic'lar did he sell Witney coats? which Mr. Evans said he did n't in general, and had only sold one in two years, which the strange gentleman wanted to know what sort of gent had had it, and were he young or old, or good-looking or or'nary, and a mort of questions; wherein Evans answered him to the best of his ability, but, being a man of his word, he could n't make it no clearer than he could."

"What *did* he make clear?" asked Mrs. Brookes. "Two years is a long time to remember the sale of a coat."

"It was n't so long since it were sold. Mr. Evans sold it six weeks ago, but it were two years made."

Mrs. Brookes's heart gave a great bound, and her old eyes grew dim; but she was a brave woman, and Martha, housemaid, was a dull one.

"Did Mr. Evans not succeed in describing the person who bought the coat, then?"

"He thinks not; but he says he should know him again immediate, if he saw him. The strange gentleman did n't seem over-pleased that his memory was so short; but lor', who's to know all about the eyeses and the noses of everybody as comes to buy a coat, or whet not? — partic'lar if you don't know as he's been a committen of a murder. If you did, why, you'd look at him closer like, *I* should say!"

"Has Mr. Downing got the paper with the murder of the foreigner in it?" asked Mrs. Brookes.

"Yes, he have: he's just been reading it all over again in the hall. And he says as how master's in a brown study, as he calls it; only it's in the dining-room, and he's sure as the finding-out people has put it into his hands."

"When he has done with the paper, ask him to let me see it, Martha. Very likely this stranger's visit has nothing to do with the matter. Downing finds out things that nobody else can see."

Martha was an admirer and partisan of Mr. Downing, from the humble and discreet distance which divides a housemaid from a butler, and she did not like to hear his discretion aspersed.

"It looks as if he was right this time, however," she replied; "though it was n't Tim the tinker as stole Sir Thomas's spoons, which Mr. Downing never had a good opinion of him; but when there ain't nothing clearer than the person who was seen at the eating-house with the victim" (Martha "took in" the Hatchet of Horror every week, and framed her language on that delightful model) "had on a coat as Evans made, it looks as if he was n't altogether in the wrong, now don't it, Mrs. Brookes?"

Mrs. Brookes could not deny that it looked very like that complimentary conclusion, and her brave old heart almost died within her. But she kept down her fear and horror, and dismissed Martha, telling her to bring her the paper as soon as she could. The woman returned in a few moments, laid the newspaper beside Mrs. Brookes, and then went off to enjoy a continuation of the gossip of the servants' hall. Very exciting and delightful that gossip was, for though the servants had no inkling of the terribly strong interest, the awfully near connection which existed for Poynings in the matter, it was still a great privilege to be "in" so important an affair by even the slender link formed by the probable purchase of a coat at Amherst by the murderer. They enjoyed it mightily; they discussed it over and over again, assigning to the murdered man every grade of rank short of royalty, and all the virtues possible to human nature. The women were particularly eloquent and sympathizing, and Martha "quite cried," as she speculated on the great probability of there being a broken-hearted sweetheart in the case.

In the housekeeper's room, Mrs. Brookes sat poring over the terrible story, to which she had listened carelessly on the previous day, as the servants talked it vaguely over. From the first words Martha had spoken, her fears had arisen, and now they were growing every instant to the terrible certainty of conviction. What if the wretched young man, who had already been the cause of so much misery, had added this fearful crime to the long catalogue of his follies and sins?

All the household sleeps, and the silence of the night is in every room but one. There Mrs. Brookes still sits by the table with the newspaper spread before her, lost in a labyrinth of fear and anguish; and from time to time her grief finds words, such as: "How shall I tell her? How shall I warn her? O George, George! O my boy! my boy!"

[To be continued.]

FOREIGN NOTES.

A Boston gentleman, writing from Rome, says that he has met the only living descendant of the discoverer of America. This M. Columbo is a genial gentleman of sixty, and has many interesting relics that belonged to his distinguished ancestor,

two fine oil paintings of him among the rest. He has written the "Life of Christopher Columbus." He intends to visit America next year.

THE well-known German painter, Louisa Siedler, has died at Weimar. She was a contemporary of Goethe, and was born at Jena in 1789.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL is now engaged, at Avignon, in editing the collected works of the late Mr. Buckle, the author of the "History of Civilization."

ONE of the most attractive titles in Mr. Bentley's list of new works is "The Life and Correspondence of William Hazlitt," by his grandson, Mr. Carew Hazlitt, who has the material for producing a remarkable biography.

THE South Kensington Museum has acquired a pack of playing cards, woven in silk, and made for the Medici in the seventeenth century by Panichi, whose name is on one. Such cards are not mentioned by any authority on the subject.

THE Paris *Moniteur* speaks of the death of M. Thouvenel as a loss to the Emperor and the country, and adds: "His name is so intimately associated with the remembrance of the annexation of Nice and Savoy to France that his loss will remain the object of well-founded and honorable regret."

THE championship of the Seine was carried off by a young Englishman named Gesling. The race took place between the Pont de la Concorde and the Pont de Jena, under the direction of the *Sport Nautique de la Seine Society*. Mr. Gesling has taken several prizes at French regattas during the season.

A GREAT work on Paris is to be published on the occasion of the Exhibition of 1867. It will be entitled "Paris par ses Illustrations," and will be divided into three parts, the first relating to the art, the second to the science, and the third to the social life of Paris. Victor Hugo is writing the introduction, Thiers the history of the Legislative Body, Michelet that of the Collége de France, Théophile Gautier an article on the Louvre and its treasures, Sainte-Beuve one on the Academy, Roqueplan one on the lyric stage, Vacquerie one on the drama, and George Sand one on the artistic beauties of Paris. The illustrations will be taken from drawings by Meissonier, Gavarni, Gustave Doré, &c.

WE find some gossip about Lord Byron in the *Manchester Examiner*, which says: "Among the miscellaneous articles advertised for sale this week is an antique folding writing-table, formerly the property of Lord Byron. It appears to have passed subsequently into the hands of the late Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, a well-known collector of antiquities and 'worshipper' of autographs and other relics, by whom the table is duly and formally authenticated. If it be true that the author's copyright interest in his published works lasts for forty-two years after his death, as stated by Mr. Anthony Trollope in his paper read the other day before the Social Science Congress at Manchester, then this year has seen the expiration of the copyright of Lord Byron's works, as the poet died in April, 1824. It appears that in 1709 copyright was limited to fourteen years from publication; in 1814 the term was extended to twenty-eight years; and it was only in 1842 that it was extended to its present duration of forty-two years from publication, or to the end of the author's life, if he should chance to outlive that period. The late Marquis de Boissy, it may not be generally known, married about fifteen years ago the Countess Guiccioli, Lord Byron's great friend." We may add that the "Byron tomb" in Harrow churchyard is about to be repaired. Yet another bit of Byron gossip appears in the *Publishers' Circular*, which states that the album which Sir John Bowring gave to be kept as a record of the visitors to Hucknall-Torkard Church, where Byron is buried, has been clandestinely sold and taken to the United States.

A CURIOUS application of electricity has been made in Paris, at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, in the celebrated spectacle, *Les Parisiens à Londres*. In one of the scenes a number of girls appear wearing light crowns, consisting of a fillet of metal which at certain moments is placed in communication with a galvanic battery. By means of wires invisible to the audience, a series of breaks are arranged in the course of the current, so that when contact is made with the battery a number of luminous points appear on the crown, giving it the appearance of being studded with stars. According to the *Droit* an accident took place lately during the representation of this scene, in consequence of the disarrangement of the wires, by which one of the unfortunate dancers received the current through her head, the shock being sufficiently violent to throw her to the ground.

AN article in a late number of the London *Times* contains the following translation of a Nederduitsch ballad. It is of great antiquity, being attributed to the twelfth century:—

"To Eastland we will riding go,
To Eastland you and I;
Over the heath so broad and green,
Merrily over the heath so green,
For there is the better country.

"And when to Eastland we are come,
They 'll kindly bid us stay;
At a bonny house so tall and fine—
Merrily over the heath so green—
And they will 'welcome' say.

"O yes! we shall be welcome there,
Most welcome we shall be;
And evening and morning we 'll drink good wine—
Merrily over the heath so green—
And keep good company.

"Both wine and beer we 'll drink when there,
Full cups of each they 'll give;
For there they pass a frolicsome life—
Merrily over the heath so green—
And there doth my sweetheart live."

A QUESTION which has been often debated of late years, namely, the effect of woods and forests on climate, has been suddenly revived by the great floods in France. Forests, as is shown, promote and equalize the rainfall of a country, and are the natural countercheck to drought. The reverse of all this is produced by cutting down the forests. Then long terms of dry weather occur; the rain falls in short but furious storms, and running rapidly down from the unsheltered land, occasions the sudden floods so much complained of. It is now argued that the remedy for these disasters is the replanting of trees throughout the districts which have been stripped of wood, and the putting a stop to the reckless felling of timber which has prevailed of late years. Of this one example may suffice. A contractor being in want of gunstocks to supply the demand during the Crimean war, erected sawing-mills at Turin, and

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THE GREAT MARKETS OF PARIS.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from the French.]

FIRST PAPER.

THERE is in the heart of Paris a monument where the monster with 1,900,000 mouths seeks his daily food; in whose neighborhood are to be found street after street which wake when the other portions of the city prepare for sleep; a quarter traversed every night by 12,000 vehicles, and which from 4 to 10 o'clock, A. M. sees added to its 42,000 inhabitants a floating population of at least 60,000 souls; a noisy centre, with hybrid manners and customs; a strange assembly of unknown wealth and exhibited poverty; the affluent blouse grazing the threadbare frock-coat, laziness elbowing labor, — in one word, the Great Markets.

Six uniform divisions, marshalled in two ranks, are sheltered under an immense iron roof, which has a superficies of 20,000 yards. A forest of delicate and elegant small columns support this gigantic roof. Broad sidewalks, planted with trees, extend around the vast parallelogram, which is crossed by three broad covered avenues. One is longitudinal. This is called the Great Alley. The two others are transversal. One of them begins at the end of the Rue de la Lingerie, of which it seems a continuation, and thence is called Linen Alley. The other is occupied all day long by people who sell their stock by the heap, and so it is called the Little Heaps Alley. The six divisions have each their especial trade. One is devoted to fruit and flowers; another to vegetables; another to fish; this to eggs and butter by the wholesale; that to game and poultry; as for the sixth and last, so many different sorts of things are sold there that the Archbishop of Paris himself could not hear to the end the long enumeration of them.

It was when the new Great Markets were opened. Archbishop Sibour had at his elbow a cicerone, whose duty it was to inform him of the destination of the several divisions, as he blessed them one after the other. He had already blessed five of them. When he reached the sixth the cicerone said, "This is the division of retail butter." "I bless the division of retail butter," said the Archbishop, raising his hands. "And of bread," whispered the cicerone. "Of retail butter and bread," added the Archbishop, catching himself. "And of cooked meat." "Of retail butter and bread and cooked meat." "And kitchen furniture." "Oh!" exclaimed the good Archbishop, making a gesture of despair, "I bless everything."

The six divisions already built form only the second half of the Great Markets, as they are destined to appear. Hence they are respectively numbered from 7 to 12.

Beneath the Great Markets visible are the invisible Great Markets. We cannot better begin our visit than by examining them. The Great Markets are closed at midnight; but we are privileged characters, and can make the gates turn on their hinges. Let us go down these steps. There are 30 of them. We are in the cellars.

As freely as air circulates in the Great Markets above ground, so it is rare in the cellars. One would be tempted to believe it took as personal the inscription "No Admission," visible on the vault which forms the cellars' entrance. I saw nothing of light, — the absent ought never to be abused. As a general rule, each cellar is a basement floor which is an exact copy of the division above ground. There are the same lines of stalls, only instead of the stalls above ground there are lofty recesses, divided by iron railing, with numbers corresponding to the numbers of the shops above them. These recesses are the store-rooms of the market-people; they keep their stock and baskets in them. They are all alike; except that the fishmongers have, besides, reservoirs supplied with running water, where fishes are kept alive. All is quiet in this part of the cellars. Here and there one meets a shadow, which passes and disappears, or hears the monotonous noise of water falling from hydrants into stone basins. As we go farther we find something like animation; for even when this great body seems lifeless some artery still beats. There is by day and by night some corner of the Great Markets where people are at work.

In the cellar of retail butter-dealers several conscientious tradesmen are to be discovered giving their stock (which is sometimes a little rancid) the desired fresh taste. They attain this end by an operation called *malaxage*, which we will, for clearness' sake, call painting. They mix by gas-light on wooden boards their venerable butter, water it, add a little flour if the butter lacks consistency, and if it is too pale they add carrot-juice or carmine, which in a few moments gives the palest butter the beautiful orange color so dear to all housewives. Come now, don't frown! Are n't customers to be pleased? 'T is the first rule of trade. And is n't it all proper and right that painted women should eat painted butter? A portion of this cellar belongs to cheesemongers, and another portion to *arlequins* dealers: it need scarcely be said that odors reign in this quarter which astound the most imperturbable nose.

Nevertheless, these odors are as delicate perfumes compared with those which fill the atmosphere of the

Awakener. He undertakes, for a trifling amount of money, to rouse at any given hour of the night whoever may confide the care of their interests to him. It is a grave question for the laborers of the Great Markets to be roused in due season. He goes about the streets in the neighborhood of the Great Markets from 10 o'clock, P. M., to 4 o'clock, A. M., bawling to this one, ringing up that one, and continuing to bawl and ring until the sleeper gives signs of life by bawling back or tapping on the window. Each customer pays him one or two sous a night, or between thirty sous and three francs a month, according to the distance he is obliged to come. Some customers give him as much as three sous; these are the hard sleepers, who must be pulled out of bed or be shaken by the arm. The Awakener is an enameller by trade, and he can make good days' wages; but he prefers poor nights ill-paid passed out of doors. His trade of Awakener, which used to bring him in on an average $480 a year, scarcely brings him in two thirds of that amount now. What of that? Has n't he all the more time for star-gazing? The decline of his income is due to the razing of houses in the neighborhood of the Great Markets, which has somewhat dispersed the working people who earned their livelihood at them, and who formerly were all assembled in their immediate neighborhood. Our philosopher continues to rouse people, from love of art and from family tradition. His father carried on the business 20 years. He has been engaged in it these 17 years. It need not be said that he knows the Great Markets thoroughly; and that he regrets the old ones. He says, bitterly: "Ah! you should have seen them in old times! They have lost all their individuality these six years gone. They do *jaw* here and there even now; but, bless your soul! 't ain't anything like the old way. You ought to have heard our fish-women! What tongues and what arms they had! If any housewife took it into her head to cheapen a bream too long, the fish-women would take it by the gills and slap it on your housewife's jowls before she could say Jack Robinson! You did n't know *l'Azard de la fourchette?* 'T was on the Square of the Innocents. 'T was a great pot boiling in the open air, with every sort of thing swimming in the pot-liquor. You had the right, for one sou, to stick in the liquor a long fork and fetch what you might. If 't was a bone, all the worse for you. When everybody had had enough, the cook cried, 'Look out for your legs!' and the bottom of the pot went to feed fishes. She sold soup at one and at two sous the plateful. The one-sou customer furnished his bread; the two-sou customer had bread supplied him. You did not see that? *Oh la la!*" The Awakener suddenly drew out his watch. "The deuce!" said he. "'T is one o'clock. I 've to go my rounds. Good night." He disappeared rapidly down a neighboring street.

I stood gazing at him until a singular sight challenged my attention. I discovered four furnaces, glowing at the back of a narrow shop filled with vegetables. Standing on stools were several men; they wore no shirts; their whole costume consisted of canvas pantaloons, secured by a strap around their waist. They threw vague objects into immense boilers. I saw them through a cloud of steam which rose in thick mist to the ceiling, and poured forth in volumes through the front of the shop, which had neither glass nor shutters. These strange workmen were artichoke-boilers. An active, lively, healthy brunette, the mistress of the establishment, stimulates them by voice and gesture. Her name is Pauline Gandon. She is the largest artichoke-boiler of the neighborhood. During four months of the year she does business to the amount of $4,000. In the artichoke season, vehicles full of them are daily emptied in front of her door. Women wash them and cut off the stalk. They are then sorted, according to size, and packed in the boilers, the several layers being separated by linen cloths. An immense wood-fire is carefully kept up, during the whole period of time required to cook them, and which lasts till daybreak. From 5 o'clock, A. M., to 8 o'clock, A. M., there is quite a procession of greengrocers, petty eating-house keepers, and vegetable-pedlers coming to purchase their daily supply. In these three hours' time at least 3,000 artichokes are sold. There are not above three or four great artichoke-boilers in the neighborhood of the Great Markets, because this business requires not only the appliances to carry it on, but a good many servants and large daily expenditure of ready money.

Let us return to the Great Markets. Already the market-gardeners are beginning to spread their stock in trade. They come early to select their place, — to secure a favorite corner; and then most of them bring articles which can be sold as soon as the bell announces two o'clock. Here are potatoes, there are salads, yonder are fruits or cresses taken out of the carts and placed on the market. After the marketmen and marketwomen count their baskets, they lie down in the midst of their vegetables. Some of them keep watch, wrapped in their thick cloaks. Others move about among the carters, porters, and strange figures which go to and fro in silence.

These uneasy shadows belong to a strange corporation, — the clan of vicious and good-for-nothing fellows, or, as it is called, *la Gouape*, — vagabonds driven nightly to the Great Markets for the sake of the shelter they afford. There at least they may hope to be lost in the perpetual going and coming, favorable to their thievish practices. 'T is strange a laborious and active centre should likewise be the centre of indolence and theft! Examine closely those faded faces, — those now haggard, then veiled eyes. Observe those strange costumes. Yonder goes one with a ragged dress-coat, wearing woollen shoes. Here is another without a shirt, wearing a cravat around his neck. The clothes of all of them are too long, or too short, or too wide, or too narrow. Greasy caps and rusty straw hats crouch on uncombed hair and sordid beard. Pantaloons, fringed at the bottom, are kept in place by twine, stockingless feet drag turned-down shoes. All these wretched creatures move restlessly to and fro hungry, houseless and homeless, more or less haunted by dread of to-morrow, waiting till the clock strikes three and the vintners' shops open. They are sombre birds frightened by the policeman's cap. They slip along the shadow of walls, burn their lips with the cigar-end picked up in the sewer. After a night of alarms and fevered watches they pass away the day in sleeping on the quays or under the bridges. Misery is present time to them; occasion is their time future. They are ready to undertake any and everything in order to do nothing. They take more trouble to steal an empty basket, and spend more time in effacing the mark on it than would be necessary to earn their living honestly. The Police make frequent hauls among them, but this social mould springs incessantly between the paving-stones of the streets. It rises in a night like mushrooms on a compost heap. They are chiefly lazy fellows, pro-

"Forgive me," he said. "I know I of all people have the least right to speak; but have you thought well over the tremendous importance of the step you are taking? You are young enough to look for something different from . . . . If you wanted a home, Reine is always there. . . . . Fontaine is an excellent fellow; but your tastes are so unlike; your whole education and way of thinking." . . . .

"You don't know what it is," said Catherine, controlling herself and speaking very gently; "I shall have a home and some one to look to," but her heart sank as she spoke.

Butler himself was one of those weak-minded natures that sometimes trouble themselves about other concerns besides their own and those of their own belongings. The stalwart hero who succeeds in life, loves his wife and his children, or the object of his affections, his friends, his dog, but worries himself no further about the difficulties and sorrows, expressed and unexpressed, by which he is surrounded. He does his day's work, exchanges good-humored greetings with the passers-by, but he lets them pass on. He would never, for instance, dream of being sorry for a lonely, fanciful little woman who chanced to cross his path. He might throw her a sovereign if she were starving, and shut the door, but that would be the extent of his sympathy. The Mr. Grundys of life are sensible, manly fellows, business-like, matter-of-fact, and they would very sensibly condemn the foolish vagaries and compunctions of unpractical visionaries like Dick. And they are safer companions perhaps than others of finer nerve and more sympathetic fibre. Catherine might have been heart-whole and laughing still with the children in the garden, if Dick Butler had belonged to the tribe of Mr. Grundys. Unluckily for her, he was gentle and kind-hearted, and chivalrous after a fashion. He could not help being touched by helplessness and simplicity. He had said nothing to Catherine more than he had said to any of the young ladies of his acquaintance, but the mere fact of her dependence and inequality, — although he would not own it, — gave importance to what had no importance. It would have been truer kindness to have left her alone, for it is no longer the business of knights-errant to go about rescuing damsels in distress.

And yet Dick had the gift, which does not belong to all men; a gift of sympathy and intuitive tenderness. "What chance of happiness was there for that impressionable little creature with the well-meaning but tiresome Fontaine?" So he said to himself and to his aunt one day; but Madame de Tracy only assured him that he was mistaken in his estimate of Fontaine. It was a charming arrangement, and Catherine was perfectly happy.

Catherine's perfect happiness manifested itself by a strange restlessness; she scarcely eat, her dreams were troubled, music would make her eyes fill up with tears. "*Voi che sapete*," some one was singing one evening; she could not bear it, and jumped up and went out through the open window into the night. She did not go very far, and stood looking in at them all, feeling like a little stray sprite out of the woods peering in at the happy united company assembled in the great saloon.

Madame de Tracy was surprised and somewhat disappointed at the silence and calmness with which Catherine accepted her new lot in life. She took the girl up into her room that night, and talked to her for nearly an hour, congratulated, recapitulated, embraced her affectionately, and then sat holding her hand between her own fat white fingers; but it was all in vain. Her heroine would not perform; the little thing had no confidence to give in return; she seemed suddenly to have frozen up; still, chill, pale, answering only by monosyllables, silent and impenetrable, Catherine seemed transformed into somebody else. She was not ungrateful for the older lady's kindness, but her eyes looked with a beseeching fawn-like glance which seemed to say, "Only leave me, only let me be." This was not in the least amusing or interesting to Madame de Tracy or Catherine. It was a sort of slow torture. Dazed and a little stupefied, and longing for silence, to be expected to talk sentiment when she felt none, to blush, to laugh consciously, to listen to all the Countess's raptures and exclamations, was weary work. The child did her best, tried to speak, but the words died away on her lips; tried to say she was happy, but then a sudden pain in her heart seemed to rise and choke her. What was she doing? Dick disapproved. Was it too late to undo the work she had begun?

Fontaine did not come up to the château that evening. It was perhaps fortunate for him that he was detained by Madame Mérard. Catherine thought not of the Countess's congratulations, but of Dick's two words of warning that night, as she was sitting upon her bed half undressed, with all her hair tumbling about her. She could hear them all dispersing below, and Dick's voice humming *Voi che sapete*, as he tramped along the gallery, then a door banged, and all was silent.

She was thinking of his words again in the courtyard next morning, sitting with her work upon a bench under a tree. The De Vernons, and Ernestine, and Dick, were at a piano in the little boudoir, of which the windows were open. Little Henri was marching in and out, and beating time with his whip. The young people were singing and screaming with laughter, and banging false notes on the piano sometimes, and laughing again. "Take care, Henri, do not get out of the window," cried his mother from within; but Henri paid no attention. The gay jangle went on, and the laughter and music poured out to where Catherine was sitting, with her chin resting on her two folded hands. She could see through the iron gates; beyond the road lay a distance smiling in sunshine. She watched the smoke from a chimney drifting in the breeze. "Clang a rang, clang a rang, Ta ra, ta ta ra," sang the young people; and then came a burst of laughter, and then more voices joined in. Catherine recognized Dick's in the medley of sounds. The sun shone hotter and hotter; a chestnut fell to the ground with a sudden snap, and the brown, bright fruit showed through the green pod. Again the music sounded and her ribbon fluttered gently. How happy they all seemed! What good spirits Butler was in. The languid young Englishman seemed to have caught something of the life and gayety of the people among whom he was staying. But he had looked grave when he spoke to her, Catherine thought. How good of him to think of her! Just then he came out and quickly crossed the yard without seeing her. "Do not be late," cried Ernestine from the window.

Dick nodded, and strode away along the dusty road towards the village. Catherine watched him from under her tree until he disappeared, and Henri and Nanine came up disposed for conversation, and bringing a supply of chestnuts for Miss George's work-basket.

"Mon cousin is very disagreeable," Henri said.

Catherine, who had slept at Caen the night before in a house belonging to the De Vernons, came driving up to the door with Madame de Tracy just as the party arrived from Petitport by the early train. They all passed in together, but Catherine felt a chill as she came into the sombre place. It was so big, so full of echoes; some one brushed against a chair as the little procession passed up the centre aisle, the dismal scraping sound reverberated from column to column. The clergyman was a kind-looking, white-haired old man, who read the service in a plaintive, mumbling voice. He was only passing through the place, he knew none of the people, but he was interested in the little sweet-eyed bride, and long afterwards he remembered her when he met her again. Fontaine was uncomfortable, and very glad when this part of the ceremony was over. There was no knowing where these mysterious rites to which he was exposed, defenceless and without redress, might not lead him. He was not anxious for Catherine. She was inured to it, and she was so docile and gentle, too, that nothing would be counted very heavily against her; but for a good Catholic like himself, who knew better, who had been carefully instructed, there was no saying what dangers he might not be incurring.

The service was soon over, but Madame de Tracy had made some mistake in her orders, and when the wedding-party came out into the peristyle of the church, the carriages had both disappeared. It was but a short way to the church where they were going. Most of them had intended to walk, and there was now no other alternative. "Venez, madame," said Jean de Tracy, offering Catherine his arm, while Fontaine followed with Madame de Tracy; then came Marthe, with some children; and last of all, Dick, and a strange lady, who had also arrived from Petitport by the early train. It was not Madame Mérard. She, naturally enough, refused to be present at the ceremony; Madame Ernestine, too, found it quite out of the question to be up at such an impossible hour. The strange lady was handsomely dressed in a gray silk gown and a pale-colored Cashmere shawl. She kept a little apart from the rest, never lifting her eyes off her book during the service. Madame de Tracy could not imagine who she was at first, but Catherine's eyes brightened when she saw her.

The strange lady looked a little ashamed and shy and fierce at once. She had fancied people stared at her as she came along; and no wonder, for a more beautiful and noble-looking creature than Reine Chrétien at that time never existed. Under her bonnet her eyes looked bigger and brighter, and her rippled hair was no longer hidden under the starch of her cap: she came up with a certain grace and stately swing which she had caught from her mother. Secretly, she felt uncomfortable in her long-trained gown; but she came bravely along, as if she had been used to her draperies all her life. Dick was amused and interested to see his peasant maiden so transformed.

"Reine, I never should have dared to fall in love with you if I had first known you like this," said he, watching his opportunity, and taking his place beside her.

"Don't laugh at me," said Reine.

"What a dismal affair this has been. I know my aunt has cooked the whole thing up," Dick went on. "They are not in the least suited to each other."

Reine sighed. "Ill-assorted marriages never answer," she said, in the quick, harsh tones she sometimes used.

"But well-assorted marriages, mademoiselle," said Dick, gayly and kindly, and then he stopped short. A sad glance had crossed his: Catherine looked back with her pale face, and the young man, who always said out what was in his mind, began pitying her to his companion.

Reine, never very talkative, became quite silent by degrees.

Some bells were ringing from some of the steeples, and to Catherine they seemed playing one of the bars of Mendelssohn's wedding-march over and over again. They were passing by some of those old wooden houses which still exist in the quaint old city, piled with carvings and balconies and flowers, chiefly balsams, flaming against the blackened walls; heads were peeping through the windows, casements were gleaming. It was like the realization of a fancy Catherine once had long ago, when she was listening to Beamish in the studio.

"How loudly those bells are ringing, they will break their necks," said Jean de Tracy, by way of something to say, for conversation was a little difficult, under the circumstances, and silence was difficult too.

All round the church of St. Pierre there is a flower-garden. The church stands at the end of the quay, and at the meeting of many streets. The market-people were in groups all about when the wedding-party arrived. There seemed to be an unusual stir in the place. It is always gay and alive, to-day it was more than usually crowded with white caps, and flowers, and blouses, and baskets of vegetables. Jean de Tracy, who was used to the place, led the way across to a side door, which he opened and held back for Catherine to pass in, but she waited until the others came up. Fontaine and Madame de Tracy first entered, the others following after, and then there was a sudden stop, and no one advanced any farther. If the Protestant temple seemed melancholy, this was terrible to them as they came in out of the cheerful clatter and sunshine, into a gloom and darkness which startled them all. The high altar was hung completely in black; the lights burnt dimly: by degrees, when they could distinguish more clearly, they saw that figures in mourning were passing up the long aisle, while voices at the altar were chanting a requiem for the dead. Catherine gave a little cry, and seized hold of some one who was standing near her.

"Ah! how terrible!" cried Madame de Tracy, involuntarily.

"There must be some mistake," said Dick. "Have we come to the wrong church?"

"It often happens so in our churches," Reine said, quietly taking Catherine's hand. "I do not think there is any mistake."

Fontaine and Jean de Tracy went hastily forward to speak to an official who was advancing up a side aisle. As Reine said, there was no mistake, they were expected; a little side-altar had been made ready for them, where l'Abbé Verdier's well-known face somewhat reassured them, but not entirely. We all know that the marriage service goes on though there are mourners in the world. Why not face the truth? and yet it was sad and very depressing. The ceremony was hurried through, but Catherine was sobbing long before it came to an end. Marthe was the person who was least moved. It put her in mind of her own profession, now soon approaching, when neither marriage nor burial-service, but some-

thing between the two, would be read over her. Reine was trying to cheer and reassure the children. Toto said he wanted to go, he was frightened and began to whimper, and at last Reine took him out into the porch.

Butler, who always seemed to know where she was, followed her a minute after, and stood with her under the noble old porch with its ornamentations and gargoyles carved against the blue of the sky; stony saints and flowers, fantastic patterns, wreaths, birds flying, arch built upon arch, delightful bounty and intricate loveliness, toned and tinted by the years which had passed since these noble gates were put up to the house of the Lord, and the towers overhead were piled. Dick thought he should be well content to stand there with Reine like the abbots and saints all about, and see the centuries go by, and the great tides of the generations of people.

Reine was busy, meanwhile, answering Toto's impatient little questions; her shawl was half slipping off, as she leant against a niche in the wall: with one hand (it was a trick she had) she was shading her eyes from the sun, with the other she was holding Toto's little stout fist.

"I am trying to give you a name," said Dick at last, smiling. "I do not know what noble lady was martyred in Cashmere, for whom you might stand, in your niche, just as you are."

As he spoke, some more of the mourners passed in. It was the funeral of a high dignitary in the place, and numbers of people were attending it. "What a sad wedding for poor Catherine," Reine said, looking after them.

"Poor little thing! It must be almost over now," Dick answered.

"I shall not be sorry for one if it were, only to get rid of all this," said Reine, tugging at her great Indian shawl; "and to go back to Petitport quietly in my own every-day clothes."

"I think, after all, I like you best in your cap and apron," said Butler, looking at her critically.

"I knew it, I knew it!" Reine cried, suddenly flashing up; "I am not used or fit for anything else but what I am accustomed to. I often feel if I ever put off my poor peasant dress it may turn out an evil day for you and for me. You might change and be ashamed of me, perhaps, and . . ."

"Hush, Reine," said Butler: "it is n't worthy of you to have so little trust in me. Why would n't you believe me the other day, as now, when I tell you . . . ?"

"Shall I tell you what makes me mistrust you?" the girl answered, and her eyes seemed to dilate, and then she suddenly broke off and went on angrily: "Ah, I am no angel from heaven; I have told you that often enough. We in our class are not like you others. We don't pretend to take things as they come, and to care, as you do, for nothing, nor do we women trick our husbands, and speak prettily to them as if they were children to be coaxed and humored. I have good blood in my veins, but I am a woman of the people for all that, and I love frankness above all things, and there are things belonging to this dress, belonging to rich people I hate, and I always shall hate; never will I condescend to deceive you, to pretend to be what I am not, — I cannot dissemble; do you see?" she cried; "and if there is anything in my mind, it comes out in time, — hatred, or jealousy, or whatever it may be."

"You are pretending to be what you are not when you make yourself out worse than you are," Dick said, gravely, chipping off a little piece of the cathedral with his penknife. The little bit of soft stone fell to the ground like dust. Reine looked up, hesitated, and suddenly calmed down. "Forgive me," she said at last, with a thrilling low voice, "I was wrong to doubt you"; and she tore off her glove and put her honest hand in his. Butler was touched, and stooped and kissed it; but he wished, and in his turn hated himself for wishing, that she had not pulled off her glove.

And so the martyr came out of her niche, and it was time to go, but before the wedding-party left the church some one whispered to M. Fontaine to come out by the side-door, for the funeral carriages were drawn up at the great front entrance.

Fontaine took his wife away to Rouen for a fortnight's distraction after the ceremony. While the two were going off in a nervous *tête-à-tête* in the *coupé* of a railway carriage, the others were returning to Tracy, silent and depressed for the most part, like people after an unsuccessful expedition.

"I am going to smoke a cigar," said Dick, looking in at the door of the carriage where Madame de Tracy and Marthe and the children were installed. De Tracy hearing this, started up from his seat and said he would come too, and Dick walked along the second-class carriages until he had made his selection.

In one corner of a crowded department sat a peasant-girl with two great baskets at her knees. De Tracy got in without even observing her, sat down at the other end of the bench, and let down the window and puffed his smoke out into the open air. Dick did not light his cigar after all, but sat turning one thing and another in his head. Once looking up he caught the glance of Reine's two kind eyes fixed upon him, and he could not help saying, "What has become of the grand lady Mademoiselle Chrétien." Reine pointed to her baskets and looked down trying to be grave. Butler did not speak to her any more; the compartment was full of blouses; he had only wanted to see her safe to her journey's end.

Dominique was at the station with the cart he had brought for Reine, and the Tracy carriage was waiting too. Madame de Tracy, nodding greetings right and left, got in, followed by Marthe and the children and little Toto, who was to spend a couple of days at the château before he went to his grandmother. Madame de Tracy knew everybody by name and graciously inquired after numbers of Christian names.

"Jean, there is that excellent Casimir," pointing to a repulsive-looking man with one eye. "Bring him here to me. How do you do? how is your poor wife? Ah, I forgot, you are not married. How are you yourself? Not coming, Jean? Then drive on, Jourdain. Baptiste, put Monsieur Toto on my great fur cloak; yes, my child, you must, indeed; I should never forgive myself if you were to catch cold now your papa is away. Never mind being a little too warm." And so the carriage-load drove off in slight confusion, poor Toto choking, and trying in vain to get his mouth out of the fur.

Meanwhile Dick went and helped Reine into her cart with as much courtesy as if she was a duchess getting into a magnificent chariot. She blushed, nodded good night, and drove off immediately; and then Butler came back and joined his cousin, who was standing by, looking rather surprised.

"Come along, my Don Quixote," said Jean, turning off the little platform and striking out towards the fields. It was a quiet twilight walk. They both

had been voted sufficiently brilliant dresses for military men, so I was provided with a costume. My brothers had chosen to be attendants on my mother, who was dressed to represent some character which demanded such appendages; and in the midst of a scene far too full of sparkle for me to write about, we stood, admiring, and, to some degree it is to be hoped, admired.

Next to the ball-room, which was crowded, there was another large room, which looked like a bower of fruits and flowers, lighted to perfection; and there a few of the guests, seated among high oleanders, and trained vines, and orange-trees, were waiting, or resting, listening to a well-practised band, and being reflected, with their surroundings, in long, narrow mirrors. I stood in the entrance of this room, and saw in a mirror towards the end, on my right, the lady with the feather fan, — Dame Jenifer, looking as much alive as when her wooing and wedding took place together and at once, in the old hall at my new west-country home.

I consider it no disgrace to declare thus publicly that I gazed with a breathless feeling of surprise, and a sensation so like fear, that I stood rooted to the spot, and most uncertain as to my eyesight; for on looking with determination round the room, and again at the mirror, the substance was not to be seen, and the shadow was gone.

"Don't you dance? — Come here. I want to introduce you."

"Stop, Chester. There's a woman here with a feather fan."

"Fifty, I should think. Everybody has a feather fan. It belongs to a fancy dress."

"No, no; not *this* feather fan — let's find her."

"Nonsense! Won't you dance — "

"Only with the women who have feather fans — there she is again! Now — flesh and blood, I declare! — now, Chester, are you mad? What are you staring about? She's handsomer than Dame Jenifer a thousand times; and I'll get to the bottom of this, if it's my grandmother's ghost in good earnest."

"Miss Clayton," said Chester, who had been dragged by me across the room, forcibly, "if you are not afraid of a lunatic — he is a great friend of mine!"

She burst into a low, musical laugh. I felt sure she had seen my start of astonishment reflected in the looking-glass.

"This," said Chester, forgetting my change of name, "this is Alfred Pelham. — Captain Pelham, I mean, I beg your pardon. He wishes to have the honor of — "

"Talking to Miss Clayton about her dress and her feather fan," I said, interrupting my friend. And then all three indulged in a laugh, and Chester walked away to leave us to our mysteries. Upon which Miss Clayton and I sat down, for I was far too much in earnest for dancing. "Now, Miss Clayton, what made you appear here in that dress?"

"I chose it because I liked it. I made it with my own hands, helped by my aunt, Lady Ross, and her clever maid."

She spoke good-humoredly, like a child answering questions.

"Forgive me for keeping to my question. What made you choose it?"

"I have, at my uncle's house, a colored sketch of a lady on a sofa, with this sort of fan in her hand. She is not a very laudable lady, for we used to say that she cheated us out of a good inheritance by marrying the uncle instead of the heir. And so there was an evil saying that those who inherited from her should never prosper till the two lines were united. But there are no men Henikers left in the world now, and I have dressed myself like the old picture, with no evil feelings in my heart, but a moderate complacency only, which I believe not to be criminal."

She made this little speech with the drollest affectation of candor, and the glance of her pretty eyes was just Dame Jenifer's over again. I said, "And were the families never united?"

"O yes; Dame Jenifer's daughter married her old lover's son, and she brought the picture into the house. But that was of no use. Dame Jenifer's son carried on the elder line, and the old gossips meant that the two lines should become one."

"I have studied the pedigree, Miss Clayton. I thought Richard Heniker, of Whiteacres, died without children. Allow me to ask, Who are you?"

"Richard Heniker died in India. But he married his cousin, my mother, a widow, Mrs. Clayton. So when my stepfather, who was also my cousin, died, I was the only Heniker left in the world, and I was given to the guardianship of Sir James Ross, because his wife was my father's sister."

"And is Whiteacres yours?"

"Yes."

She rose up, and I took her across the room to Lady Ross. She introduced me as Captain Pelham, and I said, under the protection of Lady Ross's presence, "I *was* called Pelham; but I had to take the name of Heniker last week." And then Lady Ross, who had learnt all about it, was so glad to know me, and while Mary Clayton colored crimson, I felt that the aunt had marked me down as "eligible."

I danced with Mary Clayton, I talked of Heniker, my beautiful mother, and Dame Jenifer's portrait. I introduced my brothers to her, and we set up a cousinly monopoly of the young lady, which lasted till they called her "sister," and I had brought to Heniker, as its new mistress, a new edition of "the lady with the feather fan."

SILCOTE OF SILCOTES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY,

AUTHOR OF "RAVENSHOE," "THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

SOME OF THE SQUIRE'S PLANS FOR ARTHUR.

"And so that business is over and done with," said the Squire to Arthur one morning before lunch. "And now the best thing you can do is to go over this afternoon and begin to make the agreeable to the eldest Miss Granby. It will be all right: I sounded old Granby on the matter. And at the same time write to those Oxford people, and resign your fellowship, — cut the shop altogether, and pitch your white tie overboard at the same time. It is not too late even now to leave the Church and go to the Bar. Don't let me see those black clothes any more. You must act up to your new position. One parson in a family is well enough, but the head of a family never ought to be in orders."

Silcote said all this in a blundering, hulking sort of way, with his eyes turned from his son, wandering up and down: he jingled his watch-chain also while he was saying it, and was evidently doubtful, if not actually afraid, of the way in which it would be re-

ceived. He was not at all reassured by Arthur saying, very coolly, —

"I don't half understand you. I think we must have an explanation."

The Squire knew perfectly well how hopeless it was to attempt to bully Arthur. Still, no point would be lost by riding the high horse at first, whereas one or two points might be gained. He was so afraid of Arthur that he had never unrolled his new plans to him, but had trusted that, when they were all in train, and half-accomplished, Arthur would submit to them from necessity. Hence his confused announcement of them, which puzzled Arthur extremely.

"I am going to submit to no explanations or discussions whatever. You are now the heir of the house, and I shall trouble you to behave as the heirs of great families are generally expected to behave; with submission to the head of the house. Yesterday you were nobody, a mere fellow of Balliol or some such place. To-day you are the heir to a very great property; and, with your talents, you must end in the House of Lords. I have let you have your own way while you were a younger son. I insist that you obey my will now you are the elder."

"You don't mean to say that you have disinherited Tom?"

"Of course I have disinherited that scoundrel, sir. This morning I have made a new will, leaving the whole of the property unreservedly to you. But I will have my conditions fulfilled. Nothing can prevent my leaving everything to St. Mary's Hospital if I choose. It does not take long to make a will, sir."

"You have done a very foolish thing, and a very unfair thing," replied Arthur, steadily. "Tom will do very well in time, and it was you who spoilt him, as you are spoiling Anne. As regards myself, you might have had the civility to consult me before burdening me with this wretched property and its responsibilities, and ruining all my plans for the future. I have marked out a plan of life for myself, and the possession of great wealth don't enter into that plan at all, — in fact, would ruin it. Conceive a man of my talents and ambition, and with my fanatical ideas of the responsibilities of wealth, having to drag out his life among the wretched details of a large English estate! You must be mad."

"Better men than you have done so, sir."

"H'm," said Arthur. "Well, giving you that point, the more fools they. If you don't do your duty by your estate, you are a rascal; if you do, you cut yourself off from everything which makes life valuable. You, for one instance, make yourself a member of a particular order, and by degrees imbibe the prejudices of that order. I'll defy any man in the world to associate habitually with one set of neighbors, and not take up with their prejudices. And I want no prejudices. There is priggishness enough at Oxford for me. A word or a phrase too often repeated gets a fictitious value, and at last is worshipped as a sacred truth; and he who dares handle it in any way roughly is a heretic and a villain: the word Reform, for instance. Now about Miss Granby. I have not the honor of the young lady's acquaintance. May I ask why her name was mentioned just now, as a matter of curiosity?"

"She has eighty thousand pounds, Arthur, and, if I could see her my daughter-in-law, I should not have a wish ungratified."

"You want to see her eighty thousand pounds in the family?"

"Precisely."

"Then why don't you marry her yourself? You are not old, you are quite as good-looking as ever I remember you to have been, and she would sooner have you than me. There would not be the same disparity in your ages. You know she is old enough to be my mother."

"Then you are determined to thwart me in this?"

"Most assuredly."

"Take care, sir."

"I shall take very good care I don't marry Miss Granby. Come, don't let us quarrel; we quite understand one another. Tom will distinguish himself, and be taken back into favor again. You know he has got a commission in the Austrian army?"

"No. It is impossible. The regulations would not permit of it."

"Nothing is impossible to our aunt, the Princess, at Vienna, it seems. *She* has managed it. He is fiddling at the top of the tune there."

"With her money, I suppose."

"So *I* suppose."

"He will ruin her, as he would have ruined me."

"I fear there is very little doubt of it."

"Can't you warn her?"

"Yes, I can warn her, and so I can warn her brother, my most gracious father; and so I can warn the thoroughgoing Radicals: but with the same result in every case."

"It is a bad business," said the Squire. "Your aunt is very foolish, Arthur. And she has got a very pretty bit of money of her own. She has a terribly slippery tongue, but she can't have a bad heart. Arthur, I believe she is very fond of me still, and I have not spoken a civil word to her this twenty years."

"More shame for you," said Arthur. "Why can't you be kind to her? It is all nonsense, you know."

"Is it?" said the Squire. "Come, I wish you would drink some more of this wine; it is real Clos Vourgeot, of the first *crus*. I imported the hogshead with Cass of Northcote and Sir Charles Haselburn; you can get no such claret at Oxford."

"I am aware of it; but I take very little wine."

"I fear you don't take enough. What makes you so pale? You get paler year by year: sometimes you look quite ghastly."

"Yet I never look *ill*, do I? I work a great deal, — a very great deal, — and very much by night. In consequence of something a fellow-tutor said to me a few years ago, I determined to work mathematics up to the Cambridge standard, and I have done so. I am now examiner, and correcting the papers last term has pulled me down. Don't mention my health. I dislike it. I am perfectly well."

"On your honor?"

"On my honor. I have never had a day's illness since I was a boy. The reason I dislike the mention of it is that, to me, the loss of health would be such a hideous disaster."

"I wish I could see you well married, Arthur."

"I thought we had done with Miss Granby."

"So we have, if you like. One could as soon make water mix with oil as make you marry any one you did not like; unless you made it out to be your duty, and it don't seem to be part of your duty to obey your father. We will say nothing more about her. I should not object to any other, pro-

[illegible] views of course [illegible]

[illegible] in spite of himself [illegible] answered steadily, "No."

[illegible] that you mean what [illegible] that there is no young man [illegible]

[illegible] "certain," replied [illegible] the axe and getting [illegible] about the cars. "There is [illegible]

[illegible] "I am delighted to hear it," [illegible] great relief to my mind [illegible] Now [illegible] some time [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] left the room, and was gone about ten minutes. When he returned, he came to [illegible] and laid his hand on the Squire's shoulder. "Father," he said, "I thank you very heartily for all your kindness to me, more particularly in this matter of the axe. I will, in everything, follow your wishes so far as they do not interfere with my better judgment. I have not behaved well to you lately, and I ask your forgiveness."

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] will [illegible]

with his self-confidence, taken stock of this same vice among other, real and imaginary, imperfections, to be cured in his scheme of making himself a perfect and successful character; and, as Mr. Pip when he wrote out a schedule of his debts and left a margin, thought it was as good as paying them, so Arthur, when he wrote down "overweening self-confidence" in the analysis of his character, alongside of gluttony and laziness, thought that the former devil, being *en visage*, was of necessity laid with the two others. Nevertheless, Arthur had been a prig at school sometimes, and, in spite of all his spasmodic efforts to the contrary, was a little of a prig now. He was a man whose goodness shamed one, but he was without the quality of *bonhommie* now, as he was five years before, when the old tutor at Balliol warned him of this fault in his character, and when he so faithfully determined to amend it.

His influence among undergraduates was less than nothing. The year of his proctorship he was nearly howled out of the theatre; although no one was able to bring a single case of injustice against him. Perfectly without blame himself, he was utterly unable to make allowances for lads scarcely younger than himself. He had been warned about the reckless stinging use of his tongue by wise and good friends, and he thought he had conquered that habit at least; but with overwork the old habit came back, and his sentences against undergraduates were embittered sometimes by cruel words, so that men said they would sooner be rusticated by the other proctor than gated by him. His manner as an examiner, too, was cold, contemptuous, and inexorable; the "shady" man, whose cruel fate left him to Silcote of Balliol, felt himself half plucked before he began. And yet there were about half a dozen men, all of the first mark in the University, who believed in him, as Jourdan believed in the young artillery officer Bonaparte, and who swore that he was not only the cleverest, but the best and kindest fellow alive.

His ideas about women, about their powers of intellect, their great weight in the social scale, — whether just or unjust, — their natural capabilities of learning logical reasoning, — whether their sentimental conclusions came from an inferior intellect or from the want of a university education, — are not of much value, seeing that he knew nothing whatever about them. But he would reel it you off by the yard about women, with his hands in his pockets comfortably, and would leave you with the impression that they were to be tolerated, but that he did not think much of them. Miss Austen? O certainly, but then any one could write a novel. Her novels far better than Smollett's of Fielding's? Certainly, they were more entertaining, and were without the element of coarseness. Mrs. Somerville and Miss Herschell? They had shown a certain capacity for figures. Mrs. Hemans? Pretty idea of rhythm and pathos. Miss Barrett? Well, he would give you Miss Barrett, if you came to that, provided you admitted her to be an exception, — otherwise would argue on until it was time to knock out of college. Madame Dudevant, then? No, on no account. She only reproduced that rebellion against formulas which expressed itself in the lower thought of the Reformation and the French Revolution. Mere overstated cases against old formulas, did not constitute original thought. She was Heine's youngest sister's ghost, without his powers of epigram or rhythm. Miss Bronté? A good and nervous, though coarse, describer of a narrow landscape. And so on: on this, as on every other subject, apt to be bitter when he knew his subject, and trying to be smart when he did not.

One Christmas-day, as the reader may remember, a most absurd accident threw him very awkwardly against his brother's governess, Miss Lee. He had entertained a considerable objection to that young lady, and his more intimate introduction to her had been exceedingly unfortunate; but fate would have it that he should try to remove that awkwardness by sitting beside her and talking to her. Perfect physical beauty and grace, combined with propinquity and opportunity, will have their due effect as long as there are finely organized men and women in the world; and so Arthur, by the end of that somewhat memorable evening, discovered that Miss Lee was not understood where she was, and that her studies required directing, and her mind forming: in short, he determined to devote a little of his spare time to taking Miss Lee in hand, and seeing whether or no it was too late to make anything of her.

Apparently there were considerable hopes that Miss Lee would not become an utter castaway. He evidently had great expectations of doing something with her, though it was rather late in the day; some hope of providing her with fixed opinions on which to shape her character, and of giving her an object in life. He took to his task with a will, and Miss Lee's profound submissive reverence evidently gave him satisfaction, for he persevered in a way which drew the warmest praise from his brother. She was ignorant of poetry (she suppressed the fact of a tolerably extensive acquaintance with Byron); she must be introduced to the exquisite tender purity of Tennyson, and have the deeper passages explained to her, — sometimes, Madam Dora declares, in the square by moonlight. She was ignorant of history; he was kind enough to read to her aloud the account of a Highland fight, in which thirty people were killed with the usual brutality, in the sonorous prose of the late Lord Macaulay. Further, Miss Lee's touch on the piano was most unsatisfactory, it wanted firmness for sacred music; and nothing but Arthur's continued attention cured her of the odious habit of keeping her wrists higher than the keys. In short, it was the old story, — Monseigneur amused himself. He was short and sharp with her at times, and at times angry, for the poor girl, though not naturally dull, was dull by habit; and, used as she was to reckless freedom, at times his drilling and his exigence were almost unbearable.

At first she submitted to him, and used her every effort to please, from mingled motives of respect, of fear, and of the wish to attract him. He was in her eyes a very great man indeed, a king among men, a man respected, consulted, and looked up to by all the other men she knew of, the savage old Squire included; a man whose prestige was paramount in their little world, and whom she, and indeed others, believed to have the same weight and consideration in the world as he had in his own family: there are such men in most families which are removed from the real world. So she had begun by trying to please him, and gain his esteem (and his admiration too, perhaps, for she had a looking-glass); and went on to find that he was wondrous handsome, and that his speech was so pregnantly suggestive of all kinds of unknown knowledge, and of sources of intellectual pleasure of which she had never dreamt, that she had forgot about her beauty,

only bargaining that you should tell me which is the head and which is the tail."

"I wanted your advice with regard to buying them."

"When was the bailiff took ill, then?"

"He is not ill."

"Then why don't you ask him about the bullocks? He knows a deal better about them than a stock-broker. You ask too much advice, Squire; and, what is more, take too little."

CHAPTER XX.

JAMES HAS A WET WALK.

"STAND there," said Dora, "and I will show you how it all was. You are not quite in the right place yet. You must stand close to the fire with your hands spread out, blinking your eyes. There, that is just exactly the way you stood on the very first night in that very same place, with all the dogs round you, and your face all bleeding and bruised, and your dirty little cap in your hand, and your dirty little smock-frock all over mud; and you looked such a poor little mite of a thing that I cried about you when I went up stairs, and was peevish with Anne because she wanted to go on with the silly play about the Esquimaux."

James Sugden stood for a few minutes looking into the fire, without answering. He had grown to be a very handsome upstanding young fellow indeed; with more than the usual share of physical beauty, and a remarkably clear, resolute pair of eyes. There was also a dexterous, rapid grace about all his movements, not generally observable in sixth-form hobbedehoy youths. He still wore the uniform of St. Mary's, and was in age about seventeen.

For the first time he had been invited by the Squire to spend his midsummer vacation at Silcotes, and join Algernon's children in their yearly holidays at their grandfather's grand house. He had hitherto spent all his vacations since the removal of the school in Lancaster Square; and the summer vacation had been very dull to him; for Dora and Reginald, with the younger ones, had always been at Silcotes. He had been condemned to drag on the burning long summer days alone with Algernon and Miss Lee, and had always longed intensely for the time to come to return to school. This year, however, Mr. Betts had written to him to say that he was to render himself at Silcotes by five o'clock on the twentieth of June without fail. So, committing his box to an intricate system of cross country carriers,—each of whom was supposed to meet the other without fail at obscure villages, and remember a vast number of obscure directions,—he had said good by to his old friend, Ben Berry, the porter, and, taking only an ordnance map and his sketch-book, had started from St. Mary's by the Lake early in the summer's morning, with his face set straight towards Silcotes. "Only two half-counties to walk through, before the afternoon, my Ben," he said on starting. "Not much that, hey! Not so bad as the journey down here."

A resolute young fellow enough. A Silcote could not have been more resolute. The glory of the day wined as he walked stoutly on, until he saw his familiar old Boisey in the hazy dim distance at noon. The distance was very hazy, and the air was very close and hot, yet he held on through a country utterly strange to him, choosing always, by that geographical genius which one sees in some men, but not in very many, the roads which would suit his purpose, and end somewhere; in preference to those, apparently as much traffic-worn as the others, which only delude one by leading to the parsonage-house and the church. The course was northeast, and the great Alps of thunder-cloud, creeping up through the brown haze, had met him and were overhead, when having crossed the infant Loddon at Wildmoor, and having delayed to pick, for Dora, a nosegay of the beautiful gemus and orchises, which to him, coming from the heath-country, seemed so rare and so rich, he turned into the deep clay lanes towards the heath.

[To be continued.]

THE FESTIVAL OF SNOBS.

THURSDAY last, October 25, is a day marked in our calendar with the name of Crispin. Its anniversary, four and a half centuries ago was celebrated by 30,000 Englishmen in the famous victory of Agincourt that was fought "upon St. Crispin's day," which will ever be remembered in connection with "Crispin Crispian," if it were only for that stirring speech that Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Henry V. The festival of Crispin is also observed by that numerous class of our community—estimated at the last census at 280,000—who have taken him for their tutelary saint. Not only in the Northamptonshire seats of the boot and shoe manufacture, but at Sheffield, Stirling, and throughout the length and breadth of England and Scotland, Crispin Clubs and Crispin Societies flourish and abound, whose members keep their annual festival, occasionally with out-door processions, but always with that feasting and drinking to which the degeneracy of the times has sunk the holy-day into the holiday. An old adage, of Scotch parentage, says, "On twenty-fifth October, ne'er a souter's sober." The word "souter" takes us to Tam O'Shanter's bosom friend, Souter Johnny, who was really John Lauchlin, a shoemaker at Ayr; it is Scotch for cobbler, and is equivalent to the Latin *sutor*, and, in fact, is similarly spelt by Sir Walter Scott, when, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," he speaks of Watt Tinlinn, sutor and archer.

Another Scotch word for shoemaker is "cordiner," which they borrowed in the olden days of "Quentin Durward" from the French *cordonnier*, afterwards *cordonnier*; and, in Paris, there were two shoemakers' societies, called the *Frères Cordonniers*, who respectively enrolled themselves under the protection of Crispin and his brother Crispinian. Our own English word cordwainer is merely the vulgar pronunciation of *cordwainer*, from Cordua, Cordova, in Spain, from whence was imported the leather that was most prized for shoes, and which is referred to in the Hudibrastic couplet that chronicles some remarkable connoisseurs in suffering: "Some have been kicked, till they know whether a shoe's of Spanish or neat's leather." Not but what shoes have been made of many other materials, from the prunello of Pope to the golden slippers of Wolsey and Julius Cæsar; and wood, iron, silver, cloth, flax, silk, paper, and rushes have all been pressed into their manufacture. Five years before the victory of Agincourt, in 1410, the English followers of Crispin had been incorporated by letters patent of Henry IV., under the title of "The Cordwainers and Cobblers' Company," and they have a fine Hall in Great Distaff-lane, St. Paul's, London: although they have long since dropped from their designation the word Cobbler, and only retain the more ancient term, as

it is set forth in "The Art and Mystery of a Cordwainer," by Frederick Rees, published in 1813. The word Cobbler has passed into contempt; yet it is capped in opprobrium by that other word Snob, the vulgar epithet of a shoemaker; and as so many thousands of them have just been celebrating the Festival of Snobs, we may not be considered out of place by devoting a brief consideration to the subject.

We naturally ask at the very outset, the reason why, — why is a Shoemaker called a Snob? but it is sometimes easier to raise a ghost than to lay one; to ask a question than to return a satisfactory reply. There are various epithets for shoemakers: they who vamp up old shoes and pass them for new ones are pleasantly termed "translators"; and there are welters, repairers, clobberers, clickers, blockers, runners, closers, and cleaners, whose vocations are explained by their titles with tolerable clearness. We can even comprehend what is meant by "women's men" and "man's men," and those who "understand their trade," like Lord Foppington's bootmaker in Vanbrugh's play. But "Snobs!" why are St. Crispin's sons branded with this nickname? Invention has already been expended on the meaning of the word Snob. When a nobleman's son is entered at a university, he is put down on the college books, in abbreviated Latin, as "fil. nob."; and, similarly, his companion without a handle to his name might be written down as "s. nob," — the *s* standing for *sine;* and hence the Snob was simply the man who was not a Nob. This is certainly a more ingenious derivation than that which takes us to *sine obolo*, and makes the poor Snob to be a man "not worth a rap"; but, clearly, all this has nothing to do with Crispin's craft, but pertains to the class that Thackeray so vigorously handled in his famous history of the race.

The word Snob is evidently not restricted in meaning to a non-university man, although so defined by the *Gradus ad Cantabrigiam*, by Bristed's "Five Years in an English University," and by Hall's "College Words"; nor even to "a mean, vulgar person," as by Halliwell and Webster; nor even to a stranger hunting in the "swell countries," as in Nimrod's "Chace," and Alken's picture, where "Snob takes the lead" of the hunting-field. And, although the latest edition of Hotten's "Slang Dictionary" gives us a *résumé* of some of these meanings, and says that the word is "the nickname usually applied to Crispin, a maker of shoes," it does not attempt to enlighten our ignorance as to the why and the wherefore of the epithet. Our useful contemporary, *Notes and Queries*, would seem to be the most likely source in which to make an inquiry of this nature, and to receive its solution, if there were any to be given; but, although the question was asked in one of its earliest numbers, and although sixteen years have since passed, no one of its many correspondents is a sufficient Œdipus to solve the enigma, — Why is a Shoemaker called a Snob? At the time referred to, Dr. Gatty considered the word not to be an archaism, and thought that it could not be found in any book printed before the present century; and that, though Shoemakers were called Snobs in the North of England, the word was not to be found in Brockett's "Glossary of North Country Words."

It so happens that we can bring forward an example that the sons of Crispin retained their peculiar nickname up to the month of the celebration of the recent Festival of Snobs; for, at the Birmingham Quarter Sessions, last Monday fortnight (Oct. 8), an old offender who was found guilty of housebreaking, and sentenced to eight years' penal servitude, made an imaginative defence, in which he sought to lay the blame on some shoemakers with whom he had been drinking; and, throughout the whole of his rambling speech, he referred to these men as "snobs," and to the implements of their trade as "snobs' tools"; and he briefly described their habits by remarking that they are "men for fuddling when they go on the spree." Here, then, we have a clear proof that, up to the present year, the 25th of October is still observed as a Festival of Snobs. Probably the word is not older than the Tom-and-Jerry days of the Prince Regent, when Snip was the name for a tailor, from his snipping the cloth; and its two first letters would fall trippingly from the tongue for an alliterative title for his brother craftsman, the shoemaker; while the other two letters, *ob*, might possibly be taken from the humble cobbler or the great Hoby. This, however, is merely a random conjecture; but we are compelled to limit the use of the word to the present century, as we are unable to discover it in the pre-Hoby period. There is no trace of it in that rare and valuable little volume, "The History of the Gentle Craft," nor in similar treatises, including even the *Hypodemania*, or the History of the Passion of Shoebuying; the *Scytotomical Decameron*, or Ten joyous Days in a Shoewarehouse; the *Sutrina Hobeana*, *Soleary System*, *Ars Calcearia*, and those other wonderful works mentioned in a certain prospectus of a book, entitled "The Street Companion, or the Young Man's Guide and the Old Man's Comfort, in the Choice of Shoes," supposed to be written "by the Rev. Tom. Foggy Dribble," and to which a most erudite article was devoted in the *London Magazine* of 1825.

Of course it was nothing more than a witty burlesque, by Charles Lamb, on the antiquarian and bibliomanic tastes of the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, and was a companion article to those apocryphal memoirs of Liston and Munden, the former of which was quoted as veritable information by the writer of the article "Modern Eccentrics," in *Temple Bar* for last July. And equally as ineffectual as were those projected classics of Charles Lamb's brain in yielding a counterpart to the epithet "Snob," must have been the Baron of Bardwardine's Glossarium, with its learned distinctions between the *caligæ* and *socci*. But this Baron was a true gentleman, and although not a member of the gentle craft, was permitted to add to his paternal coat-of-arms the "budget or bootjack, disposed salter-wise," in consideration of his knightly service to his royal master in undoing the latchet of his brogue. Although the bootjack is not mentioned as a heraldic quartering by Randall Holmes in his "Academie of Armorie," yet that venerable master in his coat-armor speaks of sandals, buckles, tyes, latchets, and wedges borne in heraldry. And Granger tells us of one Thomas Knight, of Oxford, who was greatly skilled in heraldry, and who might have been a king-at-arms, but who "sunk, in a few years, from a shoemaker to a cobbler." Here the cobbler is evidently ranked as a person much below the shoemaker; but in Flanders the Company of Cobblers not only take precedence of the Company of Shoemakers, but bear for their arms a boot with an imperial crown upon it.

They ascribe this honor to the Emperor Charles V., who was fond of wandering incognito, and on a certain night strolled into a cobbler's stall to get his boot mended. He found the cobbler making merry

fierce unrest, the torturing, vague effort of fever; it closed over the stern, pompous master of Poynings, wakeful and sorely troubled. It darkened the pretty chamber, decorated with a thousand girlish treasures, and simple adornments, in which Clare Carruthers was striving sorely with the first fierce trial of her prosperous young life. When it was at its darkest and deepest, the girl's swollen, weary eyelids closed, conquered by the irresistible, mighty benefactor of the young who suffer. Then, if any eye could have pierced the darkness and looked at her, as she lay sleeping, the stamp of a great fear upon her face, even in her slumber, and her breast shaken by frequent heavy sighs, it would have been seen that one hand was hidden under the pillow, and the fair cheek pressed tightly down upon it, for better security. That hand was closed upon three letters, severally addressed to the advertising department of three of the daily newspapers. The contents, which were uniform, had cost the girl hours of anxious and agonizing thought. They were very simple, and were as follows, accompanied by the sum which she supposed their insertion would cost, very liberally estimated:—

"The gentleman who showed a lady a sprig of myrtle on last Saturday is earnestly entreated by her not to revisit the place where he met her. He will inevitably be recognized."

"God forgive me, if I am doing wrong in this," Clare Carruthers had said with her last waking consciousness. "God forgive me, but I must save him if I can."

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN NOTES.

[illegible] is now in [illegible], where he intends to fix his permanent residence.

[illegible]

to be issued under the title of "Letters from Hell, by a Lost Soul," is not a profane, but a religious book. It is a pity the author could not have hit upon a more decent name.

M. Duvernois, the writer in the *Liberté* who wounded M. Sarcey in a duel a few weeks ago, has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment, and his seconds to one month each. No sentence was passed on M. Sarcey, who was considered to have been forced into the affair, but his esquires were fined one hundred francs apiece.

The last number of the *People's Calendar*, edited by the well-known German novelist, Berthold Auerbach, has been confiscated at Berlin because it contains a story by him in which the abolition of the punishment of death is advocated.

M. Dennery, the prolific French dramatist, chiefly known as the author, conjointly with M. Dumanoir, of "Don César de Bazan," has just succeeded in presenting the patrons of the Ambigu Comique with the picture of a gentleman so wicked that even some of the Parisian critics are shocked at his utter badness.

Messrs. Bell & Daldy of London announce a Christmas book entitled "Art and Song," to consist of a selection of poems edited by Mr. Robert Bell, and illustrated with engravings on steel from celebrated modern artists, including six landscapes by Turner, not hitherto published; also, the entire series of Flaxman's designs in illustration of Dante, comprising [illegible] compositions in outline, from the original plates, untouched.

"A Yankee," the New York correspondent of the London *Spectator*, discusses in his last letter to that journal, the momentous question, "Why Americans wear dress-coats in the morning?" He begins thus: "My theme is dress. I sing the dress-coat, [illegible] fearfully and wonderfully made! I propose to solve that riddle,—so mysterious to many British travellers,—why the Americans 'wear full evening dress in the morning.' In the first place, they don't."

[illegible]

age, crutched stick in hand, walking in the sunshine on Adelphi Terrace.

THE Continental journals say that there is a dangerous amount of discontent at Lyons. The silk manufacturers of that city have of late years confined themselves very much to figured silks, which have gone out of fashion. Consequently, Lyons is almost starving, and, as usual in such cases, ready for insurrection. The men, it is stated, have informed the government that they want the abolition of the tax on looms in the town, which is to be granted; secondly, a tax on looms out of the town, which is refused; and thirdly, the establishment of *ateliers nationaux* on Louis Blanc's plan, which is to be compromised, relief being given in some other way. The Lyonnese fight well when roused, having driven out their garrison in 1831, and they are closely affiliated with the Parisians, wherefore it is quite certain that Napoleon will relieve them somehow.

Figaro gives the following account of the literary predilections of the Bishop of Orleans: "Mgr. Dupanloup's enlightened love of letters is well known. He defends and cultivates that study, and no one more keenly enjoys its charm. He knows nearly the whole of Virgil and Horace by heart, and frequently in conversation makes felicitous quotations from those authors. His memory is so prodigious that he distinguishes clearly and in its place, as in a inward library, every detail of his extensive knowledge; and in dictating to his secretaries he refers them without hesitation to such a page of Fénélon, or such a line of the Æneid. . . . . Up at five every morning during the year, he works without relaxation until midday, and, after a short promenade and giving a few audiences, resumes harness until seven o'clock. While walking, he makes rapid pencil-notes of fugitive ideas and heads of sermons; during his drives, he is similarly occupied. When he travels by rail, he has, as constant companion, a large portfolio of green morocco, stuffed with papers, — the real one that belonged to Talleyrand, — and he revises manuscripts and corrects proof. His correspondence is as extensive as that of a minister of state, and he sends not fewer than six thousand letters yearly. There is only one moment of the day that does not find him at work: it is that succeeding the evening's repast. He is obliged to condemn himself to that period of repose, and to forego writing and reading at night, in order not to injure his eyes, which have been already severely tried during the day."

GREAT results are expected by astronomers from the recent invention of M. Foucault. A large objective at the Observatory of Paris, which was in process of construction, afforded the other day an excellent opportunity for experiment. The exterior surface of the glass was duly silvered, and, on turning it towards the Sun, the image was presented devoided almost entirely of its heat. The layer of silver in no way interfered with the optical properties of the glass. All the numerous details which the most experienced observers have detected in sun-spots were at once visible. "The entire surface of the Sun appeared covered with an irregular stippling, the constituents of which were of different sizes, and grouped in constellations of various forms." "In proportion," says M. Le Verrier, "as we see the image better, all idea of a regular structure vanishes, nor is there any indication of such an one as would result from the agglomeration of identical elements placed in juxtaposition or dovetailed with each other. At some moments the clearness is such as to promise the analysis of the shaded portions, and make us long to have recourse to more and more powerful instruments." M. Flammarion, however, admits that the medium does throw some kind of veil over the object investigated.

A LETTER in the *Nouvelle Presse Libre* gives what it states to be authentic particulars of the malady which has come upon the Empress of Mexico. It appears that it was at Bautzen, on her way to Miramar, that she first had the idea, which has since become a fixed one in her mind, that her attendants were in a conspiracy to poison her. At Bautzen she refused to partake of any cooked food, and would only eat fruit which she had gathered with her own hands and drink water she had herself drawn from the fountain. When she arrived at Rome she hastened to the Vatican, and demanded that her attendants should be instantly arrested for an attempt on her life. The Pope, who was in complete ignorance of her condition, gave orders for their arrest, and it was only when it appeared that she was under a delusion that the order for their imprisonment was countermanded. In a short time all doubts were removed, and the Count de Flandres was invited to take her back to Miramar. At Miramar she grew worse. The Archduke Charles, who went there, was obliged to return in forty-eight hours without seeing her, as her medical attendants dreaded the effects of any emotion on their patient. The Count de Flandres also left Miramar; and when she took leave of him she threw herself into an arm-chair, saying, "Now they will do with me what they please." It was thought that the house in which she resided, being built on a rock close to the sea, was dangerous, and she was transferred, though against her will, to another at some distance in the park. She now sees nobody except Dr. Ileck (who exercises a certain control over her, and who has been allowed by the Emperor of Austria to devote his whole time to her), and her former confessor, the parish priest of Miramar. The physicians are said to have given up almost all hope of her recovery, and they greatly apprehend the effect of a nervous fever, which in her present state might be fatal.

IN A GONDOLA.

[Suggested by Mendelssohn's Andante in G Minor, Book I., Lied 6 of the "Lieder ohne Worten."]

I.

IN Venice! This night so delicious — its air
Full of moonlight and passionate snatches of song,
And quick cries, and perfume of romances, which throng
To my brain, as I steal down this marble sea-stair,
And my gondola comes.
And I hear the slow, rhythmical sweep of the oar
Drawing near and more near — and the noise of the prow —
And the sharp, sudden splash of her stoppage — and now
I step in; we are off o'er the street's heaving floor,
As my gondola glides
Away, past these palaces silent and dark,
Looming ghostly and grim o'er their bases, where clings

laboring classes. There are some 12,000 hawkers daily moving about Paris, who come every morning to the Great Markets for their supplies. They are watched by special inspectors, whose duty it is to see that they do not stop in the streets or loiter in the neighborhood of markets.

THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF.

BY MISS THACKERAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF ELIZABETH."

CHAPTER XIV.

MADAME FONTAINE AT HOME IN THE CHÂLET.

When Catherine with her husband returned from their trip a fortnight later, and looked out through the diligence windows at the château, the blinds were drawn, the shutters shut, the garden-chairs were turned up on their seats, the great iron gates were closed fast. Catherine never had realized so completely that she was not coming back there any more, but to the little châlet with the balconies and weathercocks which Madame de Tracy had shown her. It was like the story of *Rip Van Winkle:* she had been away among the elves and gnomes a hundred years. Everybody was gone that she was used to: Dick was gone, the others dispersed here and there; most of the strangers lodging in the village had left; even Catherine George had vanished; Monsieur and Madame Mérard had retired to their *campagne*. It was a mouldy little villa on the high-road to Bayeux, but Fontaine assured her, from experience, that they would doubtless return before long. Perhaps in his heart of hearts the worthy maire regretted that his *tête-à-tête* should be so soon interrupted, but he blamed himself severely for the inconsiderate feeling. "After all that I owe to these excellent parents," he explained, "the magnificent *dot* which their daughter brought me, I feel that they must always look upon the châlet as their home whenever they feel inclined to do so. You, *ma très chère amie*, are gifted with a happy and equable temper: I know you will not hesitate to bestow upon them those filial attentions which are so graceful when accorded by youth to old age. Believe me, I shall not be ungrateful."

Catherine smiled at the solemn little address; she was glad that there was anything she could do for her husband. For already his kindness, his happiness, his entire contentment, had made her ashamed. "Ah, it was cruel to have taken so much, to have so little to give in return," she had thought once or twice. At least she would do her duty by him, she told herself, and it was with a very humble, and yet hopeful, heart that she passed the threshold of her new home. Toto was there to welcome them, and to trample upon all the folds of Catherine's muslin dress with his happy little feet, and Justine, the excellent cook, came out to stare at the new inmate of the châlet.

"*Soyez la bien-venue*," said Fontaine, embracing his wife affectionately; and they all three sat down very happily, to dine by the light of the lamp. The entertainment began with a melon.

"Grandmamma is coming on Saturday week," said Toto. "Mr. Pélottier will call for them on his way back from Caen."

"Ah, so much the better," said Justine, who was carrying away the empty dishes. Justine did not approve of second marriages.

Madame Fontaine soon found that she would have little or nothing to do with the domestic arrangements in the châlet. She was much too greatly in awe of Justine, the excellent cook, who had fried Fontaine's cutlets for fifteen years, to venture to interfere in the kitchen. Fontaine himself had been accustomed, during his long bachelor life and after his first wife's death, to interest himself in the cares of the ménage. He superintended the purchase of fish, the marketing, the proper concocting of the pot-au-feu. He broke sugar, and made himself generally useful in the house. He might be discovered sometimes of a fine morning busily employed in the courtyard, sawing up pieces of wood for the stove. He cut pegs with his penknife to hang up the clothes in the field; he had even assisted on occasion to get them in before a shower came down. He knocked nails, gardened, mended windows, signed papers for the villagers, contracts of marriage, agreements, disagreements. The people of Petitport were constantly coming to their maire for redress and advice.

Fontaine used to do his best to dissuade them from going to law, but the neighbors were tenacious of their rights, and enjoyed nothing so much as a good lawsuit. Even old Nanon Lefebvre once insisted on spending her wretched earnings in summoning her cousin Leroi at Bayeux, who had unjustly grasped a sum of two pounds, she declared, to which she was entitled. She lost her trial, and received back a few shillings from Fontaine's own pocket, with a lecture which she took in very ill part. She never would believe he had not made some secret profit by the transaction.

The very first morning after her arrival, Catherine, who was outside upon the terrace, heard the stormy voices of some of Monsieur le Maire's clients coming shrill and excited from the kitchen, where Fontaine often administered justice. From the little embankment Catherine could see the sea and the village street descending, and the *lavatoire*, where the village women in their black stockings and white coifs and cotton nightcaps were congregated scrubbing and flapping and chattering together. The busy sounds came in gusts to Catherine in her garden, the fresh sea-breezes reached her scented by rose-trees. On fine days she could make out in the far distance the faint shimmer of the rocks of the Calvados out at sea, where the Spanish galleon struck. It struck and went down, and all on board perished, the legend runs, and the terrible rocks were called by its name for a warning. But now-a-days all the country round is christened Calvados, and the name is so common that it has lost its terror.

Fontaine sometimes administered justice in the kitchen, sometimes in the little dark draughty office, where he kept odd pieces of string, some ink, some sealing-wax, and some carpenters' tools. The châlet was more picturesque than comfortable as a habitation. The winds came thundering against the thin walls and through the chinks and crevices; the weathercocks would go twirling madly round and round, with a sound like distant drums. In the spring-tides, Justine had said, the water would come up over the embankment and spread over the marguerite beds and the rose-trees, and the rain falling from the cliff would make pools in front of the dining-room door. The drawing-room was up stairs. It was a room of which the shutters were always closed, the covers tied down tightly over the furniture, the table-cloths and rugs rolled up, and the piano locked. The room was never used. When Monsieur Mérard was there they were in the habit of sitting in his

bedroom of an evening, Fontaine told his wife. "C'est plus *snog*, comme vous dites," he said. Catherine demurred at this and begged to be allowed to open the drawing-room, and make use of it and the piano. Fontaine agreed, — to what would he not have agreed that she wished? — but it was evidently a pang to him, and he seemed afraid of what Madame Mérard might say.

The second day seemed a little longer to Catherine than the first at the châlet, and the third a little longer than the second. Not to Fontaine, who settled down to his accustomed occupations, came, went, always taking care that Catherine should not be left for any time alone. Now and then, as days went on, she wished that she could be by herself a little more; she was used to solitude, and this constant society and attention was a little fatiguing. All that was expected from her was, "Yes, mon ami," "Non, mon ami." At the end of a month it became just a little wearisome; for, counting the fortnight at Rouen, Catherine had now been married a month. Petitport had begun to put on its nightcap; scarcely any one remained, shutters were put up, and there was silence in the street. She walked up to the farm, but Reine had been away at Caen for some time, Dominique told her. One day was like another. Nobody came. Fontaine talked on, and Catherine almost looked forward to the arrival of Toto's grandparents to break the monotony.

"Ce qui coûte le plus pour plaire, c'est de cacher que l'on s'ennuie." Catherine had read this somewhere in a book of French maxims, and the words used to jangle in her ears long afterwards, as words do. Sometimes she used to think of them involuntarily in those early days in the beginning of her married life, when she would be sitting by her own fireside alone with Fontaine. Monsieur le Maire was generally bolt upright on a stiff-backed chair by the table, delightedly contemplating the realization of his dreams; while Madame Fontaine, on a low little seat by the fire, with her work falling upon her lap, was wondering, perhaps, whether this could be her own self and the end of all her vague ideals. The little gold ring upon her finger seemed to assure her it was so indeed. This was her home at last. There sat her husband, attentive, devoted irreproachable, discursive, — how discursive! Conversation was Fontaine's forte, his weakness, his passion, his necessity. The most utterly uninteresting and unlikely subjects would suggest words to this fertile brain; his talk was a wonder of ingenuity and unintermittingness. Now for the first time for many years he had secured a patient and a silent listener, and the torrent which had long been partially pent up had found a vent. Poor Fontaine was happy and in high spirits; and under the circumstances could any repetition, retrospection, interrogation, asseveration, be sufficient? Must not every possible form of speech be employed to tell Catherine how sensible he was to the happiness which had befallen him? "And you too are happy," he used to say, triumphantly; and if his wife smiled gratefully, and answered "Yes," no one, I think, could blame her.

She *was* happy after a fashion. It was so strange to be wanted, to be loved and of importance and looked for and welcomed. She found this as difficult to believe in as all the rest. Fontaine was always thinking of what would give her pleasure. Her sisters were to come to her for their holidays always — whenever she liked, he said; and Catherine's heart beat with delight at the thought of welcoming them to her own roof. The pretty room up stairs, looking down the street, should be theirs, she thought; she would buy two little beds, some flower-pots for the window. Every day she looked in, on her way up and down, planning small preparations for them, and one little scheme and another to please them. How happy they would be! This thought was almost perfect delight to her. She loved to picture them there, with their little beloved ugly heads. She took Toto into her confidence, and one day he came rushing in with a plaster statuette of Napoleon at St. Helena he had bought in the street. "C'est pour tes petites sœurs," said he, and his stepmother caught him in her arms and covered his round face with kisses. Fontaine happened to be passing by the door at the moment. His double eyeglasses were quite dim, for his eyes had filled with tears of happiness as he witnessed the little scene.

"Je me trouve tout attendri!" said he, coming in. "Ah, mon amie, you have made two people very happy by coming here. I am shedding tears of joy. They relieve the heart."

It was a pathetic jumble. When Fontaine was unconscious he was affecting in his kindliness and tenderness of heart, and then the next moment he would by an afterthought become suddenly absurd.

In the first excitement of his return Fontaine had forgotten many little harmless precisions and peculiarities which gradually revived as time went by. On the morning that Monsieur and Madame Mérard were expected he appeared in a neat baize apron, dusting with a feather brush, arranging furniture, bustling in and out of the kitchen, and personally superintending all the preparations made to receive them.

"Can't I do something?" Catherine timidly asked.

"Va-t'en, mon enfant," said Fontaine, embracing her. "I am busy."

Catherine knew it was silly, but she could not bear to see him so occupied. She took her work, went and sat in the dining-room window waiting, and as she sat there she thought of the day she had come with Madame de Tracy, a stranger, to the gate of her future home.

Toto came running in at last to announce the arrival of his grandmother and grandfather. Fontaine took off his apron and rushed into the garden, and Catherine went and stood at the door to welcome them, a little shy, but glad on the whole to do her best to please her husband and his relations.

Monsieur and Madame Mérard were heavy people. They had to be carefully helped down from the little high carriage in which they had arrived by Justine and Fontaine, who together carried in their moderate boxes and packages. Although her trunk was small, Madame Mérard was neatly and brilliantly dressed. Monsieur Mérard, who was a very, very stout old gentleman, wore slippers, a velvet cap, and short checked trousers. He took off his coat immediately on arriving, as a matter of course, and sat down, breathless, in a chair near the window.

"Venez, mon amie," said Fontaine, much excited, leading Catherine up by the hand. "Mon père, ma mère" (the maire had a turn for oratory and situation), "I bring you a daughter," he said; "accord to her a portion of that affection you have for many years bestowed on me."

A snuffy kiss from Madame Mérard on her forehead, something between a sniff and a shake of the head, was the portion evidently reserved for Cath-

cribe. Monsieur Mérard signed to her to advance, and also embraced her slowly, on account of his great size. After that they seemed to take as more notice of her, only every now and then Catherine felt the old lady's sharp eyes fixed upon her like the prick of two pins.

"Eh bien, Justine," said Madame Mérard, addressing the valet-de-chambre. "Has everything been going on well? You have taken good care of Monsieur and of Tata? What are you going to give us for our breakfast to-day?"

"Monsieur is responsible for the breakfast," said Justine, bowing now that she was out of sight. "Who thinks it is possible for a cook to attend to her business when the masters are perpetually in and out of the kitchen as is much mistaken."

"You are right, ma fille," said Madame Mérard, soothingly. "I have told him so a hundred times. Eh bien, chère-ami! Where have you been taking your better-half since I left?"

"I have taken it from Madame Renard, as madame desired," said Justine.

"That is right," said Madame Mérard, "and yet there is no wasting any one. Imagine, Charles! that I have been paying thirty-eight sous a pound! It was for good Bourgogne butter, that is true, but thirty-eight sous! Ah, it is abominable. How much do you pay for butter in England, madame?" said the old lady, suddenly turning round upon Catherine, and evidently expecting a direct answer to a plain question.

"Well, a — a — I don't know," said Catherine, looking to Fontaine to help her. Fontaine turned away with disappointed; he wanted his wife to shine, and he guessed the painful impression her ignorance would produce.

"Eh, bien," said old Mérard, in a dull little spasmodic voice, "Madame Mérard must give you some lessons, my young lady." He was positively trying to avert disagreeables.

"Lessons," said Madame Mérard heavily. "It is no longer the fashion for young women to interest themselves in the management of their domestic expenses. It is perhaps because they can obtain nothing to learn."

Catherine felt very angry at the unprovoked attack. She made no effort. "I shall be very glad to learn anything you will teach me," she said. But already she was beginning to wonder whether she had not been wrong to yield to the idea of being interrupted. It is hard to resist temptation when one is wearied, it is also difficult to convert one's pride when one is wounded. They all sat down to breakfast. Monsieur Mérard raised his eyes, and reverently discovered his napkin across his chin-tucker. Madame Mérard firmly spread her knife to one hand, to avoid taking unseemly liberties. Everything went on pretty smoothly until Tata, who had been particularly good for a whole fortnight, lapsed in the appearance of her great grandfather, and by dint of being taken for the old lady had unconsciously assumed the character of the child. Everything went on pretty smoothly until Tata, who had been particularly good for a whole fortnight, lapsed in the appearance of her great grandfather, and by dint of being taken for the old lady had unconsciously assumed the character of the child. It was the hands, then the chairs, beyond bounds in this fashion to a man who had to be half taken, a fancy, he, leaning the upper with his spoon upon the table-cloth, and half up the chair, he turned, to find the spoon dropped from your Tata's table-cloth. She was the quietest hands upon her chemisette and worshipped quietly to him. This was a terrible offence. Madame Mérard made small and nervous hands upon well some to her face-handkerchief, shading her hands.

"Ah," she said, "Charles, do you remember how patient his poor mother used to be with him? She never reproved him, — never."

"I don't think your Léonie herself could be more gentle with her son than his stepmother is," Fontaine answered, with great courage, holding out his hand to Catherine with a smile.

But this scarcely made matters better. Catherine had found out from in Madame Mérard's little ferret eyes. She looked afraid of her for one thing, and there is nothing more provoking to people with difficult tempers and good hearts than to see others afraid. All day long Catherine did her best. She walked out a little way with the old couple; she even took a hand at whist. They began at one, and played till five. Then Monsieur le Curé came in to see his old friend Madame Mérard, and Catherine escaped into the garden to breathe a little air upon the terrace, and to try and forget the humiliations and weariness of the day. So this was the life she had deliberately chosen, these were to be the companions with whom she was to journey henceforth. What an old schoolgirl! what accomplishments! what manners! what fierce little eyes! what a living sniff of prices! A cool, delicious evening breeze came blowing through her sunburnt, consoling her somewhat, and a minute afterwards Catherine saw her husband coming towards her. He looked beaming, as if he had just heard good news; he waved his hand in the air, and sprang lightly forward to where she was standing.

"All the evening I have not been without anxiety; I was afraid that something was wrong," he confided frankly to Catherine. "But now I am greatly relieved. My mother is telling Monsieur le Curé that she and my stepfather fully intend to pass the winter with us." Catherine tried to say something, but could not succeed; her husband noticed nothing.

Fontaine, from the very good-nature and affectionate frailty of his disposition, seemed to cling very much to his early associates, and to the peculiar prejudices which he had learnt from them. The old ways were familiar to him, the talk did not seem strange. It was of people and places he had known all his life. Their habits did not offend, any more than those of men. The resolutions which English minds make to themselves of things were and customs are necessarily accurate and complicated. Things which to Catherine seemed shifting, partly unnatural, partly unnecessary, were to Fontaine only the simple and natural arrangements of every day. He could not comprehending talking the future to his relatives, with the little flag flying from the roof. He could play away the tedious long afternoons with a queer pack of cards or a box of dominoes. He could assume different costumes with perfect consistency, — the sport costume, when he went to the Chamonix, the more enterprising sportsman, had appeared in Bayeux, — the black gaiters over shoes, — the wide-brimmed hat for the morning walk. . . .

Sometimes when he was lazy he would come down to the chateau with him. He had some business with the bailiff, who was to meet him there. Leaning the Monsieur heavily upon the terrace, Catherine took his hand and his cloak, and walked down the long dark avenue, and through the street, and so over with Monsieur le Maire. She had not been in the place since she left on the eve of her marriage. She began to think of Frank, she remembered his mother, his friends. They came to the gates at last, where, a few weeks ago, Dick had met her to take her to Bayeux, the whole thing seemed ver-

ning through her head like the unwinding of a skein. While Fontaine was talking to the bailiff she went and rang at the bell, and told Baptiste, who opened the door, that she wanted to go up to her room.

"Mais certainement, madame! Vous allez bien. Vous voyez il n'y a plus personne." Catherine crossed the hall, and looked into the deserted drawing-room, — how different it looked, — how silent! The voices and music had drifted elsewhere, and Catherine George, she no longer existed, only a little smoke was left curling from the charred embers and relics of the past. Thinking thus, she went up to her own old little room, which was dismantled and looked quite empty, and as if it had belonged to a dead person.

Catherine's heart was very full; she looked round and about; the sunset was streaming in through the curtainless window; she heard the faint old sound of the sea; she went to the little secrétaire presently, and opened one of the drawers and looked in.

That last night when she had been packing her clothes, she had come upon one little relic which she had not had the heart to destroy. She had thrust it into a drawer in the bureau where she had already thrown some dead marguerites, and locked it in. No one finding it there would have been any the wiser. It was only a dead crumpled brown rose which Dick had picked up off the grass one day, but that had not prevented it from withering like other roses. It was still lying in the drawer among a handful of dry marguerites. Who would have guessed that the whole story of her life was written upon these withered stalks and leaves? She felt as if the story and life had all belonged to some one else. She opened the drawer, — no one else had been there. As she took up the rose a thorn pricked her finger. "Neither scent, nor color, nor smell, only a thorn left to prick," Catherine sadly sighed: "these other poor limp flowers at least have no thorns." So she thought. Then she went and sat down upon the bed, and began to tell herself how good Fontaine had been to her, and to say to herself that it was too late now to wonder whether she had done rightly or wrongly in marrying him. But, at least, she would try to be good, and contented, and not ungrateful. Perhaps, if she was very good, and patient, and contented, she might see Dick again some day, and be his friend and Reine's, and the thorn would be gone out of the dead rose. Fontaine's voice calling her name disturbed her resolutions.

She found her husband waiting for her at the foot of the stairs.

"Shall we revisit together the spot where we first read in each other's hearts," said he, sentimentally.

"Not this evening," said Catherine, gently. "I should like to go down to the sea before it grows quite dark."

Everybody had not left Petitport, for one or two families were still sitting in their little wooden boxes along the edge of the sands, and a hum of conversation seemed sounding in the air with the monotonous wash of the sea. The ladies wore bright-colored hoods; the waves were gray, fresh and buoyant, rising in crisp crests against a faint yellow sky. A great line of soft clouds curled and tossed by high currents of wind was crossing the sea. One or two pale brown stars were coming out one by one, pulsating like little living hearts in the vast universe. Catherine went down close to the water's edge, and then threw something she held in her hand as far as she could throw.

"What is that?" Fontaine asked, adjusting his eyeglass.

"Only some dead flowers I found in a drawer," said Catherine.

"My dear child, why give yourself such needless trouble?" asked the practical husband. "You might have left them where they were or in the court-yard, if you did not wish to litter the room, or . . ."

"It was a little piece of sentiment," said Catherine, humbly trying to make a confession. "Some one gave me a rose once in England, long ago, and . . ."

"Some one who — who — who loved you," Fontaine interrupted, in a sudden fume, stammering and turning round upon her.

"O no," Catherine answered: "you are the only person who has ever loved me."

She said it so gently and sweetly, that Fontaine was touched beyond measure. And yet, though she spoke gently, his sudden anger had terrified her. She felt guilty that she could not bring herself to tell him more. She could not have made him understand her; why disquiet him with stories of the past, and destroy his happiness and her own too? Alas! already this had come to her.

[To be continued.]

GRAMMAR GONE MAD.

"Cursed is the man that keepeth a pig," say the Rabbis, "or that teacheth his son Greek!" The sight of the "Primer" by the immortal "Nine" is enough to make us include Latin in the same anathema. For this new Latin "Primer," the result of the lucubrations of nine public schoolmasters, is nothing less than an earnest and a formal notification that things never shall be better in our time. All the old absurdities in the art of teaching Latin and Greek are to begin a new lease — and worse; for the old regulation pace, albeit one that sends a large majority to college barely out of the grammar, and never quite into the language, — yes, the veritable "goose-step" is to go on still!

This "Primer" is grammar gone mad. The grammatical hobby is ridden too hard and too far. Posterity will say, Masters, in those days, were a kind of doctors, who "poured" learning, "of which they knew little, into" minds "of which they knew less." We have seen "Geometry for Infant Schools"; but this was only a chart of squares and circles. But the Latin "Primer," gravely set forth "for all classes below the highest," affords most curious evidence of the fact that nine of the first public schools in England may, at one and the same time, be intrusted to men utterly ignorant of three main points in education: —

1. The nature of the youthful mind.
2. Of the way to teach a language, and the right use of grammar.
3. Of the chief purpose of all school education.

(1.) As to ignorance of the youthful mind. This book pretends to be a "Primer," — a first book in Latin, — which study is commenced commonly at or before nine years of age. Well, at the very first set-off, the child hears of *cursive* forms of letters, of *spirants*, not only of vowels, but of *half*-vowels, of consonants and *half*-consonants! Our elder readers are already puzzled; what, then, will they say of the next page, where as to the Latin for "Death i

nigh," the child is taught that "death" is the *subject*, "is" must be called the *copula*, and "nigh" is termed the *complement!* Nor is that all, for the child must further know that "the *copula* with the *complement*" — the two together.— have another hard name still, the *predicate!* Very like Oxford logic.

This is not from "Punch," but from the "Primer," a book written by one eminent scholar, and approved and believed practical for small boys by eight others. The "Nine" aforesaid are still at large, and their friends believe them perfectly sane and harmless in other respects.

The country gentleman in Molière's comedy found out late in life that he had been talking prose forty years without knowing it. We have lived quite as long in happy unconsciousness of the necessity of this philosophy. These hard words are not at all more necessary for learning Latin than for learning English or any other language which our friends will feel it a relief to have mastered without all this mental torture. Yet more thankful will they be to have been born and bred before the epoch of the "Primer," when we add that the third page — besides the usual sweets of learning for a child, under the name of adverb, conjunction, preposition, interjection — contains the following new inventions for cruelty to the young white slaves of England: *flexion*, *inflection*, *stem*, *suffix*, *character*, *kindred words*, *root-character*, *unsyncopated*.

We have not picked out these pages because they are ridiculous, but because they come first, and because they are a fair specimen of all that follows. But, talking of the ridiculous, men who know boys' nature, and sense of fun, should have been a little more cautious. In our boyish days we did very well without *copulative* verbs, as also without the following piece of information, by no means suggestive of proper respect for the fair sex. Certainly we did learn, *Homo nascitur nudus*, "Man is born naked," which piece of animal history circulated a school story of a merry fellow sent to jail for saying the Duke of York was born without a shirt to his back. We also learnt, *Urbi pater est urbique maritus*, saying a man was "the father of the whole parish, and the husband of the whole parish," without adding what was done to him for the same.

Oliver Goldsmith's schoolmaster of "Auburn, sweetest village of the plain," had one qualification in which the "Nine" are fatally deficient, —

> "He too remembered that he once was young."

Had the "Nine" recalled the impression of their early days, they would have known that nice grammatical distinctions are worse than useless, because discouraging to a boy. They would have remembered that their own Latin was learned, perhaps concurrently with rules, but certainly not by virtue of them. We are not singular in this opinion. All the friends we consult, including a Christ's Hospital master of thirty years' experience, bear witness that, save the accidence or nouns and verbs, and four or five rules almost too obvious to be worth writing, every page of the old Latin grammars proved useless during school days, and rather curious than edifying afterwards. That this is true of grammar, when considered, not as a discipline, but as a means of learning languages, we can more particularly testify from a grammatical knowledge of five languages, and also from having written elementary works, both Latin and Greek, founded on the minds of junior classes, while we were engaged in public schools.

After the numerous works lately published in Germany and France, as well as England, and after so much experience acquired by tourists in foreign languages, we looked for the new "Primer" as a step in advance. We pitied poor school-girls whose brains might still be made to serve as sensitive pincushions for Lindley Murray's sharpest pins and needles, and we hoped the "Primer" augured better things for boys, at least — and trusted that their less fortunate sisters in due time might share the benefits of common sense now to be applied to education. We fully expected a formal announcement that all the practical part of grammar and its aids to memory lay in a small compass, and that nine tenths at least of so-called grammar should be reserved as easy reading for riper scholars. Great, then, was our disappointment, in taking up the "Primer," to find "confusion worse confounded," proofs undeniable of our second charge, —

(2.) The "Primer" evinces an utter ignorance of the place of grammar in learning language.

Not only this "Primer," but other parts of the public school system, proceed on the fallacy that language is learnt from grammar, instead of what is true, that the grammar is learnt from the language. John Locke, no mean authority on the human mind, spoke of the absurdity of teaching the grammar (that is, the structure and analysis of a language) before the student knows a word of the language itself. Grammar to language is an accessory, we admit, but only "an accessory after the fact"; only when the rule finds words for an observation which the student recognizes as soon as read. Till such time, a rule is neither digested nor applied; it serves as so much mental lumber, and nothing more. All methods of teaching a language are defective but those which begin with the language itself. Translation and retranslation must go on *pari passu* with every noun or verb or part of grammar: you will then make a sensible progress both in language and in grammar, properly so called.

When the student is already familiar with the forms of sentences and the idioms of a language from extensive reading, for which twenty pages of the accidence are quite sufficient, the observations of the grammarian form the easy and interesting study of an hour. It is then, and not before, that the mental exercise claimed for classical education begins in good earnest. Grammar also, at that stage, tends to accuracy in the language; but for mere children, the practice of quoting for a genitive or a dative, a rule which commonly happens to be right, is mere guesswork and parrot-gabble, and no mental exercise at all. Parsing grammatically is good drilling, we allow, but only to the extent of a boy's intelligence. But as to the "Primer," it is as unfitted to form, as it is to fill, the mind of boys. The term "primer," or "introduction," is indeed a misnomer: a dose of it will operate like Mrs. Squeers's brimstone and treacle, to take away the school appetite for the day. Many of the rules are so abstruse we ourselves could only guess at their meaning by the examples. Learners can only profit by such rules by the time they have wellnigh learnt to do without them. And this leads to the third point.

(3.) The "Nine" evince an ignorance of the first principles of education. The end of education is to teach the boy to teach himself as a man: to lead him till he can run alone, and let him leave off with an appetite; to form a love of literature,

and teach him to find a resource in books. Now the writers of the "Primer" remind us of men who take a dog by the ears and rub his nose in anything repulsive, or throw him into the water, thinking to make him take to it kindly another day. A duck in a walled pond, it is said, will fall into despair and drown. The weary prisoner on the treadmill feels the labor doubly hard when his ear tells him that he toils for toiling sake, and grinds no corn. The "Primer" seems formed on the same principles of discouragement. It virtually says, "Who enters here must give up hope." The poor boy finds himself as in a wood; he may be whipped round and round, and made to go, but he is never to be gladdened by daylight, or by seeing his way out. The "Primer" acts, not as a stimulus, but as a caution to a boy. It rises before his eyes as a notice board, "Beware!" Pains and penalties, "bubble, bubble, toil and trouble," form the leading idea. The Dean of Christchurch gave evidence before the School Commission that, after six or seven years of Greek and Latin at a public school, young men commonly come to college unable to translate at sight even simple passages. The "Primer" system explains it all. Is it true that young ladies can read French from no book but their own? Far from it. We admit that the dead languages differ in facility from the living ones, but it must be admitted the inequality between the performances of our boys with Latin and our girls with French is rather too great.

Under the "Primer" system we cannot wonder if many a vow is registered at school to eschew learning to the end of one's days; for the child is set to work in a way contrary to the nature of man, yes, and of beast too. When the fine-spirited horse has once strained at a burden which will not yield, though you lighten that burden, it is hard to persuade the noble animal to try again.

Nothing is more contrary to a boy's nature than to appreciate and apply philosophical terms. Boys are quick enough at analyzing or observing the same forms and idioms as they read; but whoever inverts the process, whoever sets a child, not to analyze, but to generalize, as the "Primer" does, from rules full of unheard-of technicalities, shows extreme ignorance of a child's mind, and literally begins at the wrong end.

But the "Nine" ought to know that nature has implanted in boys a certain sense and a capacity for pleasure, and for taking interest in the dryest of all pursuits. In all but the very dullest there is a responsive chord, if you can but strike it. For, what Aristotle called Mathesis, or the pleasures of acquisition — the delight men feel in a sense of progress and in increasing strength — these are also the pleasures of the boy. You identify this peculiar pleasure as a child laughs with joy when it has solved a riddle or adjusted the sticks of a wooden puzzle. A master worthy of the name will identify the same gleam of natural satisfaction as he sees the boy brighten up when he has also solved the enigma of a Latin sentence, and feels difficulties cleared away, and darkness bursting into light. The beauty and the fitness of Latin and Greek for the training of the mind consist not least in this, — that with an able master the steeps are so nicely sloped, the stepping-stones are so many, and the difficulties imperceptibly and gradually decrease. But the unhappy "Primer" system mars all. It flies in the face of nature, and scatters to the winds all her kindly aids and tendencies.

A young Etonian (now a Master of Eton) told the School Commission in effect, that, as to any moral influence between the master and the boy, the only conductor was the birch. Under the "Primer" system the birch is the only conductor of mental energy also. The boy must be driven, but not led. If the "Primer" does teach the young idea how to shoot, it must be on the breech-loading principle, no doubt.

It is no answer to say that the old Grammars had their hard technicalities too. It is small praise that at the present day nine men have produced nothing worse *As in præsenti* to waste the time and disgust the minds of boys. We do not say the new Primer is not better than the old for ripe scholars; but it is for the younger classes that it is intended, and for them we say it is the worst, because the most repulsive and unintelligible we have ever seen. The cruel part of the matter is, that, since these nine public schoolmasters will virtually inflict the Grammar on some nine thousand private teachers, we here have disgust and mental misery sown broadcast among the youth of England. Years of experience, as boys ripened into scholars, rather in spite of these technicalities than by virtue of them, have taught all with whom we speak, as it has taught us, that words heteroclite, acquisitive, adimitive, and the like, never did convey any ideas to a boy till such time as the ideas came without them. We have a distinct recollection of one rule up at class, and of one cry somewhat similar in the playground, with a once-popular game called "Hammer, Chisel, and Block." But whether we said "Hi possessivi meus tuus suus," in school, or whether we cried "Hi cockalorum, jig, jig, jig!" out of school, the exercise of grammatical intelligence was just the same.

But, lastly, the "Nine" should have remembered, that if the youthful mind is aptly compared to a clear and blank piece of paper, it is no small misfortune to be doomed to enter on the long life before us with our mental tablets scribbled over with the vilest rubbish and a horrid jargon worthy of Hanwell or of Colney Hatch. Many sensible men will not adopt any of the ingenious aids to memory, objecting to fill their minds with Willeon*sau*, Henr*ag*, and other garbage from Grey's "Memoria Technica." Then, good friends, in this nineteenth century, what do you say at having specially invented for your dear boy's mind, and paying, perhaps, a hundred pounds half-yearly to make him gabble such stuff as this: —

> "Substantives in *do* and *go*
> Genus feminium show,
> Added to this males must be
> Hadria, the Hadriatic sea,
> Bidens (hoe) and bidens (sheep)
> With the feminina keep."

Such rubbish, intended by its rhyme to be indelibly imprinted on the minds of boys, is in the "Primer" written or adapted by nine men who profess to regard the culture of mind and the culture of taste no less than the culture of Latin and Greek! For our own part, the moment we read it we were forcibly reminded of Mrs. Quickly, when she exclaimed, "Harum, horum! — shame to teach the child such words."

The same error (adverting to the use of grammar) of putting a good thing in the wrong place, and so disgusting the mind you design to form and wasting valuable time besides, this runs through the whole of public school composition in verse and prose. That youths whose minds are already familiar with

Lend a hand, bhoys. It 's myself, and no mistake. That 's right. Ah, ye ungrateful baste,' — apostrophizing the boat, — 'what did ye go turning over in that way for, afther I 'd been steering ye so carefully, and all?'

"'By Jove, I thought we 'd picked all up,' said Jones. 'I 'd forgotten you, O'Grady.'

"'Upon my conscience,' said the doctor, frankly, 'and you were justified in that same, for, faith! I forgot myself when I undertook to steer. But who could have expected that a boat which was going on so mighty pleasant, would have turned suddenly over on its stomach, in that ungraceful fashion?'

"'I did not know you could swim, doctor,' some one said.

"'I 'm not, perhaps, what ye 'd call altogether a fine swimmer,' O'Grady returned; 'but if it's diving ye want, I 'm the bhoy. Bedad, it was that that detained me just now. No sooner did I come up, than down I went again; and if my attention had not been caught by Thompson's foot, faith! I can't exactly say to the minute when I should have stopped.'

"'Well, we 're all here now, at any rate,' said Jones; 'but what 's to be done next? Has any one any suggestion to make?'

"'And is it suggestion you mane?' said O'Grady; 'then it 's myself that has, and here it is: if any gentleman is in the possession of a brandy-flask, let him pass it down here.'

"No gentleman was. All the brandy left undrunk was in the hamper, and where the hamper was, the sharks knew better than we.

"'Bad luck to the hamper!' said the doctor; 'and bad luck to the fellow who put the brandy into it; and worse luck of all to the shark that will come into so fine a property, and may the glass bottle cut the coat of his stomach into ribbons. Amen.'

"'Stop fooling, O'Grady,' said Jones. 'The business is very serious.'

"And, by Jove, it was. Here were nine or ten of us, wet to the skin, sitting on the keel of a capsized boat, two full miles from shore, with no possibility of making way either forwards or backwards. In addition to all this, the bay swarmed with sharks, and the night — which comes on with a rush out there, you know — was just falling, so that there was no chance of being seen and picked up. If we were forced to remain in this desperately uncomfortable situation all night, there was every probability that some one, overcome by sleep, would be slipping off his unpleasant perch into the sea; and it was quite certain that the sharks, attracted by such a promising feast, would be cruising about us on all sides, waiting, like dogs, for the crumbs that fall from their masters' tables. But what was to be done? The only remedy was one that it made me shudder to think of, — that some one should undertake to swim two miles, in defiance of the sharks and the darkness, and carry the intelligence of our misfortune to the ship. A more risky expedition you can scarcely imagine, and it almost took my breath away when I heard Jones's voice from the end of the row say: 'Somebody must go and get assistance, and as I 'm the best swimmer of you all, I 'll go.'

"'By gad! think of the sharks, old fellow, said the man next to him.

"'Just what I sha'n't do,' said Jones; 'I shall think of them as little as possible. There 's no help for it, you know; some one must go.'

"It was so thoroughly one man taking the danger of ten on his own shoulders, that each of us, from very shame, endeavored to dissuade him; but as all that we could say made no impression upon him, a midshipman named Knapton, who was a very good swimmer, declared he 'd accompany him.

"'It 's better for two of us to go,' said Knapton; 'for if only one went, and he were to come to grief on the way, you know, these fellows would be no better off than they are now.'

"People talk a good deal about our national degeneracy now-a-days; it does n't look much like national degeneracy, I imagine, when, out of ten men — some of whom, as not being able to swim at all, must be left out of the account — two could be found to go in for such a very forlorn hope as this. Well, Jones and Knapton stripped themselves to the skin — the less luggage you take on a journey of this kind, the better — and dashed into the water; and you may fancy with what anxious hearts we on the boat watched, as long as the failing light would let us, their heads rising and falling with the waves, and the splashing made by their feet.

"'Kick well,' Jones shouted to Knapton, for he knew what cowards sharks are, and what a little thing will sometimes frighten them, — 'kick well; make as much splash as possible; it 's your only chance, if they get a sight of you.'

"And there we sat in silence — even the doctor was dumb for the time — staring after the two heroes; for heroes they were, if there are such things at all: first their heads were lost in the darkness; then the white foam made by their feet; and knowing, as we did, the dangers that surrounded them, when we lost sight of that, the hope that they could ever reach the shore seemed to mix with the darkness, and to be lost as well. It is a terribly painful thing to have to remain inactive while others are incurring great danger; to feel that you cannot raise a finger to help them, however desperate their position. I don't know that I ever passed a more wretched time than I did after Jones and Knapton had got beyond our sight. As I sat shivering on that dismal boat, thinking of those two fellows swimming along in the midst of perils which they had no power to avoid, there came into my mind a scene from an old book which I had not read since I was a child, in which a man had to pass in the dead of night through a valley set everywhere with snares and pitfalls, which in the darkness he could not see, but still was forced to go walking blindly on, conscious that at any moment he might step into absolute destruction.

"But Jones and the midshipman were swimming steadily all the while, for some time almost side by side; their faces set for the shore, and their thoughts dwelling as little as possible upon what might at any moment happen down below. Some men — I among them — have a horror of touching anything under water; and I am certain that if I had been either of those fellows, the very knowledge that every kick I gave might send my foot against a shark, who would snip off my leg in a twinkling, would have acted like the touch of the electrical eel upon me, and deprived my muscles of all power of motion. It did not operate so with them, however. The apprehension of danger only made them more active in trying to escape from it, and for about three quarters of a mile — we could not see them, of course, but, as you may imagine, we had every single incident related to us afterwards — they proceeded swiftly and evenly. But after they had accomplished that dis-

[illegible] to drop gradually behind. [illegible] his powers, or exhausted [illegible] too vigorously: at any rate, [illegible] when they had gone about a [illegible] Jones: "I can go no further. [illegible] Never mind me, — go [illegible] was the last man in the world [illegible] in difficulties: he turned and swam [illegible] at once.

[illegible] I'll follow!" Jones said to [illegible]

"Yes," said the midshipman: "I can't go on any further [illegible]"

"No," said Jones [illegible] Now look here. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] had forgotten his state of undress: but when he had carried Knapton in his arms up the beach, and had laid him out, as if to dry, well above high-water mark, then, as he was starting off at a run in the direction of the harbor, the full conviction of his absolute clotheslessness came over him with crushing force. How on earth was he to make his way to the harbor, and to appear on the deck of H. M. S. [illegible] without a single thing to cover him except his own confusion? It was a dreadful dilemma, and for a moment Jones almost regretted that the sharks had not delivered him from the difficulty: but a moment's thought, and the recollection of the miserable plight in which his friends on the capsized [illegible] were, from which nobody but himself could save them, restored his resolution. Muttering to himself that he'd [illegible] sooner repeat the first part of his undertaking than carry out the last, he set off running towards the harbor. But he was to be spared the horrors of having to give such a [illegible] recital of the calamity as this. His Good-Fortune came to his aid. — Fortune, being blind, [illegible] without shocking her sense of decency, — and helped him at his need. He had not run far before he saw a big negro coming towards him. The big negro had on a shirt and a pair of trousers. Now, a shirt and a pair of trousers are not generally considered a lavish superfluity of clothing; but in Jones's naked condition they seemed nothing less than a monstrous piece of extravagance.

"[illegible] shirt and trousers!" said Jones to himself, as [illegible] had never come beneath his [illegible] — a shirt and trousers. He can't [illegible] both of them. He must lend me one or other. He shall keep whichever he likes, but one of them I must have. — Here, you!"

[illegible] Jones walked [illegible] up to the black. [illegible]

[illegible]

pocket, den, yah, yah!" said the gentleman in black.

"'If you don't give them to me I shall take them,' said Jones.

"'Yah, yah, yah, yah!" laughed the negro, as if the joke had been a good one all along, but here was the cream of it.

"Some men can appreciate no argument but force, thought Jones; so he knocked the negro down. Negroes are, as everybody knows, hard-headed individuals, but one blow from Jones was more than enough for him; with two he would have slain a bull of Bashan. The negro offered no more resistance. Jones took off his trousers, put them on himself, and showing, to my mind, great moderation in not taking the shirt as well while he was about it, left the *sans-culotte* on the ground, ran off to the harbor, reached his ship, and gave the alarm. The hundred hands of H. M. S. *Briareus* were turned up instantly; boats were sent out; and about ten o'clock that night, when we had given up all hope of being rescued from our distressing position till next day, and had set it down as certain that both Jones and Knapton had become food for sharks, the welcome lights, that assured us not only of our own deliverance, but of the safety of at least one of them, shone through the darkness; and in a few minutes we were all taken off that confounded keel, and lifted into the boat. It was a near thing, though. The boats had been here and there for a couple of hours without finding any trace of us; the lieutenant had given the order to return; and it was only through the boatswain neglecting the order, and making one cast more, happily a successful one, that led to our being rescued. However, 'just in time' is better than 'too late'; relief reached us at last; and in spite of sharks and shipwreck, there was not a man of us lost, thanks to Peyton Jones's heroic conduct in taking that perilous swim in the dark.—And now he's dead, poor fellow!"

"Possibly; but of influenza? No, I'll never believe it."

GRIFFITH GAUNT.*

THIS time Mr. Reade has written a novel without a polemical purpose. Neither doctors nor lawyers nor parsons, neither prisons nor lunatic asylums nor any other institution of the land, are vehemently assaulted under the mask of telling a plain story. In fact, the writer gives us some reason for thinking rather complacently of ourselves, by reminding us, in a very striking scene, that we have abolished the barbarous practice of only allowing a prisoner the partial assistance of counsel in cases of felony. It is not unnatural that a reader should like the story all the better on this account. It is a story, and not an indignant pamphlet on law, or physic, or prison discipline. The narrative of the trial of Mrs. Gaunt is perhaps tediously minute, but, with this possible exception, we are not drawn aside from the fair course of the story by prolonged episodes introduced for the purpose of showing up some crime or folly of the age. All Mr. Reade's books show that he is one of the three or four writers of fiction who have a claim to the title of artist. This made the intrusive episode, itself so inartistic, all the more vexatious and unwelcome in so many of his previous works. That a writer who has the rare gift of creating should devote himself to splenetic pamphleteering is a provoking waste of power. There are a thousand men who can write effective pamphlets about lunatic asylums. There are not four who can write as charming a work as *Love me Little, Love me Long*. In *Griffith Gaunt*, Mr. Reade no longer appears as the enemy of abuses, but returns to the artist's true ground,—human passion and character. People who only like the novels of what may be called the comfortable school, may complain that Mr. Reade has chosen the wrong sort of passion and character; and there is certainly nothing comfortable about the story until we come to the very last chapter. But why should a novelist be limited in his work to the decorous passions of a thriving shopkeeper? The smug theory, that human nature ought to have only its thoroughly respectable side turned out in novels and plays, is one that Mr. Reade is least likely of all writers to have any sympathy with. He always prefers to meditate on the strongest feelings, and when feelings grow very strong they are apt also to grow very unconventional in their display. Provided the artist draws his characters with distinctness and fulness and consistency, and really allows character to be the visible spring and motive of the action of his drama, there is no reason why he should keep out all the more barbarous and violent emotions. They exist, they play a conspicuous part in the world, and therefore they have their place in art, so long as they are not presented in such a way as to make them pleasant and attractive. The fault of the vulgar sensational writer is, not that he takes the violent passions into account, but that he sticks purple patches of violence on to his piece at random. Mr. Reade's story is perfectly free from this miserable quackery; he meditates upon his characters, and finishes them all round. Hence, although violent emotion is perhaps too predominant in his story, one recognizes that the book is really a *study*. There is thought and ripe reflection in it. We may wish that he had chosen a less fierce bit of human nature than a demoniac kind of jealousy. A man possessed by a devil is capable of being carefully studied, no doubt, and Mr. Reade has shown this; but he is not the most attractive or edifying subject of study for all that.

Griffith Gaunt is not, like Othello, made jealous by some envious conspiring friend, or by mere misinterpreted circumstance. Jealousy is in him an inborn, uncontrollable fiend. It is not that circumstance slowly develops it, though in one instance a wicked lady's-maid plays a half-villanous Iago; the passion is always there, ready to seize and color circumstance. So far, therefore, Mr. Reade may be charged with having taken a maniac for a hero. True; only, as the world goes, if the liability to be driven irresistibly into evil by a master-passion be enough to mark a man as mad, the number of available types of hero would be seriously circumscribed. A monomania, especially on the subject of women, has not hitherto been held to disqualify a man in the other transactions of life. In this region, probably, a misogynist might say, it is only a question of more or less with all of us. Griffith Gaunt's monomania took the form of a frightful jealousy, and upon this Mr. Reade has made the action of his story turn with great power and consistency. It may seem to an inconsiderate person an easyish thing to invent a passion of this sort, and then to make a drama of which it shall be the consistent moving agent. The fact that, out of the dozens of

* Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy. By Charles Reade.

make me think there never had been or could again be anything so beautiful. She met me kindly, and I met her awkwardly."

"You make me feel that I had no business there," said my mother, speaking for the first time in the course of the story.

"See them, girls," said my father. "You are always so confident in first impressions, and insinuative indignant! I was awkward because, as I said, I fell in love with your mother the moment I saw her; and she thought I regarded her as an intruder in the old family precincts.

"I will not follow the story of the days. I was very happy, except when I felt too keenly how unworthy I was of Kate Thornbury: not that she meant to make me feel it, for she was never other than kind; but she was such that I could not help feeling it. I gathered courage, however, and before three days were over, I began to tell her all my slowly revolving memories of the place, with my [illegible] adventures associated with this and that nook or close or spot in the grounds; for the longer I was in the place the more my old associations were revived, till I was quite astonished to find how much of my history in connection with Culverwood had been thoroughly imprinted on my memory. She never showed, at least, that she was weary of my stories, which, however interesting to me, must have been tiresome to any one who did not sympathize with what I felt towards my old home. The more we rambled, talking of [illegible] [illegible] with a [illegible] like your mother's [illegible] she began to like me. [illegible] grew [illegible] for the not [illegible] was worry of her [illegible] — [illegible]

[illegible]

"The Admiral had invited several old friends to come and spend the Christmas week with him. Now you must remember that, although you look on me as an old-fashioned fogie —"

"O papa!" we all interrupted: but he went on.

"Yet my old uncle was an older-fashioned fogie, and his friends were much the same as himself. Now, *I* am fond of a glass of port, though I dare not take it, and must content myself with Burgundy. Uncle Bob would have called Burgundy pig-wash. *He* could not do without his port, though he was a moderate enough man, as customs were. Fancy, then, his dismay when, on questioning his butler, an old coxen of his own, and after going down to inspect in person, he found that there was scarcely more than a dozen of port in the wine-cellar. He turned white with dismay, and, till he had brought the blood back to his countenance by swearing, he was something awful to behold in the dim light of the tallow candle old Jacob held in his tattooed fist. I will not repeat the words he used; fortunately, they are out of fashion amongst gentlemen, although ladies, I understand, are beginning to revive the custom, now old, and always ugly. Jacob reminded his honor that he would not have more put down till he had got a proper cellar built, for the one there was, he had said, was not fit to put anything but [illegible] in. Thereupon, after [illegible] for not reminding him of the necessities of the coming season, he turned to me, and began [illegible] to swear at his own father, but [illegible] always with the absent shade for not having put [illegible] decent cellar before his departure [illegible] world of dinners and wine, hinting that it was somewhat selfish, and very inconsiderate of the welfare of those who were to come after him. [illegible] exhausted his indignation, he [illegible] the most peremptory order to [illegible] Liverpool to let him have [illegible] Christmas day, even if [illegible] I took the letter [illegible] would trust [illegible] would have preferred [illegible] was always lame [illegible] red from a [illegible] wo- [illegible] say a word or [illegible] that there was a [illegible] How [illegible] what more I [illegible] repeat [illegible]

"Now, boys and girls, if I were writing a novel, I should like to make you, somehow or other, put together the facts, — that I was in the room I have mentioned; that I had been in the cellar with my uncle for the first time that evening; that I had seen my uncle's distress, and heard his reflection upon his father. I may add that I was not myself, even then, so indifferent to the merits of a good glass of port as to be unable to enter into my uncle's dismay, and that of his guests at last, if they should find that the snow-storm had actually closed up the sweet approaches of the expected port. If I was personally indifferent to the matter, I fear it is to be attributed to your mother and not to myself."

"Nonsense!" interposed my mother once more. "I never knew such a man for making little of himself and much of other people. You never drank a glass too much port in your life."

"That's why I'm so fond of it, my dear," returned my father. "I declare you make me quite discontented with my pig-wash here.

"That night I had a dream.

"The next day the visitors began to arrive. Before the evening after, they had all come. There were five of them, — three tars and two land-crabs, as they called each other when they got jolly, which, by the way, they would not have done long without me.

"My uncle's anxiety visibly increased. Each guest, as he came down to breakfast, received each morning a more constrained greeting. — I beg your pardon, ladies; I forgot to mention that my aunt had lady-visitors, of course. But the fact is, it is only the port-drinking visitors in whom my story is interested, always excepted your mother.

"These ladies my admiral uncle greeted with something even approaching to servility. I understood him well enough. He instinctively sought to make a party to protect him when the awful secret of his cellar should be found out. But for two preliminary days or so, his resources would serve; for he had plenty of excellent claret and Maderia, — stuff I don't know much about, — and both Jacob and himself condescended to manœuvre a little.

"The wine did not arrive. But the morning of Christmas eve did. I was sitting in my room, trying to write a song for Kate, — that's your mother, my dears — "

"I know, papa," said Effie, as if she were very knowing to know that.

"— when my uncle came into the room, looking like Sintram with Death and the Other One after him, — that's the nonsense you read to me the other day, is n't it, Effie?"

"Not nonsense, dear papa," remonstrated Effie; and I loved her for saying it, for surely *that* is not nonsense.

"I did n't mean it," said my father; and turning to my mother, added: "It must be your fault, my dear, that my children are so serious that they always take a joke for earnest. However, it was no joke with my uncle. If he did n't look like Sintram, he looked like t' other one.

"'The roads are frozen, — I mean snowed up,' he said. 'There's just one bottle of port left, and what Captain Calker will say, — I dare say I know, but I'd rather not. Damn this weather! — God forgive me! — that's not right, — but it *is* trying, — ain't it, my boy?"

"'What will you give me for a dozen of port, uncle?' was all my answer.

"'Give you? I'll give you Culverwood, you rogue.'

"'Done,' I cried.

"'That is,' stammered my uncle, 'that is,' and he reddened like the funnel of one of his hated steamers, 'that is, you know, always provided, you know. It would n't be fair to Lady Georgiana, now, would it? I put it to yourself — if she took the trouble, you know. You understand me, my boy?'

"'That's of course, uncle,' I said.

"'Ah! I see you're a gentleman like your father, not to trip a man when he stumbles,' said my uncle. For such was the dear old man's sense of honor, that he was actually uncomfortable about the hasty promise he had made without first specifying the exception. The exception, you know, has Culverwood at the present hour, and right welcome he is.

"'Of course, uncle,' I said, — 'between gentlemen, you know. Still, I want my joke out, too. What will you give me for a dozen of port to tide you over Christmas day?'

"'Give you, my boy? I'll give you — '

"But here he checked himself, as one that had been burned already.

"'Bah!' he said, turning his back, and going towards the door; 'what's the use of joking about serious affairs like this?'

"And so he left the room. And I let him go. For I had heard that the road from Liverpool was impassable, the wind and snow having continued every day since that night of which I told you. Meantime, I had never been able to summon the courage to say one word to your mother, — I beg her pardon, I mean Miss Thornbury.

"Christmas day arrived. My uncle was awful to behold. His friends were evidently anxious about him. They thought he was ill. There was such a hesitation about him, like a shark with a bait, and such a flurry, like a whale in his last agonies. He had a horrible secret which he dared not tell, and which yet *would* come out of his grave at the appointed hour.

"Down in the kitchen the roast beef and turkey were meeting their deserts. Up in the store-room — for Lady Georgiana was not above housekeeping, any more than her daughter — the ladies of the house were doing their part; and I was oscillating between my uncle and his niece, making myself amazingly useful now to one and now to the other. The turkey and the beef were on the table, nay, they had been well eaten, before I felt that my moment was come. Outside, the wind was howling, and driving the snow with soft pats against the window-panes. Eager-eyed I watched General Fortescue, who despised sherry or Madeira even during dinner, and would no more touch champagne than he would *eau sucrée*, but drank port after fish or with cheese indiscriminately, — with eager eyes I watched how the last bottle dwindled out its fading life in the clear decanter. Glass after glass was supplied to General Fortescue by the fearless cockswain, who, if he might have had his choice, would rather have boarded a Frenchman than waited for what was to follow. My uncle scarcely ate at all, and the only thing that stopped his face from growing longer with the removal of every dish was that nothing but death could have made it longer than it was already. It was my interest to let matters go as far as they might up to a certain point, beyond which it was not my interest to let them go, if I could help it. At the same time I was curious to know how my uncle would announce — confess the terrible fact that in his house, on Christmas day,

[illegible] would have been about that not one of the [illegible] the hall. I can't think.

"At last Kate laughed and said, 'Well?' I started, and I dare say took my turn at blushing. At [illegible] I did not know what to say. I had [illegible] about the guests inside. 'Where's the [illegible]' said Kate. I caught hold of her hand again and [illegible]

"You [illegible] one minute in your account, my [illegible]," said my mother, smiling.

"I will be more careful in future, my love," re[illegible]

"W[illegible] said Kate.

[illegible] I answered, [illegible] and, taking it [illegible] we [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] my

white about the gills. My uncle, clinging to the last hope, despairingly, had sat still and said nothing, and the guests could not understand the awful delay. Even Lady Georgiana had begun to fear a mutiny in the kitchen, or something equally awful. But to see the flash that passed across my uncle's face, when he saw us appear with *ported arms!* He immediately began to pretend that nothing had been the matter.

"'What the deuce has kept you, Ned, my boy?' he said. 'Fair Hebe,' he went on, 'I beg your pardon. Jacob, you can go on decanting. It was very careless of you to forget it. Meantime, Hebe, bring that bottle to General Jupiter, there. He 's got a corkscrew in the tail of his robe, or I 'm mistaken.'

"Out came General Fortescue's corkscrew. I was trembling once more with anxiety. The cork gave the genuine plop; the bottle was lowered; glug, glug, glug, came from its beneficent throat, and out flowed something tawny as a lion's mane. The General lifted it lazily to his lips, saluting his nose on the way.

"'Fifteen! by Gyeove!' he cried. 'Well, Admiral, this *was* worth waiting for! Take care how you decant that, Jacob — on peril of your life.'

"My uncle was triumphant. He winked hard at me not to tell. Kate and I retired, she to change her dress, I to get mine well brushed, and my hands washed. By the time I returned to the dining-room, no one had any questions to ask. For Kate, the ladies had gone to the drawing-room before she was ready, and I believe she had some difficulty in keeping my uncle's counsel. But she did. Need I say that was the happiest Christmas I ever spent?"

"But how did you find the cellar, papa?" asked Effie.

"Where are your brains, Effie? Don't you remember I told you that I had a dream?"

"Yes. But you don't mean to say the existence of that wine-cellar was revealed to you in a dream?"

"But I do, indeed. I had seen the wine-cellar built up just before we left for Madeira. It was my father's plan for securing the wine when the house was let. And very well it turned out for the wine, and me too. I had forgotten all about it. Everything had conspired to bring it to my memory, but had just failed of success. I had fallen asleep under all the influences I told you of, — influences from the region of my childhood. They operated still when I was asleep, and, all other distracting influences being removed, at length roused in my sleeping brain the memory of what I had seen. In the morning I remembered not my dream only, but the event of which my dream was a reproduction. Still, I was under considerable doubt about the place, and in this I followed the dream only, as near as I could judge.

"The Admiral kept his word, and interposed no difficulties between Kate and me. Not that, to tell the truth, I was ever very anxious about that rock ahead; but it was very possible that his fastidious honor or pride might have occasioned a considerable interference with our happiness for a time. As it turned out, he could not leave me Culverwood, and I regretted the fact as little as he did himself. His gratitude to me was, however, excessive, assuming occasionally ludicrous outbursts of thankfulness. I do not believe he could have been more grateful if I had saved his ship and its whole crew. For his hospitality was at stake. Kind old man!"

Here ended my father's story, with a light sigh, a gaze into the bright coals, a kiss of my mother's hand which he held in his, and another glass of Burgundy.

THE DEFORMED AND THE STRICKEN.

BY MATTHEW BROWNE.

THIS is a broadly expressed title, and I fear I shall neither be able to keep actually within it, nor to write quite up to its limits. My mind, in meditating upon the subject, took deformed people for a point of departure, but included in its way the sorely-stricken, whose inscrutable maladies connect themselves with the framework of the body, and have upon the surface that stamp of fatalism which is so awful, and so trying to the faith that would gladly see the hand of God in everything. It is peculiarly difficult to write of such things. One knows before he takes up the pen that numbers of his fellow-creatures, who are precisely so stricken, will read his words, — and *can*, they read them without some wincing? Alone, they might, but could they in the presence of others? I have not had a single fragment of experience myself of any kind of close intercourse with the deformed and stricken; but we all know how delicate and difficult a problem is often presented to us in our casual relations with, for instance, very decrepit people, — especially decrepit women. They want help, perhaps; and the problem is, how to afford the help in an efficient manner, without seeming to recognize the defect which creates the need for it. Something of the same kind of feeling disturbs me now, as I reflect that stricken fellow-creatures (some of whom may be living a great deal nearer to God than I do) may happen to read these lines, and may wince as they read. Yet I never obeyed a clearer prompting than that in obedience to which I now write about Deformed and Stricken People. Somebody ought to put in plain words the deep, incessant, wakeful sympathy with which the unstricken think of them; the honor with which the strong remember the infirmities of the weak; in a word, the mighty currents of human love with which they are surrounded. If that love could be made known to them, the saddest among them would surely lift up heart and head for a moment, and feel that the breath of God was warm upon their brow.

It was from Lord Byron that my own recent meditations upon the condition of the Deformed and Stricken took their rise. He has inspired a good many people with extreme dislike; and I, for one, used absolutely to hate him. Many years ago I read in Mr. Trelawney's "Recollections" his account of what he did when he saw Byron's corpse at Missolonghi: "No one was in the house but Fletcher, who withdrew the black pall and the white shroud, and there lay the embalmed body of the Pilgrim, — more beautiful even in death than in life. The contraction of the skin and muscles had effaced every line traced by time or passion; few marble busts could have matched its stainless white, the harmony of its proportions, and its perfect finish. Yet he had been dissatisfied with that body, and longed to cast its slough. How often have I heard him curse it. I asked Fletcher to bring me a glass of water; and on his leaving the room, to confirm or remove my doubts as to the cause of his lameness, I uncovered the Pilgrim's feet, and was answered, — both his feet were clubbed, and the legs withered to

sands of sufferers from bodily deformity capable of cure, who do not seek cure simply because they are too ill-formed to believe cure (or alleviation bordering on cure) to be possible.

I dare say some people will find the feeling I have thrown into a few of the foregoing sentences excessively funny. They are welcome. I make them a present of the information that I am (what they will call) "morbidly" sensitive to congenital bodily defect, as well as to certain kinds of blemish. The scar of an honorable wound no man winces at; but there is something horrible to me in the idea of a scar from a flogging. I never see a common soldier, or a volunteer of the same rank, without a shudder, and the thought, "That man is liable to have his back cut open by the lash." Nor shall I ever have done wondering that people are found to join the volunteer corps when that liability exists. In the same way, I always try to forget, or not to know, that a man has been educated in a public school, or that a boy is being educated at one; for I have otherwise the ever-present miserable thought, "That man's, or boy's, body has been scarred by the rod." To this hour, — at this moment of writing, the blood rises to the tips of my ears as I think of such things. It is *not* wrong or trivial, it is highly important that such things should be spoken; it is good that the world should know that there are men who do feel like this. And I have not the least doubt there are thousands who do. I never was flogged, and I never administered a flogging; but I positively know that *permanent* scars do come of school and domestic floggings. "A light matter, a thing to laugh at!" In your eyes, I dare say; but in mine a misery, a horror, and a haunting degradation.

There is no degradation attaching to the idea of a congenital defect, or a purely accidental deformity; but there is much grief and pain in such a thing, and there is much sympathy for all the deformed and the irremediably "stricken." If I speak the feeling that is in me, I shall speak the feeling of a million: and that feeling is always one of affectionate and respectful wonder at the cheerfulness, the energy, and the uncorrodable goodness of heart so often shown by the Deformed and the Stricken, while *we* — ah! I need not finish the sentence. Let us go and abhor ourselves very much, and mend our manners and our moods.

It is a well-known fact that the moment you turn your mind to a subject, a hundred things turn up to illustrate it, without your seeking them. At this very moment I find in a newspaper the following: "Mr. Kavanagh of Borris, stated to be 'a descendant of a race of Irish kings,' has addressed the electors of Wexford as the Derbyite candidate for the seat which will be vacated by the promotion of Mr. George. He is much respected as a landlord and country gentleman, and is very popular with the peasantry, both on account of his lineage and of *the spirit with which he contends against extraordinary natural defects. Born without either hands or feet, Mr. Kavanagh is an accomplished player on several musical instruments*, a daring rider to hounds, a capital shot, and a dexterous coachman. If he carries Wexford, he will have to be himself carried into the House of Commons." Admirable! I think, if I were born without hands and feet, I should feel that I was a Joke, and that playing on "several musical instruments" — all at once, if possible — was the best way of — of — of — explaining myself!

EAGLESBOURNE.

I was about eighteen when the Clevelands took Eaglesbourne. My father's property marched with the Eaglesbourne acres, and his house, Wylaugh Hall, was the only one of any considerable consequence within easy distance of the old mansion of the Mainwarings, now, after many years of desolation, let to the Clevelands.

The last representative of the family of the Mainwarings had come into his property when he was a very young man, and I was a very little child. He had hunted and driven through it rapidly, and been obliged to leave the country. I remember I pitied him profoundly when he came to say good by to us, and jumped me up on his horse for the "last ride he should ever give me," he said: pitied him profoundly for having to leave dear, beautiful Eaglesbourne. Though I bestowed my childish, affectionate pity upon him so freely, I little knew how much that fair, almost boyish-looking young man deserved far warmer and more serviceable sympathies than I could offer.

For many years gray Eaglesbourne remained vacant, as I have said. How it came to pass that no one was ever struck with its beauties before the Clevelands saw it, I do not know. But certain it is, that for many years the fine old place had to mourn in desolation the absence of its lord. At last the Clevelands saw or heard of it, and took it. And soon smoke curled up from its turreted chimneys away over the tops of the trees that lovingly shaded the house in the valley of the Eaglesbourne. Soon the luxuriant growth which had degenerated into rank vegetation in the old gardens and pleasaunces, was pruned and trimmed into something like order. Once more the gates swung freely on their hinges. Once more Eaglesbourne, the fairy palace of my childhood, had a family, though not *the* family, living in it.

As I have stated, I was about eighteen when they came, and being Miss Dalrymple, and the mistress of Wylaugh Hall, — my mother having died in my childhood, — upon me it devolved to do the honors of the neighborhood to the new-comers. It was with rather mixed sensations that I got out of my pony-chaise and rang the porter's bell at the heavy oaken iron-bound door of Eaglesbourne. I was greatly pleased at the idea of having neighbors so near to me, — people of such station, as I judged the Clevelands must be. But at the same time, though I could remember but little of them, the Mainwarings were a household name with us; for they had been amongst my father's first and firmest friends when he, a suddenly-made-rich manufacturer, had first bought Wylaugh Hall and settled in the county.

The old wainscoted hall through which I had to pass was hung with portraits of dreary-looking, dead and gone Mainwarings, who seemed to my imagination to view with jaundiced eyes some of the new residents' possessions, which were already disposed about. A modern hat-stand, some bright, newly-painted canvas, and two London footmen, of whom I will only say that they were perfect specimens of their order, — all these, it must be confessed, had rather an incongruous appearance in this old oaken hall. But I had no time to moralize on the decay of old families, or wail over changed times and manners. I had no time to do this, for one of the footmen, with a superb indifference to my county claims to consideration, ushered me into the presence of Lady Catherine Cleveland and her daughters.

The mixture of old and new furniture was bewildering; but still more so was the aspect and manner of the ladies to whom I had come to be polite and attentive. Seated on a couch that offered a marked contrast to the high-backed, hard settees that had been the Mainwarings's, was a lady past the prime of life, but still strikingly handsome. A tall, slight woman, with a proud, composed face and bearing; I, the daughter of one who had risen from the people, was at once impressed with the air of thorough breeding which marked her out as one in whose veins the bluest of blood alone could course. She rose as my name was mentioned, and came forward with silvery words and outstretched hand of welcome, — came forward, refining my name as she uttered it, giving a grace and charm to the commonplace words with which one always greets a morning visitor; and causing me, who had hitherto been a little queen in the neighborhood, to feel honored and pleased at her notice.

"My daughters," she said, directly turning towards two young ladies, who were, one standing, the other sitting down writing, in the deep embrasure of one of the old-fashioned windows. And then they came forward, and received me as gracefully as their mother had done, extending slender white hands, and smiling the most polished of smiles.

They were tall, fair, handsome girls. The elder was, and looked to be, five or six and twenty; but they called her much younger in speaking of her afterwards. At first they appeared to me very beautiful indeed; but I discovered, after a time, that this arose, not from their possessing absolute beauty of feature or form, but from a trick, an air of being beauties and satisfied with themselves, which they possessed in perfection.

I had dressed myself with more care than was customary with me for this first call; and as I had taken my seat and gathered up my reins on leaving home, I had been rather gratified with the effect of my toilet. My rich, flounced silk dress; my long brown velvet jacket, and the bonnet which I had expressly ordered from Wearham, the largest town in our neighborhood, to do honor to the Clevelands, — all these, I hoped, would impress them favorably with the taste and fashion of the circle of which I was certainly not the least important member. But now, as these two tall, fair young ladies stood before me, in brown dresses of the simplest but most exquisite make, with the plainest and smallest of linen collars and cuffs to relieve them, — as these stood before me with their undoubtedly patrician air, confusion lurked in my bonnet cap, blighting in my eyes the rosebuds that bloomed there, and vulgarity asserted itself in the flounces of my robe.

The feeling that I was over, and still badly dressed, and should make, perhaps, a bad impression on these three quiet-looking, elegant women, rendered me less self-possessed than I had ever before felt in my life. I could have cried with vexation that I had not come in my pretty little white drooping hat and usual morning costume. They would think me a little, vulgar, overdressed, flussy, plebeian country girl; and in my heart I felt that I was none of these. I was flushed, uneasy, embarrassed, and they saw it. I made a desperate effort to rally after a moment, for all these reflections did not take more than an instant or two in coursing through my mind. I made a desperate effort to rally, and raise my eyes from that portion of the carpet on which they had tenaciously fixed themselves. I half expected to see smiles of derision on the faces of these ladies, who had so completely overpowered me, but a great calm reigned, and with a reassured heart I said, —

"My father desired me to bring his card and compliments; he never makes calls himself, but he hopes you will consider me as his representative."

Lady Catherine bowed, and smiled a faint, wintry kind of smile that was infinitely encouraging.

"Dalrymple," murmured the eldest Miss Cleveland, glancing at my card. "Is not that Wylaugh Hall?" she continued, indicating the chimney-tops of my father's mansion, which were just visible through the trees; "we have heard that it is a very pretty place."

"Yes," I answered, that is Wylaugh that you see. I think it pretty because it 's my home and I was born there. It 's not grand and old like Eaglesbourne."

"The fact of its being more modern enhances its value in my eyes," she replied, with a half smile; "these old places are all very well to read about, and for bats and owls to live in."

"But Eaglesbourne is such a beautiful place," said I, warmly. "Papa says that when the Mainwarings lived here, and it was well kept up, it was the show place of the county. There were regular public days twice a week. Of course it does not look so well now, for it has been dreadfully neglected."

"Really, Miss Dalrymple, you are as enthusiastic on the subject as the last of the Mainwarings himself could be, or desire others to be," said the younger sister. "I think one of its greatest charms," she continued, politely, "consists in its being so very near to Wylaugh Hall, the residence of certainly one of the most pleasing acquaintances we are likely to make during our sojourn here. What charming little steeds yours are! My sister and I were lost in admiration of their beauty and your skill as you drove up the avenue. Do you ride?"

"Yes," I replied; "and if you like my ponies, you will admire my horse: he 's the handsomest and best I ever saw."

"You have such an advantage over my daughters," put in Lady Catherine, "in having some one to select such things for you. My poor girls, fond as they are of the exercise, are debarred from taking it, because I will not let them ride or drive horses of which they alone are the judges. Having no father and no brother to buy them horses, they must perforce give up the pleasure."

"We have the safest horses in the world in our stables," I said, eagerly, turning to my younger new acquaintances; "do let me have the pleasure of your companionship sometimes?"

"Thank you; it 's a shame to use your papa's horses, though; but still — really — as you are so very kind. They are sure to be safe, you know, mamma, that 's the grand object."

"Of course they are, my dear; and I dare say Mr. Dalrymple will be pleased to have such very perfect equestrians exercise his horses. Do you drive about much? My daughters will be wanting a pony-chaise like yours."

"I shall be so happy to drive you often," I said, after a little more conversation, as I rose to come away perfectly enchanted with the new arrivals. "I shall be so happy to drive you often, since you like my ponies and phaeton."

"Thank you, Miss Dalrymple," they both cordially exclaimed. "We shall be delighted," the elderly one went on. "And perhaps sometimes you 'd

lend us the phaeton when you can't use it yourself, and your ponies are getting too fresh."

"It appears to me, Katie," said my father, as I brought my glowing account of the Clevelands to a conclusion, "that your new friends are most amiably willing to be obliged by you. Is there anything else besides my horses that you would like to offer them at once, or will you wait a little?"

"Now, papa," I answered, laughing, for there was no censure in his tones, "if you had been in my place you would have felt as I did, — the obliged person. Just think what a boon it will be to me to have such companions. They are so refined, so superior, so —"

"New," interrupted my father. "Well, my dear, lend them the horses and the house too, if you like."

"Oh! papa; but there *is* one thing that I should like to do, — that we ought to do, indeed; and that is, to make a party for them."

"Very well," said my father, philosophically; "make away."

"What shall it be, papa; a dinner or a ball?"

I asked the question deferentially enough, but a ball I had set my heart upon, and a ball I determined it should be.

"Do they want to begin dancing directly, Katie? Don't you think they're a little tired with their journey? Suppose you strengthen them with a dinner first before you put such delicate, town-enervated ladies to the frightful fatigue of a country ball. Don't you think that would be the wisest plan, eh?"

"Decidedly it will, papa. We'll have the dinner now at once. And I may have may ball soon after: may n't I?"

"Certainly you may, Miss Dalrymple," replied my father: adding, a moment after, with an increase of tenderness in his voice and manner, "And I hope, darling, that as it will be your first ball, — the first you've given, I mean, — that you will enjoy it heartily, whether the Clevelands do or not."

It will be seen, from this short conversation, that I had no harsh parent to deal with. That fact, indeed, must have been apparent from the moment I stated that I had offered the strangers the run, so to say, of my father's stables.

Ethel and Maude Cleveland were delightful girls. They seemed to have been in society everywhere. Young as their mother said they were, they could speak of seasons in London and Paris; of months in Rome and Naples, at German spas, and in English watering-places. They sang, played, and talked themselves into the warmest corner of my heart. Their friendship fascinated me, and caused every one else to seem dull, tame, and unprofitable. In a fortnight I adored them; and my ponies had travelled more miles a day in their service than ever the pretty, spirited little boys had been called upon to perform before. They were fearless, dashing, rather reckless riders. I was too pleased at being one of the party in these equestrian excursions to at all regard a circumstance that preyed deeply on the mind of the head groom.

This circumstance was that the horses almost always came home covered with foam. By the time the day of the dinner arrived I was established as their intimate friend.

We had asked all the principal people around to meet the new inhabitants of Eaglesbourne, and never did newcomers win more golden opinions. Every one was delighted with and flattered by the notice of the titled widow and her beautiful daughters. From that evening they might have lived one round of such dissipation as the neighborhood afforded. Invitations poured in upon them from all quarters, and they graciously accepted as many as they could, always kindly offering to take me with them, — in other words, being good enough to allow me a seat in my father's carriage, which they always borrowed on these occasions. With a total absence of pomposity that was most engaging, they never affected to make the smallest return for all these attentions which were so slavishly paid them.

My father, who was, as a rule, rather slow to form new friendships, soon went heartily hand in hand with me as regarded the Clevelands.

"I am afraid, Katie," he said to me one day, "that the Clevelands are not too well off for people of their rank and station. Lady Catherine has been here this morning. (By the by, she asked if I thought you could spare her your phaeton this afternoon at three. I said I was sure you would; so I've given James orders. You need not trouble yourself.) As I was saying, Lady Catherine has been here, and, from a hint she let fall, I gathered she has had some disappointment about remittances. Manage it as delicately as you can, Katie; but just find out, and ask her to allow me to be her banker, if such is the case."

Such was the case, — so at least said solemn, noble-looking Lady Catherine, speaking with as much dignity of her temporary embarrassments as an unjustly dethroned queen might of the lands that had been hers. The ice once broken, she did my father the honor of allowing him to be her banker very frequently, and paid a touching tribute to his generosity by never offering to repay him.

Papa had said that "I need not trouble myself about giving orders as to my phaeton." He was right. In a very little time my cherished pony-chaise was a small trouble, or pleasure, either, to me. I was so elegantly ousted that I could find no fault. Ethel was very fond of driving. "Would I let her drive?" To this I rather grimly agreed, for I did not like giving up the reins. Then succeeded a proposition on the part of Lady Catherine that I would be kind enough to let one of their own footmen have the back seat, as, "if Ethel drove, she would wish them, for safety's sake, to have a man with them." As neither of the Miss Clevelands intended giving up *their* places, it was clearly evident that I must give up mine. I did so, and was rewarded for the sacrifice by three sweet smiles, all exactly alike, from the mother and her daughters.

Months rolled away. Two years had elapsed since the Cleveland family had taken Eaglesbourne, and during all this time our intercourse had been more than cordial and friendly. We were inseparable almost. For a long time Lady Catherine had exercised the most unbounded authority over everything of ours that she could use. In the winter she would invite her friends to come and spend the day with her, and invariably bring them over to Wyhagh to dinner. And in the summer she was the promoter of a series of picnics to which no one came whom she did not ask, and to which no one was expected to contribute but my father.

"Your papa ought to take a house in town, my dear, and give you the benefit of a season. I should be very happy to stay with you and take you out. Mr. Dalrymple must really do it."

"I'll think about it," my father said when I asked him. And in thinking about it these two years slipped over our heads, and here we were on the

brink of the third season, — and this in spite of the usually all-powerful Lady Catherine's repeated assurances that "he ought to do it."

But this year it was determined upon and settled that we should take a house in one of the most fashionable squares in London, and Lady Catherine graciously consented to take up (with her daughters, of course) her abode with us as head of the establishment, for the purpose of chaperoning me. I was dearer than ever to the whole Cleveland family.

I was very full of joyful anticipation about the new prospect of happiness, or pleasure, at least, which was opening for me. Lady Catherine's station would, as they carefully impressed upon me, be such a great advantage. They never said anything about the advantage my father's wealth would be to them. And yet it was evident that they were, despite the two footmen, in very straitened circumstances.

A house was taken in a most unexceptionable quarter. I felt my ignorance of what were orthodox and fashionable localities in London most painfully as Lady Catherine and her daughters talked glibly about where we could live and where we could not. We were all sailing with the stream, though, and most completely satisfied with each other. My father, liberal as he was rich, had entreated Lady Catherine to allow all the expenses the Misses Cleveland would be put to in the way of dresses, jewelry, &c., to fall upon him, and pressed into the small and by no means unwilling hands of the lady, bank-notes to a large amount as he said it. In all respects during the ensuing season they were to be treated as I was. The arrangements gave the most perfect satisfaction to us all.

It wanted only a week of our starting for the scenes of promised and, to me, unknown delights, when I drove over to Eaglesbourne one morning to talk over our plans and to see if I could be useful to them in the way of supplying them with the means of locomotion. It was early in May, and everything around was as bright and cheerful as my own heart. I was used to enter unannounced now, and make my way straight to my friends. There seemed to be a kind of murmuring stir in the house this morning, — a sort of subdued bustle that struck me as being peculiar. The footmen, who were usually in the last stage of lassitude, were speaking together in eager whispers. There were animated, lively tones proceeding from the morning room, to which I was advancing. Pushing open the door I entered, and at once felt that there was a change, — a change that would not be pleasant to me even. How rapidly I felt the change and its nature! my heart sank, for some reason, before my foot was well over the threshold. Flashed across my mind the many hours I had spent in that room; the hour when I first saw them there; the love I had given them so freely; the trust and confidence I had bestowed so unreservedly upon them. All these flashed through my heart and brain as I stepped over the threshold of the door, and saw the animated and slightly flushed faces of my friends.

The hands were held out to me as of old, but there was a something wanting. No lack of politeness; rather more of that, indeed, than is customary between such very intimate friends. I was chilled, shaken, for some reason, and when Lady Catherine said, "Do be seated, Miss Dalrymple," I was so astonished, so staggered, that I sat down from sheer surprise.

"We are so sorry," began the mother and daughters at the same moment, after having exchanged glances and hesitated as to which should begin; and then they all stopped.

"Is there anything the matter?" I asked, impatiently. "Do tell me; you seem so strange."

"I am sorry you should think so," replied Miss Cleveland, rather coolly. "The fact is, my dear Kate, that we shall be obliged to alter our arrangements."

"You don't mean to say that you won't go to London after all?" I said.

"By no means," said Miss Cleveland, who seemed to be elected spokeswoman by general consent; "but circumstances have arisen to make it desirable, essential indeed, that we should have a house of our own in town. I hope our withdrawal will not spoil your plans."

My friends clearly did not intend giving me the benefit of their superior station on my first introduction to the world, which they had been so eager to offer when on me it depended whether they should taste the pleasures of that world or not. I felt ashamed, but not for myself.

"The fact is," said Lady Catherine, decisively, "that just as I was going to write a note to your father, telling him that I shrank from the responsibility of having to take care of another young lady besides my daughters, I received a letter from our family solicitor informing me of the death of an old uncle of mine, who has left us a very handsome property. A very handsome property indeed it is; and I feel it to be only due to him to come before the world again in corresponding style. Fortunately no one ever heard of him, so we need not go into mourning."

My pride was in arms as I rose to come away. I had been humble enough when conferring obligations, but now they wanted me no longer. I felt no embarrassment now before the titled lady who could utter such noble sentiments with respect to her dead relative. He had served her turn, and would be despised and forgotten as others would be who had done the same.

"Good morning," I said, quietly, with no trembling voice now. "You are quite right, I think, and I 'm sure papa will think so too. Good morning."

"Good morning," they all chorused; "very likely we shall not see you again; we go to town almost directly."

"Very probably you will not, then," I replied. I had it in my mind to add, "unless you want anything of us"; but I refrained from uttering the mean reproach. When I gained the hall door I turned to take my last look, as I thought, of the interior of Eaglesbourne.

"Don't cry, Katie," my father said fondly to me when I had finished the recital of my disappointments (the not going to London was far from being the keenest). "Don't cry, my dear Katie," he continued, as the indignant tears rose to my eyes and fell over my cheek; "you shall go up to town, and I must go out with you myself. Miss Dalrymple will shine enough without needing any reflected light," he added, proudly; "but I confess, Katie, I am disappointed at finding those women have been so thoroughly false all this time."

"I hope they will not come back to Eaglesbourne, papa. I shall hate the place and everything connected with it for the future."

"I hope they will not come back, as you say, Katie; but surely you are not going to hate the mem-

on it. Evans [illegible] He has been [illegible] the [illegible] Don't you [illegible] were [illegible]

Mr. C[illegible] city conveyed in Clare's [illegible] suggestion [illegible] to learn that [illegible] between [illegible] was [illegible] which [illegible]

“Yes, [illegible]” replied Mr. Carruthers, [illegible] see, however little I may think [illegible] on the subject, I am bound to communicate with the Home Office. If Mrs. Carruthers's illness did not render my absence improper and impossible, I should go to London myself and lay the matter before Lord Wolstenholme; but, as I cannot do that, I must write at once.” Mr. Carruthers, in his secret soul, regarded the [illegible] with no little dread, and would have been grateful for a suggestion which he would not have condescended to ask for.

“Then I will leave you, uncle,” said Clare, making a strong effort to speak as cheerfully as possible, “to your task of telling the big wigs that there is nothing more to be done or known down here. You might make them laugh, if such solemn, grand people ever laugh, by telling them how the rural mind believes two vaguenesses to make a certainty, and make them grateful that Evans came to you, and not to them, with his mare's nest of corroborative evidence.”

Clare's fair face was sharpened with anxiety as she spoke, despite the brightness of her tone, and she had narrowly watched the effect of her words. Her uncle felt that they conveyed precisely the hint he required, and was proportionally relieved.

“Of course, of course,” he answered in his grandest manner; and Clare moved towards the door, when, remembering the letters, she said,—

“There are some letters for Mrs. Carruthers, uncle. I fancy she is too ill to see them. Two are from America; will you take them?”

“I take them, Clare, why?” asked her uncle, in a tone of dignified surprise.

“Only because, being foreign letters, I thought they might require attention,—that's all,” said Clare, feeling herself rebuked for a vulgarity. “They come from New York.”

“Probably from Mr. Felton,” said Mr. Carruthers, pointing the gold eye-glasses at the letters in Clare's hand with dignified coldness, but making no attempt to look at them nearer. “You had better lay them aside, or give them to Brookes or Dixon. I never meddle with Mrs. Carruthers's family correspondence.”

Clare made her escape with the letters, feeling as if her ears had, morally speaking, been boxed; and diverted, for a little, by the sensation from the devouring anxiety she had felt that Mr. Carruthers should communicate in the tone which she had [illegible] communicate with the dignitaries of the Home [illegible]

The door of Mrs. Carruthers's room was open, [illegible] curtain partly withdrawn, when Clare [illegible]. She called softly to Dixon, but received [illegible]. Then she went in, and found the housekeeper [illegible] in attendance upon the patient. To her [illegible] she received from Mrs. Brookes very discouraging replies, and the old woman stated her [illegible] strongly that it was going to be a very [illegible], and that Clare had much better go to [illegible].

“[illegible] can't be any good here, Miss Carruthers,” [illegible] woman; and Clare thought she had [illegible] her speak so sternly and harshly. “I [illegible] that any one can do any good; but you [illegible], and the fever may be catching.”

Clare's eyes filled with tears, not only because she [illegible] Mrs. Carruthers, not only because another [illegible] added to the crushing misery that had [illegible] her, but also because it hurt her gentle nature keenly to feel herself of no account.

“No,” she said, in a low voice, “I know I am of no use, Mrs. Brookes. I am not her child. If I were, I should not be expected to leave her. And,” she added, bitterly, for the first time treading on the forbidden ground, “more than that, if it were not for me her son might be with her now, perhaps.”

“Hush, hush, pray,” whispered Mrs. Brookes, with a frightened glance at the bed; “don't say that word! She may hear and understand more than we think.”

Clare looked at her in bewilderment, but obeyed her, and asked no questions.

“These came just now,” she said; “my uncle desired me to give them to you.”

She put the letters into the old woman's hand, and crossed the room, leaving it by the opposite door, which communicated with Mrs. Carruthers's dressing-room. As she passed through the inner apartment, which opened on the corridor, she observed that the portrait of George Dallas, which had hung upon the wall as long as she remembered the room, was no longer there.

The hidden anguish in her own heart, the secret which was crushing her own young spirit, made the girl quick to see and interpret any sign of similar sorrow and mystery.

“Mrs. Brookes has taken away her son's picture,” Clare thought, as she slowly descended the stairs, “and she dreads his name being mentioned in her presence. Dr. Munns asked if she had had a shock, and seemed to impute her illness to something of the kind. There is something wrong with George Dallas, and the two know it.”

When Miss Carruthers left her, Mrs. Brookes broke the seal of one of the letters without a moment's hesitation, and read its contents, standing shielded from any possible observation by the invalid by the curtains of the bed. The letter contained only a few lines:

“*I am going away, out of England, for a little while, my dearest mother,*” George Dallas wrote. “*It is necessary for the transaction of my business; but I did not know it would be so when I last communicated with you. Write to me at the subjoined address; your letter will be forwarded.*” The address given was Routh's, at South Molton Street.

The old woman sighed heavily as she read the letter, and then resumed her attendance on her patient.

The day waned, the London physician came and

went. The household at Poynings learned little of their mistress's state. There was little to be learned. That night a letter was written to George Dallas, by Mrs. Brookes, which was a harder task to the poor old woman than she had ever been called upon to fulfil. With infinite labor, she wrote as follows:

"My dear Master George. Your letter has come, so I know you are not in England, and I am not sure but that some one else may see this. Your mother is very ill, in consequence of what she has seen in the papers. I do not believe it is as bad as it seems, though how bad that is, thank God, no one but your mother and I know, or can ever know, I hope and trust. Think of all the strongest and most imploring things I could say to you, my own dear boy, if it was safe to say anything, and if you can put us out of suspense, by writing, not to her, not on any account to her, but to me, do so. But if you can't, George, — and think what I feel in saying that *if*, — keep away, don't let her hear of you, don't let her think of you in danger. Anyhow, God save, and help, and forgive you.

"Your affectionate old Nurse,
"ELLEN."

The days went on, as time travels in sickness and in health, and there was little change in Mrs. Carruthers, and little hope at Poynings. The fever had been pronounced not infectious, and Clare had not been banished to the Sycamores. No fresh alarm had arisen to agitate her, no news of the suspected man had been obtained. The matter had apparently been consigned to oblivion. With the subsidence of her first terror and agitation, a deeper horror and dread had grown upon Clare. Supposing, as it seemed, that he was safe now, Paul Ward was still a guilty wretch, a creature to be shunned by the pure, even in thought. And the more she felt this, and thought of it, the more frankly Clare confessed to her own heart that she had loved him, that she had set him up, with so little knowledge of him after their chance meeting, as an idol in the shrine of her girlish fancy, — an idol defaced and overthrown now, a shrine forever defiled and desecrated. She was glad to think she had warned him; she wondered how much that warning had contributed to his security. She strove hard to banish the remembrance of him in all but its true aspect of abhorrence, but she did not always succeed; and, in the innocent girl's dreams, the smile, the voice, the frank kindly words would often come again, and make her waking to the jarring gladness of the morning terrible. A shadow fell upon her beauty, the gleeful tone died out of her voice; the change of an indelible sorrow passed upon the girl, but passed unnoticed by herself to any other.

The days went on, as time travels, in sorrow and in joy; and at length change came in Mrs. Carruthers, and there was hope at Poynings. Not hope, indeed, that she could ever be again as she had been, beautiful and stately in her serene and honored matronhood, in her bright intelligence and dignity. That was not to be. She recovered; that is, she did not die, but she died to much of the past. She was an old woman from thenceforth, and all her beauty, save the immortal beauty of form, had left her very quiet, very patient and gentle, but of feeble nerves, and with little memory for the past, and little attention or interest in the present, she was the merest wreck of what she had been. Her faithful old servant was not so much distressed by the change as were her husband and Clare. She had her own reasons for thinking it better that it should be so. For many days after convalescence had been declared, she had watched and waited, sick with apprehension for some sign of recollection on the part of the patient, but none came, and the old woman, while she grieved with exceeding bitterness over the wreck of all she so dearly loved, thanked God in her heart that even thus relief had come. None had come otherwise. George Dallas had made no sign.

So the time went on, and summer was in its full pomp and pride when preparations were being made on a scale suitable to the travelling arrangements of magnates of the importance of Mr. Carruthers of Poynings for a continental tour, recommended by the physicians in attendance as a means for the complete restoration of Mrs. Carruthers. The time named for the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers had nearly arrived, and it had just been arranged that Clare should remain at the Sycamores during their absence, when Mr. Carruthers startled Mrs. Brookes considerably by asking her if she could inform him where a communication might be expected to find Mr. George Dallas? It would have been impossible for human ingenuity to have devised a question more unexpected by its recipient, and Mrs. Brookes was genuinely incapable of answering it for a moment, and showed her fear and surprise so plainly, that Mr. Carruthers, much softened by recent events, condescended to explain why he had asked it.

"I do not consider it proper that the young man should be left in ignorance of his mother's state of health, and her absence from England," he said with less stateliness than usual; "and though I do not inquire into the manner and frequency of his communications with Mrs. Carruthers, I believe I am correct in supposing he has not written to her lately."

"Not lately, sir," replied Mrs. Brookes.

The result of this colloquy was that Mrs. Brookes gave Mr. Carruthers Routh's address at South Molton Street, and that Mr. Carruthers addressed a short epistle to George Dallas, in which he curtly informed his step-son that his mother, having just recovered from a dangerous illness which had enfeebled her mind considerably, was about to travel on the Continent for an indefinite period, during which, if he (Mr. Carruthers) should see any cause for so doing, he would communicate further with Mr. George Dallas. This letter was posted on the day which witnessed the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers "and suite" (as the County Chronicle was careful to notice) from Poynings; and Mr. Carruthers felt much conscious self-approval for having written it, and especially for having timed the writing of it so well. "Sooner, he might have made an excuse of it for coming here," thought the astute gentleman; "and it would have been heartless not to have written at all."

For once in his life, Mr. Carruthers of Poynings had written a letter of importance.

[To be continued.]

KENSINGTON CHURCH.

ANOTHER interesting relic of the London of past times is about to be removed. Kensington Church, it is reported, will be pulled down in a few months, being in an unsafe state. It is not a large nor a handsome building, but it has some pleasant associations which will make us regret its loss. In Leigh

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SIR GUY'S GOBLET.*

BY ANNIE THOMAS,

AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," "WALTER GORING," "PLAYED OUT," ETC.

IT was the second or third day of December, when the postman, after a long period of total abstinence from double-knocking at our door, fell away into moderation, and left us a couple of letters.

We were living alone together, my brother's widow and I, and our interests, and consequently our correspondents, were not numerous. She was my senior by — no matter how many years, but quite enough to render the arrangement a perfectly proper one, even according to the most severe conventional code, although I was unmarried, and still called a girl by verbally well-disposed friends.

My brother had been dead about eighteen months. He had died worn out, broken down, used up, — these are several phrases descriptive of the same thing. In plain English, he had "gone to his death" in the columns of a daily paper, — gone to it as unflinchingly, as heroically, as cheerfully as any one of that gallant band who made the never-to-be-too-frequently-quoted charge at Balaclava. But he belonged to a noble army of martyrs whose deeds do not get recorded by laureates: so when he fell down in fighting the hard fight of the daily press, the ranks closed, and nobody missed him, — nobody, at least, save his wife and his sister. Very few people seem to be missed when they fall out of their places, however it may be in reality.

It is a fact, and therefore, in the face of all precedent, I will state it, but there had never existed a grain of anything save the kindliest feeling between my sister-in-law and myself. She had never feared "my interference." I had never accused her even in my heart of attempting to alienate Guy's affections from me. The result of this abnegation of the time-honored rights of sisters-in-law was, that while Guy lived we all carried on the war merrily and happily; and when Guy died, we decided that it would be very hard for the two who were left to part. She was alone in the world, and I was virtually, though not nominally, alone too. There was an uncle of my mother's alive, to be sure; but he was like my father's crest to me, merely a badge of respectability, — nothing more, to be mentioned in a modulated voice even to myself, — a baronet, — Sir Guy Pomfret. My mother had felt that she was taking almost a liberty in naming her only son after the mighty head of her house. But she had done it, and even dared to apprise him of it, — which act of fealty Sir Guy rewarded by sending my brother a little morocco box containing a small embossed silver mug, — "goblet" he called it in his letter; but as it was not capable of containing half a pint of anything, we declined using the more pretentious appellation in familiar converse, and it came to be known in the household as "Guy's mug."

Of course we were sitting at our breakfast-table when these two letters arrived. Everybody is sitting at breakfast when letters arrive, in fiction. We were discussing our probable chances of passing a remarkably dreary Christmas, when the girl who served us in our uncomfortable lodgings came in with our letters, which we seized with the eagerness people who have not received a written word for weeks only can feel.

Mine was the shorter, and so was read the sooner of the two; but, short as it was, it was very staggering. It was dated from "The Towers, ——shire," and was to the following effect: —

"MY DEAR MISS DUNBAR (I was the dear Miss Dunbar), — My father and I were speaking yesterday of how much it was to be regretted that we did not see more of your dear mother while she was alive. This misfortune is, however, not to be remedied now" — ("hardly," I thought) — "but *we* at least may know each other. We expect a few friends down at Christmas: you must come to us then, as we very much wish to make your acquaintance. Come down on the 23d, if you can conveniently, by the 11 A. M. train: you will be met at the Playford station. We were extremely sorry to hear of your brother's death. I send this under cover to his lawyer, who is most likely in possession of your address.

"My father desires his kind regards, and joins with me in hoping that we shall soon see you.

"In the mean time believe me to be,

"Your affectionate cousin,

"RACHAEL POMFRET."

The reader will agree with me that this letter from "my affectionate cousin, Rachael Pomfret," an utter stranger even by name to me, must have been very staggering. It was some minutes before I could realize that it was not a bit of an absurd dream. But by the time my sister had read her letter I had accepted mine as a fact, and knew that I was broad awake.

"Helen," I began, as she put her letter back into its envelope, "here's an invitation to the Towers."

"And who are the Towers?" Helen asked. We were such strangers to my mother's kin, that my

* From Advance Sheets of the *Christmas Number of London Society*.

the fair Dunbars — not even dear Guy, who was so like me — had my terribly black lashes and eyebrows.

Miss Pomfret had not told me when the train reached Playford, and I had forgotten to look at a railway bill, and there was no one in the carriage with whom I dared to enter into conversation. My fellow-travellers all looked "good style," but they did not look "good natured." Stay! I wrong one of them by saying this.

The exception was a fine, fair, distinguished-looking young man — one scarcely saw that he was handsome at first — of about eight or nine and twenty. He had jumped into the carriage immediately after me, and he now sat just opposite to me, with an opossum rug over his knees, and the last number of "Punch" in his hand. When he had looked through that, he folded his arms and looked through the window, and I saw that his profile and expression were both fine and high-bred. "Some young lord of the manor going down to spend his Christmas at his ancestral halls," I thought, romantically. And I went on to wonder if he would not be rather desolate in those halls if he were not married, and to speculate as to whether he was a neighbor of Sir Guy Pomfret's or not?

My speculations on the point deepened in interest, when about four o'clock we ran into the Playford station, and he got out and looked up and down the platform. A servant in livery ran up at once, touching his hat, and respectfully smiling a welcome. "Here you are, sir," he said. "Master has sent the stanhope, thinking you'd like to drive the Don at once."

"That's right, Green," my handsome fellow-traveller answered, in one of those strong, sonorous voices that seem to tell of the power within. "Are they all well at home?" he added; and the man replied, —

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir; all well."

I had been standing looking on and listening all this time (it was only a minute or two, but it seemed a long time to me, since no one came forward to make me welcome); but at this point I was recalled to a sense of my position by a porter coming up and asking, —

"Do you want your box carried anywhere, miss?"

"I think it will be sent for," I stammered out hastily. Then as the gentleman and his servant walked away, I added, "I am going to the Towers, — Sir Guy Pomfret's."

"This way then, miss," the man replied, shouldering my box, and I followed him down the station out into the yard, where a tiny wagonette and a New Forest pony were drawn up. A groom in stable dress stood by the pony's head, and as I came up he asked if I was Miss Dunbar.

On my replying that I was, he said, "Miss Pomfret had sent her own pony for me, and would I like to drive."

"No, thank you," I answered; and then I got in, and the groom took the reins and the driving-seat, and we made our way out of the yard.

Out of the quiet station yard, and into the midst of a brilliantly animated scene. In the middle of the broad country road, well kept and amber-hued as that of a park, a stanhope, between the shafts of which was a magnificently made dark-brown horse, was pulled up. The driver — my distinguished-looking fellow-traveller — was in the act of taking off his hat to a young lady who was just checking a pair of ponies abreast of him.

A lovely young lady, with a wild blush-rose complexion, and masses of fair hair billowing out from beneath her small cavalier hat. As she sat a little back, drawing up her fine mouthed little steeds, I thought that I had never seen anything so glittering and pretty in my life. Her flashing blue eyes, her face dimpling with smiles, the perfect ease with which she held the reins and restrained the fiery little creatures that were drawing her shell-like phaeton, the sheen of the black velvet and the soft gray tone about the grebe in which she was clothed, — all made up a picture that it is impossible to forget, as it was fair to look upon.

Broad as the road was, there was scarcely room for the wagonette to pass the two other carriages, and the lady I have described did not turn her eyes in our direction. So we drew up and waited.

"What do you think of grandpapa's last present?" the lady was saying as we came out. "I wanted him to wait for you to choose the ponies, but he would not."

"They are handsome enough," the gentleman replied. "You all look very well together. 'Behold the chariot of the Fairy Queen,' was the quotation that rose to my lips when I first caught sight of you."

"How absurd you are, Guy," she replied. ("Guy! What a thoroughly county name Guy must be," I thought.) "How absurd you are, Guy; now give me room to pass, and let me get on, or I shall have such a little drive to-day, in consequence of my ill-luck in meeting you."

She looked through her long lashes with a half-childish, half-demure smile. No man could have imagined for one instant that she meant seriously that she considered that meeting a piece of ill-luck. But he looked grave at once, and made more room for her to pass, as if there had not been plenty of room already.

She gave her ponies a sharp flick, and as they sprang forward she called out, —

"Good by — till dinner," and the picture was broken up.

I felt so sorry for it, — so very sorry that those two handsome young people had vanished before I knew anything about them. As we drove slowly along — for Miss Pomfret's pony was very fat, and by no means fast — I made up little stories, of which the Fairy Queen and the one who had bestowed the title upon her where the hero and heroine. "We shall meet at dinner," she had said. I saw it all. She was the "lady of the land," and had an entertainment that night, to which he with the long yellow moustache and blue eyes had come expressly from town. I think at this juncture I looked down distastefully at my plain gray dress trimmed with black braid. The beauty of black velvet and lustrous grebe was very much before me. Ere the feeling became dissatisfaction we reached the Towers, and drove up between tall iron gates through a paved court-yard, bordered with grand old oaks and cedars, to the entrance door of the Pomfrets' family mansion.

I saw at once that it was not a bit like the "Manor Farm" in "Pickwick." What it was like I shall attempt to tell you.

It was a very wide house of red brick, with that time-honored tint on it that only houses that have centuries full of traditions hanging over them can hope to have. There was a deep fosse in front of the house, and this was filled in with luxuriantly grown laurels and other evergreens, whose brightly-polished leaves broke the straight line of the bottoms of all the lower windows. To the right other

He was my great-uncle, Sir Guy Pomfret. He did not say much to me, but what he did say was kindly meant and so kindly expressed. I found myself sitting down after a minute, looking up at him as he stood before me, questioning me as to my journey; and then I found myself answering him coherently enough, though a shy glance which I had given to the left nearly made my brain reel again.

There were several people in the room, but it was large, and they stood in detached groups, and so did not strike the eye at once. At first when I came in I was only conscious of light and size. But by the time I had sat down and answered Sir Guy's questions I was capable of distinguishing forms. The little deformed lady was doing the honors vivaciously I gathered, and then to my left were a couple that I started forward to look more fully at, — the Fairy Queen and my handsome fellow-traveller!

What a fairy queen she looked now, to be sure! She absolutely glittered in her fair beauty and her crystalline white silk. She was playing with a big, white-feathered fan and a bouquet of Christmas roses, and a scent-bottle, and a glove that was half and half off, as I looked at her. And he stood opposite to her, glancing admiringly at all her coquettish efforts, smiling half cynically the while, — a perfect type of the tawny-bearded, blue-eyed, well-grown young Englishman, looking in his severe black and narrow, tape-like tie not a bit like a mute or a waiter (*vide* the comic writers), but thoroughbred as he was, — the result of race and good society.

He was brought up to me soon, and introduced by the sprightly deformed lady (who was, I found, the same Rachael Pomfret who had written to me) as "your cousin Georgie, — I shall drop the 'Miss Dunbar,' Guy Pomfret."

Then, as I half rose (not quite knowing what to do, fearing nervously that I should commit some solecism in manners whatever I did), and returned his bow, Miss Pomfret added, —

"And now come across, and get known to another cousin, my dear," and before I knew what was happening, I was face to face with the Fairy Queen, who held out a slender, white, jewelled hand to me, and laughed and flashed out smiles, and made me feel very material indeed as she made herself momentarily more fascinating, when Miss Rachael had named her as "Ida Pomfret."

I have no very distinct recollection of what went on before or at dinner. I only know I heard my own name repeated several times, and many people came and said kind things to me for my "mother's sake." I gladly, gratefully acknowledged that it was for her sake, solely and wholly, that I was a favored guest in this grand old place.

But after a time my mind seems to have accepted the situation, and cleared and steadied itself, for all the later events of that evening are well outlined in my memory. We had not been back in the drawing-room long before Ida came and sat down by me, and shot off some bright little sentences at me.

"So I nearly played the part of Juggernaut's car to you," she began. "Aunt Rachael meant you to be a surprise to us all, and kept your coming a dead secret; I did n't in the least know who it was in that horrid little car of hers."

The Fairy Queen really looked, as she said it, as if it came to her by right divine to drive over such mere mortals as myself. She was lying back in a low chair without any arms to it, and her dress sprang out on either side in great rolling waves of glittering white. Her golden hair stood out in strong relief like a glory against the dark background of the velvet chair. Altogether she looked such a dainty creature that it seemed a little thing that she should be regardless of the lives of others.

"You did see me then?" I asked.

"Well, I saw you without seeing you, if you can understand that; I was taken up with showing Guy my new ponies; you never saw him before, did you?"

"Whom?"

"Guy, — my cousin, — your cousin, too, is n't he? O no, your second-cousin, that 's it."

"No, I never saw him before."

"He 's my salvation at Christmas, the blonde beauty said, with a little yawn; "he gets up charades. Do you like charades? And we always have a ball or two while he is here."

"Is this his home, or yours?"

"My home now, — his in time to come. I live with grandpapa and aunt Rachel; Guy is the heir." She dropped her voice to a whisper as she said this, then she raised it again suddenly to ask, "Do you like Christmas better in the country than in London?"

"I have never spent a Christmas in the country yet," I replied.

"O, you lucky girl!" she cried; "and I have never spent one out of it; I'd give anything — except my ponies — to go to town and see all the burlesques; I don't care for the pantomimes; have you seen many?"

I told her "Yes"; while Guy was alive I saw all such things, now I "was sick of them," I added, passionately.

"Who was Guy?" she asked, soberly, and she seemed sorry when I told her he was my brother.

But such a bright creature cannot be sorry long for the troubles of others. She was up dancing away towards the piano, in answer to somebody's request that she would sing, before the mist had cleared off my eyes which the mention of Guy had caused. When I could see clearly again, Guy Pomfret, my other cousin, was standing talking to her while she fluttered over some music, and seemed unable to make a choice of a song.

Presently, however, she found one, or he found it for her. At any rate he placed it, and kept his hand ready to turn the page while she sang, and I got drawn up nearer to them by her voice, and watched his face as he watched hers.

She had a ringing, clear, flexible voice. I can express what its sound was by naming a color more clearly than in any other way, — it was a bright blue; it was like a silver bell, as cold and with as much feeling.

She was singing a plaintive, passionate ballad, and she sang it correctly and cleverly; but I felt dissatisfied with the way in which she warbled out those reproachful words, —

> "You should have told me that before, Jamie,
> You should have told me that before, laddie."

I was glad when Guy Pomfret looked dissatisfied, too, and stopped her before she had finished it quite, by saying, —

"You never can do that, *mignonne:* try something else."

She frowned for an instant, and then got up, saying, "No, no, some one else, and then I will try to do justice to another of your favorites, Guy; it 's not for want of desire to please you that I failed this time, sir," she added, in a low voice, with a little laugh that was slightly tinged with vexation.

I did [illegible] was for at that moment [illegible] to me.

"D[illegible] — will you oblige us?"

"I [illegible]," I answered, and then I felt [illegible] uncomfortable. My voice was a [illegible] contralto, — what would it [illegible] that silver bell!

"Will you like to try some of mine, or will you sing something of your own?" Ida asked, good-naturedly: and then Mr. Pomfret came forward to "see if he could help me to a selection," he said, and I knew that I was fairly committed to it, so I said "I would try what I knew best": and, half-staggered by my own temerity, I sang some verses poor Guy had written and composed once after a visit to the Dunbar side of our family: —

"There's a breath of freedom on the ground
Where wild the heather grows,
That makes the fear [illegible] my heart
Than England's emblem rose:
It [illegible] around the thistle,
The stern flower of the north,
It decks the plains of England,
And the bonnets of the Forth.

"Those purple sprigs! no flowers, sure,
Blooming in other dells,
Are half so sweet to Scottish hearts
As Scotland's heather bells.
For on mountain brow, by lowland loch,
Through every kind of weather,
We roamed about, unchecked, unchid,
O'er plains of gorse and heather.

"We still can claim a Scottish name,
And the Scotch blood in us tells,
As here on English ground we roam,
Through Scotland's heather bells.
For the breath of freedom's on the soil
Where wild the heather grows;
They hold their own most gallantly
Against the English rose."

They all thanked me graciously, and said kind things, all save Ida. She leant back still further on the couch she occupied like a throne, and said "such things were beyond her: it was impossible for her to make an effort to be historical, and understand those allusions to the times of Wallace, she supposed." She said this to her cousin Guy, and I did feel very grateful to him for not seeming to think it witty, and for making her no answer.

I went to bed that night very tired and very much bewildered, and very much interested in them all. It was so funny that they should be my own people, and still so far from me in all real interest and sympathy. Even while I was accusing them of this in my heart, I was made to feel myself an ingrate by Miss Pomfret coming in to bid me good night again.

The kind, sprightly old lady stirred the fire to a brighter blaze, and sat herself down in the arm-chair opposite to it.

"I have come to tell you a little about the state of affairs here, my dear," she began, briskly: "I must have you know all about us and care all about us. In the first place, you must know that it's a cherished plan of my father's to see Guy and Ida married to each other."

"Is it?" I replied.

"Yes; both my brothers are dead. Ida is the only child of my second brother Arthur, and Arthur was his father's favorite; in the same way Ida is his favorite grandchild; she has always lived here; he wants her to be mistress of the Towers, and as she can't be unless she marries Guy, why he wants her to marry Guy, you see."

"And how do they both like the plan?" I asked, beginning to be intensely interested in the romance which had commenced (for me) just outside the railway station.

Miss Pomfret laughed and shook her head. "Ida likes it well enough, but Guy is inscrutable: the fact is, my dear, I'm not so fond of my niece as I am of my nephew."

"What a beauty she is!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, she is: and she has never thought of or cared for any one besides her beauty from the moment she knew its power. Guy's a great deal too good for her: but that is not what I came in to say. Have you brought your habit with you?"

"I have n't one," I confessed, with blushes.

"Can you ride?"

"I used to ride a good deal with Guy in a rough sort of way when we were out for our autumn trips."

"Ah, well! we'll see about a habit for you: meantime you must wear an old skirt. Ida has planned a ride for to-morrow, meaning to take Guy out by herself. Now *I* mean you to go too, my dear." Then the old lady patted me on the cheek, and left me.

Wishing to think well of what was so lovely, I tried hard not to see on the following day that Ida either grudged me the pleasure Miss Pomfret had procured for me, or that she disliked my society. She opened her great starry blue eyes when I came down in the skirt and a half-tight, seal-skin jacket, and shrugged her own well-habited shoulders when we walked out to mount our horses, and she saw that a very handsome brown gelding had been prepared for me. Then she turned away, and Guy Pomfret put her up on her own beautiful mare Guinevere, and when she was mounted, she (Ida) realized Tennyson's description of that peerless queen very well. I thought

"She looked so lovely as she swayed
The rein with dainty finger tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly hopes for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."

Then my turn came, and I was horribly afraid lest I might fail to rise like a bird to the saddle as Ida had done, and was proportionately grateful to Mr. Pomfret and Fate when I found myself securely seated without having blundered at all.

"Puck is a charming horse, Miss Dunbar, but he likes to have his own way on the turf," Mr. Pomfret said, as he settled me. Then he added, good-naturedly, almost in a whisper, "Don't let him get his head, — ride him on the curb.'

"Thanks. I'll attend to your direction," I replied; and then Mr. Pomfret mounted his own powerful hunter, and we started.

Though it was midwinter, — Christmas Eve in fact, — there was no crispness in the air and no frost on the ground. The roads were muddy and heavy, and the atmosphere mild and humid. We rode slowly for three or four miles along the highway, and then Ida proposed that we should go on some downs that bordered the road, and "have a sharp canter in a sharper air."

"Remember," Mr. Guy Pomfret muttered, as we took the turf, and I nodded assent, and drew my curb-rein a trifle tighter.

Puck went along over the billowing downs in a grand charging canter for about a couple of hundred yards. Then Ida Pomfret's mare flashed past us, the rider sitting erect and fair, her horse evidently well in hand, though it was going at racing speed. As she bounded ahead, Puck did something

extraordinary with all his legs at once (Guy told me afterwards that he "bucked"), threw up his head, then lowered it suddenly with a jerk, and then went off in the wake of the mare at a pace that stretched him out flat nearly, and made my brain whirl.

I do not think that I was terrified, though I was well aware that I had no more control over Puck than I had over destiny. I was dimly conscious of Ida branching off to the right, while I was borne straight on towards what looked like a wall of blue sky. Another moment and I knew that I was nearing the brow of a steep hill. Another and other hoofs than Puck's sounded in my ears close behind me — then something rose with a crashing noise, and crushed against me — a sharp pain smote through my chest — a roar sounded in my ears — horses seemed to be about and around me on every side, and it was all darkness.

When it came light again — that is, when I opened my eyes — I found myself lying on a green mound half-way down the slope of a steep hill, with my head resting on Guy Pomfret's arm, and Puck standing close by, looking brightly unconscious of having done anything wrong. "What did I do?" I asked, and Guy replied, "Came an awful cropper with Puck in galloping down a slope; but you're not hurt — tell me? — you're not hurt?"

I roused myself then, and found that my foot was in pain and turned the wrong way, — my ankle was sprained, in fact. But how about Puck? I was much more anxious about the handsome, brilliant-looking little brown horse than about myself.

"Puck is all right," Mr. Pomfret said.

"And where is she?"

"Ida?"

"Yes."

"Here she comes," he replied, gravely, as Miss Ida made her appearance round a knoll. "I sent her to find a boy to come and take Puck back."

Miss Ida Pomfret came up and leant forward gracefully on her pommel, still sitting well back in the saddle, to speak to me. "I hope you're not hurt; but I never saw such rash riding in my life, Miss Dunbar."

"Nor did I; but it was not Miss Dunbar's," Mr. Pomfret replied; and I said, —

"I really think it was you started Puck." I said it most innocently, and saw with surprise that she colored like fire.

"I suppose you will have nerve enough to ride home, if this boy leads Puck," she asked; and I said, —

"O yes"; but Mr. Pomfret shook his head.

"Miss Dunbar has sprained her ankle, Ida."

"Then how is she to get home?" Ida asked, "if you won't let her ride; she can't walk."

"You will see how she is to get home," he answered, picking me up in his arms, as he spoke. Then he mounted his own horse, holding me easily the while; and I submitted passively through sheer amazement.

"Really, Guy!" Miss Ida exclaimed, indignantly, "do you think I am going to make one of such a procession?"

"That you'll please yourself about," he replied, coolly; then he told the boy to lead Puck home carefully, and started up the hill at a slow pace.

I was half faint with the pain, and presently he saw that I was, I suppose, for he said, —

"The sooner I get you home, the better for your ankle, Miss Dunbar. This old fellow's gallop is like a rocking-chair; tell me if you can bear it?"

He slackened the reins, and the horse went off like an arrow at once.

"Yes, I can bear this," I murmured, as he grasped me more firmly, and Guy Pomfret said, —

"That's right, — that's plucky," and then sang, —

> "Graut liebchen auch? Der Mond scheint hell.
> Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell
> Graut liebchen auch vor Todten?"

"Say more of 'Lenore' I roused myself to utter, as he paused; but he merely repeated the three lines he had already sung, and promised to read me the whole of the marvellous ballad that same afternoon.

I heard Mr. Pomfret tell his aunt when we reached home that "Ida had started off in the way that she knew Puck would never stand, and that Miss Dunbar managed him cleverly till he went down with her." And I saw Miss Rachael and her nephew exchange queer little sympathetic glances; but I did not know what they meant.

I think that I was almost glad that my ankle was sprained. It was well worth enduring all the pain I did endure, to be made so much of by the two people I liked best at the Towers. Sir Guy came and looked at me as I was stretched out on a couch in Miss Rachael's boudoir (she would not have me imprisoned in my bedroom, she said); looked at me through his eyeglass, and remarked, "It was a pity; but still fortunate that I was not disfigured at all." But Miss Pomfret and her nephew stayed with me, and did all they could to amuse me; she making little well-meaning readjustments of the pillows at brief intervals: he reading me "Lenore," and uttering well-adjusted phrases relative to the poem, that made me half afraid to mention it.

Ida was not agreeable when she came home. The accident was, in some nameless way, made to further me in the family, if I may use such an expression. She had "enjoyed her ride immensely," she said, before she was questioned concerning it, — "enjoyed her ride immensely, as you can only enjoy a ride when you feel sure nothing awkward can possibly happen," she added, carelessly glancing at me. No one encouraged her to remain with us, so she soon lounged away, gracefully holding up her habit with one hand, the most regal-looking little amazon fairy I had ever seen.

Of course my ankle was well enough for me to get down stairs and join the family circle the following day. Who would not have put pain aside to be with the Pomfrets on such high festival as they held at that culminating point of the season, Christmas Day?

I could not go to church, but I was up and dressed, and down in the drawing-room, ready to receive them when they returned. Ida looked like an Angola cat, — lovelier than ever, in gray or mauve-colored velvet and fur. What a beauty that girl was to be sure! How could any other woman hope to be looked at beside her?

There was a large company to dinner, — a high-born, wealthy company, who were, to my surprise, to the full as joyous, "rollicking," almost as any of the Bohemians with whom I had been won't to associate with during my brother's life.

After dinner we played at Spanish Merchant, and Buried Cities, and then, as something was said about dancing, —

"Are you fond of it?" Guy Pomfret asked me in a low voice, and I answered, with tears in my eyes, —

"O yes; but I can't now," looking at my ankle.

He did not say a word more to me, but turned to his kind old aunt.

"Why treat her to more dead-sea fruits than must be hers in life," he said; "Miss Dunbar is fond of dancing, and Puck has contrived to impair her capability for gratifying that fondness."

"Ida has contrived, you mean," the old lady replied (I only knew that she said this afterwards): "well, let us tell stories: you begin."

So the idea of dancing was given up, and "story-telling" was made the order of what remained of the evening.

Guy Pomfret reserved his contribution till the last. Then he told a pretty poetical legend, about an old gorgeously embossed golden vase, with handles and a cover, that had been in the family for generations. It was a touching, pretty story in itself, and he told it touchingly; so much so that I, feeling my foolish tears would flow if I stayed listening to his thrilling voice any longer, went away by myself to the study.

Presently he followed me. I had buried myself on a couch, and was sobbing over the memory his story had evoked: the memory of my brilliant, bright, darling brother, who, two years ago, had told us a story of a goblet in comic verse.

He soon won me to tell him "what was grieving me"; won me to speak of my dead brother, and Helen; of our quiet life so soon to be broken up, and my sister's gentle beauty, and loving kindness. I even told him of Guy's mug.

"Some day or other I will tell you more about that than even you know," he said, smiling; "now come back to the others, or Ida will be after us."

We went back, and found that I had been missed, really missed. Both Sir Guy and Ida asked me, "where I had been all this time," almost eagerly, and old Miss Rachael nodded and laughed at me, and looked generally encouraging.

A week or two after this, I was writing to Helen, and I suppose that some of the dejection I was feeling on her account made itself manifest in my face, for Mr. Pomfret asked me, "why I wrote things that made me feel miserable," and I told him.

"You need not be parted from her unless you both like it," he said quickly. "I have promised to finish the romance of 'Guy's Mug' for you;—here it is." Then he went on to tell me how, a short time before, he had gone into a money-changer's shop in the Strand, and while he was receiving English silver for his French gold, a lady had entered and pawned a watch and a ring and a little silver goblet with the name of "Guy Dunbar" on it. "I guessed it was my poor cousin's widow then," he added, "and I disliked her for what I now know was done solely to save Guy's sister: she wanted you to come here, and I for one bless her for the act, for, Georgie, I want you to stay with me always."

So the end of my letter to Helen was all hope and happiness, and a few months afterwards my health, as Mrs. Pomfret, was drunk by all the family out of "Guy's Mug."

A DANGEROUS HAND.

HAVE you ever been in Switzerland? No? Then go to Thun, one of the drollest little towns in the world, and one of the pleasantest. It stands in a noble park,—the valley of the Aar,—and at the extremity of an ornamental piece of water designed by the very First of Landscape Gardeners. The houses and the streets have entered into a conspiracy with the mountains, with the lake, the clouds, and the river, to fascinate and detain the onward traveller, that he may leave a little of his cash in the place. Every nook and lane is a gem begging the photographer to come and copy it; every opening is a scene, every wide space a panorama.

The town of Thun itself, small yet varied, quaint yet pretty, is one of the most original habitations of men. The balconies, the arched projecting roofs, and the pointed turrets, run each other hard in their rivalry for the prize of attractive coquetry.

It was at this same Thun that I first caught sight of her. Now, happily, I have the right to say *her*. You have seen, at some theatre, a lovely fairy, in a pork-pie hat, step out suddenly from behind the wings, charming all the male beholders ranging between the ages of fourteen and fourscore. That morning, the drying-ground, a little below the market-place, was full of sheets,—twenty times more than would be required to serve as screens for a Private Theatricals. Behind them I heard a silver voice which said, "This way, papa! I am sure this is the way to the Freienhof." . . . .

They went their way, through the tiny market, into the street; and I think I remember that she walked very slowly, as if she would have been glad to sit down and rest. I was nailed to the spot, looking after her until she was out of sight. Of one thing only was I thoroughly conscious. I had seen my wife, if ever I was to have a wife. That face, that figure, and that voice had a rent in the clouds of futurity through whose long perspective a secret presentiment showed me my future. Talk of your magic-mirrors, your enchanted crystals! Talk of distant events revealed in drops of ink! There is no magic like a sympathetic glance.

The way to the Freienhof! It was the very hotel I was staying at. But the direction they took was *not* the way to the Freienhof. Were they going for a stroll of discovery, or had they merely mistaken their way? Time would show. Saith the proverb, "Everything comes to him who can wait." I could wait; and did wait where I was.

While wondering at, though perfectly understanding, the novel ferment which then was working within me, my field of view was crossed by a solitary individual who was proceeding onward with uncertain steps. His make-up was fashionable, though perhaps a little seedy; but that tells for nothing on a Continental trip. His black hair might be a little too ringletty; his whiskers a little too Dundrearyish. His hat had contours and lines of beauty in its rim more suited to Rotten Row than to searches after the picturesque. He made you doubt whether he were a *very* gentlemanly man indeed, or not a gentleman at all. You must have seen him on some race-course, or somebody excessively like him. The face looked a little tired and worn; but it bravely carried the cast-iron smile which is peculiar to opera-dancers and people of the world obliged to play the part of universal amiables.

"I *beg* your pardon, sir," he said, perceiving me. "I *really* beg ten thousand pardons; but *would* you do me the very great favor to tell me the way to the Freienhof?" He italicized those words with a melodious drawl. "My friend, Sir Charles, who brought me to Thun in his carriage, tried to persuade me to remain at the Bellevue. Charming house, excellent table, magnificent view, good socie-

ty! Quite, in short, *my* style of thing, sir. But, although the Freienhof is only second-rate, I had promised to go there, — *promised*, sir. And when a lady is in the case — "

"Hang the fellow and his confidential talk!" I grumbled to myself. "What a nuisance, to be so interrupted! At such an interesting moment, too!" So, raising my hat, I coldly answered, "You have only to go straight forward; take the first turn to the left, and you will reach the Freienhof."

"*Much* obleeged; *very* much indeed," he rejoined, with treacly sauvity. "Such kindness to an utter stranger! Pray do me the honor to accept my card. *You* are doubtless at the Bellevue? *You* are not going to the Freienhof?"

"No, I am not, sir," I fear I growled; internally adding, "until I think proper."

"I thank you very much. This way, I think?" And, with a honeyed bow, he took his leave.

"Mr. Percy Howard!" I muttered, looking at the card, which I had not been able to avoid receiving. "Every Howard kins with Norfolk's duke. For me, you are too mealy-mouthed. But what has become of the other parties?" I had not very long to wait. As I expected, the father and daughter had taken the wrong turn, and were now retracing their steps. She did not seem in the least surprised to find me lingering there; nor did he, for he had never given me a thought. Now, or never, was the time to make an attempt at *something*.

"Pray excuse me, sir," I said, a little flurried, "but I think I overheard you mentioning the Freienhof Hotel. I am staying there, and this is the way to it. You can reach it almost immediately. But it is still two hours to the table d'hôte dinner; and if — if you are not too tired, there is a wonderful prospect close at hand, which will well repay you for the trouble of mounting to it!"

"Indeed! What do you say, Maria? Do you think you can manage a little climbing?"

"I should like it above all things. Ever since I caught sight of it, I have been wishing to get a better view of that brilliant white mountain, — the Blümlisalp, I think."

"Very well, my dear. Let us go to the inn, and ask them for a guide to the spot which the gentleman is so obliging as to —"

"Quite needless, sir," I interposed. "I was proceeding there when I saw you pass; and, if you allow me, I will lead the way."

"Is it far?" the papa replied. "Is it steep?"

"Neither one nor the other. To reach the point of view, we have only to mount this long covered staircase by a series of low steps which are suited almost for children's feet. Is the young lady beginning to feel tired?"

"Not in the least. But if I were, here is a landing-place which will give us a minute's breathing. How curious! It is the centre of five different staircases, some running up, and some taking you down."

"This one is ours. Let us follow it. We have reached the cemetery, and have no further to climb. We have only a few steps to take on level ground; and now, if you please, look forward."

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed, after a few moments' pause; "I had no idea, until now, that the earth was capable of so much beauty. Never, never shall I forget this day." After gazing again at the view, she bestowed on me a look of thankfulness which was worth all the compliments in the world. This noble sight, enjoyed in common, had set its seal on our companionship. We had already grown almost intimate. It was understood between us two that we were friends, if not something more.

"It certainly is fine," assented the senior. "Mr. Howard would describe it in his most flowery style."

"Yes," said Maria, "he would indeed; for he is not afraid to talk about what he does not understand. He confounds Romans with Greeks; and, on being made aware of his mistake, slips out of it by calling them both the ancients."

"You are prejudiced, my dear, against him. You must try and get over your dislike. I wonder, by the way, if he has arrived."

In Swiss travel there is a peculiarity which is pleasant or not, according to circumstances. If you are there on any social speculation, to marry off your daughters, to make acquaintances you would not be likely to pick up at home, to light upon friends by unexpected chances, you can't have a better place of meeting, nor a surer rendezvous; but if your real aim be the beauties of nature, to be enjoyed in poetic retirement and quiet, you are liable to interruption.

The fact is, that, as everybody except the climbers of unclimbed peaks is pursuing a beaten track from which there is little deviation, if you meet an individual once, you are almost sure to fall in with him again. On steamer, in diligence, at glacier foot, by waterfall, you find faces which have accompanied you throughout your itinerary. If *you* do the Wengern Alp, they go too; if you go to see the Giessbach illuminated, you behold there physiognomies which you have already beheld reflecting daylight at Lucerne, Berne, or Interlachen. If you like the faces, well and good; if you don't, their tracking your heels so closely becomes wearisome. The only means of escape from such comrades is to stop somewhere for a week, and let the stream pass. The summer current will bring in a supply fresh from the inexhaustible springs of British life.

In this way, even before they entered Switzerland, my charmer's father had picked up Mr. Howard; while Mr. Howard had not the least intention to loose his hold of his new acquaintance. Hence their expectation of meeting each other again at Thun.

The slightest possible shade of annoyance at her parent's partiality for his new-found friend overspread *her* face for an instant, and then she glanced again at the landscape. Turning to me, she asked, "What is that mountain which stands before us, — that dark green pyramid, clothed at its base with thick festoons of pine-tree forest?"

"That 's *my* mountain, — my beloved Niesen. Everybody loves the Niesen. 'All round the Niesen' is a toast as popular here as 'All round the Wrekin' is in Shopshire. Niesen is a favorite name to confer on dogs and railway locomotives. Long live the noble Niesen! I stood on his top the other day."

"Indeed! Is it possible?"

"It is not only possible, but so easy, that *you* can make the ascent if you choose."

"Really! I should enjoy above all things to be able to say I had ascended a mountain."

After some discussion, the gentleman agreed that the ascent should be made. "By the way," he continued, "my name is William Greenwood, of the firm of Greenword, Darkins, and Blake, Manchester."

"And mine, sir, is Henry Carter, son of the late

John Edmund Carter, formerly of Manchester, latterly of Liverpool."

"Really! I remember your father failed in my debt, giving a dividend of eight and sixpence in the pound."

"Yes, sir, he did; and five years afterwards paid you in full, with interest."

"True; like an honorable man as he was. To think of meeting poor Carter's son in this way, by chance! He left you, I believe, not so very badly off?"

"I am rich, by living within my income."

"And you are strolling about here, I suppose, like the rest of us, without any definite purpose?"

"I am trying to put a little method into my trip by comparing, for my own private satisfaction, the respective merits of several well-known eminences which are reached on foot with no great exertion. I scramble from one hill-top to another, and note which pleases me best."

"The volume under your arm is doubtless your guide-book. There are so many, that it is difficult to choose between them."

"It is nothing so commonplace as that, but a resource for a rainy day or a leisure hour. It is the Mysteries of the Hand, by Desbarrolles, in which the science of chiromancy is fully and seriously expounded."

"A revival of an old delusion. But if people *will* pry into futurity, one form of the folly is as good as another. You will tell us about it by and by; it is time now that we think of dinner."

At dinner, I had the great satisfaction of securing the seat next to *her*. Opposite to us was Mr. Percy Howard, looking anything but pleased at the favor I enjoyed. Maria (that I now knew to be her delightful name) did not like him more than I did, and received his advances with undisguised coldness. I fancied I observed that the waiter behind us was strange in his manner towards him, as if Mr. Howard paid too particular attention to the polish of the forks and spoons within his reach. To the discussion of our Niesen project Mr. Howard listened with open ears. It was agreed that I should go forward to Wimmis, the village at the base of the mountain, to secure horses up it, and bedrooms in the little hotel at its top, and that they would drive there early the following morning to commence the ascent immediately.

Next day, I bade a brief good by to the father and daughter, and reached Wimmis, where every arrangement was speedily made. During the inn-gossip of the afternoon, singular inquiries were put to me respecting the strangers then at Thun. I answered them as well as I could, but what in truth was uppermost in my mind was the expected arrival of my fair one to-morrow.

The morrow came, and with it my new friends; but they were not alone. Mr. Howard had fastened himself upon them, and with him a gentlemanly young fellow enough, — rather too finespun, — an acquaintance of his, whom I had noticed at the table d'hôte. As soon as they alighted we set off, myself alone on foot, the rest of the party on horseback.

The ascent of the Niesen was glorious. Maria (by whose side I walked, telling her guide to proceed in advance) was in ecstasies at the harmony of sights and sounds, at the tinkling of bells from cows and goats, with the stream of the Simme rushing below. Every turn of the zigzag path presented us with a fresh point of view. As we mounted higher, all was repose; soft colors — melting hues of green and brown — met our delighted eyes. The air was pure and balmy; our minds, elevated by the scenery, entirely forgot the lower world, the roar of city carriages, and the busy hum of men.

We met sledges laden with mountain cheese, gliding down gently over the grass; we passed men carrying on their shoulders loads of wine and other provisions for consumption at the summit. We scaled, one after the other, the three separate masses which together constitute the Niesen.

At last we reached the highest pinnacle. I make no attempt to describe the panorama it commands. It made us regardless of everything else, I believe, except each other's presence. We drank in with our eyes the snowy peaks, the outspread lakes, the meandering streams. And then — and then — the Alpine air reminded everybody that meal-time was approaching. The little hotel, crouching in a hollow not far from the top, opened its hospitable doors. We dined. While dining, a cloud enveloped the mountain. So the evening had to be beguiled with talk, in the course of which Mr. Greenwood referred to my studies in palmistry.

It was only natural that so obsolete an art should be disdainfully regarded by Mr. Howard and his friend.

"Will you look at my hand, by way of experiment?" asked the fine young gentleman, with a mixture of curiosity and contemptuous defiance. "Tell us, if you can, what it indicates."

"I need not look at it; I have only to take it," I replied, passing his hand between my own. "Its character is apparent to the touch. Its objects, tendencies, and occupations may be summed up in one word, Pleasure." The fine young gentleman withdrew his hand from mine and turned as red as a fresh-boiled lobster.

"One minute longer," I said, resuming it. "There are also good points about it which only require exercise and development. There is no want of intellect. There is also right-mindedness and sense of duty which may one day get the upper hand of vanity and self-indulgence." The fine young gentleman, abashed and thoughtful, resumed his seat without a word.

"What do you read on this?" inquired Maria, blushing slightly as she offered her hand.

"I read a good deal," I gravely replied, after carefully examining first one hand and then the other. "You dearly love all those about you; and, when you marry, you will dearly love your husband. But I see a wilfulness which might compromise your happiness. You would risk a great deal, and might even sacrifice your real welfare, to have your own way in everything. That is your great danger, — the spirit of domination. But I see correcting influences. You will direct ably, but you will also consult. You will consider other people's wishes as well as your own, when you find them reasonable."

During this horoscopic speech, Mr. Greenwood grew more and more attentive.

"You have hit off Maria neatly enough," he said. "Let us now see what you will make of me." So saying, he frankly held out his hand, turning back his coat-cuff, to display wrist and all. It was an honest, prepossessing-looking hand, independent of any rules of palmistry.

"This hand," I said, "is one in ten thousand. In the first place, sir, you are a lucky man. If you were not born with a silver spoon in your mouth, it very soon found its way thither. Ill-luck never strikes you; when it threatens to hit you, it glances

aside. Your very losses have turned out gains in the end. Your life will be long; your health good, as it ever has been. Intriguers have never succeeded in taking you in. You loved your wife tenderly; and you have never married again, only because you love your daughter with equal tenderness."

"Anybody can prophesy in that style," said Mr. Howard, impatiently, "without knowing much of the secrets of nature. There is little risk of making a blunder by supposing a young man in brilliant health and of ample means to be fond of pleasure; that a pretty girl should love her husband, after being loved by him; that an only daughter, with no mother to consult, should like to have her own way, as I am sure she ought; that a gentleman with a fortune should be fortunate, which is equivalent to saying that prosperity is prosperous. Chiromancy like that is a farce. A gypsy at a fair would tell you as much or more. As to long life, continued health, permanent welfare, and success, — *they* are too pleasant not to be put into a prediction when there is any wish to ingratiate one's self with the parties practised upon."

"If I had seen in those hands the reverse of what I did, I should not have hesitated to say so. Still, your criticism is not without apparent foundation. I *may* seem to be making plausible guesses. That I have not spoken by guess is easily proved; for here is the book I go by. I can quote you the rules it gives."

"Mere quackery; you will never convince me there is anything in it."

"I am not myself convinced that there is. The responsibility rests with Desbarrolles. He tells me that there is a hand which is essentially voluptuous, giving itself up to indolent indulgence, and yet ardent after pleasure. It is a plump hand, almost swollen; its fingers are smooth and tapering, thick at their base, and with no knots or irregularities of form. Its skin is white and glossy, looking as if dirt would not adhere to it, sunshine tan it, nor frost redden it. It is dimpled; the palm is fleshy, the root of the thumb very largely developed. It is generally regarded as a beautiful hand. I think your friend's hand answers to this."

"And so does every lady's and gentleman's."

"Then," said Mr. Greenwood, "let us now see what *your* horoscope reveals."

"No, indeed, the thing is *too* childish; it is *too* palpable a piece of foolery," Mr. Howard replied.

"At least by way of pastime," Maria pleaded.

"We ought all to take our turns," urged the plump-handed friend.

"Be it, then, as you please," said Howard, offering his hand with a very bad grace.

I looked at it for some time aghast; then took the other and examined it; and then let both drop without uttering a syllable.

"You give no opinion," said Mr. Greenwood.

"I would rather not."

"I thought how it would be," said Howard. "He has got to the end of his palmistry."

"I do not wish to give unnecessary pain," I explained, "and on those hands I see things not pleasant to read."

"Out with them at once," said the friend. "They are harmless if they are not true."

"Well, then, if I must, I must. You will not be offended. The Line of the Heart is scarcely perceptible: faithlessness, evil tendencies. The Saturnian Line runs straight from the base of the middle finger quite up to the wrist: chances of imprisonment and other heavy tribulations. The Mount of Mercury excessively developed; adroitness, not always restrained by scruples; skill in the arts of daily life, in writing and calligraphy, for instance. I now understand what prompted you to take tracings of the signatures in the travellers' books at sundry hotels."

"Ah, yes! I am completing a friend's collection of autographs."

"This talent, combined with the evil influence of the forked and crooked Line of the Head, might tempt men less easy in their circumstances to procure cash by means of forgery."

"But, sir, there is a limit to pleasantry — "

"It is the book which speaks, not I. Here it is all, chapter and verse."

At that moment the waitress of the hotel entered, and presented Howard with a letter of business-like aspect.

He opened and read it. For an instant he seemed surprised, not to say stunned; but recovered himself immediately.

"How unfortunate!" he exclaimed. "How very *mal à propos!* I am obliged to leave your delightful society!"

"Not to-night surely?"

"There is no help for it. My friend, Lord Castellinthaire, sends word that he is suddenly taken ill, and begs me to join him at Brienz as soon as possible. The worst of it is, that not only must I tear myself away, but I have left at Thun, with the bulk of my baggage, all the cash not required for this little excursion."

"That need not disturb you," said Mr. Greenwood. "I can let you have something till we meet again. How much will you like?"

"You are exceedingly kind. If we say ten pounds — "

"That is not enough. You don't know when you may get back to Thun. Take twenty: *or*, we'll say five-and-twenty. I have my check-book, — "

"No, no, my *very* dear sir: no check, I thank you. I appreciate your kindness all the same; *indeed* I do. Ten pounds will be quite sufficient, — *quite*."

"Yes; but my check-book! I had it a little while ago. It was in the pocket of my paletot, in the room where we washed our hands before dinner."

"Perhaps," I hinted, "by an accidental mistake, it has found its way into Mr. Percy Howard's paletot, not being able, in the twilight, to distinguish that gentleman's pocket from its own usual resting-place."

"Your joke is a little too absurd," said Mr. Greenwood, tickled at the notion, nevertheless, and handing with a smile a ten-pound note to Mr. Howard.

"*Very* much obliged," said the recipient. "But you, sir," to me, "do you mean to insult me?"

"It is not an insult," I replied, "nor yet a joke; but a serious suggestion. Do, if you please, feel in your pockets, and try if you cannot find it there."

"I shall do no such thing, sir," thundered Howard, simulating virtuous indignation, and working himself into a theatrical rage. "I am used to be treated as a gentleman; and were it not for the lady's presence — "

"Softly!" I said. "The case is very simple. Mr. Greenwood's check-book is missing. Oblige us by helping us to find it. Search if it has not wandered somewhere, quite by accident, of course.

You have his ten-pound note; I am sure he has no wish to deprive you of it. But — did you notice my guide this morning? — the man who carried my knapsack up the Niesen? He is an agent of the Swiss police. The man who led Miss Greenwood's horse, and afterwards went on before us, is another. They are hunting up a little additional evidence against a person about whom they already entertain grave suspicions. They are in the house, within a moment's call. Shall we ask for their assistance to find the check-book?"

"Dear me! How very strange!" he ejaculated, with well-acted, because unblushing surprise. "Here it is! That I should not have felt it before! It must have fallen from your coat upon mine, and worked itself in, in the hurry of dressing. I am truly sorry that such a trifle should have caused us a moment's uneasiness. I am uncommonly delighted to have found it."

"And so am I," I dryly rejoined. "But allow me to hint that, however much we may regret to lose your company, the climate of Switzerland hardly agrees with you, and it might be prudent to change an air which is too sharp for you. Mr. and Miss Greenwood, as well as myself, would be sorry to see you — confined — to your room."

"You are probably right," he replied, unabashed. "I shall probably follow your friendly advice. The Alps do not quite suit me. It is a lovely evening, — bright moonlight, — for a leisurely stroll down the Niesen. I cannot miss the path, I shall leave the horse here, to avoid waking up the people at Wimmis; you can make use of it yourself to-morrow. I want no guide. Those men —" he hesitatingly added.

"I think you can do without either of them. They are probably supping below in the kitchen, and you can leave by the front door of the hotel. The Swiss authorities (who like things to go on smoothly) had just as soon avoid any unpleasantness which might have the effect of alarming strangers. I think they would not be displeased if you left their jurisdiction without being detained by any untoward event, — arrested, for instance, — by the severity of the weather."

"I am sure you are most considerate. By the way, *would* you have the goodness to change this ten-pound note for French gold? It will be so much more handy."

"Most assuredly. Here it is."

"A thousand thanks. Good night. I wish you all a *very* good night."

He left the room with a most graceful bow, without a blush on his face or a falter on his tongue. He was gone. We looked at each other for a while in silence.

"Well, I never!" Miss Greenwood at last exclaimed.

"Nor I, exactly," rejoined her father.

"I suppose I have had a narrow escape from having the worth of my signature tested," the young epicurean quietly observed.

"But tell us," said Mr. Greenwood, "how you came to find out this gentleman's real character and avocations. It was not *all* chiromancy — eh?"

"Well, the facts are these. I had heard rumors at Thun. The Sunday evening I spent at Wimmis waiting for your arrival, I was alone. The showery weather kept me in-doors. No doubt you have been haunted by the ghost of a tune; that evening I was haunted by God save the Queen. It would never finish. Just as the first strain was over for the twentieth time, and it was the second strain's turn to come on — Make her victorious, Happy and glorious — I heard it taken up by a chorus of voices without. Was it the force of imagination? I opened the window. No, it was not. At the foot of the Niesen, God save the Queen is a popular air.

"When the chorus had died away, I left the window open, to enjoy the rushing sound of the Simme's waters and the wind whispering among the fir-trees. My thoughts were running on anything rather than Mr. Percy Howard's concerns, when grave voices in solemn debate rose from immediately beneath the window. I looked, and there was the Council of Village Notables assembled, standing in the open air in decorous order, in spite of the rain. One of the leaders was the landlord of the inn. Amongst other things, they discussed the expected presence of, and the measures to be taken with respect to, a suspicious stranger, who could be no other than our departed friend. After the meeting had broken up, the subject was resumed in the public room. The landlord advised forbearance and the avoidance of making any fuss, whilst another excited advocate for the purging Switzerland of *all* scum whatsoever, broke wine-glass after wine-glass by thumping them on the table to enforce his arguments. Between the two, I heard enough to remove from my mind all doubt or uncertainty. You have witnessed the sequel, and how chiromancy helped me to bring about the *dénouement*."

"And so the two men who acted as our guides are detectives on the track of our accomplished friend?"

"They are honest, simple, hard-working peasants, and no more policemen than you or I. It was a sudden idea of mine to invest them with that character, and you have seen the effect of a guilty conscience."

"But tell me now, seriously, Carter. Do you really believe in chiromancy?"

"I don't know enough about it to believe it. Without chiromancy, it is possible to form some opinion of the persons who cross our path. But you see at least that it is capable of furnishing a formidable weapon to artful persons. If it could but give me the hand of her I love, that is all I wish or care for."

Mr. Greenwood opened his eyes, and kept silence, — the best move a man can make on many occasions. Perhaps he did not understand, I thought; or, understanding, was his silence consent?

I believe we all slept sweetly and soundly in that lone wooden inn on the top of the Niesen. We had agreed not to ask the sunrise to wait for us to witness it. We breakfasted together; took a last lingering look at the wondrous landscape spread around us, and then wended our way downwards. Aloft, was the silence of the wilderness; in descending, rural sounds again met our ears. There was the tinkling of bells worn by cows and goats, like distant village-peals ringing changes. The rush of waters and the rustling of leaves were once more audible.

On reaching the base of the mountain, Maria alighted from her horse. Taking her father's arm on one side and mine on the other, she said to him, "I have become acquainted with a secret, which ought not to remain a secret between us three. Mr. Carter and I are engaged, if we can only obtain your permission. Won't you let me have my own way, just for this once? Yes, dear father, I am sure you will."

Instead of looking immensely astonished, Mr. Greenwood kissed his daughter affectionately, and gave me a hearty shake of the hand.

AN ENGINE-ROOM STORY.

On a cold frosty December, a few years ago, I was a passenger on board the fine steamer "Queen," from London to ——. The voyage is not a very long one; but we were several days at sea, and during that time I struck up pretty much of an acquaintance with the second engineer of the ship. I have always had a taste, rather imaginative than scientific, for watching the working of powerful machinery; the evenings were too cold to allow of my remaining long on deck; and I was often glad to exchange for a time the saloon stove for the bright glow of the boiler furnaces, and the company of the passengers for a chat in the engine-room with my friend the engineer. Ten o'clock in the evening, when it was his watch, generally found me seated by his side on the platform that ran around the tops of the cylinders, whence he could in a moment hear any word passed from the deck, had immediate access to the handles of the engines, could see the fire-doors and stoke-hole, with the glass gauges in front of the boilers; and even whilst chatting with me, could be constantly alive to the smallest escape of steam, or the least jarring or chirping sound which told to his practised eyes or ears that something about the machinery required lubrication or adjustment.

There was nothing very remarkable about my acquaintance, Angove: he was simply an honest, straightforward, intelligent, self-educated mechanic; one, in short, of a class very numerous among our steamboat engineers. He was about forty years of age, and had spent nearly half that time at sea, in many services and in all parts of the world. He had been in action on board of a Brazilian steam-sloop; had nearly died from the intense heat in the engine-room of a Peninsular and Oriental boat in the Red Sea; had been wrecked in a West India mail-steamer, and afterwards discharged from the service for a smuggling transaction, with which he vowed that he himself had really nothing to do; was at the time the late war broke out serving on board a Russian war-steamer, which of course he left as soon as possible; had served on board a river-boat on the Mississippi, and another on the Hooghly; and had seen many a strange event in these and other services, from the plain matter-of-fact point of view natural to his temperament and education.

One evening we were slipping along fast under steam and canvas, with the wind and sea on the beam; and the ship, though not pitching much, was rolling a good deal. I came shivering off the deck, where I had been smoking a cigar in the moonlight, and seated myself in my accustomed place on the engine-room platform, enjoying the warm glow from the furnaces. Angove had just lit a cigar which I gave him, when a slight escape of steam from one of the valve stuffing-boxes arrested his attention. The platform on which we had our seat was on a level with the tops of the cylinders, with a railing nearly breast-high between it and the engines; and to get at the stuffing-box in question it was necessary, in order to avoid being struck by the bars of the parallel motion, to wait until the engine took her down-stroke, and then vault in over the rail to the top of the cylinder-cover, before she came up again. Taking a spanner, to screw down the gland, Angove awaited the proper moment, and vaulted over the rail; but at that instant the ship took a heavier roll than ordinary, his foot slipped on the greasy, sloping surface of the false cover, and he had the narrowest escape possible from being precipitated headlong among the working parts of the machinery. He saved himself just in time by catching hold of the cylinder cross-head; but this cross-head worked up to within half an inch of one of the deck-beams, and before he could withdraw his hand the two were nearly close together; the smallest conceivable space of time longer, and his hand would have been crushed between them: such close work was it, indeed, that he actually felt the squeeze, and the skin was red with the pressure.

I know I was terribly frightened, and started up pale and horror-struck; but Angove finished his work coolly, vaulted out again over the rail, and seated himself at my side, a little pale, but perfectly calm and self-possessed, and smoked away his cigar as if nothing had happened.

"My dear fellow," I cried, "what a narrow escape! I thought it was all over with you."

"Yes, indeed," he said, "it was close work! But, thank God, it is all right. A very small fraction of a second longer" — looking at his hand — "and my power of using hammer and chisel would n't have been of much account."

We sat for some minutes without speaking; both, no doubt, meditating on what had occurred; and then, full of the subject, I said, —

"It must be very dangerous work, going about the engines in really bad weather?"

"Yes it is," he said, "especially in some engine-rooms; nearly as bad, I think, as it is for the sailors to go aloft. But I have always been very fortunate."

"Did you never meet with an accident?" I asked.

"No," he replied; "but I was very near one once, — a worse one perhaps than even this would have been, — and yet it was not exactly an accident either.

"What was it, then?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "it is a subject on which I don't much like to speak; and, indeed, I have never told the whole story to any one; but I think a sufficiently long time has now elapsed, and I may as well give it to you since you are pleased to say you like hearing my little adventures.

"It was many years ago, when the Californian gold-diggings were attracting everybody's attention, that I went out as third engineer of a steamer from Panama to San Francisco. I liked the captain very much, and I had known him by sight before, though he did n't know me; for a short time previously, he had several times come on board a ship to which I then belonged at New York, to see the captain, who was a friend of his. Once or twice, he had brought off his wife and little daughter with him, — such a sweet, lady-like young woman, and such a dear little girl! — I recollect taking them down once and showing the engines, — and the lady appeared so fond of her husband! I wondered how he could leave them to come on this station, in that lawless time of gold-seeking. Our chief engineer, too, was a good sort of man, and one who knew his work well; the second was n't a bad fellow either, though too fond of his glass; but the rest of the officers and crew were not pleasant shipmates. The ship was not a comfortable one to me in any respect, and I soon determined that my first

voyage in her should be my last, though we had first-rate wages to induce us to stick by the ship at San Francisco, and not run away to the gold-diggings.

"We arrived out safely, without any adventure; but we had to wait a long time there before we could sail on our homeward voyage. Notwithstanding all precautions, a great many of our crew ran away, and it was impossible to replace them: indeed, the harbor was full of ships lying useless there for want of crews to take them away. But we had also another loss, and a great one, in our chief engineer. He had been ailing on the voyage out, and he died, poor fellow! whilst we were lying in the harbor. Our second was not exactly the person to take charge of the engines, being, as I have said, rather too fond of drink, and the captain, we heard, was trying all he could do to get some one in our chief's place. Macpherson, the second, was of course very indignant at this — but so it was.

"I should think we must have been quite two months at San Francisco before we were ready to sail again, — for you must understand that we were not a regular packet on the station, but had been specially chartered for the voyage out, — and we thought that we were going, after all, without any new chief engineer. We, in the engine-room, were pleased at this, for Macpherson was a good sort of a fellow enough, except for that fault which I have mentioned, and a first-rate workman; but, on the very last day before sailing, the captain, of whom we had seen but little for some time past, came on board with a person whom he introduced to the engine-room hands as their new chief.

"He was not the only new arrival on board. There were a few — very few — passengers; and a lady, who I heard, to my astonishment, was the captain's wife, whom he had married since we had been at San Francisco. Now, as I have already told you, I had seen his wife and little daughter but a short time before, so you may think how much I was surprised at seeing this other woman brought on board as his wife now. I was very much surprised at our captain, whom I had taken for a different sort of man; but it was all no business of mine, so I held my tongue about it. This new woman that he had now was very handsome, certainly, though of a bold, masculine style of beauty, and with such an eye! I thought I should n't exactly like her for a wife myself; though she was really handsome, and it was no wonder that any man should be taken up with her.

"Right or wrong, I form my opinions of people pretty quickly; and I did n't like our new chief. He was quiet and mild in his manners certainly, — wonderfully so for that time, in that part of the world, — but there was a wild, dissipated, wicked look, if you understand me, in his eye, which seemed to me to tell that he could be very different if he chose. I could not help remarking to Macpherson, that I thought we had a rum one to deal with now; and he replied that he should like to know his history, for he guessed it was a strange one.

"One thing was evident to me from the first time he came into the engine-room, — he was not a practical working engineer. That he knew something about engines was plain; and he gave his orders with decision, and without any apparent doubt of himself; but there was a theoretical rather than a practical twang about them, as if his knowledge of marine engines had been gained rather by study than by experience. His hands were too white and delicate for a man who had used the hammer and chisel and file much; and, coming into the engine-room suddenly on the evening before we sailed, I found him doing some job at the vice which was fixed there, — something for himself, I fancy, and not for the engines, — and, from the manner in which he handled his tools, it was plain that he was no workman. I set him down in my own mind for a civil engineer, who had come out to the diggings, had got a bad run of luck, and was glad to work his way home as best he could.

"At length we were ready for sea, having taken on board a small cargo, and also some gold on its way to the States. We had beautiful weather down the coast, and for some time nothing unusual occurred. Macpherson and I kept watch and watch alternately, our new chief of course taking none: indeed, he came very seldom into the engine-room at all; and, when he did, he interfered with nobody. He would just glance at the gauges, open a fire-door and look in, and feel the heat of the condensers; but he would make no remark, unless there was a little escape of steam, or anything of that sort which a child might notice. He seldom found fault with anybody; and very often, indeed almost every night, he used to send down grog to the stokers and trimmers on watch, so that they began to consider him a sort of sea-angel, and to wish that they could always have him for a chief. Our captain, too, appeared to think more of his wife than of the ship, and also seemed to me to be drinking pretty much; and Macpherson soon found that he might take his little drop when he liked, having nobody to find fault with him, except myself, who was his subordinate. So, altogether, discipline became very lax, and, except for the mates, we were quite a happy family at sea. I could not help fancying, however, that it was all too good to last; and so it turned out.

"We had got well down the coast, and I know we were not far off the land, when one night — a fine night it was, but very dark — it was my watch below from midnight to four in the morning. When I say, 'my watch below,' you know, sir, I do not mean my watch below, in the engine-room, but my turn to be off duty. Macpherson and I occupied as a sleeping cabin one of the deck-houses abaft the paddle-wheel, in which were two bunks, one over the other, one his and the other mine. At eight bells — twelve o'clock, you know — I called him, and he turned out as usual, and went to take charge of the engine-room; whilst I turned into my bunk and tried to go to sleep. Now to sleep close behind a paddle-box, with the wheel but a foot or two from your head, is, for those unaccustomed to it, and sometimes even for those who are used to it, rather a difficult operation, especially when the ship is rolling. There is a creak and a buzz, as your side rises with the roll; and a roar, and a bang, and a shock, and a splutter as your wheel is in its turn half buried in the sea; with a continual tremble and shake, never ceasing for a moment, which, altogether, render sleeping in such a position an art only to be acquired by long practice; and, as I have said, not always to be depended upon even then. I can sleep as well as most people; and am not at all a particular man in such matters; but on the night in question, although there was not much sea on, I soon found that any attempt to get a sleep in my bunk was hopeless. I could not afford to throw away my four hours in thinking about it; so, turning out again, without much delay, I went below to the

engine-room, and crept into a snug little spot between the starboard cylinder and the forward bulkhead of the engine-room, which I had several times before, on our outward voyage, used for a similar purpose. I must describe the engine-room to you. It was very much like this one: the engines were side-levers like these; and the stoke-hole, with its fire-doors, was adjoining the engine-room, without any separation between. The cylinders were forward, about four feet from the bulkhead, and the boilers and stoke-hole were aft. There was a platform, just like this, at the level of the tops of the cylinders, on each side of the engine-room, and across the forward part of it, close to the bulkhead; with ladders at the after-ends of the two side platforms leading down to the stoke-hole; and another at the middle of the part that went across, by which you descended to a narrow passage between the engines, where the starting-handles, &c., were placed: at the same part of the platform was the ladder which communicated with the deck.

"You will see from this that there was at the forward end of the engine-room, having the cylinders and ends of the engines on one side of it, the bulkhead on the other, and the cross platform for a roof, a space about four feet wide, and in length the whole width of the ship. The port side of this space was filled with tallow-casks, oil-cans, &c., for which there was not room in the store-closet; but on the starboard side there was a nice, snug little spot, kept tolerably cool, though so near the cylinders, by the draught of air from the deck, and through some holes in the bulkhead, from the fore-hold. This snuggery was approached by a narrow passage on the starboard side of the ship, — for the ladders and the deck-pump prevented your getting in from between the engines, and the donkey-engine was in the way on the port side; and you had to make a rush to get in, where you did, without a ducking from the starboard waste-water pipe through the ship's side, which was very leaky, so that there was generally a torrent of water falling down from it. But once in, with a bag of cotton wipings for a bed, and my jacket rolled up for a pillow, I could generally calculate on a comfortable snooze, without disturbance from the wheels or anything else. I am obliged to be so particular in my description, or you would never understand what I have to relate. In this favorite spot of mine, then, you will understand that I lay down, and in a very few minutes was fast asleep.

"I had not slept very long, when I awoke with a start, and with an uneasy consciousness that there was something unusual in the working of the engines. I leant on my elbow and listened. They were going much more slowly than usual, and there was a peculiar jerking style about their motion which seemed as if they were working expansively with high steam; and the well-known rushing sound in the steam-pipes, like the wind through a doorway, when the door is ajar, showed me in a moment that they were closely "throttled," — that is, that the valves in the pipes leading to the cylinders were partially closed, so as to check the flow of steam from the boilers to the engines. I saw, too, that there was a very bright glow from the furnaces, and that the fires were more than usually intense. I fancied, also, from the absence of the usual currents of air, except through the windsail and from the forehold, and the appearance of the lights and shadows, that the hatches over the crank gratings, and the companion leading to the deck, were closed, — a thing that was very unusual except in bad weather.

"I was about to creep out of my lair to see what was the meaning of all this, when I heard persons in conversation in the passage between the engines, and almost close to where I was. By a slight movement I was able also to see them. One was our chief engineer, who had never before been known in the engine-room at this hour of the night; he had his hands on the injection handles, and was regulating the supply of water to the diminished quantity of steam passing through the engines. The other, with his back turned towards me, was a person whom I did not know at all. He appeared a slight, gracefully-formed young man, of middle height, dressed in sailor's clothes of a fine texture, and with the voice of a youth rather than of a man. I should have gone out at once to see what was doing, but the first words I distinguished arrested my attention in a moment. It was the youth who said, —

"'How long before we shall leave the ship?'

"'Not long now,' replied the chief; 'but we have nothing more to do, except to start when it is time.'

"'Are you sure the third engineer is all right?'

"'Yes. He sleeps in one of the wheel-houses, and I have turned the key upon him. Dick is at the wheel; the rest of the watch on deck, and these smutty fellows are disposed of. We have lowered the boat all safe, and all is ready for a start.'

"'Then, why not go now?'

"'No, we might still be discovered in time to spoil all. Let us wait till the last moment, and we shall be sure that we have got rid of the infernal ship and all that could ever give us trouble. But, by — !" he said, with a glance towards the gauges, "there is n't much time to spare, either. The steam mounts quicker than I thought; it is at twenty-five already, and the water is all out of the gauges. Just step on deck, and tell Dick we shall be off at once."

"The youth turned and ascended quickly to the deck; and the chief went to the stoke-hole, opened the furnace-doors, looked at the fires, and threw in some coals and tallow.

"I should make a bad hand at describing my feelings, and all that sort of thing; but I think you may imagine that the unaccountable appearance of a stranger in the ship, — the intelligence that the watch both on deck and in the engine-room were disposed of, — the knowledge that the steam was at twenty-five pounds to the inch, our usual working pressure being fifteen, and rapidly rising, with the safety-valves, of course, fastened down or very heavily loaded, — the engines throttled of half their steam, the feed in the boilers very low, and the furnaces fed with oil and tallow, it was altogether enough to make one feel queer. The boilers were new and strong; but, for that very reason, when they did give way, the destruction would be the greater; and I expected soon a terrific explosion, which might probably send the ship to the bottom. I understood at once — indeed, there was no room for doubt after what I had seen and heard — that the villains had by some means got hold of the gold on board; that they had either drugged or overpowered the watch, and that it was their intention to blow up the ship, and escape in the confusion; or to get away a little beforehand, and trust to the explosion, which must inevitably follow, to remove all proof of their

crime and all dread of capture. I saw what it was; but I confess to you, sir, at the risk of being thought a coward, that I stood at first unable to think or act to any useful purpose. Had I been prompt and decided, now was my time to have acted while the stranger was on deck; but I own that I stood rooted to the spot, with shaky knees, with quivering lips, and with the cold, clammy perspiration standing on my forehead. I have often been in peril, but I never felt so unmanned, before or since, as I did then; and I verily believe that, had I been left alone, I should have allowed the ship, and the gold, and my own life, and the lives of all on board to take their chance, rather than venture out to face those desperadoes.

"But I had not the choice. The chief, after looking at the fire and examining the gauges, crossed the stoke-hole to the other passage under the starboard platform, with the view probably of getting at some of the grease and tallow that was stowed away close by where I had made my couch. I saw that I must now be discovered; but with the prospect of a struggle with one man singly, my courage revived, my limbs became steady, and the coward feeling left my heart. He groped his way slowly up the passage, and then made the rush which I have described as necessary to avoid the water from the waste-pipe. This rush brought him close to me before he stopped, and we stood face to face. My eyes were accustomed to the dim light of the place, while his were yet dazzled by the bright glare of the fires; so that I could distinguish his features, while he was yet uncertain whether there was any one there but himself. I ought to have seized the opportunity, and attacked him at once, but I foolishly let the moment pass, and instead of acting promptly, I sung out, 'Who is there?' In a moment his eyes lit up with a look of fierce intelligence; and with a suppressed exclamation, he sprang upon me. The suddenness of the attack made me start back; and, my foot being tripped up by the bag of cotton I used for a bed, we fell heavily to the deck together, I being undermost. His left hand was on my throat; and clutching my hair with his right, he, with a quick lift and jerk, moved my head to one side towards the engine. I did not resist the movement much, for I had not thought exactly where I was lying; but oh! think what was my horror at the next instant to see directly over me the end of the side lever descending, and not more than three feet above my head! By a violent effort I got out of the way just in time; but even then the cutter at the end of the lever grazed my forehead in its descent. The horror of my position seemed to give me for the moment preternatural strength, and I succeeded in rolling my antagonist over till I became uppermost; and then I struck him with my clenched fist two or three heavy blows on the face with such effect, that his hold of me relaxed, and I thought that I had stunned him. In a moment I gained my feet and fled; but I had been mistaken in fancying I had quieted my antagonist; he was nearly as quick as I was, and pursued me closely. I rushed through the passage by the side of the ship, across the stoke-hole, through the passage between the engines, and thence to the platform and up the ladder leading to the deck. The chief was close behind me, so that I dared not lose time by turning my head; and I remember how I heard his feet slip as he crossed the iron floor of the stoke-hole directly after me. I tried to fling open the door of the companion, and gain the deck: I thought that my escape was certain. But oh! sir, I had no sooner touched the door than I found that it was closed, fastened on the outside. I looked down. The chief was standing on the platform at the foot of the ladder; he held a revolving pistol in his hand, and was then in the act of cocking it! There was no time for hesitation, and I flung myself right off the ladder upon him. He fired, but without having time to take aim, and I was not hit. With the force of my fall, we both rolled off the platform into the passage between the engines, the pistol being at the same time dashed from his hand. How we both escaped being crushed by the machinery I scarcely know; but so it was, and directly we were both on our feet again, and struggling through the passage on to the slippery stoke-hole floor.

"Here, still grasping each other's throats, we paused to take breath: and I saw then that Macpherson and the stokers, and trimmers of the watch were lying either dead or dead drunk about the side platforms and stoke-hole. I shouted as well as I could, but without avail; and then a thought flashed across me, — the steam whistle! There was a handle by which it could be sounded from the engine-room. If I could but reach that, I must alarm all the ship, and we might yet be saved! But at that moment the companion was opened, and the youth, the chief's accomplice, descended. He came down the ladder hastily; but he had no sooner turned and seen what was going on than he paused, as if frightened and irresolute how to act. The chief saw him as soon as I did, and sung out to him, —

"'The pistol! the pistol! There, between the engines!'

"The youth picked up the pistol, and coming forward, presented it at me; but I could see, even in that moment, that he had omitted to cock it. He pulled at the trigger, but of course without avail. The chief saw, as I did, the cause of the failure. 'Cock it, d—n you, — cock it!' he cried out; and then I heard the click as the hammer was drawn back, and the chamber revolved. It was now or never for me. I am a Cornishman, sir; and, like most from that country, a little bit of a wrestler. I had regained my strength a little, and skill took the place of what was wanting. It was my only chance. So, quick as lightning, I gave the chief the 'toe,' as we call it in our country, and turned him over like a top towards the side on which the youth was standing. He fired at the same instant; but the sudden turn I gave my antagonist changed our positions, and the bullet, after inflicting a flesh wound in my arm, entered his body instead of mine. The youth gazed for a moment with a look of horror, and then, with a scream, threw herself on the body. At that same instant I saw who it was. It was no youth, but a woman, and our captain's new wife. But I did not wait to speculate on this, for I saw that the fires must be drawn at once, and I had no strength left. I sprang to the handle and sounded the whistle. There was the well-known shrill shriek which could not fail to be heard throughout the ship; and I fell down fainting on the stoke-hole floor.

"I remember little more that passed until I found myself in the hospital at Panama. The events of that night — my wound, and the want of medical attendance, for we carried no surgeon — had brought on an attack of fever, and I had been dangerously ill. I had been delirious, and when I did regain my consciousness, the events which had really happened were so mingled in my brain with the extravagant fancies of my delirium, that I found it

difficult to distinguish the one from the other. I soon discovered, however, that people had been told I had been guilty of gross insubordination towards the chief engineer, and that he had been so maddened by passion as to fire his revolver at me; and that I, having gained possession of the weapon in the struggle which ensued, had shot him, to save my own life. Of course I denied this; but my ideas, and, no doubt my talk, were still so incoherent, that but little notice was taken of what I said. Soon the captain of the steamer came to my bedside, and begged and entreated me in the most earnest, the most piteous manner, to allow this version of the story to be believed. He said he had been bewitched by the charms and arts of that woman; and, believing that none of the crew knew he was already married, he had agreed to give her a passage, and had taken her on board with him as his wife. She had obtained from him, by pretending a playful womanish curiosity, a knowledge of where the gold on board was stowed, and how it could be got at; and this vile woman, with her accomplice (the villain whom he had foolishly engaged, at her recommendation, as chief engineer), and another man, also shipped at San Francisco, had between them conceived and attempted to carry out that atrocious project in which they had been so nearly successful. The engineer's hurt had not been serious; and the captain said that he had connived at his escape with his accomplices as soon as the ship got into port. The woman, indeed, had not been seen in her disguise by any one but himself; for he had been first in the engine-room when the whistle sounded the alarm, and had managed somehow to get her out of the way unseen. "It would be useless now," he said, "to attempt to capture them"; and he implored me not to contradict the account he had caused to be circulated, and so cause his ruin, which would be sure to follow, should his owners learn the real truth of the story. He made the most solemn vows of repentance and amendment, and I believe he was truly sorry for his fault, as well as its consequences; but I was deaf to all until he spoke of his sweet wife and his dear little girl, whom I had seen, as I have said, at New York. Well, sir, at length I yielded, and agreed to confirm the account he had given. You may be sure that the crew, and especially Macpherson and the rest of the watch in the engine-room and on deck, — who had been drugged by some liquor which the chief had given them, — were not altogether imposed upon, and a hundred different versions of the story were flying about. But no one ever knew the rights of the affair, — we were not in England, you know, sir, and it was a lawless time and a lawless part of the world. I returned to Europe as soon as I was recovered, and from that time to this I have never told anybody but you how it all happened."

PETÖFI, THE HUNGARIAN POET.

The manner in which genius triumphs over circumstances was never more strikingly illustrated than by the example of the Hungarian Petöfi, or rather Petrovich Sándor, which was his proper name. Who would expect a butcher's son, educated at an indifferent provincial school, and forced to earn his bread by a very rough life indeed, to give birth to sublime sentiments, and couch them in verse which would be the delight of some of the finest intellects in Europe, Humboldt and Heine amongst the number? The doctrine of the hereditary transmission of talent receives a rude shock by such a case as Petöfi's. His father was the coarsest of the coarse, and engaged in an occupation likely to have a most brutalizing effect on the mind; yet Petöfi, evidently from his works, was a man who possessed the most delicate and refined feelings and sublime ideas. He was both a true poet and a true patriot. He could sing most touchingly and eloquently the wrongs of his country, and — what is more rare — was ready willingly to shed his blood to redress them. His most ardent wish, he tells us in one of his most beautiful poems, was to die on the battle-field fighting for Hungary, and he seemed to have a presentiment that such would be his fate, for the poem in question was a literal prophecy. He fell during the retreat of the Hungarian patriot army in 1849, and had the last spark of life "trampled" out of his body by "the flying horse." His body was cast into a ditch amidst a heap of others, and was never found. This tragic end — lamentable as it may appear — was in consonance with the character of the man, and lends an additional interest to his works, as it proves he really was in earnest in what he wrote. We do not say that the poem in which he unconsciously foreshadowed his own death is his best, but it is certainly beautiful, and as it is a complete description of a remarkable man's death, written by himself, which is a *rara avis*, we believe it may interest the reader, and therefore subjoin it: —

"One thought torments me sorely, — 't is that I,
Pillowed on a soft bed of down, may die, —
Fade slowly, like a flower, and pass away
Under the gentle pressure of decay.
Paling as pales a fading, flickering light
In the dark, lonesome solitude of night:
O God! let not my Magyar name
Be linked with such a death of shame!
No! rather let it be
A lightning-struck, uprooted tree, —
A rock, which torn from mountain brow,
Comes rattling, thundering down below,
Where every fettered race, tired with their chains,
Muster their ranks, and seek the battle plains;
And with red flushes the red flag unfold,
The sacred signal there inscribed in gold, —
'For the world's liberty!'
And, far and wide, the summons to be free
Fills east and west, — and to the glorious fight
Heroes press forward, battling for the right:
There will I die!
There, drowned in mine own heart's blood, lie
Poured out so willingly; th' expiring voice,
Even in its own extinction, shall rejoice.
While the sword's clashing, and the trumpet's sound,
And rifles and artillery thunder round;
Then may the trampling horse
Gallop upon my corse,
When o'er the battle-field the warriors fly,
There let me rest till glorious victory
Shall crown the right, — my bones upgathered be
At the sublime interment of the free!"

Alexander Petöfi was the Burns of Hungary, and, although born in a most humble station and leading a vagabond life, which one would think little likely to cultivate the mind, he succeeded in producing rustic songs which Henry Heine has said "are sweeter than the nightingale," and which have certainly placed him at the head of all Hungarian poets. His poems have often been well translated into German, and into other languages also, but not so well. The poems of Petöfi are characterized by great simplicity, feeling, and passion; and although he led such a vagabond life, and was at one time a strolling player, his effusions are not in a single instance disgraced by the impurities which disfigure the productions of many of his compeers, and in particular those of Burns. As the number of persons who are acquainted with the Magyar language is very small, the English poetic public will doubtless be obliged to so eminent a linguist as Sir John Bowring for

Uncle Linacre, in his pride as steward of Latten-cover, one of the best-managed estates in the county, looked down, with a sort of pitying regard, on the long-neglected and sorely run-out property of Saxonfield, and on one occasion deplored to Jane that David Ronald had been apprenticed to trade, instead of studying farming or land management.

"But I was only bailiff then," said he; "and I thought your father could do better for him."

From this she inferred that Uncle Linacre looked down on shopkeeping.

Jane was in her seventeenth year, and her last half-year at school, when the news came that Miss St. Just had won the great Saxonfield cause. Of course there was to be a festival at the school in her honor; and Miss Vanstrandin partly wrote, and partly translated from the French, a little play to be acted on the occasion, in which Jane was to perform the part of heroine. The evening came; the various young performers were standing with palpitating hearts awaiting the critical moment when the curtain should draw up; when Miss St. Just, beautifully dressed, passed quickly along a corridor which opened on the little stage, and, sweeping her long muslin dress over the nearest footlight, it instantly caught fire. Jane, whose admiring eyes followed her everywhere, was the only one who saw the danger, and, rushing forward, she threw herself upon the burning muslin, and catching it in her own ample dress, which fortunately was woollen, extinguished the fire. The whole was the work of a moment; so that when Jane, overcome by her own feeling, burst into a fit of hysterical weeping, those who rushed forward to see what was amiss were angry at her ill-timed excitement.

By this circumstance Jane won the regard and the gratitude of the heiress, who left early the following morning, but shortly afterwards sent her a handsome gold locket, containing her hair, and an invitation to visit her at Saxonfield.

In a few weeks she herself left school, and, coming home, found various preparations to welcome her. Her parents had designed a surprise for her, and not an uncostly one either. The sitting-room over the shop was new-papered, carpeted, and furnished for her use. Aunt Ronald, who dearly loved her beautiful niece, had almost sewn her fingers to the bone in her share of the labor of love, for she was great at upholstery work. The young girl was not wanting in gratitude, nor unappreciative of kindness; but the sense of beauty and refinement, which she had perfected in her twelve half-years at Twickenham, left her shocked by the first view of a red and green carpet, rose-trellised walls, and blue damask curtains. She might be said to gasp for breath as her loving aunt — anticipating the mother, who was busy in the shop — threw open the room-door, and then, herself entering, stood in silence to witness the expected joyful surprise. But Jane had not a word to say.

"Don't you like it, dear?" asked the aunt, troubled at the silence. "Mother thought you would be so pleased, and father gave the money so willingly."

"It was very kind," said Jane, and that was all.

The aunt, not liking to tell them down stairs that Jane did not show any pleasure, kept out of everybody's way for an hour or two, and Jane in the mean time cried in her bedroom to think that now for years she should have to endure that ugly room. Poor girl! this ill-considered kindness of her family was, in its way, as great a mortification to her as the shop. Nothing, however, is so bad but that it may be mended, and Jane was not without resources. In the end, therefore, she contrived so far to tone down and even to harmonize the ill-assorted colors as to leave the room, if not elegant, at least bearable. Here, too, she could do just as she liked; consequently, she surrounded herself by books, for she was an immense novel-reader; and in their pages she lived in the most elegant houses, and associated with earls and countesses, county squires and their ladies. In vain would she have sought in those pages for an honest lover who was a shopkeeper. There was not such a thing! In life, however, — at least in her life, — it was different, and that was her misfortune.

She had not, therefore, been long at home before she found herself the object of David Ronald's regard. He was now the faithful assistant and book-keeper in the business, and the son-in-law elect of the house, according to the wishes of the parents, though they had sense enough to leave him free to make his own choice.

But David Ronald, though a shopkeeper's assistant, was no common man. He was intellectually far superior to his calling; he was a real gentleman, well-bred, of cultivated mind, kind-hearted, and agreeable in person and manners. But all this with Jane went for nothing; he was only the book-keeper in her father's shop: she had never read of any hero of romance who stood behind a counter. Farmers' sons might be countrified; professors in universities might have small incomes, but still these might be interesting; not so a shopkeeper. She saw plainly before her a very painful time when David's love would no longer keep silence; she therefore avoided him, and was a very Barbara Allen to him in her disdainful scorn. Just at this time, however, a very agreeable and flattering event occurred, and, according to her feelings, the most opportune also. She received the promised invitation to visit the heiress at Saxonfield.

Miss St. Just had been now several months in possession, and had already become the talk of the whole country, — not alone for her attractive personal qualities, but also for her original but characteristic mode of procedure. Rejecting all ideas of a woman's incapacity for managing her affairs, she established herself in the long-neglected house, on the ill-conditioned land, resolute to show that she understood both her duties and her responsibilities. Her wealthy landed neighbors crowded round her, volunteering service and advice, and each one anxious to recommend to her some steward or bailiff of the most unquestioned ability. There was hardly a gentleman in the county who was not desirous, either for himself or somebody else, to assume the management of her property. But she had formed her own plans, and would have nothing to do with any of them.

She had not, in fact, been many days at Saxonfield, — where she brought down a small establishment of well-selected servants and an elderly lady, her first governess and life-long friend, as her companion, — when, having accidentally fallen in with the steward of Latten-cover, she was so well pleased with his good sense and evident practical knowledge, that she determined to make him her guide and counsellor for the time being. Besides which, he having nobody to recommend to her service, his advice was disinterested; and all being in such perfect order on the Latten-cover estate, she conceived confidence in him, and he became virtually the

mainspring of all her immediate action. She enjoyed beyond everything an active, executive life. She was not a delicate lady to recline in her carriage, and view her property only from the drives through it. She might daily be seen on horseback, overlooking her draining and road-making and mending, whilst every other kind of improvement was actively going forward everywhere. The house in itself was very handsome, and repairs and modernizing internally and refurnishing, supplied still further sources of interest. In the mean time she was living in a grand, hospitable way, surrounded by willing friends, old and young, giving dinner-parties for the elder, and picnics and out-of-door entertainments, through the summer, in her as yet wilderness park and grounds, to the infinite delight of the young.

It was just at this time also, when all the country was ringing with her fame, that the shy and retiring young squire of Latten-cover, having established his poor emigrants satisfactorily in the Western States, returned home.

Scarcely could any two characters appear outwardly more different than those of the two young neighbor proprietors. Fortunately, Saxonfield adjoined Latten-cover; therefore, as soon as the ice of a first acquaintance was broken, — which was always difficult to the young man, — he found, in the plan of his steward, a constant source of occupation on her estate.

In this way a great intimacy soon grew up between them; yet Mather was never seen at the grand Saxonfield dinner-parties; he kept himself apart from his wealthy neighbors, as far at least as visiting went, though he was hospitable and generous; but everything conventional was opposed to his nature, and it mattered little to him whether he were thought eccentric or not, so long as his own conscience left him free of reproach. He lived, therefore, in his own peculiar fashion; spending little on himself; careless in his dress; ready to help everybody; ready to do a man's work, let it come in what form it would, — a rare character, but one which it was impossible for ordinary country squires or fine ladies to appreciate.

II.

JANE's distance and hauteur had kept the reticent Scotchman silent, — all the more agreeable, therefore, was her leaving home. At Saxonfield her life was a real romance, as beautiful as any to be found in the pages of her novels. All was splendor and gayety; for though she was known to be the niece of the steward of Latten-cover, yet, as the guest of the heiress, and treated by her with sisterly affection, she was admitted to all the houses where she herself visited, and partook of the pleasures which they afforded.

It was a bright summer chapter in her life, which was suddenly ended by a summons from home to the deathbed of her father. Though affectionate and dutiful by nature, her sympathies had not flowed forth strongly for either of her parents. She had been educated into a being very distinct from themselves, so that, could her life have flowed on according to her liking, her parents would not necessarily have formed one of its elements; yet a scene like that to which she was summoned, without any preparation, was one to call into passionate vitality every slumbering instinct of daughterly affection. It was her loving and indulgent father whom she saw, struck down by a mortal malady, lying before her, and who now, in the very presence of death, was waiting to give her his last injunction and his blessing.

She knelt at his bedside, and besought him to live, and she would be tenfold his daughter in love and duty.

But he knew that his hours were numbered, and, apparently regardless of himself, and with an impatience which seemed to reject terms of endearment or request, demanded a promise that she would become the wife of David Ronald, — that faithful servant that had been as a son to him, and who loved him as a father. But, confounded and almost paralyzed by his words, she remained silent. Then her soul rose in rebellion, and the old Lucifer-pride hardening her heart, she demanded, in her turn, why he required this impossible thing from her. The firmness of his character now asserted itself, and, calling back life, as it were, he sternly reproved her for pride and ingratitude, and reiterated his command.

Ronald, who learned what was passing in the death-chamber from the mother, hastened to the bedside, where Jane still knelt in an agony of bewildered feeling; and, addressing the dying man, pleaded for his daughter, renouncing all claim to her hand, and justifying her rejection of his wishes. But it was too late; the old man had ceased to understand more than that all was wrong, and that his daughter had thwarted him at the last. Thus he died, leaving to the survivors a far deeper pang than any ordinary death could have inflicted.

The mother, a strong-willed woman, who had done a man's work rather than a woman's for great part of her life, and who had lived in hand-in-hand union with her husband, never willingly compromising his wishes, now felt herself standing, as it were, in his place, and accepted it as a duty to carry out his wishes. The father's will, indeed, was so framed as to make this additionally desirable, for a share of the business was left to Ronald, and so much control over the whole as would render him a very useful or a very desirable partner. She was not wanting in affection to her daughter, but she was by no means of a sentimental character. She loved money and the means of making money, and seeing now the position in which she stood with a partner in the business, who, if not a son-in-law, must bring in his own separate interests, she would hear of nothing but that her daughter should be willing to carry out her father's wishes. The daughter, on her part, was resolute, and a warfare began in the bereaved house which must have led to a still sadder perplexity, had not Ronald himself voluntarily and nobly come to the rescue.

Scarcely had his old friend and master been buried a week when he presented to the widow a properly-drawn, legal renunciation of all part in Ibbotson's property, and all claim to any advantages he might have derived under his will. This was a surprise to the widow, but, under existing circumstances, a great relief.

"It is ten thousand pounds at the lowest estimate," she said, in a tone of astonished vexation. "He knows that as well as I do; and which of you two is the greatest fool, it is hard for me to say!"

But this to her was only the beginning of troubles. David was as determined to leave as Jane had been not to marry him; and in losing him she lost, as it seemed at the moment, the very life and strength of the business; still more was it so when she began to experience the trouble of strange faces, and the

responsibility of everything lying on her shoulders. Offers of partnership she had from all quarters, but these she indignantly refused.

"I am Widow Ibbotson," she said, "and as it was not God's will that David should profit by the business, I'll have no new name mixed up with mine."

And for all this she held her daughter responsible.

David left and went to "Uncle Linacre's," his intention being to emigrate somewhere; and shortly afterwards his mother followed him, for she said, "I must see about the poor lad's outfit if he goes."

By this means a great gulf opened between the hitherto united families, for Mrs. Ibbotson was angry at being deserted, and all were angry with Jane as the mainspring of the whole mischief.

So the twelve months of outward mourning went on, and a very joyless time it was, and yet Jane, who would have been thankful for some little sunshine of the heart, felt a reluctance to leave her mother. She stayed at home, therefore, and bore her petulance with patient equanimity. The fulfilment of all duty is a gracious thing, and blessings spring up in very unexpected ways to every heart that is willing to bear another's burden in love. Thus a very gradual but real change came over her. She craved less for excitement; she became less alive to the annoyance of retail trade, and even astonished herself by voluntarily passing through the shop, that she might say a kind word to her mother.

Still her life was dreary. It was not easy to conciliate her mother. The Widow Ibbotson behind her counter, or at her desk, could not forget that it was her daughter who had laid a heavy burden upon her. Thus month after month went on, till more than a year had passed since Ronald left.

In the mean time events had occurred at Latten-cover and Saxonfield which must be mentioned. Opposite as were the characters of the two young landed proprietors, yet that occurred which everybody had long foreseen, though when it did occur nobody knew, and only the kind hearts in the steward's room at Latten-cover could surmise.

A great change suddenly came over the young Squire. He, usually so communicative and buoyant-hearted, became suddenly silent and gloomy. He kept himself apart from every one for a day or two; then announced that he was about to join a scientific expedition, just then setting out for Africa; nor should he return, probably, for some years. All things, however, were to go on as usual, the stewardship remaining in Linacre's hands. Thus, without taking leave of any one, he set off to London. People said that it was nothing but his restless eccentricity, which was always impelling him into one wild scheme or another.

For several months Jane heard nothing from Saxonfield. It seemed to her as if the heiress, absorbed by the flattering influences of her beautiful life, had not a thought for her humble friend; nor yet did a word of kindness or conciliation come to her from Latten-cover. All that was known of those distant places and people came incidentally. Ronald had not emigrated, but was helping Uncle Linacre in his oversight of the neighboring estates. Then came other news. Ronald was immediately leaving England to follow Butler Mather to Africa, where he had last been heard of by letters read at the Geographical Society; but a private letter from him to his steward caused serious anxiety regarding his health, one of the party having already died; and now business of importance rendering communication with him necessary, Ronald had undertaken it, and was at once setting out. These last tidings were communicated by a letter from the young man himself to Mrs. Ibbotson. The letter contained no formal leave-taking, as far as Jane was concerned, but she felt it as such, and was unspeakably affected by it.

None of Ronald's virtues, as they had been exhibited in his long and faithful servitude, had touched her heart; now, however, the calm heroism with which he undertook this perilous duty appealed to her as nothing regarding him had ever done before. "He is a noble-hearted, brave man!" she said to herself, with a bounding emotion of heart which had real pleasure in it. After that day she frequently thought of him; and she who had lived amidst daily moral teaching and Sunday church-going, regardless of prayer for herself, now lifted up her heart in silent supplication for him.

Jane Ibbotson grew more tender and daughterly to her mother; but she never thought of opening her heart to her, for they had never been confidential. Still, they were becoming more sympathetic; and Mrs. Ibbotson wrote to David's mother that she found a growing comfort in her daughter.

It was indirectly owing to this letter that Jane received soon afterwards an invitation from Margaret St. Just, which she so gladly accepted.

The heiress had begun her reign at Saxonfield with almost unbounded hospitality; for the last few months, however, she had lived very retired, on the plea that her yet unfinished house was unfit for the entertainment of guests. People, however, explained this variously. Some said she was fickle; others, that the many offers of marriage she had refused had caused a coolness in these several quarters.

But there was no coolness in her manners towards her guest; on the contrary, a nameless, unexpressed tenderness in her manners made her reception of Jane that of a beloved sister; nor was it long before, as if to relieve herself from a burden which she could not bear alone, she opened her heart to her.

She told that it was not until Mather, having revealed his love in his own honest, straightforward, somewhat blunt fashion, and had been by her as honestly, though not as bluntly rejected. and she had seen his whole joyous being changed, like a vernal landscape seared by east-wind and frost; and then how, with a stern determination, he abandoned the life which had opened to him such a rich field of pleasure and usefulness, and flung himself on danger and hardship, reckless of life, that he might crush every bud of hope or love: then it was, and not till then — when he was gone past recall — that she found her own life despoiled; and night and day a cry arose within her own soul for that which she had cast from her.

"I cannot do things by halves," she said. "He was gone. I tried to school myself into patience; I thought of my womanly dignity; but the longer I strove with myself, the more imperative was the cry within my soul. Then I turned to Ronald, — he was a great friend of Butler's, who, whenever he met with a man honest and true, regarded him as a brother. I took him into my confidence, — nay, do not start; I could not compromise myself with this true-hearted man. I told him of the mistake I had made, — God knows it was a hard task! but I was in a great strait, as between life and death. It was for Mather as well as for myself. I shut my eyes, therefore, as it were, and rushed into the battle.

But I need not have feared. Never shall I forget, or cease to be grateful for, his brotherly sympathy and intelligence, and for the readiness with which he undertook my mission, which was simply to join him, be he where he might, and to give him a sealed letter from me. I only wrote, —

"'If a welcome at Saxonfield will repay the fatigue of a return, come and receive it from Margaret St. Just.'"

Such was Miss St. Just's confession; and, whilst listening to it, Jane's own heart was unlocked to herself: but she made no confession in return.

It was now autumn. Month after month had passed since Ronald left, and no tidings came. No one knew, but Jane Ibbotson, the exact purport of the young man's journey, whatever the Latten-cover people might surmise; but none could fail to observe that some mysterious influence was operating upon the heiress. She was often depressed; more often variable in temper, and passionately irritable. The truth was, that she, to whom action was life, was fretted by the total blank which seemed to surround her. Jane, who kept silence, passed through no less severe a discipline; but her friend, wholly occupied by herself, saw no kindred emotion in her bosom, or accepted it merely as the homage of sympathy.

At length, without letter or intelligence of any kind, — for there were no telegraphs in those days, at least none available for those remote places, — Mather came. He had travelled night and day after receiving the missive from Ronald; steam, by land or sea, could not carry him rapidly enough. But here he now was, resolute, impulsive, rejoicing; yet no sooner had he crossed the threshold than his man's courage forsook him, and, hesitating and blushing till his honest face was all one strange red, he stood in her presence, awkward and unable to say a word. She, too, at sight of him, burst into tears and was silent.

His servants and luggage had, in the mean time, arrived at Latten-cover; and with them came a short letter from Ronald to his mother, the purport of which was, that he stayed behind at Jaffa, intending to join a party then setting off for Syria.

All now was happiness at Saxonfield; the lovers, the most devoted in the world, rejoicing in that perfect love, that perfect understanding which casts out fear. That which was wanting had been supplied; that which was sought for had been found.

The time fixed for the marriage was early spring. In the mean time, a very merry Christmas was to be kept. All the tenants and dependants were to be feasted, so that they might rejoice altogether. Their residence would be Saxonfield, — by far the best of the two mansions; and the steward was still to inhabit the Hall at Latten-cover.

Probably the exuberant spirits of the heiress, and the open-hearted expression of her lover's joy, reacted on Jane; be that as it might, whilst the very walls of Saxonfield seem to echo back a jubilant exultation, she began to feel out of her place. Her mother had given her consent to her already long visit being extended over Christmas. But she longed to be at Latten-cover. Her heart yearned, especially towards David's mother; and one afternoon, entering the little parlor where the woman sat mending the family stockings, she seated herself by her side, and said, —

"Aunt Ronald, I am better worth loving now than I was in those old times in London. God has been schooling me of late, so you must love me, Aunt Ronald, if nobody else can."

"My dear child!" exclaimed the elder woman, as if Jane had asked some unheard-of thing; and then, bursting into tears — for she was the sympathetic member of the family — she began quietly to speak of David.

From this day Jane remained at Latten-cover; and if they were not perfectly reconciled to her, nothing was said of the past.

They gave her the chamber which was called David's; one of the snuggest and warmest in that crumbling old house, partly a sitting-room, in which he kept his books and his papers: and here a singular circumstance occurred.

In the early dawn, after the first night of sleeping there, she seemed to hear, or rather to be awoke by a voice which said, in mournful accents, "Syrian fever!"

Without questioning or reasoning, she knew that the words had reference to David; though, till then, she had never heard of this Eastern malady. She slept no more; but rose with the daylight, and sought in the well-furnished library for the information she needed, knowing well that Ronald was in life's peril from this cause.

But again she told no one; and in that active house, all, excepting David's mother, were too busy to notice her; and she, simply as kind as usual, asked no questions. Jane passed much of her time alone, and prayed incessantly, —

"Father! if he still live, bring him back to us, as thou hast brought back the other one!"

Nevertheless, she tried to be cheerful and helpful to them all; for her heart was filled with compassionate love, knowing what was before them.

They said one to another, how gentle and amiable she was, and that it was a pity she could not love David.

Christmas was now at hand: the elder ladies had new silk dresses and new caps, and the steward a bran-new suit, for the great evening entertainment at Saxonfield. Miss St. Just had, a week or two before, presented Jane with her dress for the occasion, — a wonderful fabric of white gauze and blue silk, which Aunt Ronald had taken charge of; and all were to go in the great coach, which had never been used since the old Squire's days, and was now to have a week's preparatory airing.

But, in the first place, enormous was the feasting of tenants and dependants at Latten-cover. Roasting, boiling, and baking went on for two whole days; and everybody was then entertained to their hearts' content, as much from the traveller's stories which the young Squire told, at the head of the table, as from the sumptuous fare.

The following was Christmas Day. Dinner in the steward's room was a midday meal; and to this the young Squire was to bring several gentlemen, after church, to luncheon, before they went forward to Saxonfield to dinner. But, instead of coming at one, as was expected, direct from church, they walked over the land in various directions with Linacre, and it was four o'clock before they left. In the mean time, a dreadful discovery had been made by Mrs. Ronald, who, dining early, undertook to lay everybody's things ready for them to put on with the least possible delay. Bringing forth, therefore, Jane's beautiful dress, round which was lightly pinned a soft damask tablecloth, from the large closet — her favorite depository of house-linen, always dry because it adjoined the large kitchen-chimney, and ample enough for a hanging wardrobe — what was her dismay to discover that it was perfect-

ly spoiled by having been hung close to an aperture whence the smoke of the great cookery had found entrance.

The dismay of the two aunts at this discovery was inconceivable. Either of them would have given her own new dress, could that have remedied the mischief; but Jane, to their not less great surprise, declared herself thankful to remain at home. The truth was, that all that day she had been agitated by an inexplicable apprehension — an undefinable sense of an approaching something — which filled her with vague terror.

Her aunts could not understand it; they hoped it was not because she was vexed about her dress, — and then, to be sure, what would Miss St. Just say? As to Uncle Linacre, he was downright angry, and scolded them all for carelessness and stupidity, declaring he would not go without Jane. But he did go without her, after all. The great old coach carried them off, every one of them vexed and disappointed.

They had been gone about three hours; and Jane, having leisurely taken her tea, was seated in the steward's easy-chair, which she had drawn to the hearth, on which burned a miniature Christmas fire, when again that undefined terror took hold of her, and her heart beat violently. She seemed to be waiting for something, but for what she knew not, only that a vague sense of apprehension filled her whole being. Then she roused herself, and tried to be rid of it, wondering what it meant.

In one of these sudden wakings up she heard carriage-wheels approaching slowly, then draw up at the steward's side of the house. It probably was the carriage which Miss St. Just, impatient of her absence, had sent back for her.

But in a moment or two she was aware of a bustle greater than such a summons warranted in the somewhat narrow, dimly-lighted passage which led from the outer door to the steward's parlor. Starting up, therefore, to see what it meant, she perceived an old woman, almost the only domestic left in the house, coming forward with a kitchen candle in her hand.

"Lord-a-mercy!" exclaimed she, in a scared voice, "here 's Mr. David Ronald come back more dead than alive!"

The next moment she beheld a ghastly figure, — a tall man, wrapped in a dark cloak, with a dark foreign travelling cap drawn close round his pallid countenance being led forward by a foreign-looking, swarthy attendant. He was so feeble that he could scarcely stand; and Jane, overcome by the sight, and scarcely knowing whether it were reality or a portion of the strange dream out of which she had only partially awoke, rushed back into the room to assure herself that she was not dreaming, then, inwardly crying to God for help, returned to the passage; and now, placing herself by the side of the sick man, who had advanced but a few paces, and knowing of a truth that this was Syrian fever, and that he was sick unto death, said, as if sensible that this was her proper post, —

"Let me support you, David. Lean on me, for I am strong."

He said nothing, but placing his weak, thin arm on her shoulder, entered the warm, fire-lighted room, and was seated in the large, comfortable chair which she had vacated.

It was in one of the recurrent attacks of this terrible fever that the young man reached home. He was in Damascus when he was first seized, — strange to say, on the very night when Jane received the warning; and he had suffered as much as the human frame was capable of and yet survive.

Whether it were a surprise to find Jane in attendance on him or not, he did not say. For weeks afterwards he was too near the confines of the other life to take much notice of outward objects in this; nevertheless, he was conscious of a gentle presence in his sick-chamber the very movements of which soothed him like low music; and as convalescence came on, it seemed so natural to him that it hardly called for a remark. But when she was away he missed her; and the first recognition which she had from him were the words, —

"Jane, stay with me — as long as I live!"

She did so. But it was not, as he expected, for a few days.

They are now in middle life, a happy, united pair; he the steward of Saxonfield, — if he had chosen to return to the shop it would have been all the same, — and she the mother of many children.

As to old Mrs. Ibbotson, nothing could remove her from the shop. She died at the age of eighty, leaving fifty thousand pounds, — the accumulation of which was greatly attributable to her industry and business talents.

BLACK SHEEP.

BY EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD," ETC.

BOOK II. — CHAPTER V.

IN THE MUIDERSTRAAT.

HIGH houses, broad, jolly, and red-faced, standing now on the edges of quays or at the feet of bridges, now in quaint trim little gardens, whose close-shaven turf is gaudy with brilliant bulbs, or overshadowed by box and yew, but always fringing the long, shallow, black canals, whose sluggish waters scarcely ripple under the passing barge. Water, water, everywhere, and requiring everybody's first consideration, dammed out by vast dikes and let in through numerous sluices, spanned by nearly three hundred bridges, employing a perfect army of men to watch it and tend it, to avail themselves of its presence and yet to keep it in subjection; for if not properly looked after and skilfully managed, it might at any moment submerge the city; avenues of green trees running along the canal banks and blooming freshly in the thickest portions of the commerce-crowded quays; innumerable windmills on the horizon; picture-galleries rich in treasures of Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, and Teniers; dockyards, where square and sturdy ships are built by square and sturdy men, in solemn silence and with much pipe-smoking; asylums, homes, almshouses, through which a broad stream of well-administered charity is always flowing. A population of grave burghers, and chattering vrows, and the fattest, shiniest, and most old-fashioned children; of outlandish sailors and Jews of the grand old type, who might have sat, and whose ancestors probably did sit, as models to Rembrandt; of stalwart bargemen and canal-tenders, of strangers, some pleasure-seeking, but the great majority intent on business; for whatever may be the solemn delights of its inhabitants, to a stranger accustomed to other capitals there are few gayeties to be met with in the city to which George Dallas had wended his way, — Amsterdam.

To George Dallas this mattered very little. Of the grosser kinds of pleasure he had had enough

and more than enough; the better feelings of his nature had been awakened, and nothing could have induced him to allow himself to drift back into the slough from which he had emerged.

Wandering through the long picture-galleries and museums, and gloating over their contents with thorough artistic appreciation, dreamily gazing out of his hotel window over a prospect of barge-dotted and tree-towered canals which would gradually dissolve before his eyes, the beech avenue of the Sycamores arising in its place, recalling Clare Carruthers's soft voice and ringing laugh and innocent, trusting manner, George Dallas could scarcely believe that for months and months of his past life he had been the companion of sharpers and gamblers, and had been cut off from all communication with everything and everybody that in his youth he had been taught to look up to and respect. He shuddered as he recollected the orgies which he had taken part in, the company he had kept, the life he had led. He groaned aloud and stamped with rage as he thought of time lost, character blighted, opportunities missed. And his rage this time was vented on himself: he did not, as usual, curse his stepfather for having pronounced his edict of banishment; he did not lay the blame on luck or fate, which generally bore the burden; he was man enough to look his past life fairly in the face, and to own to himself that all its past privations, and what might have been its future miseries, were of his own creation. What might have been, but what should not be now. A new career lay before him, — a career of honor and fame, inducements to pursue which such as he had never dreamed of were not wanting, and by Heaven's help he would succeed.

It was on the first morning after his arrival in Amsterdam that George Dallas, after much desultory thought, thus determined. Actuated by surroundings in an extraordinary degree, he had, while in London, been completely fascinated by the combined influence of Routh and Harriet; and had he remained with them he would, probably, never have shaken off that influence, or been anything but their ready instrument. But so soon as he had left them the fascination was gone, and his eyes were opened to the degradation of his position, and the impossibility, so long as he continued with his recent associates, of retrieving himself in the eyes of the world, — of being anything to Clare Carruthers. This last thought decided him: he would break with Stewart Routh; yes, and with Harriet, at once! He would sell the bracelet and send the proceeds to Routh with a letter, in which he would delicately but firmly express his determination and take farewell of him and Harriet. Then he would return to London, and throw himself into business at once. There was plenty for him to do at the Mercury, the chief had said, and — No! he must not go back to London, he must not expose himself to temptation; at all events, until he was more capable of resisting it. Now, there would be Routh, with his jovial blandishments, and Deane, and all the set, and Harriet, most dangerous of all! In London he would fall back into George Dallas, the outcast, the reprobate, the black sheep, not rise into Paul Ward, the genius; and it was under the latter name that he had made acquaintance with Clare, and that he hoped to rise into fame and repute.

But though the young man had, as he imagined, fully made up his mind as to his future course, he lounged through a whole day in Amsterdam before he took the first step necessary for its pursuance, — the negotiation of the bracelet and the transmission of the money to Routh, — and it is probable that any movement in the matter would have been yet further delayed had he not come to the end of the slender stock of money which he had brought with him from England. The reaction from a life of fevered excitement to one of perfect calm, the atmosphere of comfortable, quiet, staid tranquillity by which he was surrounded, the opportunity for indulging his artistic sympathies without the slightest trouble, all these influences were readily adopted by a man of George Dallas's desultory habits and easy temperament; but, at last, it was absolutely necessary that some action should be taken, and George consulted the polyglot waiter of the hotel as to the best means of disposing of some valuable diamonds which he had with him.

The question was evidently one to which the polyglot waiter was well accustomed, for he answered at once, "Dimants to puy is best by Mr. Dieverbrug, in Muiderstraat."

Not thoroughly comprehending the instance of the polyglottiness of the polyglot, George Dallas again advanced to the charge, and by varying his methods of attack, and diligently patching together such intelligible scraps as he rescued from the polyglot, he at length arrived at the fact that Mr. Dieverbrug, a Jew, who lived in the Muiderstraat, was a diamond merchant in a large way of business, speaking English, frequently visiting England, and likely to give as good, if not a better price than any one else in the trade. The polyglot added, that he himself was not a bad judge of what he persisted in calling "dimants"; and as this speech was evidently a polite hint, George showed him the stones. The polyglot admired them very much, and pronounced them, in his opinion, worth between two and three hundred pounds, — a valuable hint to George, who expected Mr. Dieverbrug would call upon him to name his price, and if any absurd sum was asked, the intending vendor might be looked upon with suspicion. The polyglot then owned that he himself frequently did a little business in the way of jewel-purchasing from visitors to the hotel, but frankly confessed that the "lot" under consideration was beyond him; so George thanked him and set out to visit Mr. Dieverbrug.

The Muiderstraat is the Jews' quarter of Amsterdam, which said, it is scarcely necessary to add that it is the dirtiest, the foulest, the most evil-smelling. There all the well-known characteristics of such places flourish more abundantly even than in the Frankfort Judengasse or our own Houndsditch. There each house is the repository of countless suits of fusty clothes, heaped up in reckless profusion on the floors, bulging out from cupboards and presses, horribly suggestive of vermin, hanging from poles protruded from the windows. There every cellar bristles with an array of boots of all kinds and shapes, amongst which the little Hebrew children squall, and fight, and play at their little games of defrauding each other. There are the bric-à-brac shops, crammed with cheap odds and ends from every quarter of the globe, all equally undistinguishable under an impartial covering of dust and dirt; there are the booksellers, with their worm-eaten folios and their copies of the Scriptures, and their written announcements in the Hebrew character; there are the cheap printsellers, with smeary copies from popular pictures and highly-colored daubs of French battle-fields and English hunting-scenes. The day

was fine, and nearly all the population was either standing outside its doors or lolling at its windows, chaffering, higgling, joking, scolding. George Dallas, to whom such a scene was an entire novelty, walked slowly along with difficulty, threading his way through the various groups, amused with all he saw, and speculating within himself as to the probable personal appearance of Mr. Dieverbrug. The diamond-merchant, George imagined, would probably be an old man, with gray hair and spectacles, and a large hooked nose, like one of Rembrandt's "Misers," seated in a small shop, surrounded by the rarest treasures exquisitely set. But when he arrived at the number which the polyglot had given him as Mr. Dieverbrug's residence, he found a small shop indeed, but it was a bookseller's, and it was not until after some little time that he spied a painted inscription on the door-post, directing Mr. Dieverbrug's visitors to the first floor, whither George at once proceeded.

At a small wooden table, on which stood a set of brass balance weights, sat a man of middle height and gentlemanly appearance, dressed in black. The Hebraic character was not strongly marked in any of his features, though it was perceptible to an acute observer in the aquiline nose and the full red lips. He raised his eyes from a small red leather memorandum-book or diary which he had been studying as Dallas entered the room, and gave his visitor a grave salutation.

"Am I addressing Mr. Dieverbrug?" said Dallas, in English.

"I am Mr. Dieverbrug," he replied, in the same language, speaking with perfect ease and with very little foreign accentuation, "at your service."

"I have been recommended to come to you. I am, as you have probably already recognized, an Englishman, and I have some jewels for sale, which it may, perhaps, suit you to buy."

"You have them with you?"

"Yes, they are here"; and George took out his cherished case and placed it in Mr. Dieverbrug's hand.

Mr. Dieverbrug opened the case quietly, and walked with it towards the window. He then took out the stones and held them to the light, then taking from his waistcoat-pocket a small pair of steel nippers, he picked up each stone separately, breathed upon it, examined it attentively, and then replaced it in the case. When he had gone through this operation with all the stones, he said to George,—

"You are not a diamond merchant?"

"No, indeed!" said Dallas, with a half-laugh; "not I."

"You have never," said Mr. Dieverbrug, looking at him steadfastly from under his bushy eyebrows, —"you have never been in a jewel-house?"

"In a jewel-house?" echoed George.

"What you call a jeweller's shop?"

"Never have been in a jeweller's shop? O yes, often."

"Still you fail my meaning. You have never been in a jeweller's shop as employé, as assistant?"

"Assistant at a jeweller's — ah, thank you! now I see what you're aiming at. I've never been an assistant in a jeweller's shop, you ask, which is a polite way of inquiring if I robbed my master of these stones! Thank you very much; if you've that opinion of me, perhaps I had better seek my bargain elsewhere." And George Dallas, shaking all over, and very much flushed in the face, extended his hand for the case.

Mr. Dieverbrug smiled softly as he said, "If I had thought that, I would have bid you go about your business at once. There are plenty of merchants at Amsterdam who would buy from you, no matter whence you came; but it is my business to ask such questions as to satisfy myself. Will you have back your diamonds, or shall I ask my questions?"

He spoke in so soft a tone, and he looked so placid and so thoroughly uncaring which way the discussion ended, that George Dallas could scarcely forbear laughing as he replied, "Ask away!"

"Ask away," repeated Mr. Dieverbrug, still with his soft smile. "Well, then, you are not a jeweller's employé; I can tell that by your manner, which also shows me that you are not what you call swell-mob-man — rascal — escroc. So you come to me with valuable diamonds to sell; my questions are, How do you get these diamonds? Who are you?"

For an instant George Dallas paused in his reply, while he felt the blood rise in his cheeks. He next looked Mr. Dieverbrug straight in the face as he said, "These were family diamonds. I inherited them from my mother, — who is dead, — and I was advised to come over here to sell them, this being the best market. As to myself, I am a literary man, a contributor to newspapers, and an author."

"Ah, ha! you write in newspapers and books? You are feuilletonist, author?" And as Mr. Dieverbrug said these words, he took up a stick which stood by the side of the fireplace and thumped heavily on the floor. His thumping seemed to awaken a kind of smothered response from the regions below them, and before George Dallas had recovered from his surprise the door was opened, and an old gentleman of fantastic appearance entered the room, — a very little man, with an enormous head, which was covered with a tight-fitting little skullcap, large eyes glaring out of silver-rimmed spectacles, a sallow, puckered face fringed with a short, stubbly white beard, a large aquiline nose, and thin tight lips. Buttoning immediately under his chin and reaching to his feet — no very long distance — the little man wore a greasy red-flannel gaberdine dressing-gown, with flat horn buttons in a row down the front, underneath which appeared a dubiously dirty pair of flannel stockings and bright red-leather slippers. With one hand the little man leaned on an ivory-handled crutch stick; in the other he carried a yellow-paper covered book, — Tauchnitz edition of some English author. As he entered the room he gave a sharp, rapid, comprehensive glance at George through his spectacles, made him a deferential bow, and then took up his position in the closest proximity to Mr. Dieverbrug, who at once addressed him in Dutch with such volubility that George, who had managed to pick up a few words during his stay, from the polyglot and others, failed to comprehend one syllable of what passed between them.

When they had finished their parley, during which both of them looked at the diamonds and then at George, and then waved their fingers in each other's faces, and beat the palms of their hands, and shrugged their shoulders as though they never intended their heads to be again seen, Mr. Dieverbrug turned to George, and said, "This is my brother-in-law, Mr. Schaub, who keeps the bookseller's shop beneath us. He is agent for some English booksellers and newspapers, and knows more about authors than you would think. I should be glad if you would have some talk with him."

"Glad I should have some talk with him?" George Dallas commenced in wonderment; but Mr. Schaub cut in at once, —

"Ye-es! Vos glad should have tokes mit eem! Should mit eem converse — sprechen, dis English author!"

"English author?"

"M-ja! m-ja! Wass him, der Schaub," — tapping himself in the middle of his greasy breast with his ivory-handled crutch, — "a-gent von Tauchnitz, Galignani, die London Times, die Mercury, and von all. Wass der Schaub knows all, and der Mynheer is English author, der Schaub must know von the Mynheer!"

George Dallas looked at him for a few moments in great bewilderment, then turned to Mr. Dieverbrug. "Upon my honor," he said, "I should be delighted to carry out your wish and have some talk with this old gentleman, but I don't see my way to preventing the conversation being all on his side. The fact is, I don't understand one word he says!"

With the old sly smile, Mr. Dieverbrug said, "My brother-in-law's talk is perhaps somewhat idiomatic, and one is required to be used to it. What he would convey is, that he, acquainted as he is with English literature and journalism, would like to know what position you hold in it, what you have written, where you have been engaged, and suchlike. It is no object of us to disguise to you that he brings his experience to aid me in deciding whether or not I consider myself justified in making a dealing with you for these stones."

"Thanks! I comprehend perfectly, and, of course, cannot object; though," added George, with a smile, "I am afraid I have not as yet made sufficient mark in English literature to render me a classic, or even to have gained a Continental reputation for my name. Stay, though. Mr. Schaub, if I understood him rightly, represented himself as agent for one London paper to which I have contributed under my signature, — the Mercury. You know the Mercury, Mr. Schaub? I thought so, and perhaps you have seen some articles there signed Paul Ward?"

"M-ja! m-ja! Wass von die 'Strangers in London,' von Paul Ward, am Nordjten, Hollandischen, Deutschen sea-people, von zailors would call zum visitiren?"

"That 's it, sir! Descriptions," continued George, turning to Mr. Dieverbrug, "of the foreign sea-going populations of London."

"M-ja, of Highway, of Shadcliffe, Ratcliffe, Shadwell, vot you call! M-ja, of Paul Ward writings I am acquaint."

"And you are Paul Ward?" asked Mr. Dieverbrug.

"I am that apparently distinguished person," said George.

Then Mr. Dieverbrug and Mr. Schaub plunged pell-mell into another conversation, in which, though the tongues rattled volubly enough, the shoulders, and the eyebrows, and the fingers played almost as important parts, the result being that Mr. Dieverbrug turned to George and said, "I am quite satisfied to undertake this affair, Mr. Ward, from what my brother-in-law has said of your position. Another question is, What shall I give you for the stones?"

"From what your brother-in-law has said of my position, Mr. Dieverbrug," said George, "it will, I presume, be apparent to you that I am not likely to be much versed in such matters, and that I must, to a great extent, be dependent on you."

"But you have some notion of price?"

"I have a notion, — nothing more."

"And that notion is — ?"

"Well, I imagine the worth of the stones is about two hundred and fifty pounds!"

At these words Mr. Schaub gave a short, sharp scream of horror, plunging his hands up to the elbows in the pockets of the red-flannel gaberdine, and glaring at George through the silver-rimmed glasses. Mr. Dieverbrug was not so wildly affected; he only smiled the soft smile a little more emphatically than before, and said, —

"There is now no doubt, my dear sir, even if we had doubted it before, of your living in the region of romance! These must be Monte Christo diamonds, of M. Dumas's own setting, to judge by the value you place on them — eh?"

"Wass won hondert fifty is vat worths," said Mr. Schaub.

But, fortified in his own mind by the opinion of the polyglot waiter, who evidently had not spoken without some knowledge, George at once and peremptorily declined his bid, and so to work they went. The stones were had out again, re-examined, weighed in the brass balances, breathed upon, held up to the light between the steel pincers, and, at length, after a sharp discussion, carried on with most vivid pantomime between the brothers-in-law, Mr. Dieverbrug consented to buy them for one hundred and eighty pounds, and George Dallas accepted his offer. Then from the recesses of a drawer in the little wooden table Mr. Dieverbrug produced a cash-box and counted out the sum in Dutch coin and gulden notes, and handed it to George; and shaking hands with him, the transaction was completed.

Completed, so far as Mr. Dieverbrug was concerned; but Mr. Schaub had yet an interest in it. That worthy followed George Dallas down the stairs, and, as he would have made his exit, drew him into the bookseller's shop, — a dark, dirty den of a place, with old mildewed folios littering the floor, with new works smelling of print and paper ranged along the counter, with countless volumes pile on pile heaped against the walls. With his skinny yellow hand resting on George's sleeve, the old man stood confronting George in the midst of the heterogeneous assemblage, and, peering up into his face through the silver-rimmed glasses, said, —

"And so he wos Paul Vart — eh? Dis young man wos Paul Vart, von London aus? And Paul Vart vill back to London, and Hollandisch money no good there — eh? Best change for English, and der old Schaub shall change for eem — eh?"

"I 'm not going back to London, Mr. Schaub," said George, after a few moments' puzzling over the old man's meaning. "I 'm not going back to London; but I shall want to change this money, as I must send some of it, the larger portion, to England by to-night's post, and I am going to the bank to change it."

"Wass! der bank! der nonsence! It is the old Schaub vot will change! Give der goot rates and all! Ach, der old Schaub vot has der English bank-note to send mit dem posttrager! Der old Schaub vot den miser dey call! Der Schaub vill change die gulden for den bank-notes, M-ja!"

"It does not matter to me much who changes it, so long as I get the proper value!" said George, with a laugh, "and if the old Schaub, as you call yourself, can give me bank-notes for a hundred and forty pounds, I'll say done with you at once!"

hell point, twelve and fourteen. Tell it not in Gath — they've lost received the produce of the mine has been twenty-two thousand ottavas, the [illegible] is, &c. &c.' That's the style now.

'Hector is well, and, as ever, my right hand. He was up at work over the books at night, one would think he had been born in the Brazils, and knows no word of anything but silver mines. She sends kind regards, and is fully of my opinion as to the expediency of your staying away from London. No news of Deane: but that does not surprise me. His association with us was entirely one of convenience, and he always talked of himself as a wanderer, — a bird of passage. I suppose he did not give you any hint of his probable movements on the day of the dinner, when I had the ill-luck to offend him by not coming? No one ever knew where he lived, or how, so I can't make any inquiries. However, it's very little matter.

'And now I must make an end of this long story. Good-by, my dear George. All sorts of luck, and jollity, and happiness attend you, but in the enjoyment of them all don't forget the pecuniary proposition I have made to you, and think sometimes kindly of

'Your sincere

'STEWART ROUTH.'

A little roll of paper had dropped from the letter when George opened it. He picked it up, and found two Bank of England notes for twenty pounds, and one for ten pounds.

It is no discredit to George Dallas to avow that when he had finished the perusal of this quaint epistle, and when he looked at its enclosure, he had a swelling in his throat, a quivering in the muscles of his mouth, and thick heavy tears in his eyes. He was very young, you see, and very impressionable, swaying hither and thither with the wind and the stream, unstable as water, and with very little power of adhering to any determination, however right and laudable it seemed at the first blush. There are few of us — in early youth, at all events, let us trust — who are so clear-headed, and far-seeing, and right-hearted, as to be able to do exactly what Duty prescribes to us, — the shutting out all promptings of inclination! Depend upon it, the good boys in the children's story-books, those juvenile patterns who went unwaveringly to the Sunday school, shutting their eyes to the gingerbreads and toffy so temptingly displayed on the roadside, and who were adamant in the matter of telling a fib, though by so doing they might have saved their schoolfellow a flogging, — depend upon it they turned out, for the most part, very bad men, who robbed the orphans and ground the faces of the widows. George Dallas was but a man, very warm-hearted, very impressionable, and when he read Stewart Routh's letter he relented, it is harsh ness to his mother, and accused himself of having been greedy, little and unnecessary. There was the bill-broker, the shark, the gambler, actually returning some of his unlawful winnings, and placing his purse at his acquaintance's disposal, while his stepfather — But then that would not bear thinking about! Besides, his stepfather was Clare's uncle, no kindness of Routh's would ever induce him, George, to make peace with that dour old miser. — And yet it was a good kind in Routh to be so thoughtful. The money came so opportunely, too, just when, what with his Hague excursion and his purchases, he had spent the balance of the sum derived from the sale of the bracelet, and it would have been scarcely decent to ask for an advance from the Mercury office or the Piccadilly people. But it was a great thing that Routh advised him to keep away from England for a time, — a corroboration, too, of Routh's statement that he was going into a different line of life, — for of course with his new views an intimacy with Routh would be impossible, whereas he could now let it drop quietly. He would accept the money so kindly sent him, and he would do the account of the herring-fishery for the Mercury, and he would get on with the serial story for the Piccadilly, and — Well, he would remain where he was and see what turned up. The quiet, easy-going, dreamy life suited George to a nicety: and if he had been a little older, and had never seen Clare Carruthers, he might, on very little provocation, have accepted the Dutch *far niente* as the realization of human bliss.

So, having to remain in Holland for some few days longer, and needing some money for immediate spending, George Dallas bethought him of his old friend Mr. Schaub, and strolled to the Muiderstraat in search of him. He found the old gentleman seated behind his counter, bending over an enormous volume in the Hebrew character, over the top of which he glared through the silver-rimmed spectacles at his visitor with anything but an inviting glance. When, however, he recognized George, which he did comparatively quickly, his forbidding look relaxed, he put down the book, and began nodding in a galvanized manner, rubbing the palms of his hands together, and showing the few fangs left in his mouth.

'Vat! Vart, — Paul Vart! you here still? Was you not back gone to your own land, Vart? You do no more vairks, Vart, you vaste your time in Amsterdam, Vart, — Paul Vart!'

'No! not quite,' said George, laughing: 'I have not gone home, certainly, but I've not lost my time. I've been seeing to your country and studying character. I've been to the Hague.'

'Ja, ja! the Hague! and, like your countrymen, you have bought their die Japans, die dognes, and punch-bowls. Ja, ja!'

George admitted the fact as to japan-ware, and china dogs, but denied the punch-bowls.

'Ja, ja,' growled Mr. Schaub: 'and here in dis house I could have sold you straight same, de straight same, and you save your money for journey to Hague.'

'Well, I haven't saved the money,' said George, with a laugh, 'but I dare say I shall be able to make something of what I saw there. You'll be pleased to hear I am going to write a story for the Piccadilly, — they've engaged me.'

'Wiss Pink-a-dilles was good, ver good,' said Mr. Schaub, 'better as Mercury, — bigger, higher, more stuff.'

'Ah, but you must n't run down the Mercury, sir. They've asked me to write a description of the selling of your herring-fishery. So I must stop now for a few days, and I want you to change me a Bank of England note.'

'Ja, ja, with pleasure! Wiss always likes dis Bank of England notes, so good, and clean, and so better as dirty Austrish Prussish money. Ah! he is not the same as I give you other day! He is quite new and clean, for twenty pounds! Ja, ja!' he added, after holding the note up to the light, 'his water-mark is right! A. F.! Vot is A. F., 17

April? Ah, you don't know! You don't become it from A. F.? Course not! Vell, vell, let me see die course of 'Change, — denn I put him into my leetle stock von English bank-note!"

The old man took up a newspaper that lay on the counter before him and consulted it, made a rapid calculation on a piece of paper, and was about to turn round towards the drawer where, as George remembered, he kept his cash-box, when he stopped, handed George the pen from behind his ear, dipped it into the ink, and said, —

"Vell, just write his name, Vart, — Paul Vart, on his back, — m-ja? And his date of month. So! Vart, — Paul Vart! — m-ja! ist goot. Here's die guldens."

George Dallas swept the gold-pieces into his pocket, nodded to the old man, and left the shop. Mr. Schaub carefully locked away the note, made an entry of its number and amount in his ledger, and resumed his reading.

[To be continued.]

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE last number of the London *Review* contains a brief but appreciative notice of Alice Cary's "Ballads, Lyrics, and Hymns."

THE contributions of Dickens to this year's Christmas number of *All the Year Round* will occupy a larger portion of the narrative than usual.

THE death of Sydney Smith's favorite daughter, Lady Holland, is announced in the English journals. Lady Holland was the author of the well-known biography of her father.

THE Princess Dagmar, on the occasion of her approaching marriage with the Grand Duke, heir to the Russian throne, has resolved to present a dowry to each of eight young Danish girls, without fortune, who may be married in the course of the next three months.

LEFTEL, the celebrated brigand, who for so long a period has been permitted by the Turkish authorities to escape justice with impunity, has had the daring to fix his head-quarters near Kartal, opposite the Prince's Islands, in the Sea of Marmora, and actually within sight of the capital.

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE, of London, will shortly publish an illustrated work, entitled "Ballad Poems of the Affections, from the Scandinavian," translated by Mr. Robert Buchanan. Two of the poems, Oehlenschläger's "Agnes," and Claudius Rosenhoff's "Lead Melting," were printed in *The Argosy* for November.

ORIENTALISTS will rejoice to learn that Rückert's literary remains have so far been arranged by his son that they will soon be ready to be divided among the different savans for the purpose of editing them. The industry of the veteran scholar to the last is truly astonishing. There seems to be hardly a branch of Oriental lore which he left uncultivated. A new version of "Sakontala" is already in the press, and so is a volume of new original Poems by the same indefatigable hand.

IT is a curious illustration of the strange notions prevalent in France in reference to the Emperor Napoleon, that among the workingmen of Paris there is a story that he has been dead a fortnight, and was personated at a recent review by a well-known tent-maker. There are three men in Paris, it seems, who very closely resemble his Majesty, one being the tent-maker in question, another a wood-ranger in the Bois de Boulogne, and the third the keeper of a dancing-room at Montparnasse.

IT is stated that one of the objects which excited the most curiosity in the recent exhibition at Toledo was a complete edition of "Don Quixote," printed in microscopic characters, on fifty-four cigarette papers.

THE London *Review* tells the following story of Bismarck: "He is said to be partial to brandy, and before leaving Berlin for the seat of war a little son of his asked him how long he was to be away. He replied that he did not know. Thereupon a servant came in to inquire how many bottles of cognac were to be packed up in the Count's luggage. 'Twenty-four,' was the answer. 'Ah, papa," cried out the 'terrible infant,' 'now I know how long you are to be from home, — twenty-four days.'"

A CURIOUS dispute has just broken out in regard to the new play, "La Maison Neuve," which M. Sardou, author of "La Famille Benoiten" and "Nos Bons Villageois," has written for the *Vaudeville*. Some indiscreet person has divulged the story of the play, and the author, angry at being thus balked in his intention of surprising the public, has forbidden the production of the drama. The manager of the *Vaudeville* insists on producing the play, and the question is to be submitted to the Dramatic Authors Society.

THE *Reader* says that "Hiram Powers, the famous American sculptor, who has made his home in Florence for the last twenty years, and whose noble form and kindly hospitality are known to so many, has just finished a large nude figure of 'Eve after the Fall,' which far eclipses his 'Greek Slave' and his 'California.' Both these works, it will be remembered, were in our own International Exhibition, and the impression of judges was that the 'California,' in anatomical modelling, and true artistic feeling, was decidedly superior to the 'Greek Slave.' The 'Eve,' however, in female dignity and beauty of form, as well as tenderness of sentiment, transcends the 'California' as much as the 'California' excelled the 'Greek Slave.'"

ACTIONS by literary men against publications and publishers, for remarks of which they disapprove, are becoming common. Mr. Charles Reade is hitting right and left on both sides of the Atlantic, in defence of his last novel. Mr. Dickens threatens Mr. Cave, manager of the Marylebone Theatre, with an action for offensive imputations contained in a reply written by him to some remarks on that place of entertainment, recently published in *All the Year Round*, which Mr. Cave attributed (though erroneously) to Mr. Dickens; and Mr. Robert Buchanan has *two* actions on hand. "Mr. Buchanan," says the *Glasgow Citizen*, "chose, from motives of personal friendship and gratitude, to dedicate his last volume to Mr. Hepworth Dixon. The critic of the *Westminster*, who, being a poet himself, has, perhaps, a right to devote himself to 'the choking of singing-birds,' chose to fall foul of this dedication, and to attribute 'sycophancy' to the poet, whereat are great wrath and a threatened lawsuit. The same plaintiff will appear in another action against

Mr. Bentley, the proprietor of *Temple Bar*, for publishing his name as that of the author of a poem called 'Hugo the Bastard.' Mr. Buchanan does not deny his paternity, but, as the piece is not a favorable specimen of his style, he thinks that he had a right to maintain his anonymity if he chose." Apropos of the above, Mr. Buchanan has addressed a letter to the *Athenæum* in which he disclaims any intention to contest the matter.

VENETIA has voted herself Italian by 641, 758 to 69, which, considering that Venice was Italian by the will of Heaven, whether she voted it or no, is highly satisfactory. Amongst the patriots whom the story of Italian liberation has made famous history will not fail to place the Venetian cobbler, who, having no hangings to grace his walls with, or banner to flaunt from his windows during last week's rejoicings, pasted three pieces of paper, red, white, and green, over his door, with the inscription, — *[illegible] Italia, [illegible] posso, far di più [illegible]*, — "Dear Italy, I would, but I cannot, do more for thee." This heart-burst is just one of those fine touches of feeling which conquer the sympathies of the world: one of these compact utterances of what is best and noblest in us which no lapse of time can destroy.

MR. JACOB SNIDER, the inventor of the English breechloader, died last month, and a secret of some worth it would appear has passed out of the world with him. The Rev. C. W. Denison, in the course of his funeral oration, said that only a few hours before his death Mr. Snider informed a friend at his bedside that he had a new secret with regard to a great principle of national defence more important than any he had yet discovered. "I will tell you the secret to-morrow," he said, "when you call to see me." When the friend came the next day, Mr. Snider was dead. The London [illegible] says: "It is not always that the British government manages matters so cleverly as in this instance. The general result of its ill-treatment of inventors is, that they carry their secrets to other powers. But our War Office has so effectually [illegible] poor Mr. Snider, that, while it has lost the benefit of his secret, it has prevented any other country from obtaining it."

THE POET AND THE PEOPLE.

You [illegible] passion
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

The soaring bird stoops lowest: base things and noble
The seer sees each and all with human eyes.
Cuts deeper through life's rock, intent to double
The striving and the prize.

You choke life's meaning out, love, tears, and laughter,
With vague mad visions of some cold Ideal:
He, looking, trusts or doubts the dread Hereafter,
But knows that Now is real.

You call his life "calm," spent in Truth's high quarrel,
His songs "sweet," that in blood and pain were born:
You think not of the brows beneath your laurel
Red-bleeding from the thorn.

You give him praise for some strange star, some comet,
Across your skies, of alien birth and breath. —
God gives him life to plunge into and plumb it
Even to the dregs of death.

Aye, gives him, over all, his bliss, to know it,
And, under all, his gulfs of pain to span. —
Not more "divine," but most supremely Poet,
When most intensely Man.

J. R.

SATURN.

'Tis noon's bright stillness: on the cliff he lies:
Within his dreamy ears a hushing sound
Of distant waves: the air and arching skies
Seem breathing ceaseless sighs that die around.

Far down, a summer plain of water spreads:
[illegible] to the bay,
Where the white margin of Ocean's mantle sheds
In [illegible] the seeming-silent spray.

Round him the stillness of sun-warm lawns,
The [illegible] turf more soft than moss,
Where [illegible] lawn [illegible] bay [illegible]
Haunt of the light-blue wing that flits across.

Over the wide pavement of the seas below,
N[illegible]
[illegible]
His [illegible] on Time's vast [illegible] the single [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

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DICKENS'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

MUGBY JUNCTION.

BARBOX BROTHERS.

I.

"GUARD! What place is this?"

"Mugby Junction, sir."

"A windy place!"

"Yes, it mostly is, sir."

"And looks comfortless indeed!"

"Yes, it generally does, sir."

"Is it a rainy night still?"

"Pours, sir."

"Open the door. I'll get out."

"You'll have, sir," said the guard, glistening with drops of wet, and looking at the tearful face of his watch by the light of his lantern as the traveller descended, "three minutes here."

"More, I think.—For I am not going on."

"Thought you had a through ticket, sir?"

"So I have, but I shall sacrifice the rest of it. I want my luggage."

"Please to come to the van and point it out, sir. Be good enough to look very sharp, sir. Not a moment to spare."

The guard hurried to the luggage van, and the traveller hurried after him. The guard got into it, and the traveller looked into it.

"Those two large black portmanteaus in the corner where your light shines. Those are mine."

"Name upon 'em, sir?"

"Barbox Brothers."

"Stand clear, sir, if you please. One. Two. Right!"

Lamp waved. Signal lights ahead already changing. Shriek from engine. Train gone.

"Mugby Junction!" said the traveller, pulling up the woollen muffler round his throat with both hands. "At past three o'clock of a tempestuous morning! So!"

He spoke to himself. There was no one else to speak to. Perhaps, though there had been any one else to speak to, he would have preferred to speak to himself. Speaking to himself, he spoke to a man within five years of fifty either way, who had turned gray too soon, like a neglected fire; a man of pondering habit, brooding carriage of the head, and suppressed internal voice; a man with many indications on him of having been much alone.

He stood unnoticed on the dreary platform, except by the rain and by the wind. Those two vigilant assailants made a rush at him. "Very well," said he, yielding. "It signifies nothing to me to what quarter I turn my face."

Thus, at Mugby Junction, at past three o'clock of a tempestuous morning, the traveller went where the weather drove him.

Not but what he could make a stand when he was so minded, for, coming to the end of the roofed shelter (it is of considerable extent at Mugby Junction) and looking out upon the dark night, with a yet darker spirit-wing of storm beating its wild way through it, he faced about, and held his own as ruggedly in the difficult direction, as he had held it in the easier one. Thus, with a steady step, the traveller went up and down, up and down, up and down, seeking nothing, and finding it.

A place replete with shadowy shapes, this Mugby Junction in the black hours of the four-and-twenty. Mysterious goods trains, covered with palls and gliding on like vast weird funerals, conveying themselves guiltily away from the presence of the few lighted lamps, as if their freight had come to a secret and unlawful end. Half miles of coal pursuing in a Detective manner, following when they lead, stopping when they stop, backing when they back. Red hot embers showering out upon the ground, down this dark avenue and down the other, as if torturing fires were being raked clear; concurrently, shrieks and groans and grinds invading the ear, as if the tortured were at the height of their suffering. Iron-barred cages full of cattle jangling by midway, the drooping beasts with horns entangled, eyes frozen with terror, and mouths too: at least they have long icicles (or what seem so) hanging from their lips. Unknown languages in the air, conspiring in red, green, and white, characters. An earthquake accompanied with thunder and lightning, going up express to London. Now, all quiet, all rusty, wind and rain in possession, lamps extinguished, Mugby Junction dead and indistinct, with its robe drawn over its head, like Cæsar.

Now, too, as the belated traveller plodded up and down, a shadowy train went by him in the gloom which was no other than the train of a life. From whatsoever intangible deep cutting or dark tunnel it emerged, here it came, unsummoned and unannounced, stealing upon him and passing

making lace. A lace-pillow lay upon her breast; and the quick movements and changes of her hands upon it as she worked, had given them the action he had misinterpreted.

"That is curious," she answered, with a bright smile. "For I often fancy, myself, that I play tunes while I am at work."

"Have you any musical knowledge?"

She shook her head.

"I think I could pick out tunes, if I had any instrument, which could be made as handy to me as my lace-pillow. But I dare say I deceive myself. At all events, I shall never know."

"You have a musical voice. Excuse me; I have heard you sing."

"With the children?" she answered, slightly coloring. "O yes. I sing with the dear children, if it can be called singing."

Barbox Brothers glanced at the two small forms in the room, and hazarded the speculation that she was fond of children, and that she was learned in new systems of teaching them? "Very fond of them," she said, shaking her head again; "but I know nothing of teaching, beyond the interest I have in it, and the pleasure it gives me when they learn. Perhaps your overhearing my little scholars sing some of their lessons, has led you so far astray as to think me a grand teacher? Ah! I thought so! No, I have only read and been told about that system. It seemed so pretty and pleasant, and to treat them so like the merry Robins they are, that I took up with it in my little way. You don't need to be told what a very little way mine is, sir," she added, with a glance at the small forms and round the room.

All this time her hands were busy at her lace-pillow. As they still continued so, and as there was a kind of substitute for conversation in the click and play of its pegs, Barbox Brothers took the opportunity of observing her. He guessed her to be thirty. The charm of her transparent face and large bright brown eyes, was, not that they were passively resigned, but that they were actively and thoroughly cheerful. Even her busy hands, which of their own thinness alone might have besought compassion, plied their task with a gay courage that made mere compassion an unjustifiable assumption of superiority, and an impertinence.

He saw her eyes in the act of rising towards his, and he directed his towards the prospect, saying: "Beautiful indeed?"

"Most beautiful, sir. I have sometimes had a fancy that I would like to sit up, for once, only to try how it looks to an erect head. But what a foolish fancy that would be to encourage! It cannot look more lovely to any one than it does to me."

Her eyes were turned to it as she spoke, with most delighted admiration and enjoyment. There was not a trace in it of any sense of deprivation.

"And those threads of roadway, with their [illegible] of smoke and steam changing places at that [illegible] lively for me," she went on. "I take it for the [illegible] of my life to see people where I see them. I [illegible] their [illegible] and remember that the [illegible] gives them that [illegible] and to it enhances the prospect with [illegible] of company, if I want it. There is the great [illegible] I don't see, [illegible] I am very often [illegible] always [illegible] it seems to [illegible] in a way, to [illegible] how many places and things that [illegible]."

With an abashed kind of idea that it might have already joined himself to something he had never seen, he said constrainedly: "Just so."

"And so you see, sir," pursued Phœbe, "I am not the invalid you thought me, and I am very well off indeed."

"You have a happy disposition," said Barbox Brothers; perhaps with a slight excusatory touch for his own disposition.

"Ah! But you should know my father," she replied. "His is the happy disposition! Don't mind, sir!" For his reserve took the alarm at a step upon the stairs, and he distrusted that he would be set down for a troublesome intruder. "This is my father coming."

The door opened, and the father paused there.

"Why, Lamps!" exclaimed Barbox Brothers, starting from his chair. "How do you do, Lamps?"

To which, Lamps responded: "The gentleman for Nowhere! How do you DO, sir?"

And they shook hands, to the greatest admiration and surprise of Lamps's daughter.

"I have looked you up, half a dozen times, since that night," said Barbox Brothers, "but have never found you."

"So I've heerd on, sir, so I've heerd on," returned Lamps. "It's your being noticed so often down at the Junction, without taking any train, that has begun to get you the name among us of the gentleman for Nowhere. No offence in my having called you by it when took by surprise, I hope, sir?"

"None at all. It's as good a name for me as any other you could call me by. But may I ask you a question in the corner here?"

Lamps suffered himself to be led aside from his daughter's couch, by one of the buttons of his velveteen jacket.

"Is this the bedside where you sing your songs?"

Lamps nodded.

The gentleman for Nowhere clapped him on the shoulder, and they faced about again.

"Upon my word, my dear," said Lamps then to his daughter, looking from her to her visitor, "it is such an amaze to me, to find you brought acquainted with this gentleman, that I must (if this gentleman will excuse me) take a number."

Mr. Lamps demonstrated in action what this meant, by pulling out his silly handkerchief rolled up in the form of a ball, and giving himself an elaborate smear from behind the right ear, up the cheek, across the forehead and down the other cheek to behind his left ear. After this operation, he shone exceedingly.

"It's a trifling to my custom when particular warmed up by any agitation, sir," he offered by way of apology. "And really, I am thrown into that [illegible] by finding you brought acquainted with Phœbe, that I—that I think I will, if you'll excuse me, take another number." Which he did, seeming to be greatly restored by it.

They were now with standing by the side of her couch, and she was working at her lace-pillow. "I've thought of this," said Barbox Brothers, [illegible] manner, "that she never gets up."

"No, sir, she never gets up. You see, her mother died when she was a year and two months old, was subject to very bad fits, and as she had never mentioned to me that she was subject to fits, they couldn't be guarded against. Conse-

quently, she dropped the baby when took, and this happened."

"It was very wrong of her," said Barbox Brothers, with a knitted brow, "to marry you, making a secret of her infirmity."

"Well, sir," pleaded Lamps, in behalf of the long-deceased. "You see, Phœbe and me, we have talked that over too. And Lord bless us! Such a number on us has our infirmities, what with fits, and what with misfits, of one sort and another, that if we confessed to 'em all before we got married, most of us might never get married."

"Might not that be for the better?"

"Not in this case, sir," said Phœbe, giving her hand to her father.

"No, not in this case, sir," said her father, patting it between his own.

"You correct me," returned Barbox Brothers, with a blush; "and I must look so like a brute, that at all events it would be superfluous in me to confess to *that* infirmity. I wish you would tell me a little more about yourselves. I hardly know how to ask it of you, for I am conscious that I have a bad, stiff manner, a dull, discouraging way with me, but I wish you would."

"With all our hearts, sir," returned Lamps, gayly, for both. "And first of all, that you may know my name—"

"Stay!" interposed the visitor, with a slight flush. "What signifies your name! Lamps is name enough for me. I like it. It is bright and expressive. What do I want more?"

"Why to be sure, sir," returned Lamps. "I have in general no other name down at the Junction; but I thought, on account of your being here as a first-class single, in a private character, that you might—"

The visitor waved the thought away with his hand, and Lamps acknowledged the mark of confidence by taking another rounder.

"You are hard-worked, I take for granted?" said Barbox Brothers, when the subject of the rounder came out of it much dirtier than he went into it.

Lamps was beginning, "Not particular so,"—when his daughter took him up.

"O yes, sir, he is very hard-worked. Fourteen, fifteen, eighteen hours a day. Sometimes twenty-four hours at a time."

"And you," said Barbox Brothers, "what with your school, Phœbe, and what with your lace-making—"

"But my school is a pleasure to me," she interrupted, opening her brown eyes wider, as if surprised to find him so obtuse. "I began it when I was but a child, because it brought me and other children into company, don't you see? *That* was not work. I carry it on still, because it keeps children about me. *That* is not work. I do it as love, not as work. Then my lace-pillow"; her busy hands had stopped, as if her argument required all her cheerful earnestness, but now went on again at the name; "it goes with my thoughts when I think, and it goes with my tunes when I hum any, and *that*'s not work. Why, you yourself thought it was music, you know, sir. And so it is, to me."

"Everything is!" cried Lamps, radiantly. "Everything is music to her, sir."

"My father is, at any rate," said Phœbe, exultingly pointing her thin forefinger at him. "There is more music in my father than there is in a brass band."

"I say! My dear! It's very fillyillially done, you know; but you are flattering your father," he protested, sparkling.

"No I am not, sir, I assure you. No I am not. If you could hear my father sing, you would know I am not. But you never will hear him sing, because he never sings to any one but me. However tired he is, he always sings to me when he comes home. When I lay here long ago, quite a poor little broken doll, he used to sing to me. More than that, he used to make songs, bringing in whatever little jokes we had between us. More than that, he often does so to this day. O, I'll tell of you, father, as the gentleman has asked about you. He is a poet, sir."

"I should n't wish the gentleman, my dear," observed Lamps, for the moment turning grave, "to carry away that opinion of your father, because it might look as if I was given to asking the stars in a molloncolly manner what they was up to. Which I would n't at once waste the time, and take the liberty, my dear."

"My father," resumed Phœbe, amending her text, "is always on the bright side, and the good side. You told me just now, I had a happy disposition. How can I help it?"

"Well; but my dear," returned Lamps argumentatively, "how can *I* help it? Put it to yourself, sir. Look at her. Always as you see her now. Always working,—and after all, sir, for but a very few shillings a week,—always contented, always lively, always interested in others, of all sorts. I said, this moment, she was always as you see her now. So she is, with a difference that comes to much the same. For, when it's my Sunday off and the morning bells have done ringing, I hear the prayers and thanks read in the touchingest way, and I have the hymns sung to me—so soft, sir, that you could n't hear 'em out of this room—in notes that seem to me, I am sure, to come from heaven and go back to it."

It might have been merely through the association of these words with their sacredly quiet time, or it might have been through the larger association of the words with the Redeemer's presence beside the bedridden; but here her dexterous fingers came to a stop on the lace-pillow, and clasped themselves around his neck as he bent down. There was great natural sensibility in both father and daughter, the visitor could easily see; but each made it, for the other's sake, retiring, not demonstrative; and perfect cheerfulness, intutitive or acquired, was either the first or second nature of both. In a very few moments, Lamps was taking another rounder with his comical features beaming, while Phœbe's laughing eyes (just a glistening speck or so upon their lashes) were again directed by turns to him, and to her work, and to Barbox Brothers.

"When my father, sir," she said brightly, "tells you about my being interested in other people even though they know nothing about me,—which, by the by, I told you myself,—you ought to know how that comes about. That's my father's doing."

"No, it is n't!" he protested.

"Don't you believe him, sir; yes, it is. He tells me of everything he sees down at his work. You would be surprised what a quantity he gets together for me, every day. He looks into the carriages, and tells me how the ladies are dressed,—so that I know all the fashions! He looks into the carriages, and tells me what pairs of lovers he sees, and what new-married couples on their wedding trip,—so that I know all about that! He collects chance newspapers and books,—so that I have plenty to read! He tells me about the sick people who are travel-

ling to try to get better, — so that I know all about them! In short, as I began by saying, he tells me everything he sees and makes out, down at his work, and you can't think what a quantity he does see and make out."

"As to collecting newspapers and books, my dear," said Lamps, "it 's clear I can have no merit in that, because they 're not my perquisites. You see, sir, it 's this way: A Guard, he 'll say to me, 'Hallo, here you are, Lamps. I've saved this paper for your daughter. How is she agoing on?' A Head-Porter, he 'll say to me, 'Here! Catch hold, Lamps. Here 's a couple of wollumes for your daughter. Is she pretty much where she were?' And that 's what makes it double welcome, you see. If she had a thousand pound in a box, they would n't trouble themselves about her; but being what she is — that is, you understand," Lamps added, somewhat hurriedly, "not having a thousand pound in a box — they take thought for her. And as concerning the young pairs, married and unmarried, it 's only natural I should bring home what little I can about *them*, seeing that there 's not a Couple of either sort in the neighborhood that don't come of their own accord to confide in Phœbe."

She raised her eyes triumphantly to Barbox Brothers, as she said, —

"Indeed, sir, that is true. If I could have got up and gone to church, I don't know how often I should have been a bridesmaid. But if I could have done that, some girls in love might have been jealous of me, and as it is, no girl is jealous of me. And my pillow would not have been half as ready to put the piece of cake under, as I always find it," she added, turning her face on it with a light sigh, and a smile at her father.

The arrival of a little girl, the biggest of the scholars, now led to an understanding on the part of Barbox Brothers, that she was the domestic of the cottage, and had come to take active measures in it, attended by a pail that might have extinguished her, and a broom three times her height. He therefore rose to take his leave, and took it: saying that if Phœbe had no objection, he would come again.

He had muttered that he would come "in the course of his walks." The course of his walks must have been highly favorable to his return, for he returned after an interval of a single day.

"You thought you would never see me any more, I suppose?" he said to Phœbe as he touched her hand, and sat down by her couch.

"Why should I think so?" was her surprised rejoinder.

"I took it for granted you would mistrust me."

"For granted, sir? Have you been so much mistrusted?"

"I think I am justified in answering yes. But I may have mistrusted too, on my part. No matter just now. We were speaking of the Junction last time. I have passed hours there since the day before yesterday."

"Are you now the gentleman for Somewhere?" she asked with a smile.

"Certainly, for Somewhere; but I look yet know Where. You would never guess what I am travelling from. Shall I tell you? I am travelling from my birthday."

Her hands stopped in her work, and she looked at him with a wondering astonishment.

"Yes," said Barbox Brothers, not quite easy in his chair, "from my birthday. I am to myself an unintelligible book with the leaf or chapters all torn out and thrown away. My childhood had no grace of childhood, my youth had no charm of youth, and what can be expected from such a lost beginning?" His eyes meeting hers as they were addressed intently to him, something seemed to stir within his breast, whispering: "Was this bed a place for the graces of childhood and the charms of youth to take to, kindly? O shame, shame!"

"It is a disease with me," said Barbox Brothers, checking himself, and making as though he had a difficulty in swallowing something, "to go wrong about that. I don't know how I came to speak of that. I hope it is because of an old-misplaced confidence in one of your sex involving an old bitter treachery. I don't know. I am all wrong together."

Her hands quietly and slowly resumed their work. Glancing at her, he saw that her eyes were thoughtfully following them.

"I am travelling from my birthday," he resumed, "because it has always been a dreary day to me. My first free birthday coming round some five or six weeks hence, I am travelling to put its predecessors far behind me, and to try to crush the day — or, at all events, put it out of my sight — by heaping new objects on it."

As he paused, she looking at him; but only shook her head as being quite at a loss.

"This is unintelligible to your happy disposition," he pursued, abiding by his former phrase as if there were some lingering virtue of self-defence in it: "I knew it would be, and am glad it is. However, on this travel of mine (in which I mean to pass the rest of my days, having abandoned all thought of a fixed home), I stopped, as you heard from your father, at the Junction here. The extent of its ramifications quite confused me as to whither I should go, *from* here. I have not yet settled, being still perplexed among so many roads. What do you think I mean to do? How many of the branching roads can you see from your window?"

Looking out full of interest, she answered, "Seven."

"Seven," said Barbox Brothers, watching her with a grave smile. "Well! I propose to myself, at once to reduce the gross number to those very seven, and gradually to fine them down to one — the most promising for me — and to take that."

"But how will you know, sir, which *is* the most promising?" she asked, with her brightened eyes roving over the view.

"Ah!" said Barbox Brothers, with another grave smile, and considerably improving in his ease of speech. "To be sure. In this way. Where your father can pick up so much every day for a good purpose, I may one and again pick up a little for an indifferent purpose. The gentleman for Nowhere must become still better known at the Junction. He shall continue to explore it until he attaches some meaning to it, be it seen, heard, or thought out, at the end of each of the seven roads, or the road itself. And so his choice of a road shall be determined by some or among his discoveries."

Her hands stopped, she again glanced at the prospect, as if in search of something that had not been in it before, and laughed as if it yielded her new pleasure.

"But I must not forget," said Barbox Brothers, "having got so far, to ask a favor. I want your help in this expedition of mine. I want to bring you with me to look up at the heads of the seven roads that you see here looking out on, and to compare notes with you about it. May I? They say two

heads are better than one. I should say myself that probably depends upon the heads concerned. But I am quite sure, though we are so newly acquainted, that your head and your father's have found out better things, Phœbe, than ever mine of itself discovered."

She gave him her sympathetic right hand, in perfect rapture with his proposal, and eagerly and gratefully thanked him.

"That's well!" said Barbox Brothers. "Again I must not forget (having got so far) to ask a favor. Will you shut your eyes?"

Laughing playfully at the strange nature of the request, she did so.

"Keep them shut," said Barbox Brothers, going softly to the door, and coming back. "You are on your honor, mind, not to open your eyes until I tell you that you may?"

"Yes! On my honor."

"Good. May I take your lace-pillow from you for a minute?"

Still laughing and wondering, she removed her hands from it, and he put it aside.

"Tell me. Did you see the puffs of smoke and steam made by the morning fast-train yesterday on road number seven from here?"

"Behind the elm-trees and the spire?"

"That's the road," said Barbox Brothers, directing his eyes towards it.

"Yes. I watched them melt away."

"Anything unusual in what they expressed?"

"No!" she answered, merrily.

"Not complimentary to me, for I was in that train. I went—don't open your eyes—to fetch you this, from the great ingenious town. It is not half so large as your lace-pillow, and lies easily and lightly in its place. These little keys are like the keys of a miniature piano, and you supply the air required with your left hand. May you pick out delightful music from it, my dear! For the present—you can open your eyes now—good by!"

In his embarrassed way, he closed the door upon himself, and only saw, in doing so, that she ecstatically took the present to her bosom and caressed it. The glimpse gladdened his heart, and yet saddened it; for so might she, if her youth had flourished in its natural course, have taken to her breast that day the slumbering music of her own child's voice.

BARBOX BROTHERS AND CO.

With good will and earnest purpose, the gentleman for Nowhere began, on the very next day, his researches at the heads of the seven roads. The results of his researches, as he and Phœbe afterwards set them down in fair writing, hold their due places in this veracious chronicle, from its seven hundred and fifteenth page, onward. But they occupied a much longer time in the getting together than they ever will in the perusal. And this is probably the case with most reading matter, except when it is of that highly beneficial kind (for Posterity) which is "thrown off in a few moments of leisure" by the superior poetic geniuses who scorn to take prose pains.

It must be admitted, however, that Barbox by no means hurried himself. His heart being in his work of good-nature, he revelled in it. There was the joy, too (it was a true joy to him), of sometimes sitting by, listening to Phœbe as she picked out more and more discourse from her musical instrument, and as her natural taste and ear refined daily upon her first discoveries. Besides being a pleasure, this was an occupation, and in the course of weeks it consumed hours. It resulted that his dreaded birthday was close upon him before he had troubled himself any more about it.

The matter was made more pressing by the unforeseen circumstance that the councils held (at which Mr. Lamps, beaming most brilliantly, on a few rare occasions assisted) respecting the road to be selected, were, after all, in no wise assisted by his investigations. For, he had connected this interest with this road, or that interest with the other, but could deduce no reason from it for giving any road the preference. Consequently, when the last council was holden, that part of the business stood, in the end, exactly where it had stood in the beginning.

"But, sir," remarked Phœbe, "we have only six roads after all. Is the seventh road dumb?"

"The seventh road? O," said Barbox Brothers, rubbing his chin. "That is the road I took, you know, when I went to get your little present. That is *its* story, Phœbe."

"Would you mind taking that road again, sir?" she asked with hesitation.

"Not in the least; it is a great high road after all."

"I should like you to take it," returned Phœbe, with a persuasive smile, "for the love of that little present which must ever be so dear to me. I should like you to take it, because that road can never be again, like any other road to me. I should like you to take it, in remembrance of your having done me so much good; of your having made me so much happier! If you leave me by the road you travelled when you went to do me this great kindness," sounding a faint chord as she spoke, "I shall feel, lying here watching at my window, as if it must conduct you to a prosperous end, and bring you back some day."

"It shall be done, my dear; it shall be done."

So at last the gentleman for Nowhere took a ticket for Somewhere, and his destination was the great ingenious town.

He had loitered so long about the Junction that it was the eighteenth of December when he left it. "High time," he reflected, as he seated himself in the train, "that I started in earnest! Only one clear day remains between me and the day I am running away from. I'll push onward for the hill-country to-morrow. I'll go to Wales."

It was with some pains that he placed before himself the undeniable advantages to be gained in the way of novel occupation for his senses from misty mountains, swollen streams, rain, cold, a wild sea-shore, and rugged roads. And yet he scarcely made them out as distinctly as he could have wished. Whether the poor girl, in spite of her new resource, her music, would have any feeling of loneliness upon her now—just at first—that she had not had before; whether she saw those very puffs of steam and smoke that he saw, as he sat in the train thinking of her; whether her face would have any pensive shadow on it as they died out of the distant view from her window; whether, in telling him he had done her so much good, she had not unconsciously corrected his old moody bemoaning of his station in life, by setting him thinking that a man might be a great healer, if he would, and yet not be a great doctor; these and other similar meditations got between him and his Welsh picture. There was within him, too, that dull sense of vacuity which follows separation from an object of interest, and

cessation of a pleasant pursuit; and this sense, being quite new to him, made him restless. Further, in losing Mugby Junction he had found himself again; and he was not the more enamored of himself for having lately passed his time in better company.

But surely, here, not far ahead, must be the great ingenious town. This crashing and clashing that the train was undergoing, and this coupling on to it of a multitude of new echoes, could mean nothing less than approach to the great station. It did mean nothing less. After some stormy flashes of town lightning, in the way of swift revelations of red-brick blocks of houses, high red-brick chimney-shafts, vistas of red-brick railway arches, tongues of fire, blots of smoke, valleys of canal, and hills of coal, there came the thundering in at the journey's end.

Having seen his portmanteaus safely housed in the hotel he chose, and having appointed his dinner-hour, Barbox Brothers went out for a walk in the busy streets. And now it began to be suspected by him that Mugby Junction was a Junction of many branches, invisible as well as visible, and had joined him to an endless number of byways. For, whereas he would, but a little while ago, have walked these streets blindly brooding, he now had eyes and thoughts for a new external world.

How the many toiling people lived, and loved, and died; how wonderful it was to consider the various trainings of eye and hand, the nice distinctions of sight and touch, that separated them into classes of workers, and even into classes of workers at subdivisions of one complete whole which combined their many intelligences and forces, though of itself but some cheap object of use or ornament in common life; how good it was to know that such assembling in a multitude on their part, and such contribution of their several dexterities towards a civilizing end, did not deteriorate them as it was the fashion of the superfilious May-flies of humanity to pretend, but engendered among them a self-respect and yet a modest desire to be much wiser than they were (the first evinced in their well-balanced bearing and manner of speech when he stopped to ask a question; the second in the announcements of their popular studies and amusements on the public walls); these considerations, and a host of such, made his walk a memorable one. "I too am but a little part of a great whole," he began to think; "and to be serviceable to myself and others, or to be happy, I must cast my interest into, and draw it out of the common stock."

Although he had arrived at his journey's end for the day by noon, he had since insensibly walked about the town so far and so long that the lamplighters were now at their work in the streets, and the shops were sparkling up brilliantly. Thus reminded to turn towards his quarters, he was in the act of doing so, when a very little hand crept into his, and a very little voice said, —

"O! If you please, I am lost!"

He looked down, and saw a very little fair-haired girl.

"Yes," she said, confirming her words with a serious nod. "I am indeed. I am lost."

Greatly perplexed, he stopped, looked about him for help, descried none, and said, bending low: "Where do you live, my child?"

"I don't know where I live," she returned. "I am lost."

"What is your name?"

"Polly."

"What is your other name?"

The reply was prompt, but unintelligible.

Imitating the sound as he caught it, he hazarded the guess, "Trivits?"

"O no!" said the child, shaking her head. "Nothing like that."

"Say it again, little one."

An unpromising business. For this time it had quite a different sound.

He made the venture: "Paddens?"

"O no!" said the child. "Nothing like that."

"Once more. Let us try it again, dear."

A most hopeless business. This time it swelled into four syllables. "It can't be Tappitarver?" said Barbox Brothers, rubbing his head with his hat in discomfiture.

"No! It ain't," the child quietly assented.

On her trying this unfortunate name once more, with extraordinary efforts at distinctness, it swelled into eight syllables at least.

"Ah! I think," said Barbox Brothers, with a desperate air of resignation, "that we had better give it up."

"But I am lost," said the child, nestling her little hand more closely in his, "and you 'll take care of me, won't you?"

If ever a man were disconcerted by division between compassion on the one hand, and the very imbecility of irresolution on the other, here the man was. "Lost!" he repeated, looking down at the child. "I am sure *I* am. What is to be done!"

"Where do *you* live?" asked the child, looking up at him, wistfully.

"Over there," he answered, pointing vaguely in the direction of his hotel.

"Had n't we better go there?" said the child.

"Really," he replied, "I don't know but what we had."

So they set off, hand in hand. He, through comparison of himself against his little companion, with a clumsy feeling on him as if he had just developed into a foolish giant. She, clearly elevated in her own tiny opinion by having got him so neatly out of his embarrassment.

"We are going to have dinner when we get there, I suppose?" said Polly.

"Well," he rejoined, "I — yes, I suppose we are."

"Do you like your dinner?" asked the child.

"Why, on the whole," said Barbox Brothers, "yes, I think I do."

"I do mine," said Polly. "Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"No. Have you?"

"Mine are dead."

"O!" said Barbox Brothers. With that absurd sense of unwieldiness of mind and body weighing him down, he would not have known how to pursue the conversation beyond this curt rejoinder, but that the child was always ready for him.

"What," she asked, turning her soft hand coaxingly in his, "are you going to do to amuse me, after dinner?"

"Upon my soul, Polly," exclaimed Barbox Brothers, very much at a loss, "I have not the slightest idea!"

"Then I tell you what," said Polly. "Have you got any cards at your house?"

"Plenty," said Barbox Brothers, in a boastful vein.

"Very well. Then I'll build houses, and you shall look at me. You must n't blow, you know."

"O no!" said Barbox Brothers. "No, no, no. No blowing. Blowing 's not fair."

He flattered himself that he had said this pretty well for an idiotic monster; but the child, instantly perceiving the awkwardness of his attempt to adapt himself to her level, utterly destroyed his hopeful opinion of himself by saying, compassionately, "What a funny man you are!"

Feeling, after this melancholy failure, as if he every minute grew bigger and heavier in person, and weaker in mind, Barbox gave himself up for a bad job. No giant ever submitted more meekly to be led in triumph by all-conquering Jack, than he to be bound in slavery to Polly.

"Do you know any stories?" she asked him.

He was reduced to the humiliating confession: "No."

"What a dunce you must be, must n't you?" said Polly.

He was reduced to the humiliating confession: "Yes."

"Would you like me to teach you a story? But you must remember it, you know, and be able to tell it right to somebody else afterwards?"

He professed that it would afford him the highest mental gratification to be taught a story, and that he would humbly endeavor to retain it in his mind. Whereupon Polly, giving her hand a new little turn in his, expressive of settling down for enjoyment, commenced a long romance, of which every relishing clause began with the words, "So this," or, "And so this." As, "So this boy"; or, "So this fairy"; or, "And so this pie was four yards round, and two yards and a quarter deep."

The interest of the romance was derived from the intervention of this fairy to punish this boy for having a greedy appetite. To achieve which purpose, this fairy made this pie, and this boy ate and ate and ate, and his cheeks swelled and swelled and swelled. There were many tributary circumstances, but the forcible interest culminated in the total consumption of this pie, and the bursting of this boy. Truly he was a fine sight, Barbox Brothers, with serious attentive face, and ear bent down, much jostled on the pavements of the busy town, but afraid of losing a single incident of the epic, lest he should be examined in it by and by and found deficient.

Thus they arrived at the hotel. And there he had to say at the bar, and said awkwardly enough: "I have found a little girl!"

The whole establishment turned out to look at the little girl. Nobody knew her; nobody could make out her name, as she set it forth, except one chambermaid, who said it was Constantinople, — which it was n't.

"I will dine with my young friend in a private room," said Barbox Brothers to the hotel authorities, "and perhaps you will be so good as let the police know that the pretty baby is here. I suppose she is sure to be inquired for, soon, if she has not been already. Come along, Polly."

Perfectly at ease and peace, Polly came along, but, finding the stairs rather stiff work, was carried up by Barbox Brothers. The dinner was a most transcendent success, and the Barbox sheepishness, under Polly's directions how to mince her meat for her, and how to diffuse gravy over the plate with a liberal and equal hand, was another fine sight.

"And now," said Polly, "while we are at dinner, you be good, and tell me that story I taught you."

With the tremors of a civil service examination on him, and very uncertain indeed, not only as to the epoch at which the pie appeared in history, but also as to the measurements of that indispensable fact, Barbox Brothers made a shaky beginning, but under encouragement did very fairly. There was a want of breadth observable in his rendering of the cheeks, as well as the appetite, of the boy; and there was a certain tameness in his fairy, referable to an under-current of desire to account for her. Still, as the first lumbering performance of a good-humoured monster, it passed muster.

"I told you to be good," said Polly, "and you are good, ain't you?"

"I hope so," replied Barbox Brothers.

Such was his deference that Polly, elevated on a platform of sofa-cushions in a chair at his right hand, encouraged him with a pat or two on the face from the greasy bowl of her spoon, and even with a gracious kiss. In getting on her feet upon her chair, however, to give him this last reward, she toppled forward among the dishes, and caused him to exclaim as he effected her rescue: "Gracious Angels! Whew! I thought we were in the fire, Polly!"

"What a coward you are, ain't you?" said Polly, when replaced.

"Yes, I am rather nervous," he replied. "Whew! Don't, Polly! Don't flourish your spoon, or you 'll go over sideways. Don't tilt up your legs when you laugh, Polly, or you 'll go over backwards. Whew! Polly, Polly, Polly," said Barbox Brothers, nearly succumbing to despair, "we are environed with dangers!"

Indeed, he could descry no security from the pitfalls that were yawning for Polly, but in proposing to her, after dinner, to sit upon a low stool. "I will, if you will," said Polly. So, as peace of mind should go before all, he begged the waiter to wheel aside the table, bring a pack of cards, a couple of footstools, and a screen, and close in Polly and himself before the fire, as it were in a snug room within the room. Then, finest sight of all, was Barbox Brothers on his footstool, with a pint decanter on the rug, contemplating Polly as she built successfully, and growing blue in the face with holding his breath, lest he should blow the house down.

"How you stare, don't you?" said Polly, in a houseless pause.

Detected in the ignoble fact, he felt obliged to admit, apologetically: "I am afraid I was looking rather hard at you, Polly."

"Why do you stare?" asked Polly.

"I cannot," he murmured to himself, "recall why. —I don't know, Polly."

"You must be a simpleton to do things and not know why, must n't you?" said Polly.

In spite of which reproof, he looked at the child again, intently, as she bent her head over her card-structure, her rich curls shading her face. "It is impossible," he thought, "that I can ever have seen this pretty baby before. Can I have dreamed of her? In some sorrowful dream?"

He could make nothing of it. So he went into the building trade as a journeyman under Polly, and they built three stories high, four stories high: even five.

"I say. Who do you think is coming?" asked Polly, rubbing her eyes after tea.

He guessed: "The waiter?"

"No," said Polly, "the dustman. I am getting sleepy."

A new embarrassment for Barbox Brothers!

"I don't think I am going to be fetched to-night," said Polly; "what do you think?"

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

HERE FOLLOWS THE SUBSTANCE OF WHAT WAS SEEN, HEARD, OR OTHERWISE PICKED UP, BY THE GENTLEMAN FOR NOWHERE, IN HIS CAREFUL STUDY OF THE JUNCTION.

MAIN LINE.

THE BOY AT MUGBY.

I AM The Boy at Mugby. That 's about what *I* am.

You don 't know what I mean? What a pity! But I think you do. I think you must. Look here. I am the Boy at what is called The Refreshment Room at Mugby Junction, and what 's proudest boast is, that it never yet refreshed a mortal being.

Up in a corner of the Down Refreshment Room at Mugby Junction, in the height of twenty-seven cross draughts (I 've often counted 'em while they brush the First Class hair twenty-seven ways), behind the bottles, among the glasses, bounded on the nor'-west by the beer, stood pretty far to the right of a metallic object that 's at times the tea-urn and at times the soup-tureen, according to the nature of the last twang imparted to its contents which are the same groundwork, fended off from the traveller by a barrier of stale sponge-cakes erected atop of the counter, and lastly exposed sideways to the glare of Our Missis's eye — you ask a Boy so sitiwated, next time you stop in a hurry at Mugby, for anything to drink; you take particular notice that he 'll try to seem not to hear you, that he 'll appear in a absent manner to survey the Line through a transparent medium composed of your head and body, and that he won't serve you as long as you can possibly bear it. That 's Me.

What a lark it is! We are the Model Establishment, we are, at Mugby. Other Refreshment Rooms send their imperfect young ladies up to be finished off by our Missis. For some of the young ladies, when they 're new to the business, come into it mild! Ah! Our Missis, she soon takes that out of 'em. Why, I originally come into the business meek myself. But Our Missis she soon took that out of *me*.

What a delightful lark it is! I look upon us Refreshmenters as ockipying the only proudly independent footing on the Line. There 's Papers for instance — my honorable friend if he will allow me to call him so — him as belongs to Smith's bookstall. Why he no more dares to be up to our Refreshmenting games, than he dares to jump atop of a locomotive with her steam at full pressure, and cut away upon her alone, driving himself, at limited-mail speed. Papers, he 'd get his head punched at every compartment, first, second, and third, the whole length of a train, if he was to ventur to imitate my demeanor. It 's the same with the porters, the same with the guards, the same with the ticket-clerks, the same the whole way up to the secretary, traffic manager, or the very chairman. There ain't a one among 'em on the nobly independent footing we are. Did you ever catch one of *them*, when you wanted anything of him, making a system of surveying the Line through a transparent medium composed of your head and body? I should hope not.

You should see our Bandolining Room at Mugby Junction. It 's led to, by the door behind the counter, which you 'll notice usually stands ajar, and it 's the room where Our Missis and our young ladies Bandolines their hair. You should see 'em at it, betwixt trains, Bandolining away, as if they was anointing themselves for the combat. When you 're telegraphed, you should see their noses all a going up with scorn, as if it was a part of the working of the same Cooke and Wheatstone electrical machinery. You should hear Our Missis give the word "Here comes the Beast to be Fed!" and then you should see 'em indignantly skipping across the Line, from the Up to the Down, or Wicer Warsaw, and begin to pitch the stale pastry into the plates, and chuck the sawdust sangwiches under the glass covers, and get out the — ha ha ha! — the Sherry — O my eye, my eye! — for your Refreshment.

It 's only in the Isle of the Brave and Land of the Free (by which of course I mean to say Britannia) that Refreshmenting is so effective, so 'olesome, so constitutional, a check upon the public. There was a foreigner, which having politely, with his hat off, beseeched our young ladies and Our Missis for "a leetel gloss hoff prarndee," and having had the Line surveyed through him by all and no other acknowledgment, was a proceeding at last to help himself, as seems to be the custom in his own country, when Our Missis with her hair almost a coming un-Bandolined with rage, and her eyes omitting sparks, flew at him, cotched the decanter out of his hand, and said: "Put it down! I won't allow that!" The foreigner turned pale, stepped back with his arms stretched out in front of him, his hands clasped, and his shoulders riz, and exclaimed: "Ah! Is it possible this! That these disdaineous females and this ferocious old woman are placed here by the administration, not only to empoison the voyagers, but to affront them! Great Heaven! How arrives it? The English people. Or is he then a slave? Or idiot?" Another time, a merry, wideawake American gent had tried the sawdust and spit it out, and had tried the Sherry and spit that out, and had tried in vain to sustain exhausted natur upon Butter-Scotch, and had been rather extra Bandolined and Line-surveyed through, when, as the bell was ringing, and he paid Our Missis, he says, very loud and good-tempered: "I tell Yew what 't is, ma'arm. I la'af. Theer! I la'af. I Dew. I oughter ha' seen most things, for I hail from the Onlimited side of the Atlantic Ocean, and I haive travelled right slick over the Limited, head on through Jee-rusalemm and the East, and likeways France and Italy, Europe Old World, and am now upon the track to the Chief Europian Village; but such an Institution as Yew, and Yewer young ladies, and Yewer fixin's solid and liquid, afore the glorious Tarnal I never did see yet! And if I hain't found the eighth wonder of monarchical Creation, in finding Yew, and Yewer young ladies, and Yewer fixin's solid and liquid, all as aforesaid, established in a country where the people air not absolute Loo-naticks, I am Extra Double Darned with a Nip and Frizzle to the innermostest grit! Wheerfur — Theer! — I la'af! I Dew, ma'arm. I la'af!" And so he went, stamping and shaking his sides, along the platform all the way to his own compartment.

I think it was her standing up agin the Foreigner, as giv' Our Missis the idea of going over to France, and droring a comparison betwixt Refreshmenting as followed among the frog-eaters, and Refreshmenting as triumphant in the Isle of the Brave and Land of the Free (by which of course I mean to say agin, Britannia). Our young ladies, Miss Whiff, Miss Piff, and Mrs. Sniff, was unanimous opposed to her going; for, as they says to Our Missis, one and all, it is well beknown to the heads of the hertn as no other nation except Britain has an idea of anythink,

but above all of business. Why then should you tire yourself to prove what is already proved? Our Missis, however, (being a teazer at all pints,) stood out grim obstinate, and got a return pass by South-Eastern Tidal, to go right through, if such should be her dispositions, to Marseilles.

Sniff is husband to Mrs. Sniff, and is a regular insignificant cove. He looks arter the sawdust department in a back room, and is sometimes when we are very hard put to it let in behind the counter with a corkscrew; but never when it can be helped, his demeanor towards the public being disgusting servile. How Mrs. Sniff ever come so far to lower herself as to marry him, I don't know; but I suppose *he* does, and I should think he wished he did n't, for he leads a awful life. Mrs. Sniff could n't be much harder with him if he was public. Similarly, Miss Whiff and Miss Piff, taking the tone of Mrs. Sniff, they shoulder Sniff about when he *is* let in with a corkscrew, and they whisk things out of his hands when in his servility he is a going to let the public have 'em, and they snap him up when in the crawling baseness of his spirit he is a going to answer a public question, and they drore more tears into his eyes than ever the mustard does which he all day long lays on to the sawdust. (But it ain't strong.) Once, when Sniff had the repulsiveness to reach across to get the milk-pot to hand over for a baby, I see Our Missis in her rage catch him by both his shoulders and spin him out into the Bandolining Room.

But Mrs. Sniff. How different! She 's the one! She 's the one as you 'll notice to be always looking another way from you, when you look at her. She 's the one with the small waist buckled in tight in front, and with the lace cuffs at her wrists, which she puts on the edge of the counter before her, and stands a smoothing while the public foams. This smoothing the cuffs and looking another way while the public foams, is the last accomplishment taught to the young ladies as come to Mugby to be finished by Our Missis; and it 's always taught by Mrs. Sniff.

When Our Missis went away upon her journey, Mrs. Sniff was left in charge. She did hold the public in check most beautiful! In all my time, I never see half so many cups of tea given without milk to people as wanted it with, nor half so many cups of tea with milk given to people as wanted it without. When foaming ensued, Mrs. Sniff would say: "Then you 'd better settle it among yourselves, and change with one another." It was a most highly delicious lark. I enjoyed the Refreshmenting business more than ever, and was so glad I had took to it when young.

Our Missis returned. It got circulated among the young ladies, and it as it might be penetrated to me through the crevices of the Bandolining Room, that she had Orrors to reveal, if revelations so contemptible could be dignified with the name. Agitation became awakened. Excitement was up in the stirrups. Expectation stood a tiptoe. At length it was put forth that on our slackest evening in the week, and at our slackest time of that evening betwixt trains, Our Missis would give her views of foreign Refreshmenting, in the Bandolining Room.

It was arranged tasteful for the purpose. The Bandolining table and glass was hid in a corner, a arm-chair was elevated on a packing-case for Our Missis's ockypation, a table and a tumbler of water (no sherry in it, thankee) was placed beside it. Two of the pupils, the season being autumn, and hollyhocks and daliahs being in [illegible] ted the wall with three devices [illegible] n one might be read, "MAY A[illegible] N"; on another, "KEEP THE PUBLI[illegible]" another, "OUR REFRESH[illegible]NT [illegible] he whole had a beautiful appearance, with which the beauty of the sentiments corresponded.

On Our Missis's brow was wrote Severity, as she ascended the fatal platform. (Not that that was anythink new.) Miss Whiff and Miss Piff sat at her feet. Three chairs from the Waiting Room might have been perceived by a average eye, in front of her, on which the pupils was accommodated. Behind them, a very close observer might have discerned a Boy. Myself.

"Where," said Our Missis, glancing gloomily around, "is Sniff?"

"I thought it better," answered Mrs. Sniff, "that he should not be let to come in. He is such an Ass."

"No doubt," assented Our Missis. "But for that reason is it not desirable to improve his mind?"

"O, nothing will ever improve *him*," said Mrs. Sniff.

"However," pursued Our Missis, "call him in, Ezekiel."

I called him in. The appearance of the low-minded cove was hailed with disapprobation from all sides, on account of his having brought his corkscrew with him. He pleaded "the force of habit."

The force!" said Mrs. Sniff. "Don't let us have you talking about force, for Gracious sake. There! Do stand still where you are, with your back against the wall."

He is a smiling piece of vacancy, and he smiled in the mean way in which he will even smile at the public if he gets a chance (language can say no meaner of him), and he stood upright near the door with the back of his head agin the wall, as if he was a waiting for somebody to come and measure his height for the Army.

"I should not enter, ladies," says Our Missis, "on the revolting disclosures I am about to make, if it was not in the hope that they will cause you to be yet more implacable in the exercise of the power you wield in a constitutional country, and yet more devoted to the constitutional motto which I see before me"; it was behind her, but the words sounded better so; "'May Albion never learn!'"

Here the pupils as had made the motto admired it, and cried, "Hear! Hear! Hear!" Sniff, showing an inclination to join in chorus, got himself frowned down by every brow.

"The baseness of the French," pursued Our Missis, "as displayed in the fawning nature of their Refreshmenting, equals, if not surpasses, anythink as was ever heard of the baseness of the celebrated Buonaparte."

Miss Whiff, Miss Piff, and me, we drored a heavy breath, equal to saying, "We thought as much!" Miss Whiff and Miss Piff seeming to object to my droring mine along with theirs, I drored another to aggravate 'em.

"Shall I be believed," says our Missis, with flashing eyes, "when I tell you that no sooner had I set my foot upon that treacherous shore —"

Here Sniff, either busting out mad, or thinking aloud, says, in a low vice: "Feet. Plural, you know."

The cowering that come upon him when he was spurned by all eyes, added to his being beneath contempt, was sufficient punishment for a cove so grovelling. In the midst of a silence rendered more im-

pressive by the turned-up female noses with which it was pervaded, Our Missis went on: —

"Shall I be believed when I tell you that no sooner had I landed," this word with a killing look at Sniff, "on that treacherous shore, than I was ushered into a Refreshment Room where there were, I do not exaggerate, actually eatable things to eat?"

A groan burst from the ladies. I not only did myself the honor of jining, but also of lengthening it out.

"Where there were," Our Missis added, "not only eatable things to eat, but also drinkable things to drink?"

A murmur, swelling almost into a scream, ariz, Miss Piff, trembling with indignation, called out: "Name!"

"I *will* name," said Our Missis. "There was roast fowls, hot and cold; there was smoking roast veal surrounded with browned potatoes; there was hot soup with (again I ask shall I be credited?) nothing bitter in it, and no flour to choke off the consumer; there was a variety of cold dishes set off with jelly; there was salad; there was — mark me! —*fresh* pastry, and that of a light construction; there was a luscious show of fruit. There was bottles and decanters of sound small wine, of every size and adapted to every pocket; the same odious statement will apply to brandy; and these were set out upon the counter so that all could help themselves."

Our Missis's lips so quivered, that Mrs. Sniff, though scarcely less convulsed than she were, got up and held the tumbler to them.

"This," proceeds Our Missis, "was my first unconstitutional experience. Well would it have been, if it had been my last and worst. But no. As I proceeded farther into that enslaved and ignorant land, its aspect became more hideous. I need not explain to this assembly the ingredients and formation of the British Refreshment sangwich?"

Universal laughter, — except from Sniff, who, as sangwich-cutter, shook his head in a state of the utmost dejection as he stood with it agin the wall.

"Well!" said Our Missis, with dilated nostrils. "Take a fresh crisp long crusty penny loaf made of the whitest and best flour. Cut it longwise through the middle. Insert a fair and nicely fitting slice of ham. Tie a smart piece of ribbon round the middle of the whole to bind it together. Add at one end a neat wrapper of clean white paper by which to hold it. And the universal French Refreshment sangwich busts on your disgusted vision."

A cry of "Shame!" from all, — except Sniff, which rubbed his stomach with a soothing hand.

"I need not," said Our Missis, "explain to this assembly the usual formation and fitting of the British Refreshment Room?"

No, no, and laughter. Sniff agin shaking his head in low spirits agin the wall.

"Well," said Our Missis, "what would you say to a general decoration of everythink, to hangings (sometimes elegant), to easy velvet furniture, to abundance of little tables, to abundance of little seats, to brisk bright waiters, to great convenience, to a pervading cleanliness and tastefulness positively addressing the public and making the Beast thinking itself worth the pains?"

Contemptuous fury on the part of all the ladies. Mrs. Sniff looking as if she wanted somebody to hold her, and everybody else looking as if they 'd rather not.

"Three times," said Our Missis, working herself into a truly terrimenjious state, "three times did I see these shamful things, only between the coast and Paris, and not counting either: at Hazebroucke, at Arras, at Amiens. But worse remains. Tell me, what would you call a person who should propose in England that there should be kept, say at our own model Mugby Junction, pretty baskets, each holding an assorted cold lunch and dessert for one, each at a certain fixed price, and each within a passenger's power to take away, to empty in the carriage at perfect leisure, and to return at another station, fifty or a hundred miles further on?"

There was disagreement what such a person should be called. Whether revolutionist, atheist, Bright (*I* said him), or Un-English. Miss Piff screeched her shrill opinion last, in the words: "A malignant maniac!"

"I adopt," says Our Missis, "the brand set upon such a person by the righteous indignation of my friend Miss Piff. A malignant maniac. Know then, that that malignant maniac has sprung from the congenial soil of France, and that his malignant madness was in unchecked action on this same part of my journey."

I noticed that Sniff was a rubbing his hands, and that Mrs. Sniff had got her eye upon him. But I did not take more particular notice, owing to the excited state in which the young ladies was, and to feeling myself called upon to keep it up with a howl.

"On my experience south of Paris," said Our Missis, in a deep tone, "I will not expatiate. Too loathsome were the task! But fancy this. Fancy a guard coming round, with the train at full speed, to inquire how many for dinner. Fancy his telegraphing forward the number of diners. Fancy every one expected, and the table elegantly laid for the complete party. Fancy a charming dinner, in a charming room, and the head-cook, concerned for the honor of every dish, superintending in his clean white jacket and cap. Fancy the Beast travelling six hundred miles on end, very fast, and with great punctuality, yet being taught to expect all this to be done for it!"

A spirited chorus of "The Beast!"

I noticed that Sniff was agin a rubbing his stomach with a soothing hand, and that he had drored up one leg. But agin I did n't take particular notice, looking on myself as called upon to stimilate public feeling. It being a lark besides.

"Putting everything together," said Our Missis, "French Refreshmenting comes to this, and O it comes to a nice total! First: eatable things to eat, and drinkable things to drink."

A groan from the young ladies, kep' up by me.

"Second: convenience, and even elegance."

Another groan from the young ladies, kep' up by me.

"Third: moderate charges."

This time, a groan from me, kep' up by the young ladies.

"Fourth: — and here," says Our Missis, "I claim your angriest sympathy, — attention, common civility, nay, even politeness!"

Me and the young ladies regularly raging mad all together.

"And I cannot in conclusion," says Our Missis, with her spitefullest sneer, "give you a completer pictur of that despicable nation (after what I have related), than assuring you that they would n't bear our constitutional ways and noble independence at Mugby Junction, for a single month, and that they would turn us to the right-about, and put another system in our places, as soon as look at us; perhaps

sooner, for I do not believe they have the good taste to look at us twice."

The swelling tumult was arrested in its rise, Sniff, bore away by his servile disposition, had drored up his leg with a higher and a higher relish, and was now discovered to be waiving his corkscrew over his head. It was at this moment that Mrs. Sniff, who had kep' her eye upon him like the fabled obelisk, descended on her victim. Our Missis followed them both out, and cries was heard in the sawdust department.

You come into the Down Refreshment Room, at the Junction, making believe you don't know me, and I'll pint you out with my right thumb over my shoulder which is Our Missis, and which is Miss Whiff, and which is Miss Piff, and which is Mrs. Sniff. But you won't get a chance to see Sniff, because he disappeared that night. Whether he perished, tore to pieces, I cannot say; but his corkscrew alone remains, to bear witness to the servility of his disposition.

NO. 1 BRANCH LINE

THE SIGNAL-MAN.

"HALLOA! Below there!"

When he heard a voice thus calling to him, he was standing at the door of his box, with a flag in his hand, furled round its short pole. One would have thought, considering the nature of the ground, that he could not have doubted from what quarter the voice came; but, instead of looking up to where I stood on the top of the steep cutting nearly over his head, he turned himself about and looked down the Line. There was something remarkable in his manner of doing so, though I could not have said, for my life, what. But, I know it was remarkable enough to attract my notice, even though his figure was foreshortened and shadowed, down in the deep trench, and mine was high above him, and so steeped in the glow of an angry sunset that I had shaded my eyes with my hand before I saw him at all.

"Halloa! Below!"

From looking down the Line, he turned himself about again, and, raising his eyes, saw my figure high above him.

"Is there any path by which I can come down and speak to you?"

He looked up at me without replying, and I looked down at him without pressing him too soon with a repetition of my idle question. Just then, there came a vague vibration in the earth and air, quickly changing into a violent pulsation, and an oncoming rush that caused me to start back, as though it had force to draw me down. When such vapor as rose to my height from this rapid train, had passed me and was skimming away over the landscape, I looked down again, and saw him refurling the flag he had shown while the train went by.

I repeated my inquiry. After a pause, during which he seemed to regard me with fixed attention, he motioned with his rolled-up flag towards a point on my level, some two or three hundred yards distant. I called down to him, "All right!" and made for that point. There, by dint of looking closely about me, I found a rough zigzag descending path notched out: which I followed.

The cutting was extremely deep, and unusually precipitate. It was made through a clammy stone that became oozier and wetter as I went down. For these reasons, I found the way long enough to give me time to recall a singular air of reluctance or compulsion [illegible] ad pointed out the path.

When I [illegible] gh upon the zigzag [illegible] see [illegible] that he was standing between the rails on the way by which the train [illegible] lately passed, in an attitude as if he were waiting [illegible] e to appear. He had his left hand at his [illegible] that left elbow rested on his right hand crossed over his breast. His attitude was one of such ex ectation and watchfulness, that I stopped a mome wondering at it.

I resumed my downward way, and, stepping out upon the level of the railroad and drawing nearer to him, [illegible] w that he was a dark sallow man, with a dark beard and rather heavy eyebrows. His post was in as solitary and dismal a place as ever I saw. On e r side, a dripping-wet wall of jagged stone, exclu [illegible] all view but a strip of sky: the perspective way, only a crooked prolongation of this great [illegible] geon; the shorter perspective in the other direction, terminating in a gloomy red light, and the gloc entrance to a black tunnel, in whose massive [illegible] tecture there was a barbarous, depressing, and [illegible] dding air. So little sunlight ever found its way to [illegible] is spot, and it had an earthy deadly smell; and so [illegible] uch cold wind rushed through it, that it struck [illegible] ill to me, as if I had left the natural world.

Before he stirred, I was near enough to him to have touched him. Not even then removing his eyes from mine, he stepped back one step, and lifted his hand.

This was a lonesome post to occupy (I said), and it had riveted my attention when I looked down from up yonder. A visitor was a rarity, I should suppose; not an unwelcome rarity, I hoped? In me, he merely saw a man who had been shut up within narrow limits all his life, and who, being at last set free, had a newly-awakened interest in these great works. To such purpose I spoke to him; but I am far from sure of the terms I used, for, besides that I am not happy in opening any conversation, there was something in the man that daunted me.

He directed a most curious look towards the red light near the tunnel's mouth, and looked all about it, as if something were missing from it, and then looked at me.

That light was part of his charge? Was it not?

He answered in a low voice: "Don't you know it is?"

The monstrous thought came into my mind as I perused the fixed eyes and the saturnine face, that this was a spirit, not a man. I have speculated since whether there may have been infection in his mind.

In my turn, I stepped back. But in making the action, I detected in his eyes some latent fear of me. This put the monstrous thought to flight.

"You look at me," I said, forcing a smile, "as if you had a dread of me."

"I was doubtful," he returned, "whether I had seen you before."

"Where?"

He pointed to the red light he had looked at.

"There?" I said.

Intently watchful of me, he replied (but without sound), Yes.

"My good fellow, what should I do there? However, be that as it may, I never was there, you may swear."

"I think I may," he rejoined. "Yes, I am sure I may."

His manner cleared, like my own. He replied

to my remarks with readiness, and in well-chosen words. Had he much to do there? Yes; that was to say, he had enough responsibility to bear; but exactness and watchfulness were what was required of him, and of actual work — manual labor — he had next to none. To change that signal, to trim those lights, and to turn this iron handle now and then, was all he had to do under that head. Regarding those many long and lonely hours of which I seemed to make so much, he could only say that the routine of his life had shaped itself into that form, and he had grown used to it. He had taught himself a language down here, — if only to know it by sight, and to have formed his own crude ideas of its pronunciation, could be called learning it. He had also worked at fractions and decimals, and tried a little algebra; but he was, and had been as a boy, a poor hand at figures. Was it necessary for him, when on duty, always to remain in that channel of damp air, and could he never rise into the sunshine from between those high stone walls? Why, that depended upon times and circumstances. Under some conditions there would be less upon the Line than under others, and the same held good as to certain hours of the day and night. In bright weather, he did choose occasions for getting a little above these lower shadows; but, being at all times liable to be called by his electric bell, and at such times listening for it with redoubled anxiety, the relief was less than I would suppose.

He took me into his box, where there was a fire, a desk for an official book in which he had to make certain entries, a telegraphic instrument with its dial face and needles, and the little bell of which he had spoken. On my trusting that he would excuse the remark that he had been well educated, and (I hoped I might say without offence) perhaps educated above that station, he observed that instances of slight incongruity in such-wise would rarely be found wanting among large bodies of men; that he had heard it was so in workhouses, in the police force, even in that last desperate resource, the army; and that he knew it was so, more or less, in any great railway staff. He had been, when young, (if I could believe it, sitting in that hut; he scarcely could,) a student of natural philosophy, and had attended lectures; but he had run wild, misused his opportunities, gone down, and never risen again. He had no complaint to offer about that. He had made his bed, and he lay upon it. It was far too late to make another.

All that I have here condensed, he said in a quiet manner, with his grave dark regards divided between me and the fire. He threw in the word "Sir," from time to time, and especially when he referred to his youth, as though to request me to understand that he claimed to be nothing but what I found him. He was several times interrupted by the little bell, and had to read off messages, and send replies. Once he had to stand without the door and display a flag as a train passed, and make some verbal communication to the driver. In the discharge of his duties I observed him to be remarkably exact and vigilant, breaking off his discourse at a syllable, and remaining silent until what he had to do was done.

In a word, I should have set this man down as one of the safest of men to be employed in that capacity, but for the circumstance that while he was speaking to me he twice broke off with a fallen color, turned his face towards the little bell when it did NOT ring, opened the door of the hut (which was kept shut to exclude the unhealthy damp), and looked out towards the red light near the mouth of the tunnel. On both of those occasions, he came back to the fire with the inexplicable air upon him which I had remarked, without being able to define, when we were so far asunder.

Said I, when I rose to leave him: "You almost make me think that I have met with a contented man."

(I am afraid I must acknowledge that I said it to lead him on.)

"I believe I used to be so," he rejoined, in the low voice in which he had first spoken; "but I am troubled, sir, I am troubled."

He would have recalled the words if he could. He had said them, however, and I took them up quickly.

"With what? What is your trouble?"

"It is very difficult to impart, sir. It is very, very, difficult to speak of. If ever you make me another visit, I will try to tell you."

"But I expressly intend to make you another visit. Say, when shall it be?"

"I go off early in the morning, and I shall be on again at ten to-morrow night, sir."

"I will come at eleven."

He thanked me, and went out at the door with me. "I 'll show my white light, sir," he said, in his peculiar low voice, "till you have found the way up. When you have found it, don't call out! And when you are at the top, don't call out!"

His manner seemed to make the place strike colder to me, but I said no more than "Very well."

"And when you come down to-morrow night, don't call out! Let me ask you a parting question. What made you cry 'Halloa! Below there!' to-night?"

"Heaven knows," said I. "I cried something to that effect —"

"Not to that effect, sir. Those were the very words. I know them well."

"Admit those were the very words. I said them, no doubt, because I saw you below."

"For no other reason?"

"What other reason could I possibly have?"

"You had no feeling that they were conveyed to you in any supernatural way?"

"No."

He wished me good night, and held up his light. I walked by the side of the down Line of rails (with a very disagreeable sensation of a train coming behind me), until I found the path. It was easier to mount than to descend, and I got back to my inn without any adventure.

Punctual to my appointment, I placed my foot on the first notch of the zigzag next night, as the distant clocks were striking eleven. He was waiting for me at the bottom, with his white light on. "I have not called out," I said, when we came close together; "may I speak now?" "By all means, sir." "Good night, then, and here 's my hand." "Good night, sir, and here 's mine." With that, we walked side by side to his box, entered it, closed the door, and sat down by the fire.

"I have made up my mind, sir," he began, bending forward as soon as we were seated, and speaking in a tone but a little above a whisper, "that you shall not have to ask me twice what troubles me. I took you for some one else yesterday evening. That troubles me."

"That mistake?"

"No. That some one else."

"Who is it?"

"I don't know."

"Like me?"

"I don't know. I never saw the face. The left arm is across the face, and the right arm is waved. Violently waved. This way."

I followed his action with my eyes, and it was the action of an arm gesticulating with the utmost passion and vehemence: "For God's sake clear the way!"

"One moonlight night," said the man, "I was sitting here, when I heard a voice cry 'Halloa! Below there!' I started up, looked from that door, and saw this Some one else standing by the red light near the tunnel, waving as I just now showed you. The voice seemed hoarse with shouting, and it cried, 'Look out! Look out!' And then again 'Halloa! Below there! Look out!' I caught up my lamp, turned it on red, and ran towards the figure, calling, 'What's wrong? What has happened? Where?' It stood just outside the blackness of the tunnel. I advanced so close upon it that I wondered at its keeping the sleeve across its eyes. I ran right up at it, and had my hand stretched out to pull the sleeve away, when it was gone."

"Into the tunnel," said I.

"No. I ran on into the tunnel, five hundred yards. I stopped and held my lamp above my head, and saw the figures of the measured distance, and saw the wet stains stealing down the walls and trickling through the arch. I ran out again, faster than I had run in (for I had a mortal abhorrence of the place upon me), and I looked all round the red light with my own red light, and I went up the iron ladder to the gallery atop of it, and I came down again, and ran back here. I telegraphed both ways: 'An alarm has been given. Is anything wrong?' The answer came back, both ways: 'All well.'"

Resisting the slow touch of a frozen finger tracing out my spine, I showed him how that this figure must be a deception of his sense of sight, and how that figures, originating in disease of the delicate nerves that minister to the functions of the eye, were known to have often troubled patients, some of whom had become conscious of the nature of their affliction, and had even proved it by experiments upon themselves. "As to an imaginary cry," said I, "do but listen for a moment to the wind in this unnatural valley while we speak so low, and to the wild harp it makes of the telegraph wires!"

That was all very well, he returned, after we had sat listening for a while, and he ought to know something of the wind and the wires, he who so often passed long winter nights there, alone and watching. But he would beg to remark that he had not finished.

I asked his pardon, and he slowly added these words, touching my arm:—

"Within six hours after the Appearance, the memorable accident on this Line happened, and within ten hours the dead and wounded were brought along through the tunnel over the spot where the figure had stood."

A disagreeable shudder crept over me, but I did my best against it. It was not to be denied, I rejoined, that this was a remarkable coincidence, calculated deeply to impress the mind. But it was unquestionable that remarkable coincidences did continually occur, and they must be taken into account in dealing with such a subject. Though to be sure I must admit, I added (for I thought I saw that he was going to bring the objection to bear upon me), men of common sense did not allow much for coincidences in making the ordinary calculations of life.

He again begged to remark that he had not finished.

I again [illegible] ing betrayed into interruption.

"This," he [illegible] s hand upon my arm, and [illegible] der with hollow eyes. "was just a year [illegible] or seven months [illegible] d, and I had recovered from the surprise and [illegible] one morning, as the day was breaking, [illegible] at that door, looked towards the red light, and saw the spectre again." He stopped, with a fixed look at me.

"Did it cry out?"

"No. It was silent."

"Did it wave its arm?"

"No. It leaned against the shaft of the light, with both hands before the face. Like this."

Once [illegible] re, I followed his action with my eyes. It was an [illegible] ction of mourning. I have seen such an attitude in stone figures on tombs.

"Did y[illegible] go up to it?"

"I came in and sat down, partly to collect my thoughts, partly because it had turned me faint. When I w[illegible] nt to the door again, daylight was above me, [illegible] ghost was gone."

"But nothing followed? Nothing came of this?"

He [illegible] hed me on the arm with his forefinger twice or [illegible] ice, giving a ghastly nod each time:—

"[illegible] ery day, as a train came out of the tunnel, I noticed, at a carriage window on my side, what looked like a confusion of hands and heads, and something waved. I saw it just in time to signal the driver, Stop! He shut off, and put his brake on, but the train drifted past here a hundred and [illegible] or more. I ran after it, and, as I went [illegible] d terrible screams and cries. A beautiful yo[illegible] had died instantaneously in one of the compartments, and was brought in here, and laid down on this floor between us."

Involuntarily I pushed my chair back, as I looked from the boards at which he pointed, to himself.

"True, sir. True. Precisely as it happened, so I tell it you."

I could think of nothing to say, to any purpose, and my mouth was very dry. The wind and the wires took up the story with a long lamenting wail.

He resumed. "Now, sir, mark this, and judge how my mind is troubled. The spectre came back, a week ago. Ever since, it has been there, now and again, by fits and starts."

"At the light?"

"At the Danger-light."

"What does it seem to do?"

He repeated, if possible with increased passion and vehemence, that former gesticulation of "For God's sake clear the way!"

Then, he went on. "I have no peace or rest for it. It calls to me, for many minutes together, in an agonized manner, 'Below there! Look out! Look out!' It stands waving to me. It rings my little bell—"

I caught at that. "Did it ring your bell yesterday evening when I was here, and you went to the door?"

"Twice."

"Why, see," said I, "how your imagination misleads you. My eyes were on the bell, and my ears were open to the bell, and, if I am a living man, it did NOT ring at those times. No, nor at any other time, except when it was rung in the natural course of physical things by the station communicating with you."

He shook his head. "I have never made a mistake as to that, yet, sir. I have never confused the

spectre's ring with the man's. The ghost's ring is a strange vibration in the bell that it derives from nothing else, and I have not asserted that the bell stirs to the eye. I don't wonder that you failed to hear it. But *I* heard it."

"And did the spectre seem to be there, when you looked out?"

"It WAS there."

"Both times?"

He repeated firmly: "Both times."

"Will you come to the door with me, and look for it now?"

He bit his under-lip as though he were somewhat unwilling, but arose. I opened the door, and stood on the step, while he stood in the doorway. There, was the Danger-light. There, was the dismal mouth of the tunnel. There, were the high wet stone walls of the cutting. There, were the stars above them.

"Do you see it?" I asked him, taking particular note of his face. His eyes were prominent and strained; but not very much more so, perhaps, than my own had been when I had directed them earnestly towards the same point.

"No," he answered. "It is not there."

"Agreed," said I.

We went in again, shut the door, and resumed our seats. I was thinking how best to improve this advantage, if it might be called one, when he took up the conversation in such a matter of course way, so assuming that there could be no serious question of fact between us, that I felt myself placed in the weakest of positions.

"By this time you will fully understand, sir," he said, "that what troubles me so dreadfully, is the question, What does the spectre mean?"

I was not sure, I told him, that I did fully understand.

"What is its warning against?" he said, ruminating, with his eyes on the fire, and only by times turning them on me. "What is the danger? Where is the danger? There is danger overhanging, somewhere on the Line. Some dreadful calamity will happen. It is not to be doubted this third time, after what has gone before. But surely this is a cruel haunting of *me*. What can *I* do?"

He pulled out his handkerchief, and wiped the drops from his heated forehead.

"If I telegraph Danger, on either side of me, or on both, I can give no reason for it," he went on, wiping the palms of his hands. "I should get into trouble, and do no good. They would think I was mad. This is the way it would work: — Message: 'Danger! Take care!' Answer: 'What Danger? Where?' Message: 'Don't know. But for God's sake take care!' They would displace me. What else could they do?"

His pain of mind was most pitiable to see. It was the mental torture of a conscientious man, oppressed beyond endurance by an unintelligible responsibility involving life.

"When it first stood under the Danger-light," he went on, putting his dark hair back from his head, and drawing his hands outward across and across his temples in an extremity of feverish distress, "why not tell me where that accident was to happen, — if it must happen? Why not tell me how it could be averted, — if it could have been averted? When on its second coming it hid its face, why not tell me instead: 'She is going to die. Let them keep her at home'? If it came, on those two occasions, only to show me that its warnings were true, and so to prepare me for the third, why not warn me plainly now? And I, Lord help me! A mere poor signalman on this solitary station! Why not go to somebody with credit to be believed, and power to act?"

When I saw him in this state, I saw that for the poor man's sake, as well as for the public safety, what I had to do for the time was, to compose his mind. Therefore, setting aside all question of reality or unreality between us, I represented to him that whoever thoroughly discharged his duty, must do well, and that at least it was his comfort that he understood his duty, though he did not understand these confounding Appearances. In this effort I succeeded far better than in the attempt to reason him out of his conviction. He became calm; the occupations incidental to his post as the night advanced, began to make larger demands on his attention; and I left him at two in the morning. I had offered to stay through the night, but he would not hear of it.

That I more than once looked back at the red light as I ascended the pathway, that I did not like the red light, and that I should have slept but poorly if my bed had been under it, I see no reason to conceal. Nor, did I like the two sequences of the accident and the dead girl. I see no reason to conceal that, either.

But, what ran most in my thoughts was the consideration how ought I to act, having become the recipient of this disclosure? I had proved the man to be intelligent, vigilant, painstaking, and exact; but how long might he remain so, in his state of mind? Though in a subordinate position, still he held a most important trust, and would I (for instance) like to stake my own life on the chances of his continuing to execute it with precision?

Unable to overcome a feeling that there would be something treacherous in my communicating what he had told me to his superiors in the Company, without first being plain with himself and proposing a middle course to him, I ultimately resolved to offer to accompany him (otherwise keeping his secret for the present) to the wisest medical practitioner we could hear of in those parts, and to take his opinion. A change in his time of duty would come round next night, he had apprised me, and he would be off an hour or two after sunrise, and on again soon after sunset. I had appointed to return accordingly.

Next evening was a lovely evening, and I walked out early to enjoy it. The sun was not yet quite down when I traversed the field-path near the top of the deep cutting. I would extend my walk for an hour, I said to myself, half an hour on and half an hour back, and it would then be time to go to my signalman's box.

Before pursuing my stroll, I stepped to the brink, and mechanically looked down, from the point from which I had first seen him. I cannot describe the thrill that seized upon me, when, close at the mouth of the tunnel, I saw the appearance of a man, with his left sleeve across his eyes, passionately waving his right arm.

The nameless horror that oppressed me, passed in a moment, for in a moment I saw that this appearance of a man was a man indeed, and that there was a little group of other men standing at a short distance, to whom he seemed to be rehearsing the gesture he made. The Danger-light was not yet lighted. Against its shaft, a little low hut, entirely new to me, had been made of some wooden supports and tarpaulin. It looked no bigger than a bed.

With an irresistible sense that something was wrong — with a flashing self-reproachful fear that fa-

tal mischief had come of my leaving the man there, and causing no one to be sent to overlook or correct what he did — I descended the notched path with all the speed I could make.

“What is the matter?” I asked the men.

“Signalman killed this morning, sir.”

“Not the man belonging to that box?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Not the man I know?”

“You will recognise him, sir, if you knew him,” said the man who spoke for the others, solemnly uncovering his own head and raising an end of the tarpaulin, “for his face is quite composed.”

“O! how did this happen, how did this happen?” I asked, turning from one to another as the hut closed in again.

“He was cut down by an engine, sir. No man in England knew his work better. But somehow he was not clear of the outer rail. It was just at broad day. He had struck the light, and had the lamp in his hand. As the engine came out of the tunnel, his back was towards her, and she cut him down. That man drove her, and was showing how it happened. Show the gentleman, Tom.”

The man, who wore a rough dark dress, stepped back to his former place at the mouth of the tunnel.

“Coming round the curve in the tunnel, sir,” he said, “I saw him at the end, like as if I saw him down a perspective-glass. There was no time to check speed, and I knew him to be very careful. As he did n't seem to take heed of the whistle, I shut it off when we were running down upon him, and called to him as loud as I could call.”

“What did you say?”

“I said, Below there! Loot out! Look out! For God's sake clear the way!”

I started.

“Ah! it was a dreadful time, sir. I never left off calling to him. I put this arm before my eyes, not to see, and I waved this arm to the last; but it was no use.”

Without prolonging the narrative to dwell on any one of its curious circumstances more than on any other, I may, in closing it, point out the coincidence that the warning of the Engine-Driver included, not only the words which the unfortunate signalman had repeated to me as haunting him, but also the words which I myself — not he — had attached, and that only in my own mind, to the gesticulation he had imitated.

No. 2 BRANCH LINE.

THE ENGINE-DRIVER.

“ALTOGETHER? Well. Altogether, since 1841, I've killed seven men and boys. It ain't many in all those years.”

These startling words he uttered in a serious tone as he leaned against the Station-wall. He was a thick-set, ruddy-faced man, with [illegible]

[illegible]

“Yes, sir, I have [illegible] five-and-twenty years a Locomotive Engine-driver; and in all that time, I've only killed seven men and boys. There's not many of my mates as can say as much for themselves. Steadiness, sir, — steadiness and keeping your eyes open, is what does it. When I say seven men and boys, I mean my mates, — stokers, porters, and so forth. I don't count passengers.”

How did he become an engine-driver?

“My father,” he said, “was a wheelwright in a small way, and lived in a little cottage by the side of the railway which runs betwixt Leeds and Selby. It was the second railway laid down in the kingdom, the second after the Liverpool and Manchester, where Mr. Huskisson was killed, as you may have heard on, sir. When the trains rushed by, we young 'uns used to run out to look at 'em, and hooray. I noticed the driver turned handles, and making it go, and I thought to myself it would be a fine thing to be a engine-driver, and have the control of a wonderful machine like that. Before the railway, the driver of the mail-coach was the biggest man I knew. I thought I should like to be the driver of a coach. We had a picture in our cottage of George the Third in a red coat. I always mixed up the driver of the mail-coach — who had a red coat, too — with the king, only he had a low-crowned broad-brimmed hat, which the king had n't. In my idea, the king could n't be a greater man than the driver of the mail-coach. I had always a fancy to be a head man of some kind. When I went to Leeds once, and saw a man conducting a orchestra, I thought I should like to be the conductor of a orchestra. When I went home I made myself a bâton, and went about the fields conducting a orchestra. It was n't there, of course, but I pretended it was. At another time, a man with a whip and a speaking-trumpet, on the stage outside a show, took my fancy, and I thought I should like to be him. But when the train came, the engine-driver put them all in the shade, and I was resolved to be a engine-driver. It was n't long before I had to do something to earn my own living, though I was only a young 'un. My father died suddenly — he was killed by thunder and lightning while standing under a tree out of the rain — and mother could n't keep us all. The day after my father's burial I walked down to the station, and said I wanted to be a engine-driver. The station-master laughed a bit, said I was for beginning early, but that I was not quite big enough yet. He gave me a penny, and told me to go home and grow, and come again in ten years' time. I did n't dream of danger then. If I could n't be a engine-driver, I was determined to have something to do about a engine; so, as I could get nothing else, I went on board a Humber steamer and broke up coals for the stoker. That was how I began. From that I became a stoker, first on board a boat, and then on a locomotive. Then, after two years' service, I became a driver on the very line which passes our cottage. My mother, [illegible] and sisters came out to look [illegible] the first day I drove. I was watching for [illegible] and they [illegible] I waved my [illegible] I was [illegible] I was that [illegible]

[illegible] it's as [illegible] I be- [illegible] That [illegible] I [illegible] No, I [illegible] engine-driv-

tifically, as you call it; but I could put her to rights if anything went out of gear — that is to say, if there was nothing broken — but I could n't have explained how the steam worked inside. Starting a engine is just like drawing a drop of gin. You turn a handle and off she goes; then you turn the handle the other way, put on the brakes, and you stop her. There 's not much more in it, so far. It 's no good being scientific and knowing the principle of the engine inside; no good at all. Fitters, who know all the ins and outs of the engine, make the worst drivers. That 's well known. They know too much. It 's just as I 've heard of a man with regard to *his* inside: if he knew what a complicated machine it is, he would never eat, or drink, or dance, or run, or do anything, for fear of busting something. So it is with fitters. But us as are not troubled with such thoughts, *we* go ahead.

"But starting a engine 's one thing and driving of her is another. Any one, a child a'most, can turn on the steam and turn it off again; but it ain't every one that can keep a engine well on the road, no more than it ain't every one who can ride a horse properly. It is much the same thing. If you gallop a horse right off for a mile or two, you take the wind out of him, and for the next mile or two you must let him trot or walk. So it is with a engine. If you put on too much steam, to get over the ground at the start, you exhaust the boiler, and then you 'll have to crawl along till your fresh water boils up. The great thing in driving, is, to go steady, never to let your water get too low, nor your fire too low.

"It 's the same with a kettle. If you fill it up when it 's about half empty, it soon comes to the boil again; but if you don't fill it up until the water 's nearly out, it 's a long time in coming to the boil again. Another thing; you should never make spurts, unless you are detained and lose time. You should go up a incline and down a incline at the same pace. Sometimes a driver will waste his steam, and when he comes to a hill he has scarcely enough to drag him up. When you 're in a train that goes by fits and starts, you may be sure that there is a bad driver on the engine. That kind of driving frightens passengers dreadful. When the train, after rattling along, suddenly slackens speed when it ain't near a station, it may be in the middle of a tunnel, the passengers think there is danger. But generally it 's because the driver has exhausted his steam.

"I drove the Brighton express, four or five years before I come here, and the annuals — that is, the passengers who had annual tickets — always said they knew when I was on the engine, because they was n't jerked. Gentlemen used to say as they came on to the platform, 'Who drives to-day — Jim Martin?' And when the guard told them yes, they said, 'All right,' and took their seats quite comfortable. But the driver never gets so much as a shilling; the guard comes in for all that, and he does nothing much. Few ever think of the driver. I dare say they think the train goes along of itself; yet if we did n't keep a sharp look-out, know our duty, and do it, they might all go smash at any moment. I used to make that journey to Brighton in fifty-two minutes. The papers said forty-nine minutes, but that was coming it a little too strong. I had to watch signals all the way, one every two miles, so that me and my stoker were on the stretch all the time, doing two things at once, — attending to the engine and looking out. I 've driven, on this Line, eighty-one miles and three quarters in eighty-six minutes. There 's no danger in speed if you have a good road, a good engine, and not too many coaches behind. No, we don't call them carriages, we call them 'coaches.'

"Yes; oscillation means danger. If you 're ever in a coach that oscillates much, tell of it at the first station and get it coupled up closer. Coaches when they 're too loose are apt to jump, or swing off the rails; and it 's quite as dangerous when they 're coupled up too close. There ought to be just space enough for the buffers to work easy. Passengers are frightened in tunnels, but there 's less danger, *now*, in tunnels than anywhere else. We never enter a tunnel unless it 's signalled Clear.

"A train can be stopped wonderful quick, even when running express, if the guards act with the driver and clap on all the brakes promptly. Much depends upon the guards. One brake behind is as good as two in front. The engine, you see, loses weight as she burns her coals and consumes her water, but the coaches behind don't alter. We have a good deal of trouble with young guards. In their anxiety to perform their duties; they put on the brakes too soon, so that sometimes we can scarcely drag the train into the station; when they grow older at it they are not so anxious, and don't put them on soon enough. It 's no use to say, when an accident happens, that they did not put on the brakes in time; they swear they did, and you can't prove that they did n't.

"Do I think that the tapping of the wheels with a hammer is a mere ceremony? Well, I don't know exactly; I should not like to say. It 's not often that the chaps find anything wrong. They may sometimes be half asleep when a train comes into a station in the middle of the night. You would be yourself. They ought to tap the axle-box, but they don't.

"Many accidents take place that never get into the papers; many trains, full of passengers, escape being dashed to pieces by next door to a miracle. Nobody knows anything about it but the driver and the stoker. I remember once, when I was driving on the Eastern Counties. Going round a curve, I suddenly saw a train coming along on the same line of rails. I clapped on the brake, but it was too late, I thought. Seeing the engine almost close upon us, I cried to my stoker to jump. He jumped off the engine, almost before the words were out of my mouth. I was just taking my hand off the lever to follow, when the coming train turned off on the points, and the next instant the hind coach passed my engine by a shave. It was the nearest touch I ever saw. My stoker was killed. In another half second I should have jumped off and been killed too. What would have become of the train without us is more than I can tell you.

"There are heaps of people run over that no one ever hears about. One dark night in the Black Country, me and my mate felt something wet and warm splash in our faces. 'That did n't come from the engine, Bill,' I said. 'No,' he said; 'it 's something thick, Jim.' It was blood. That 's what it was. We heard afterwards that a collier had been run over. When we kill any of our own chaps, we say as little about it as possible. It 's generally — mostly always — their own fault. No, we never think of danger ourselves. We 're used to it, you see. But we 're not reckless. I don't believe there 's any body of men that takes more pride in their work than engine-drivers do. We are as proud and as fond of our engines as if they were living things; as proud of them as a huntsman or a jockey is of

candle standing on the table shone upon Strange's face, lighting it from below, and throwing (as I now remember) his shadow, vast and black, upon the wall behind him and upon the ceiling overhead. He was leaning rather forward, with his hands upon the table supporting him, and gazing into the glass which stood before him with a horrible fixity. The sweat was on his white face; his rigid features and his pale lips, shown in that feeble light, were horrible, more than words can tell, to look at. He was so completely stupefied and lost that the noise I had made in knocking and entering the room was unobserved by him. Not even when I called him loudly by name did he move or did his face change.

"What a vision of horror that was, in the great dark empty room, in a silence that was something more than negative, — that ghastly figure frozen into stone by some unexplained terror! And the silence and the stillness! The very thunder had ceased now. My heart stood still with fear. Then, moved by some instinctive feeling, under whose influence I acted mechanically, I crept with slow steps nearer and nearer the table, and at last, half expecting to see some spectre even more horrible than this which I saw already, I looked over his shoulder into the looking-glass. I happened to touch his arm, though only in the lightest manner. In that one moment the spell which had held him — who knows how long? — enchained, seemed broken, and he lived in this world again. He turned round upon me, as suddenly as a tiger makes its spring, and seized me by the arm.

"I have told you, that, even before I entered my friend's room, I had felt, all that night, depressed and nervous. The necessity for action at this time was, however, so obvious, and this man's agony made all that I had felt appear so trifling, that much of my own discomfort seemed to leave me. I felt that I *must* be strong.

"The face before me almost unmanned me. The eyes which looked into mine were so scared with terror, the lips — if I may say so — looked so speechless. The wretched man gazed long into my face, and then, still holding me by the arm, slowly, very slowly, turned his head. I had gently tried to move him away from the looking-glass, but he would not stir, and now he was looking into it as fixedly as ever. I could bear this no longer, and, using such force as was necessary, I drew him gradually away, and got him to one of the chairs at the foot of the bed. 'Come!' I said, — after the long silence my voice, even to myself, sounded strange and hollow, — 'come! You are over-tired, and you feel the weather. Don't you think you ought to be in bed? Suppose you lie down. Let me try my medical skill in mixing you a composing draught.'

"He held my hand, and looked eagerly into my eyes. 'I am better now,' he said, speaking at last very faintly. Still he looked at me in that wistful way. It seemed as if there were something that he wanted to do or say, but had not sufficient resolution. At length he got up from the chair to which I had led him, and, beckoning me to follow him, went across the room to the dressing-table, and stood again before the glass. A violent shudder passed through his frame as he looked into it: but, apparently forcing himself to go through with what he had now begun, he remained where he was, and, without looking away, moved to me with his hand to come and stand beside him. I complied.

"'Look in there!' he said, in an almost inaudible tone. He was supported, as before, by his hands resting on the table, and could only bow with his head towards the glass, to intimate what he meant. 'Look in there!' he repeated.

"I did as he asked me.

"'What do you see?' he asked next.

"'See?' I repeated, trying to speak as cheerfully as I could, and describing the reflection of his own face as nearly as I could. 'I see a very, very pale face with sunken cheeks —'

"'What?' he cried, with an alarm in his voice which I could not understand.

"'With sunken cheeks,' I went on, 'and two hollow eyes with large pupils.'

"I saw the reflection of my friend's face change, and felt his hand clutch my arm even more tightly than he had done before. I stopped abruptly and looked round at him. He did not turn his head towards me, but, gazing still into the looking-glass, seemed to labor for utterance.

"'What!' he stammered at last. 'Do — you — see it — too?'

"'See what?' I asked, quickly.

"'That face!' he cried, in accents of horror. 'That face — which is not mine — and which — I SEE INSTEAD OF MINE — always!'

"I was struck speechless by the words. In a moment this mystery was explained, — but what an explanation! Worse, a hundred times worse, than anything I had imagined. What! Had this man lost the power of seeing his own image as it was reflected there before him? and, in its place, was there the image of another? Had he changed reflections with some other man? The frightfulness of the thought struck me speechless for a time; then I saw how false an impression my silence was conveying.

"'No, no, no!' I cried, as soon as I could speak, — 'a hundred times, no! I see you, of course, and only you. It was your face I attempted to describe, and no other.'

"He seemed not to hear me. 'Why, look there!' he said, in a low, indistinct voice, pointing to his own image in the glass. 'Whose face do you see there?'

"'Why, yours, of course.' And then, after a moment, I added, 'Whose do you see?'

"He answered, like one in a trance, '*His*, — only his, — always his!' He stood still a moment, and then, with a loud and terrific scream, repeated those words, 'ALWAYS HIS, ALWAYS HIS,' and fell down in a fit before me.

"I knew what to do now. Here was a thing which, at any rate, I could understand. I had with me my usual small stock of medicines and surgical instruments, and I did what was necessary, — first to restore my unhappy patient, and next to procure for him the rest he needed so much. He was very ill, — at death's door for some days, — and I could not leave him, though there was urgent need that I should be back in London. When he began to mend, I sent over to England for my servant — John Masey — whom I knew I could trust. Acquainting him with the outlines of the case, I left him in charge of my patient, with orders that he should be brought over to this country as soon as he was fit to travel.

"That awful scene was always before me. I saw this devoted man, day after day, with the eyes of my imagination, sometimes destroying in his rage the harmless looking-glass, which was the immediate cause of his suffering, sometimes transfixed before the horrid image that turned him to stone. I recollect coming upon him once when we were stopping at a

roadside inn, and seeing him stand so by broad daylight. His back was turned towards me, and I waited and watched him for nearly half an hour, as he stood there motionless and speechless and appearing not to breathe. I am not sure but that this apparition seen so by daylight was more ghastly than that apparition seen in the middle of the night, with the thunder rumbling among the hills.

"Back in London in his own house, where he could command in some sort the objects which should surround him, poor Strange was better than he would have been elsewhere. He seldom went out except at night; but once or twice I have walked with him by daylight, and have seen him terribly agitated when we have had to pass a shop in which looking-glasses were exposed for sale.

"It is nearly a year now since my poor friend followed me down to this place, to which I have retired. For some months he has been daily getting weaker and weaker, and a disease of the lungs has become developed in him, which has brought him to his death-bed. I should add, by the by, that John Masey has been his constant companion ever since I brought them together, and I have had, consequently, to look after a new servant.

"And now tell me," the doctor added, bringing his tale to an end, "did you ever hear a more miserable history, or was ever man haunted in a more ghastly manner than this man?"

I was about to reply, when we heard a sound of footsteps outside, and before I could speak old Masey entered the room, in haste and disorder.

"I was just telling this gentleman," the doctor said, not at the moment observing old Masey's changed manner, "how you deserted me to go over to your present master."

"Ah! sir," the man answered, in a troubled voice, "I 'm afraid he won't be my master long."

The doctor was on his legs in a moment. "What! Is he worse?"

"I think, sir, he is dying," said the old man.

"Come with me, sir; you may be of use if you can keep quiet." The doctor caught up his hat as he addressed me in those words, and in a few minutes we had reached the Compensation House. A few seconds more and we were standing in a darkened room on the first floor, and I saw lying on a bed before me — pale, emaciated, and, as it seemed, dying — the man whose story I had just heard.

He was lying with closed eyes when we came into the room, and I had leisure to examine his features. What a tale of misery they told! They were regular and symmetrical in their arrangement, and not without beauty, — the beauty of exceeding refinement and delicacy. Force there was none, and perhaps it was to the want of this that the faults — perhaps the crime — which had made the man's life so miserable were to be attributed. Perhaps the crime? Yes; it was not likely that an affliction, lifelong and terrible, such as this he had endured, would come upon him unless some misdeed had provoked the punishment. What misdeed we were soon to know.

It sometimes — I think generally — happens that the presence of any one who stands and watches beside a sleeping man will wake him, unless his slumbers are unusually heavy. It was so now. While we looked at him, the sleeper awoke very suddenly, and fixed his eyes upon us. He put out his hand and took the doctor's in its feeble grasp. "Who is that?" he asked next, pointing towards me.

"Do you wish him to go? The gentleman knows something of your sufferings, and is powerfully interested in your case; but he will leave us, if you wish it," the doctor said.

"No. Let him stay."

Seating myself out of sight, but where I could both see and hear what passed, I waited for what should follow. Dr. Garden and John Masey stood beside the bed. There was a moment's pause.

"I want a looking-glass," said Strange, without a word of preface.

We all started to hear him say those words.

"I am dying," said Strange: "will you not grant me my request?"

Doctor Garden whispered to old Masey; and the latter left the room. He was not absent long, having gone no further than the next house. He held an oval-framed mirror in his hand when he returned. A shudder passed through the body of the sick man as he saw it.

"Put it down," he said, faintly, — "anywhere — for the present."

No one of us spoke. I do not think, in that moment of suspense, that we *could*, any of us, have spoken if we had tried.

The sick man tried to raise himself a little. "Prop me up," he said. "I speak with difficulty. I have something to say."

They put pillows behind him, so as to raise his head and body.

"I have presently a use for it," he said, indicating the mirror. "I want to see —" He stopped, and seemed to change his mind. He was sparing of his words. "I want to tell you — all about it." Again he was silent. Then he seemed to make a great effort and spoke once more, beginning very abruptly.

"I loved my wife fondly. I loved her — her name was Lucy. She was English; but, after we were married, we lived long abroad, — in Italy. She liked the country, and I liked what she liked. She liked to draw, too, and I got her a master. He was an Italian. I will not give his name. We always called him 'the Master.' A treacherous, insidious man this was, and, under cover of his profession, took advantage of his opportunities, and taught my wife to love him, — to love him.

"I am short of breath. I need not enter into details as to how I found them out; but I *did* find them out. We were away on a sketching expedition when I made my discovery. My rage maddened me, and there was one at hand who fomented my madness. My wife had a maid, who, it seemed, had also loved this man, — the Master, — and had been ill treated and deserted by him. She told me all. She had played the part of go-between, — had carried letters. When she told me these things, it was night, in a solitary Italian town, among the mountains. 'He is in his room now,' she said, 'writing to her.'

"A frenzy took possession of me as I listened to those words. I am naturally vindictive, — remember that, — and now my longing for revenge was like a thirst. Travelling in those lonely regions, I was armed; and, when the woman said, 'He is writing to your wife,' I laid hold of my pistols, as by an instinct. It has been some comfort to me since, that I took them both. Perhaps, at that moment, I may have meant fairly by him, — meant that we should fight. I don't know what I meant, quite. The woman's words, 'He is in his own room now, writing to her,' rung in my ears.

The sick man stopped to take breath. It seemed an hour, though it was probably not more than two minutes before he spoke again.

"I managed to get into his room unobserved. Indeed, he was altogether absorbed in what he was doing. He was sitting at the only table in the room, writing at a travelling-desk, by the light of a single candle. It was a rude dressing-table, and — and before him — exactly before him — there was — there was a looking-glass.

"I stole up behind him as he sat and wrote by the light of the candle. I looked over his shoulder at the letter, and I read, 'Dearest Lucy, my love, my darling.' As I read the words, I pulled the trigger of the pistol I held in my right hand, and killed him, — killed him, — but, before he died, he looked up once, — not at me, but at my image before him in the glass, and his face — such a face — has been there — ever since — and mine — my face — is gone!"

He fell back exhausted, and we all pressed forward thinking that he must be dead, he lay so still.

But he had not yet passed away. He revived under the influence of stimulants. He tried to speak, and muttered indistinctly from time to time words of which we could sometimes make no sense. We understood, however, that he had been tried by an Italian tribunal, and had been found guilty, but with such extenuating circumstances that his sentence was commuted to imprisonment, during, we thought we made out, two years. But we could not understand what he said about his wife, though we gathered that she was still alive, from something he whispered to the doctor of there being provision made for her in his will.

He lay in a doze for something more than an hour after he had told his tale, and then he woke up quite suddenly, as he had done when we had first entered the room. He looked round uneasily in all directions, until his eye fell on the looking-glass.

"I want it," he said hastily; but I noticed that he did not shudder now, as it was brought near. When old Masey approached, holding it in his hand, and crying like a child, Dr. Garden came forward and stood between him and his master, taking the hand of poor Strange in his.

"Is this wise?" he asked. "Is it good, do you think, to revive this misery of your life now, when it is so near its close? The chastisement of your crime," he added, solemnly, "has been a terrible one. Let us hope in God's mercy that your punishment is over."

The dying man raised himself with a last great effort, and looked up at the doctor with such an expression on his face as none of us had seen on any face before.

"I do hope so," he said faintly; "but you must let me have my way in this, — for if, now, when I look, I see aright — once more — I shall then hope yet more strongly — for I shall take it as a sign."

The doctor stood aside without another word, when he heard the dying man speak thus; and the old servant drew near, and, stooping over softly, held the looking-glass before his master. Presently afterwards, we, who stood around looking breathlessly at him, saw such a rapture upon his face as left no doubt upon our minds that the face which had haunted him so long had, in his last hour, disappeared.

No. 4 BRANCH LINE.

THE TRAVELLING POST-OFFICE.

Many years ago, and before this Line was so much as projected, I was engaged as a clerk in a Travelling Post-office running along the line of railway from London to a town in the Midland Counties, which we will call Fazeley. My duties were to accompany the mail-train, which left Fazeley at 8.15 P. M., and arrived in London about midnight, and to return by the day mail leaving London at 10.30 the following morning; after which I had an unbroken night at Fazeley, while another clerk discharged the same round of work; and in this way each alternate evening I was on duty in the railway post-office van. At first I suffered a little from a hurry and tremor of nerve in pursuing my occupation while the train was crashing along under bridges and through tunnels at a speed which was then thought marvellous and perilous; but it was not long before my hands and eyes became accustomed to the motion of the carriage, and I could go through my business with the same despatch and ease as in the post-office of the country town where I had learned it, and from which I had been promoted by the influence of the surveyor of the district, Mr. Huntingdon. In fact, the work soon fell into a monotonous routine, which, night after night, was pursued in an unbroken course by myself and the junior clerk, who was my only assistant; the railway post-office work not having then attained the importance and magnitude it now possesses.

Our route lay through an agricultural district containing many small towns, which made up two or three bags only; one for London; another perhaps for the county town; a third for the railway post-office, to be opened by us, and the enclosures to be distributed according to their various addresses. The clerks in many of these small offices were women, as is very generally the case still, being the daughters and female relatives of the nominal postmaster, who transact most of the business of the office, and whose names are most frequently signed upon the bills accompanying the bags. I was a young man, and somewhat more curious in feminine handwriting than I am now. There was one family in particular, whom I had never seen, but with whose signatures I was perfectly familiar, — clear, delicate, and educated, very unlike the miserable scrawl upon other letter-bills. One New Year's eve, in a moment of sentiment, I tied a slip of paper among a bundle of letters for their office, upon which I had written, "A happy New Year to you all." The next evening brought me a return of my good wishes, signed, as I guessed, by three sisters of the name of Clifton. From that day, every now and then, a sentence or two as brief as the one above passed between us, and the feeling of acquaintance and friendship grew upon me, though I had never yet had an opportunity of seeing my fair unknown friends.

It was towards the close of the following October that it came under my notice that the then Premier of the ministry was paying an autumn visit to a nobleman, whose country seat was situated near a small village on our line of rail. The Premier's despatch-box, containing, of course, all the despatches which it was necessary to send down to him, passed between him and the Secretary of State, and was, as usual, intrusted to the care of the post-office. The Continent was just then in a more than ordinarily critical state; we were thought to be upon the verge of an European war; and there were murmurs floating about, at the dispersion of the ministry, up and down the country. These circumstances made the charge of the despatch-box the more interesting to me. It was very similar in size and shape to the old-fashioned work-boxes used by ladies before boxes of polished and

ornamental wood came into vogue, and, like them, it was covered with red morocco leather, and it fastened with a lock and key. The first time it came into my hands, I took such special notice of it as might be expected. Upon one corner of the lid I detected a peculiar device scratched slightly upon it, most probably with the sharp point of a steel pen, in such a moment of preoccupation of mind as causes most of us to draw odd lines and caricatured faces upon any piece of paper which may lie under our hand. It was the old revolutionary device of a heart with a dagger piercing it; and I wondered whether it could be the Premier, or one of his secretaries, who had traced it upon the morocco.

This box had been travelling up and down for about ten days, and, as the village did not make up a bag for London, there being very few letters excepting those from the great house, the letter-bag from the house, and the despatch-box, were handed direct into our travelling post-office. But, in compliment to the presence of the Premier in the neighborhood, the train, instead of slackening speed only, stopped altogether, in order that the Premier's trusty and confidential messenger might deliver the important box into my own hands, that its perfect safety might be insured. I had an undefined suspicion that some person was also employed to accompany the train up to London, for three or four times I had met with a foreign-looking gentleman at Euston-square, standing at the door of the carriage nearest the post-office van, and eying the heavy bags as they were transferred from my care to the custody of the officials from the General Post-office. But though I felt amused and somewhat nettled at this needless precaution, I took no further notice of the man, except to observe that he had the swarthy aspect of a foreigner, and that he kept his face well away from the light of the lamps. Except for these things, and after the first time or two, the Premier's despatch-box interested me no more than any other part of my charge. My work had been doubly monotonous for some time past, and I began to think it time to get up some little entertainment with my unknown friends, the Cliftons. I was just thinking of it as the train stopped at the station about a mile from the town where they lived, and their postman, a gruff, matter-of-fact fellow, — you could see it in every line of his face, — put in the letter-bags, and with them a letter addressed to me. It was in an official envelope, "On Her Majesty's Service," and the seal was an official seal. On the folded paper inside it (folded officially also) I read the following order: "Mr. Wilcox is requested to permit the bearer, the daughter of the postmaster at Eaton, to see the working of the railway post-office during the up-journey." The writing I knew well as being that of one of the surveyor's clerks, and the signature was Mr. Huntingdon's. The bearer of the order presented herself at the door, the snorting of the engine gave notice of the instant departure of the train, I held out my hand, the young lady sprang lightly and deftly into the van, and we were off again on our midnight journey.

She was a small, slight creature, one of those slender little girls one never thinks of as being a woman, dressed neatly and plainly in a dark dress, with a veil hanging a little over her face and tied under her chin; the most noticeable thing about her appearance being a great mass of light hair, almost yellow, which had got loose in some way, and fell down her neck in thick, wavy tresses. She had a free, pleasant way about her, not in the least bold or forward, which in a minute or two made her presence seem the most natural thing in the world. As she stood beside me before the row of boxes into which I was sorting my letters, she asked questions, and I answered as if it were quite an every-day occurrence for us to be travelling up together in the night mail to Euston-square station. I blamed myself for an idiot that I had not sooner made an opportunity for visiting my unknown friends at Eaton.

"Then," I said, putting down the letter-bill from their own office before her, "may I ask which of the signatures I know so well is yours? Is it A. Clifton, or M. Clifton, or S. Clifton?" She hesitated a little, and blushed, and lifted up her frank, child-like eyes to mine.

"I am A. Clifton," she answered.

"And your name?" I said.

"Anne." Then, as if anxious to give some explanation to me of her present position, she added, "I was going up to London on a visit, and I thought it would be so nice to travel in the post-office to see how the work was done, and Mr. Huntingdon came to survey our office, and he said he would send me an order."

I felt somewhat surprised, for a stricter martinet than Mr. Huntingdon did not breathe; but I glanced down at the small, innocent face at my side, and cordially approved of his departure from ordinary rules.

"Did you know you would travel with me?" I asked, in a lower voice; for Tom Morville, my junior, was at my other elbow.

"I knew I should travel with Mr. Wilcox," she answered, with a smile that made all my nerves tingle.

"You have not written me a word for ages," said I, reproachfully.

"You had better not talk, or you'll be making mistakes," she replied, in an arch tone. It was quite true; for, a sudden confusion coming over me, I was sorting the letters at random.

We were just then approaching the small station where the letter-bag from the great house was taken up. The engine was slackening speed. Miss Clifton manifested some natural and becoming diffidence.

"It would look so odd," she said, "to any one on the platform, to see a girl in the post-office van! And they could n't know I was a postmaster's daughter, and had an order from Mr. Huntingdon. Is there no dark corner to shelter me?"

I must explain to you in a word or two the construction of the van, which was much less efficiently fitted up than the travelling post-offices of the present day. It was a reversible van, with a door at each right-hand corner. At each door the letter-boxes were so arranged as to form a kind of screen about two feet in width, which prevented people from seeing all over the carriage at once. Thus the door at the far end of the van, the one not in use at the time, was thrown into deep shadow, and the screen before it turned it into a small niche, where a slight little person like Miss Clifton was very well concealed from curious eyes. Before the train came within the light from the lamps on the platform, she ensconced herself in this shelter. No one but I could see her laughing face, as she stood there leaning cautiously forward, with her finger pressed upon her rosy lips, peeping at the messenger who delivered into my own hands the Premier's despatch-box, while Tom Morville received the letter-bag of the great house.

"See," I said, when we were again in motion, and she had emerged from her concealment, "this is the Premier's despatch-box, going back to the Secretary of State. There are some state secrets for you, and ladies are fond of secrets."

"O, I know nothing about politics," she answered, indifferently, "and we have had that box through our office a time or two."

"Did you ever notice this mark upon it," I asked, — "a heart with a dagger through it?" and, bending down my face to hers, I added a certain spooney remark, which I do not care to repeat. Miss Clifton tossed her little head, and pouted her lips; but she took the box out of my hands, and carried it to the lamp nearest the further end of the van, after which she put it down upon the counter close beside the screen, and I thought no more about it. The midnight ride was entertaining in the extreme, for the girl was full of young life and sauciness and merry humor. I can safely aver that I have never been to an evening's so-called entertainment, which, to me, was half so enjoyable. It added also to the zest and keen edge of the enjoyment to see her hasten to hide herself whenever I told her we were going to stop to take up the mails.

We had passed Watford, the last station at which we stopped, before I became alive to the recollection that our work was terribly behindhand. Miss Clifton also became grave, and sat at the end of the counter very quiet and subdued, as if her frolic were over, and it was possible she might find something to repent of in it. I had told her we should stop no more until we reached Euston-square station; but to my surprise I felt our speed decreasing, and our train coming to a stand-still. I looked out and called to the guard in the van behind, who told me he supposed there was something on the line before us, and that we should go on in a minute or two. I turned my head, and gave this information to my fellow-clerk and Miss Clifton.

"Do you know where we are?" she asked, in a frightened tone.

"At Camden-town," I replied. She sprang hastily from her seat, and came towards me.

"I am close to my friend's house here," she said, "so it is a lucky thing for me. It is not five minutes' walk from the station. I will say good by to you now, Mr. Wilcox, and I thank you a thousand times for your kindness."

She seemed flurried, and she held out both her little hands to me in an appealing kind of way, as if she were afraid of my detaining her against her will. I took them both into mine, pressing them with rather more ardor than was quite necessary.

"I do not like you to go alone at this hour," I said, "but there is no help for it. It has been a delightful time to me. Will you allow me to call upon you to-morrow morning early, for I leave London at 10.30; or on Wednesday, when I shall be in town again?"

"O," she answered, hanging her head, "I don't know. I'll write and tell mamma how kind you have been, and, and — but I must go, Mr. Wilcox."

"I don't like your going alone," I repeated.

"O, I know the way perfectly," she said, in the same flurried manner, "perfectly, thank you. And it is close at hand. Good by!"

She jumped lightly out of the carriage, and the train started on again at the same instant. We were busy enough, as you may suppose. In five minutes more we should be in Euston-square, and there was nearly fifteen minutes' work still to be done. Spite of [illegible] nd afforded me, I mentally ana[illegible] tingdon and his departure from [illegible] , thrusting Miss Clifton forc[illegible] ; I set to work with a will, [illegible] up [illegible] tered letters for London, tied them into a bundle with the paper bill, and then turned to the corner of the counter for the despatch-box.

You have guessed already my cursed misfortune. The Premier's despatch-box was not there. For the first minute or so I was in nowise alarmed, and merely looked round, upon the floor, under the bags, into the boxes, into any place into which it could have fallen or been deposited. We reached Euston-square while I was still searching, and losing more and more of my composure every instant. Tom Morville joined me in my quest, and felt every bag which had been made up and sealed. The box was no small article which could go into little compass; it was certainly twelve inches long, and more than that in girth. But it turned up nowhere. I never felt nearer fainting than at that moment.

"Could Miss Clifton have carried it off?" suggested Tom Morville.

"No," I said, indignantly but thoughtfully, "she could n't have carried off such a bulky thing as that, without our seeing it. It would not go into one of our pockets, Tom, and she wore a tight-fitting jacket that would not conceal anything."

"No, she can't have it," assented Tom; "then it must be somewhere about." We searched again and again, turning over everything in the van, but without success. The Premier's despach-box was gone; and all we could do at first was to stand and stare at one another. Our trance of blank dismay was of short duration, for the van was assailed by the postmen from St. Martin's-le-Grand, who were waiting for our charge. In a stupor of bewilderment we completed our work, and delivered up the mails; then once more we confronted one another with pale faces, frightened out of our seven senses. All the scrapes we had ever been in (and we had had our usual share of errors and blunders) faded into utter insignificance compared with this. My eye fell upon Mr. Huntingdon's order lying among some scraps of waste paper on the floor, and I picked it up, and put it carefully, with its official envelope, into my pocket.

"We can't stay here," said Tom. The porters were looking in inquisitively: we were seldom so long in quitting our empty van.

"No," I replied, a sudden gleam of sense darting across the blank bewilderment of my brain; "no, we must go to head-quarters at once, and make a clean breast of it. This is no private business, Tom."

We made one more ineffectual search, and then we hailed a cab and drove as hard as we could to the General Post-office. The secretary of the Post-office was not there, of course, but we obtained the address of his residence in one of the suburbs, four or five miles from the City, and we told no one of our misfortune, my idea being that the fewer who were made acquainted with the loss the better. My judgment was in the right there.

We had to knock up the household of the secretary, — a formidable personage with whom I had never been brought into contact before, — and in a short time we were holding a strictly private and confidental interview with him, by the glimmer of a solitary candle, just serving to light up his severe face, which changed its expression several times as

I narrated the calamity. It was too stupendous for rebuke, and I fancied his eyes softened with something like commiseration as he gazed upon us. After a short interval of deliberation, he announced his intention of accompanying us to the residence of the Secretary of State; and in a few minutes we were driving back again to the opposite extremity of London. It was not far off the hour for the morning delivery of letters when we reached our destination; but the atmosphere was yellow with fog, and we could see nothing as we passed along in almost utter silence, for neither of us ventured to speak, and the secretary only made a brief remark now and then. We drove up to some dwelling enveloped in fog, and we were left in the cab for nearly half an hour, while our secretary went in. At the end of that time we were summoned to an apartment where there was seated at a large desk a small spare man, with a great head, and eyes deeply sunk under the brows. There was no form of introduction, of course, and we could only guess who he might be; but we were requested to repeat our statement, and a few shrewd questions were put to us by the stranger. We were eager to put him in possession of everything we knew; but that was little beyond the fact that the despatch-box was lost.

"That young person must have taken it," he said.

"She could not, sir," I answered, positively, but deferentially. "She wore the tightest-fitting pelisse I ever saw, and she gave me both her hands when she said good by. She could not possibly have it concealed about her. It would not go into my pocket."

"How did she come to travel up with you in the van, sir?" he asked, severely.

I gave him for answer the order signed by Mr. Huntingdon. He and our secretary scanned it closely.

"It is Huntingdon's signature without doubt," said the latter. "I could swear to it anywhere. This is an extraordinary circumstance!"

It was an extraordinary circumstance. The two retired into an adjoining room, where they stayed for another half-hour, and when they returned to us their faces still bore an aspect of grave perplexity.

Mr. Wilcox and Mr. Morville," said our secretary, "it is expedient that this affair should be kept inviolably secret. You must even be careful not to hint that you hold any secret. You did well not to announce your loss at the Post-office; and I shall cause it to be understood that you had instructions to take the despatch-box direct to its destination. Your business now is to find the young woman, and return with her not later than six o'clock this afternoon to my office at the General Post-office. What other steps we think it requisite to take, you need know nothing about; the less you know, the better for yourselves."

Another gleam of commiseration in his official eye made our hearts sink within us. We departed promptly, and, with that instinct of wisdom, which at times dictates infallibly what course we should pursue, we decided our line of action. Tom Morville was to go down to Camden-town, and inquire at every house for Miss Clifton, while I — there would be just time for it — was to run down to Eaton by train, and obtain her exact address from her parents. We agreed to meet at the General Post-office at half past five, if I could possibly reach it by that time; but in any case Tom was to report himself to the secretary, and account for my absence.

When I arrived at the station at Eaton, I found that I had only forty-five minutes before the up-train went by. The town was nearly a mile away, but I made all the haste I could to reach it. I was not surprised to find the post-office in connection with a bookseller's shop, and I saw a pleasant, elderly lady seated behind the counter, while a tall, dark-haired girl was sitting at some work a little out of sight. I introduced myself at once.

"I am Frank Wilcox, of the railway post-office, and I have just run down to Eaton to obtain some information from you."

"Certainly. We know you well by name," was the reply, given in a cordial manner, which was particularly pleasant to me.

"Will you be so good as give me the address of Miss Anne Clifton in Camden-town?" I said.

"Miss Anne Clifton?" ejaculated the lady.

"Yes. Your daughter, I presume. Who went up to London last night."

"I have no daughter Anne," she said. "I am Anne Clifton; and my daughters are named Mary and Susan. This is my daughter Mary."

The tall dark-haired girl had left her seat, and now stood beside her mother. Certainly she was very unlike the small golden-haired coquette who had travelled up to London with me as Anne Clifton.

"Madam," I said, scarcely able to speak, "is your other daughter a slender little creature, exactly the reverse of this young lady?"

"No," she answered, laughing; "Susan is both taller and darker than Mary. Call Susan, my dear."

In a few seconds Miss Susan made her appearance, and I had the three before me, — A. Clifton, S. Clifton, and M. Clifton. There was no other girl in the family; and when I described the young lady who had travelled under their name, they could not think of any one in the town — it was a small one — who answered my description, or who had gone on a visit to London. I had no time to spare, and I hurried back to the station, just catching the train as it left the platform. At the appointed hour I met Morville at the General Post-office; and, threading the long passages of the secretary's offices, we at length found ourselves anxiously waiting in an anteroom, until we were called into his presence. Morville had discovered nothing, except that the porters and policemen at Camden-town station had seen a young lady pass out last night, attended by a swarthy man who looked like a foreigner, and carried a small black portmanteau.

I scarcely know how long we waited. It might have been years; for I was conscious of an ever-increasing difficulty in commanding my thoughts, or fixing them upon the subject which had engrossed them all day. I had not tasted food for twenty-four hours, nor closed my eyes for thirty-six, while, during the whole of the time, my nervous system had been on full strain.

Presently the summons came, and I was ushered, first, into the inner apartment. There sat five gentlemen round a table, which was strewed with a number of documents. There were the Secretary of State, whom we had seen in the morning, our secretary, and Mr. Huntingdon; the fourth was a fine-looking man, whom I afterwards knew to be the Premier; the fifth I recognized as our great chief, the Postmaster-General. It was an august assem-

blaze to me, and I bowed low; but my head was dizzy, and my throat parched.

"Mr. Wilcox," said our secretary, "you will tell these gentlemen again the circumstances of the loss you reported to me this morning."

I laid my hand upon the back of a chair to steady myself, and went through the narration for the third time, passing over sundry remarks made by myself to the young lady. That done, I added the account of my expulsion at Eaton, and the certainty at which I had arrived that my fellow-traveller was not the person she represented herself to be. After which, I inquired with intense anxiety if Mr. Hartington's relief were satisfactory.

"I cannot tell Mr. Wilcox," said that gentleman, taking the letter from the lady, and regarding it with an air of intense perplexity. "I could have sworn it was the very handwriting, and to my other letters it seems. I think Forbes's handwriting is not so well marked. But it is the very ink I use, and my own peculiar signature."

It was a very peculiar and old-fashioned signature, with a flourish underneath it, like a whip-lash, with the lash caught round it in the middle. You could not make it the more difficult to forge, as I hastily suggested. Mr. Hartington wrote his name upon a paper, and two or three of the gentlemen tried to imitate the flourish, but vainly. They gave it up with a smile upon their grave faces.

"You have been careful not to get a list of the marks in your Mr. Wilcox?" said the Postmaster-general.

"Not a mark, my lord," I answered.

"It is imperatively necessary that the secret should be kept. You will be removed from the temptation of being tempted by your old appointment in some other branch. The packet-agency at Alexandria is vacant, and I will have you appointed to it at once."

It would be a good advance from my present salary, and I felt I could prove a praiseworthy [illegible] [illegible] appointment. [illegible] I had a mother living at Fulham, bedridden and paralytic, who had by pinching and saving at odd intervals the [illegible] under her roof with her. My head was growing more and more dizzy, and a strange vagueness was creeping over me.

"Gentlemen," I murmured, "I have a bedridden mother whom I cannot leave. I was not to blame, gentlemen." I thought there was a stir and movement in the room, but my eyes were dim, and in another second I had lost my consciousness.

When I came to myself in two or three minutes, I found that Mr. Hartington was kneeling on the floor beside me, supporting my head, while our secretary held a glass of wine to my lips. I rallied as quickly as possible, and staggered to my feet; but the two gentlemen glared at me, as I felt sure, with [illegible] [illegible] and more of upon my drinking the wine before I had recovered.

"I have not tasted food all day," I said shortly.

"Then, my good fellow, you shall go home immediately," said the Postmaster-general. "But be on your guard. Not a word of this must escape you. Are you a married man?"

"No, my lord," I answered.

"So much the better of the individual sinning. You can keep a secret from your mother, I have say. We rely upon your word."

The secretary then rang a bell, and I was committed to the charge of an messenger who answered it; and in a few minutes I was being conveyed in a cab to my London lodgings. A week afterwards Tom Morville was sent out as a post-office in Canada, where he settled down married, and is still living, perfectly satisfied with his position, as he occasionally informs me by letter. For myself I remained, as I desired, in my old post as travelling-clerk until the death of my mother which occurred some ten or twelve months afterwards. I was then promoted to an appointment as a clerk in charge upon the first vacancy.

The business of the clerks in charge is to take possession of any post-office in the kingdom, upon the death or resignation of the post-master, or when circumstances of suspicion cause his suspension from office. My new duties carried me three or four times into Mr. Hartington's district. Though that gentleman and I never exchanged a word with regard to the mysterious loss in which we had been had an innocent share, he distinguished me with peculiar favor, and more than once invited me to visit him at his own house. He lived alone, having lost his daughter, who had married somewhat against his wishes, one of his clerks,—the Mr. Forbes whose handwriting had been so successfully imitated in the fatal letter presented to me by the self-styled Miss Anne Clifton. By the way, I may here mention, though it has nothing to do with my story, that my acquaintance with the Clifton family had opened me a fortunate way, which resulted in my engagement and marriage to Mary.

It would be beside my purpose to specify the precise number of years which elapsed before I was once again summoned to the secretary's private apartment, where I found him closeted with Mr. Hartington. Mr. Hartington shook hands with me frankly and cordially, and then the secretary proceeded to state the business in hand.

"Mr. Wilcox, you remember our offer to place you in office in Alexandria?" he said.

"Certainly, sir," I answered.

"It has been a troublesome office," he continued, almost petulantly. "We sent out Mr. Forbes only six months ago, on account of his health, which required a warmer climate, and now his medical man returns that his life is not worth three weeks' purchase."

Upon Mr. Hartington's face there rested an expression of profound anxiety; and as the secretary paused he addressed himself to me.

"Mr. Wilcox," he said, "I have been soliciting, as a personal favor, that you should be sent out to take charge of the packet agency, in order that my daughter may have some one at hand to be a friend to her, and manage her business affairs for her. You are not personally acquainted with her, but I know I can trust her with you."

"You may, Mr. Hartington," I said warmly. "I will be anything I can to aid Mrs. Forbes. When do you wish me to start?"

"How soon can you be ready?" was the rejoinder.

"Even now morning."

I was not married then, and I anticipated no delay in setting off. Nor was there any. I travelled with the overland mail through France to Marseilles, in time to sail for Alexandria, and in a few days from the time I first heard of my destination set out in the office there. All the postal arrangements had fallen into considerable irregularity and confusion, so that I was informed immediately on my arrival. Mr. Forbes had been in a dying condition for the last week, and of course the

absence of a master had borne the usual results. I took formal possession of the office, and then, conducted by one of the clerks, I proceeded to the dwelling of the unfortunate postmaster and his no less unfortunate wife.

It would be out of place in this narrative to indulge in any traveller's tales about the strange place where I was so unexpectedly located. Suffice it to say, that the darkened, sultry room into which I was shown, on inquiring for Mrs. Forbes, was bare of furniture, and destitute of all those little tokens of refinement and taste which make our English parlors so pleasant to the eye. There was, however, a piano in one of the dark corners of the room, open, and with a sheet of music on it. While I waited for Mrs. Forbes's appearance, I strolled idly up to the piano to see what music it might be. The next moment my eye fell upon an antique red morocco work-box standing on the top of the piano, — a work-box evidently, for the lid was not closely shut, and a few threads of silk and cotton were hanging out of it. In a kind of dream, — for it was difficult to believe that the occurrence was a fact, — I carried the box to the darkened window, and there, plain in my sight, was the device scratched upon the leather: the revolutionary symbol of a heart with a dagger through it. I had found the Premier's despatch-box in the parlor of the packet-agent of Alexandria!

I stood for some minutes with that dream-like feeling upon me, gazing at the box in the dim obscure light. It could not be real! My fancy must be playing a trick upon me! But the sound of a light step — for, light as it was, I heard it distinctly as it approached the room — broke my trance, and I hastened to replace the box on the piano, and to stoop down as if examining the music, before the door opened. I had not sent in my name to Mrs. Forbes, for I did not suppose that she was acquainted with it, nor could she see me distinctly, as I stood in the gloom. But I could see her. She had the slight slender figure, the childlike face, and the fair hair of Miss Anne Clifton. She came quickly across the room, holding out both her hands in a childish, appealing manner.

"Oh!" she wailed, in a tone that went straight to my heart, "he is dead! He has just died!"

It was no time then to speak about the red morocco work-box. This little childish creature, who did not look a day older than when I had last seen her in my travelling post-office, was a widow in a strange land, far away from any friend save myself. I had brought her a letter from her father. The first duties that devolved upon me were those of her husband's interment, which had to take place immediately. Three or four weeks elapsed before I could, with any humanity, enter upon the investigation of her mysterious complicity in the daring theft practised on the government and the post-office.

I did not see the despatch-box again. In the midst of her new and vehement grief, Mrs. Forbes had the precaution to remove it before I was ushered again into the room where I had discovered it. I was at some trouble to hit upon any plan by which to gain a second sight of it; but I was resolved that Mrs. Forbes should not leave Alexandria without giving me a full explanation. We were waiting for remittances and instructions from England, and in the mean time the violence of her grief abated, and she recovered a good share of her old buoyancy and loveliness, which had so delighted me on my first acquaintance with her. As her demands upon my sympathy weakened, my curiosity grew stronger, and at last mastered me. I carried with me a netted purse which required mending, and I asked her to catch up the broken meshes while I waited for it.

"I will tell your maid to bring your work-box," I said, going to the door and calling the servant. "Your mistress has a red morocco work-box," I said to her, as she answered my summons.

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"Where is it?"

"In her bedroom," she said.

"Mrs. Forbes wishes it brought here." I turned back into the room. Mrs. Forbes had gone deadly pale, but her eyes looked sullen, and her teeth were clenched under her lips with an expression of stubbornness. The maid brought the work-box. I walked, with it in my hands, up to the sofa where she was seated.

"You remember this mark?" I asked. "I think neither of us can ever forget it."

She did not answer by word, but there was a very intelligent gleam in her blue eyes.

"Now," I continued, softly, "I promised your father to befriend you, and I am not a man to forget a promise. But you must tell me the whole simple truth."

I was compelled to reason with her, and to urge her for some time. I confess I went so far as to remind her that there was an English consul at Alexandria, to whom I could resort. At last she opened her stubborn lips, and the whole story came out, mingled with sobs and showers of tears.

She had been in love with Alfred, she said, and they were too poor to marry, and papa would not hear of such a thing. She was always in want of money, she was kept so short; and they promised to give her such a great sum — a vast sum — five hundred pounds.

"But who bribed you?" I inquired.

A foreign gentleman whom she had met in London, called Monsieur Bonnard. It was a French name, but she was not sure that he was a Frenchman. He talked to her about her father being a surveyor in the post-office, and asked her a great number of questions. A few weeks after, she met him in their own town by accident, — she and Mr. Forbes; and Alfred had a long private talk with him, and they came to her, and told her she could help them very much. They asked her if she could be brave enough to carry off a little red box out of the travelling post-office, containing nothing but papers. After a while she consented. When she had confessed so much under compulsion, Mrs. Forbes seemed to take a pleasure in the narrative, and went on fluently.

"We required papa's signature to the order, and we did not know how to get it. Luckily he had a fit of the gout, and was very peevish; and I had to read over a lot of official papers to him, and then he signed them. One of the papers I read twice, and slipped the order into its place after the second reading. I thought I should have died with fright; but just then he was in great pain, and glad to get his work over. I made an excuse that I was going to visit my aunt at Hockley, but, instead of going there direct, we contrived to be at the station at Eaton a minute or two before the mail-train came up. I kept outside the station door till we heard the whistle, and just then the postman came running down the road, and I followed him straight through the booking-office, and asked him to give you the order, which I put into his hand. He scarcely saw me. I just caught a glimpse of Monsieur Bonnard's face through

the window of the compartment next the van, when Alfred had gone. They had promised me that the train should stop at Camden-town if I could only keep your attention engaged until then. You know how I succeeded."

"But how did you dispose of the box?" I asked. "You could not have concealed it about you; that I am sure of."

"Ah!" she said, "nothing was easier. Monsieur Bonnard had described the van to me, and you remember I put the box down at the end of the counter, close to the corner where I hid myself at every station. There was a door with a window in it, and I asked if I might have the window open, as the van was too warm for me. I believe Monsieur Bonnard could have taken it from me by only leaning through his window, but he preferred stepping out, and taking it from my hand, just as the train was leaving Watford, — on the far side of the carriages, you understand. It was the last station, and the train came to a stand at Camden-town. After all, the box was not out of your sight more than twenty minutes before you missed it. Monsieur Bonnard and I hurried out of the station, and Alfred followed us. The box was forced open, — the lock has never been mended, for it was a peculiar one, — and Monsieur Bonnard took possession of the papers. He left the box with me, after putting inside it a roll of notes. Alfred and I were married next morning, and I went back to my aunt's; but we did not tell papa of our marriage for three or four months. That is the story of my red morocco work-box."

She smiled with the provoking mirthfulness of a mischievous child. There was one point still, on which my curiosity was unsatisfied.

"Did you know what the despatches were about?" I asked.

"O no!" she answered; "I never understood politics in the least. I knew nothing about them. Monsieur did not say a word; he did not even look at the papers while we were by. I would never, never, have taken a registered letter, or anything with money in it, you know. But all those papers could be written again quite easily. You must not think me a thief, Mr. Wilcox; there was nothing worth money among the papers."

"They were worth five hundred pounds to you," I said. "Did you ever see Bonnard again?"

"Never again," she replied. "He said he was going to return to his native country. I don't think Bonnard was his real name."

Most likely not, I thought; but I said no more to Mrs. Forbes. Once again I was involved in a great perplexity about this affair. It was clearly my duty to report the discovery at head-quarters, but I shrank from doing so. One of the chief culprits was already gone to another judgment than that of man; several years had obliterated all traces of Monsieur Bonnard; and the only victim of justice would be this poor little dupe of the two greater criminals. At last I came to the conclusion to send the whole of the particulars to Mr. Huntingdon himself; and I wrote them to him, without remark or comment.

The answer that came to Mrs. Forbes and me in Alexandria was the announcement of Mr. Huntingdon's sudden death of some disease of the heart, on the day which I calculated would put him in possession of my communication. Mrs. Forbes was again overwhelmed with apparently heart-rending sorrow and remorse. The income left to her was something less than one hundred pounds a year. The secretary of the post-office, who had been a personal friend of the deceased gentleman, was his sole executor; and I received a letter from him, containing one for Mrs. Forbes, which recommended her, in terms not to be misunderstood, to fix upon some residence abroad, and not to return to England. She fancied she would like the seclusion and quiet of a convent; and I made arrangements for her to enter one in Malta, where she would still be under British protection. I left Alexandria myself on the arrival of another packet-agent; and on my return to London I had a private interview with the secretary. I found that there was no need to inform him of the circumstances I have related to you, as he had taken possession of all of Mr. Huntingdon's papers. In consideration of his ancient friendship, and of the escape of those who most merited punishment, he had come to the conclusion that it was quite as well to let bygones be bygones.

At the conclusion of the interview I delivered a message which Mrs. Forbes had emphatically intrusted to me.

"Mrs. Forbes wished me to impress upon your mind," I said, "that neither she nor Mr. Forbes would have been guilty of this misdemeanor if they had not been very much in love with one another, and very much in want of money."

"Ah!" replied the secretary, with a smile, "if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the fate of the world would have been different!"

NO. 5 BRANCH LINE.

THE ENGINEER.

His name, sir, was Matthew Price; mine is Benjamin Hardy. We were born within a few days of each other; bred up in the same village; taught at the same school. I cannot remember the time when we were not close friends. Even as boys, we never knew what it was to quarrel. We had not a thought, we had not a possession, that was not in common. We would have stood by each other, fearlessly, to the death. It was such a friendship as one reads about sometimes in books: fast and firm as the great Tors upon our native moorlands, true as the sun in the heavens.

The name of our village was Chadleigh. Lifted high above the pasture flats which stretched away at our feet like a measureless green lake and melted into mist on the farthest horizon, it nestled, a tiny stone-built hamlet, in a sheltered hollow about midway between the plain and the plateau. Above us, rising ridge beyond ridge, slope beyond slope, spread the mountainous moor-country, bare and bleak for the most part, with here and there a patch of cultivated field or hardy plantation, and crowned highest of all with masses of huge gray crag, abrupt, isolated, hoary, and older than the deluge. These were the Tors, — Druids' Tor, King's Tor, Castle Tor, and the like; sacred places, as I have heard, in the ancient time, where crownings, burnings, human sacrifices, and all kinds of bloody heathen rites were performed. Bones, too, had been found there, and arrow-heads, and ornaments of gold and glass. I had a vague awe of the Tors in those boyish days, and would not have gone near them after dark for the heaviest bribe.

I have said that we were born in the same village. He was the son of a small farmer, named William Price, and the eldest of a family of seven; I was the only child of Ephraim Hardy, the Chadleigh blacksmith — a well-known man in those parts, whose memory is not forgotten to this day. Just so

far as a farmer is supposed to be a bigger man than a blacksmith, Mat's father might be said to have a better standing than mine; but William Price, with his small holding and his seven boys, was, in fact, as poor as many a day-laborer; whilst the blacksmith, well-to-do, bustling, popular, and open-handed, was a person of some importance in the place. All this, however, had nothing to do with Mat and myself. It never occurred to either of us that his jacket was out at elbows, or that our mutual funds came altogether from my pocket. It was enough for us that we sat on the same school-bench, conned our tasks from the same primer, fought each other's battles, screened each other's faults, fished, nutted, played truant, robbed orchards and birds' nests together, and spent every half-hour, authorized or stolen, in each other's society. It was a happy time; but it could not go on forever. My father, being prosperous, resolved to put me forward in the world. I must know more, and do better, than himself. The forge was not good enough, the little world of Chadleigh not wide enough, for me. Thus it happened that I was still swinging the satchel when Mat was whistling at the plough, and that at last, when my future course was shaped out, we were separated, as it then seemed to us, for life. For, blacksmith's son as I was, furnace and forge, in some form or other, pleased me best, and I chose to be a working engineer. So my father by and by apprenticed me to a Birmingham iron-master; and, having bidden farewell to Mat and Chadleigh, and the gray old Tors in the shadow of which I had spent all the days of my life, I turned my face northward, and went over into "the Black country."

I am not going to dwell on this part of my story. How I worked out the term of my apprenticeship; how, when I had served my full time and become a skilled workman, I took Mat from the plough and brought him over to the Black Country, sharing with him lodging, wages, experience, — all, in short, that I had to give; how he, naturally quick to learn and brimful of quiet energy, worked his way up a step at a time, and came by and by to be a "first hand" in his own department; how, during all these years of change, and trial, and effort, the old boyish affection never wavered or weakened, but went on, growing with our growth and strengthening with our strength — are facts which I need do no more than outline in this place.

About this time — it will be remembered that I speak of the days when Mat and I were on the bright side of thirty — it happened that our firm contracted to supply six first-class locomotives to run on the new line, then in process of construction, between Turin and Genoa. It was the first Italian order we had taken. We had had dealings with France, Holland, Belgium, Germany; but never with Italy. The connection, therefore, was new and valuable, — all the more valuable because our Transalpine neighbors had but lately begun to lay down the iron roads, and would be safe to need more of our good English work as they went on. So the Birmingham firm set themselves to the contract with a will, lengthened our working hours, increased our wages, took on fresh hands, and determined, if energy and promptitude could do it, to place themselves at the head of the Italian labor-market and stay there. They deserved and achieved success. The six locomotives were not only turned out to time, but were shipped, despatched, and delivered with a promptitude that fairly amazed our Piedmontese consignee. I was not a little proud, you may be sure, when I found myself appointed to superintend the transport of the engines. Being allowed a couple of assistants, I contrived that Mat should be one of them; and thus we enjoyed together the first great holiday of our lives.

It was a wonderful change for two Birmingham operatives fresh from the Black Country. The fairy city, with its crescent background of Alps; the port crowded with strange shipping; the marvellous blue sky and bluer sea; the painted houses on the quays; the quaint cathedral, faced with black and white marble; the street of jewellers, like an Arabian Nights' bazaar; the street of palaces, with its Moorish court-yards, its fountains and orange-trees; the women veiled like brides; the galley-slaves chained two and two; the processions of priests and friars; the everlasting clangor of bells; the babble of a strange tongue; the singular lightness and brightness of the climate, — made, altogether, such a combination of wonders that we wandered about, the first day, in a kind of bewildered dream, like children at a fair. Before that week was ended, being tempted by the beauty of the place and the liberality of the pay, we had agreed to take service with the Turin and Genoa Railway Company, and to turn our backs upon Birmingham forever.

Then began a new life, — a life so active and healthy, so steeped in fresh air and sunshine, that we sometimes marvelled how we could have endured the gloom of the Black Country. We were constantly up and down the line: now at Genoa, now at Turin, taking trial trips with the locomotives, and placing our old experiences at the service of our new employers.

In the mean while we made Genoa our head-quarters, and hired a couple of rooms over a small shop in a by-street sloping down to the quays. Such a busy little street, — so steep and winding that no vehicles could pass through it, and so narrow that the sky looked like a mere strip of deep-blue ribbon overhead! Every house in it, however, was a shop, where the goods encroached on the footway, or were piled about the door, or hung like tapestry from the balconies; and all day long, from dawn to dusk, an incessant stream of passers-by poured up and down between the port and the upper quarter of the city.

Our landlady was the widow of a silver-worker, and lived by the sale of filigree ornaments, cheap jewelry, combs, fans, and toys in ivory and jet. She had an only daughter named Gianetta, who served in the shop, and was simply the most beautiful woman I ever beheld. Looking back across this weary chasm of years, and bringing her image before me (as I can and do) with all the vividness of life, I am unable, even now, to detect a flaw in her beauty. I do not attempt to describe her. I do not believe there is a poet living who could find the words to do it; but I once saw a picture that was somewhat like her (not half so lovely, but still like her), and, for aught I know, that picture is still hanging where I last looked at it, — upon the walls of the Louvre. It represented a woman with brown eyes and golden hair, looking over her shoulder into a circular mirror held by a bearded man in the background. In this man, as I then understood, the artist had painted his own portrait; in her, the portrait of the woman he loved. No picture that I ever saw was half so beautiful, and yet it was not worthy to be named in the same breath with Gianetta Coneglia.

You may be certain the widow's shop did not want for customers. All Genoa knew how fair a

face was to be seen behind that dingy little counter; and Gianetta, flirt as she was, had more lovers than she cared to remember, even by name. Gentle and simple, rich and poor, from the red-capped sailor buying his earrings or his amulet, to the nobleman carelessly purchasing half the filigrees in the window, she treated them all alike, — encouraged them, laughed at them, led them on and turned them off at her pleasure. She had no more heart than a marble statue, as Mat and I discovered by and by, to our bitter cost.

I cannot tell to this day how it came about, or what first led me to suspect how things were going with us both; but long before the waning of that autumn a coldness had sprung up between my friend and myself. It was nothing that could have been put into words. It was nothing that either of us could have explained or justified, to save his life. We lodged together, ate together, worked together, exactly as before; we even took our long evening's walk together, when the day's labor was ended; and except, perhaps, that we were more silent than of old, no mere looker-on could have detected a shadow of change. Yet there it was, silent and subtle, widening the gulf between us every day.

It was not his fault. He was too true and gentle-hearted to have willingly brought about such a state of things between us. Neither do I believe — fiery as my nature is — that it was mine. It was all hers — hers from first to last — the sin, and the shame, and the sorrow.

If she had shown a fair and open preference for either of us, no real harm could have come of it I would have put any constraint upon myself, and, Heaven knows! have borne any suffering, to see Mat really happy. I know that he would have done the same, and more if he could, for me. But Gianetta cared not one sou for either. She never meant to choose between us. It gratified her vanity to divide us: it amused her to play with us. It would pass my power to tell how, by a thousand imperceptible shades of coquetry, — by the lingering of a glance, the substitution of a word, the dimpling of a smile, — she contrived to turn our heads, and torture our hearts, and lead us on to love her. She deceived us both. She buoyed us both up with hope; she maddened us with jealousy; she crushed us with despair. For my part, when I seemed to wake to a sudden sense of the ruin that was about our path, and I saw how the truest friendship that ever bound two lives together was drifting on to wreck and ruin, I asked myself whether any woman in the world was worth what Mat had been to me, and I to him. But this was not often. I was readier to shut my eyes upon the truth than to face it; and so lived on, wilfully, in a dream.

Thus the autumn passed away, and winter came, — the strange, malarious Genoese winter, green with olive and ilex, brilliant with sunshine, and bitter with storm. Still rivals at heart and friends on the surface, Mat and I lingered on in our lodging in the Vico Balba. Still Gianetta held us with her fatal wiles and her still more fatal beauty. At length there came a day when I felt I could bear the horrible misery and suspense of it no longer. The sun, I vowed, should not go down before I knew my sentence. She must choose between us. She must either take me or let me go. I was reckless. I was desperate. I was determined to know the worst, or the best. If the worst, I would at once turn my back upon Genoa, upon her, upon all the pursuits and purposes of my past life, and begin the world anew. This I told her, passionately and sternly, standing before her in the little parlor at the back of the shop, one bleak December morning.

"If it 's Mat whom you care for most," I said, "tell me so in one word, and I will never trouble you again. He is better worth your love. I am jealous and exacting; he is as trusting and unselfish as a woman. Speak, Gianetta; am I to bid you good by for ever and ever, or am I to write home to my mother in England, bidding her pray to God to bless the woman who has promised to be my wife?"

"You plead your friend's cause well," she replied haughtily. "Matteo ought to be grateful. This is more than he ever did for you."

"Give me my answer, for pity's sake," I exclaimed, "and let me go!"

"You are free to go or stay, Signor Inglese," she replied. "I am not your jailor."

"Do you bid me leave you?"

"Beata Madre! not I."

"Will you marry me if I stay?"

She laughed aloud, — such a merry, mocking, musical laugh, like a chime of silver bells!

"You ask too much," she said.

"Only what you have led me to hope these five or six months past!"

"That is just what Matteo says. How tiresome you both are!"

"O Gianetta," I said, passionately, "be serious for one moment! I am a rough fellow, it is true, — not half good enough or clever enough for you: but I love you with my whole heart, and an Emperor could do no more."

"I am glad of it," she replied: "I do not want you to love me less."

"Then you cannot wish to make me wretched! Will you promise me?"

"I promise nothing," said she, with another burst of laughter, "except that I will not marry Matteo!"

Except that she would not marry Matteo! Only that. Not a word of hope for myself. Nothing but my friend's condemnation. I might get comfort, and selfish triumph, and some sort of base assurance out of that, if I could. And so, to my shame, I did. I grasped at the vain encouragement, and, fool that I was! let her put me off again unanswered. From that day, I gave up all effort at self-control, and let myself drift blindly on — to destruction.

At length things became so bad between Mat and myself that it seemed as if an open rupture must be at hand. We avoided each other, scarcely exchanged a dozen sentences in a day, and fell away from our old familiar habits. At this time — I shudder to remember it! — there were moments when I felt that I hated him.

Thus, with the trouble deepening and widening between us day by day, another month or five weeks went by; and February came; and, with February, the Carnival. They said in Genoa that it was a particularly dull carnival; and so it must have been: for, save a flag or two hung out in some of the principal streets, and a sort of festa look about the women, there were no special indications of the season. It was, I think, the second day, when, having been on the line all the morning, I returned to Genoa at dusk, and to my surprise, found Mat Price on the platform. He came up to me, and laid his hand on my arm.

"You are in late," he said. "I have been waiting for you these three quarters of an hour. Shall we dine together to-day?"

Impulsive as I am, this evidence of returning good-will at once called up my better feelings.

"With all my heart, Mat," I replied; "shall we go to Gozzoli's?"

"No, no," he said, hurriedly. "Some quieter place, — some place where we can talk. I have something to say to you."

I noticed now that he looked pale and agitated, and an uneasy sense of apprehension stole upon me. We decided on the "Pescatore," a little out-of-the way trattoria, down near the Molo Vecchio. There, in a dingy salon, frequented chiefly by seamen, and redolent of tobacco, we ordered our simple dinner. Mat scarcely swallowed a morsel, but, calling presently for a bottle of Sicilian wine, drank eagerly.

"Well, Mat," I said, as the last dish was placed on the table," what news have you?"

"Bad."

"I guessed that from your face."

"Bad for you, — bad for me. Gianetta."

"What of Gianetta?"

He passed his hand nervously across his lips.

"Gianetta is false, — worse than false," he said, in a hoarse voice. "She values an honest man's heart just as she values a flower for her hair, — wears it for a day, then throws it aside forever. She has cruelly wronged us both."

"In what way? Good Heavens, speak out!"

"In the worst way that a woman can wrong those who love her. She has sold herself to the Marchese Loredano."

The blood rushed to my head and face in a burning torrent. I could scarcely see, and dared not trust myself to speak.

"I saw her going towards the cathedral," he went on, hurriedly. "It was about three hours ago. I thought she might be going to confession, so I hung back and followed her at a distance. When she got inside, however, she went straight to the back of the pulpit, where this man was waiting for her. You remember him, — an old man who used to haunt the shop a month or two back. Well, seeing how deep in conversation they were, and how they stood close under the pulpit with their backs towards the church, I fell into a passion of anger and went straight up the aisle, intending to say or do something, I scarcely knew what, but, at all events, to draw her arm through mine, and take her home. When I came within a few feet, however, and found only a big pillar between myself and them, I paused. They could not see me, nor I them; but I could hear their voices distinctly, and — and I listened."

"Well, and you heard —"

"The terms of a shameful bargain — beauty on the one side, gold on the other; so many thousand francs a year; a villa near Naples — Pah! it makes me sick to repeat it."

And, with a shudder, he poured out another glass of wine and drank it at a draught.

"After that," he said, presently, "I made no effort to bring her away. The whole thing was so cold-blooded, so deliberate, so shameful, that I felt I had only to wipe her out of my memory, and leave her to her fate. I stole out of the cathedral, and walked about here by the sea for ever so long, trying to get my thoughts straight. Then I remembered you, Ben; and the recollection of how this wanton had come between us and broken up our lives drove me wild. So I went up to the station and waited for you. I felt you ought to know it all; and — and I thought, perhaps, that we might go back to England together."

"The Marchese Loredano!"

It was all that I could say; all that I could think. As Mat had just said of himself, I felt "like one stunned."

"There is one other thing I may as well tell you," he added, reluctantly, "if only to show you how false a woman can be. We — we were to have been married next month.

"*We?* Who? What do you mean?"

"I mean that we were to have been married, — Gianetta and I."

A sudden storm of rage, of scorn, of incredulity, swept over me at this, and seemed to carry my senses away.

"*You!*" I cried. "Gianetta marry you! I don't believe it."

"I wish I had not believed it," he replied, looking up as if puzzled by my vehemence. "But she promised me; and I thought, when she promised it, she meant it."

"She told me, weeks ago, that she would never be your wife!"

His color rose, his brow darkened; but when his answer came, it was as calm as the last.

"Indeed!" he said. "Then it is only one baseness more. She told me that she had refused you; and that was why we kept our engagement secret."

"Tell the truth, Mat Price," I said, wellnigh beside myself with suspicion. "Confess that every word of this is false! Confess that Gianetta will not listen to you, and that you are afraid I may succeed where you have failed. As perhaps I shall, — as perhaps I shall, after all!"

"Are you mad?" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"That I believe it's just a trick to get me away to England, — that I don't credit a syllable of your story. You're a liar, and I hate you!"

He rose, and, laying one hand on the back of his chair, looked me sternly in the face.

"If you were not Benjamin Hardy," he said, deliberately, "I would thrash you within an inch of your life."

The words had no sooner passed his lips than I sprang at him. I have never been able distinctly to remember what followed. A curse, — a blow, — a struggle, — a moment of blind fury, — a cry, — a confusion of tongues, — a circle of strange faces. Then I see Mat lying back in the arms of a bystander; myself trembling and bewildered, — the knife dropped from my grasp; blood upon the floor; blood upon my hands; blood upon his shirt. And then I hear those dreadful words, —

"O Ben, you have murdered me!"

He did not die, — at least, not there and then. He was carried to the nearest hospital, and lay for some weeks between life and death. His case, they said, was difficult and dangerous. The knife had gone in just below the collar-bone, and pierced down into the lungs. He was not allowed to speak or turn, — scarcely to breathe with freedom. He might not even lift his head to drink. I sat by him day and night all through that sorrowful time. I gave up my situation on the railway; I quitted my lodging in the Vicolo Balba; I tried to forget that such a woman as Gianetta Coneglia had ever drawn breath. I lived only for Mat; and he tried to live more, I believe, for my sake than his own. Thus, in the bitter silent hours of pain and penitence, when no hand but mine approached his lips or smoothed his pillow, the old friendship came back with even more than its old trust and faithfulness.

I turned hot and cold; I trembled; my heart beat fast, and my breath failed.

"Why do you tempt me?" I faltered.

"For Italy's sake," he whispered; "for liberty's sake. I know you are no Italian; but, for all that, you may be a friend. This Loredano is one of his country's bitterest enemies. Stay, here are the two thousand florins."

I thrust his hand back fiercely.

"No, — no!" I said. "No blood-money. If I do it, I do it neither for Italy nor for money; but for vengeance."

"For vengeance!" he repeated.

At this moment the signal was given for backing up to the platform. I sprang to my place upon the engine without another word. When I again looked towards the spot where he had been standing, the stranger was gone.

I saw them take their places, — duke and duchess, secretary and priest, valet and maid. I saw the station-master bow them into the carriage, and stand, bareheaded, beside the door. I could not distinguish their faces; the platform was too dusk, and the glare from the engine-fire too strong; but I recognized her stately figure and the poise of her head. Had I not been told who she was, I should have known her by those traits alone. Then the guard's whistle shrilled out, and the station-master made his last bow; I turned the steam on; and we started.

My blood was on fire. I no longer trembled or hesitated. I felt as if every nerve was iron, and every pulse instinct with deadly purpose. She was in my power, and I would be revenged. She should die, — she, for whom I had stained my soul with my friend's blood! She should die, in the plenitude of her wealth and her beauty, and no power upon earth should save her!

The stations flew past. I put on more steam; I bade the fireman heap in the coke, and stir the blazing mass. I would have outstripped the wind, had it been possible. Faster and faster — hedges and trees, bridges and stations, flashing past — villages no sooner seen than gone — telegraph wires twisting, and dipping, and twining themselves in one, with the awful swiftness of our pace! Faster and faster, till the fireman at my side looks white and scared, and [illegible] re fuel to the furnace. Faster [illegible] wind rushes in our faces and drives [illegible] upon our lips.

I would have scorned to save myself. I meant to die with the rest. Mad as I was, — and I believe from my very soul that I was utterly mad for the time, — I felt a passing pang of pity for the old man and his suite. I would have spared the poor fellow at my side, too, if I could; but the pace at which we [illegible] going made escape impossible.

V[illegible] was passed — a mere confused vision of lights. [illegible]ojana flew by. At Padua, but nine miles distant, our passengers were to alight. I saw the fireman's face turned upon me in remonstrance; I saw his lips move, though I could not hear a word; I saw his expression change suddenly from remonstrance to a deadly terror, and then — merciful Heaven! then, for the first time, I saw that he and I were no longer alone upon the engine.

There was a third man, — a third man standing on my right hand, as the fireman was standing on my left, — a tall, stalwart man, with short, curling hair, and a flat Scotch cap upon his head. As I fell back in the first shock of surprise, he stepped nearer, took my place at the engine, and turned the steam off. I opened my lips to speak to him; he turned his head slowly, and looked me in the face.

Matthew Price!

I uttered one long wild cry, flung my arms wildly up above my head, and fell as if I had been smitten with an axe.

I am prepared for the objections that may be made to my story. I expect, as a matter of course, to be told that this was an optical illusion, or that I was suffering from pressure on the brain, or even that I labored under an attack of temporary insanity. I have heard all these arguments before, and, if I may be forgiven for saying so, I have no desire to hear them again. My own mind has been made up upon this subject for many a year. All that I can say — all that I *know* is — that Matthew Price came back from the dead to save my soul and the lives of those whom I, in my guilty rage, would have hurried to destruction. I believe this as I believe in the mercy of Heaven and the forgiveness of repentant sinners.

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CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE LONDON MARKETS.

BY JAMES GREENWOOD,
AUTHOR OF "A NIGHT IN A WORKHOUSE."

CLOSE observers of the habits and customs of the lower order of English workmen have recorded the singular facts that, as a rule, the Sunday is by them regarded, not as an entire, but as a half-holiday. Nay, cleanliness being a kindred virtue with godliness, it is indisputable that, as regards the forepart of Sunday, he is guilty of desecration, not out of neglect and carelessness, but deliberately and by design; for, whereas all the working days of the week he sits down to breakfast with a visage the brighter for acquaintance with soap and water, and a head of hair reclaimed from nocturnal tangle, the Sabbath breakfast-time finds him at his own hearth grimy and unkempt. He can afford to be untidy. His time is his own, and he may do just what he pleases with it. Not that it pleases him to wear a dirty face (no man can accuse him of *that:* he washes his face, and arms, and hands every day, his feet once a fortnight, or oftener, if a cold necessitates their immersion in hot water, and never a summer passes but he has a dip in the Serpentine or the fourpenny swimming baths); but, the fact is, his every-day matutinal ablutions are in a degree compulsory. It is one amongst the "shop" rules, and an infringement of it is visited by a fine of twopence; and yesterday's smut on his nose, and yesterday's stubble still adorning his chin, are indubitable symptoms that to-day he calls no man his master. Through the Sunday forenoon — although, if his every-day employer was to say, "Jones, if you like to bring that parcel up to the house, there's half a crown for your trouble," he would reject it with scorn — he employs himself domestically, and works like a nigger. He will sole-and-heel Polly's boots, put in broken windows, make good defective drainage in the rear of his premises, "set" a copper, or dig whole rods and perches of gardeng round until his blue-ribbed shirt reeks with perspiration, and all with the completest cheerfulness, and until it is notified to him that dinner will be ready in twenty minutes.

From that moment he is a changed man. In that announcement breaks on him the first glimmering of Sunday dawning. With a face growing each moment more sober, he puts away his tools, and straight retires to the privacy of his chamber, from which he emerges just in time to sharpen the carving-knife for an attack on the shoulder of mutton that Joe, the eldest born, has fetched from the bakehouse. But how changed a man is he from the cobbler, or the digger, or the copper-setter of half an hour ago! His blue-ribbed shirt is exchanged for a white one with a rigorous stand-up collar; his face is clean and shiny, his chin is as smooth as a baby's; and he has oil on his hair. The time of day has begun when he should "bring up his children in the way they should go," and he sets about it with an uncompromising air that would have won for him a name in the bygone times of Praise-God-Barebones. With strictest impartiality, as regards crackling and gravy, he charges the seven plates ranged on either side of the table, and behind each of which appears a wistful face and a pair of eyes that by anticipation have already eaten up every scrap of the smoking ration, and then he — father Jones that is — raps the table with the buckhorn haft of the carving-knife, and seriously commands Joe to say grace; and glibly as one who has it already at his tongue's tip, and whose mouth waters for what is to follow, Joe complies. His ejaculation of the last syllable of the word "thankful," that concludes the prayer, is like the application of the match to the touch-holes of a row of cannon as regards the dumb waiters behind the charged plates, and instantly they fire away. Father, too, he fires away, but still preserves a severe eye for the proprieties of the Sunday dinner-table. "Is it proper to eat your Sunday dinner with your fork wrong side up'ards, Maria?" "Is that the manners they learn you at Sunday school, John? Keep your elbows off the table, sir." "If I have to tell you about that chawing noise again, Amelia Mary, you go into the back kitchen, miss. I must send to your Sunday school, and tell 'em to set you a text to learn against such awful manners." Dinner over, Joe, the grace-sayer, returns thanks. The children go to Sunday school, and father turning down his shirt-sleeves (which have been tidily tucked back behind his elbows during the carving process), puts on his Sunday black coat, charges his Sunday long pipe, and composes himself clean and Christianly to smoke, while Joe reads the latest murders, forgeries, and bigamies, out of Lloyd's "penny weekly."

The Jones above quoted, who is but a type of ten thousand, is equally eccentric in his observation of other high holidays and festivities. Christmas eve, for instance. His Christmas purchases must be sanctified by season in the extremest sense of the term. It is idle your preaching to Jones that daylight is the time for marketing, that cheats thrive by lamplight, that hurrying and crowding and squeezing are fatal to bargaining, that yellow cow-meat looks ruddy and fair as the best, seen by the

light of flaming gas. He is ready enough to believe it on ordinary occasions, but on this special occasion he turns a deaf ear. It may be endeavored to explain this apparent eccentricity of Jones's by the fact that Christmas eve is, as a rule, a wages-receiving time, and that it is really dusk and "eve" before Jones reaches home. This is true as far as it goes, but really it applies scarcely at all to the case. Jones does not depend on the earnings of the previous few days for his annual banquet of banquets. He "saves up" for it by means of a shop money-club or otherwise, and has the cash in hand in good time to make his purchases two days previous to Christmas, if he had a mind.

But he has no mind; Christmas day falling on a Tuesday, he would no more think of laying in his stock of Christmas-dinner provision on the previous Saturday, than he would of retiring to rest on Christmas eve without having a lusty "stir" at the pudding stuff in the pan. Beef so bought would not be "Christmas" beef. He knows as well as any man that the poultry for Christmas consumption are immolated and exposed for sale several days before the festival, and he cannot be blind to the fact that if he took a quiet stroll to the rendezvous of the goose and turkey merchants on the evening before Christmas eve his opportunities of choice would be more extended, and as likely as not he would save a shilling in purchase-money; nevertheless, he would scorn to avail himself of such advantages. He has friends coming to dinner, and he is the last man in the world to treat them shabbily. With what countenance could he reply to the inquiry of a guest who, with the privileged familiarity of an old acquaintance, might require to know when and where the bird was purchased?

It would scarcely be worth his while to tell a falsehood about it; but how could he find words to confess that it was not a Christmas goose at all, having been bought "last week"? His character for joviality and hospitality would suffer from that moment. A suspicion would creep into the breast of each guest that the dinner was one contrived on economical principles. Whether it were true or no, when the mince-pies appeared, the pie-shop in the High Street would be privately assigned as their birthplace, and the berry brownness of the hostess's pudding, while it was audibly commended and its complexion ascribed to natural richness, in secret would be attributed to some of the penny-a-packet coloring trash manufactured by that great champion of the washing-tub and deadly enemy of *pulex irritans*, Fiddler Dozensticks. It would n't do at all. Very possibly evidence of their dissatisfaction might not be found in a falling off of the appetite of the guests, but it would be talked of afterwards, undoubtedly.

And in case that Jones, reading these lines, should imagine that I am holding up this weakness of his to ridicule, let me hasten to set myself right in his eyes. Your weakness, Jones, is laudable, proper, and I have a great mind to say Christian. You act on the simple belief — although, like many another Christian belief of yours, you are contented to enjoy it in your heart's warm depths and without declaring it from the summit of an upturned tub — that the season of Christmas eve is a sanctifying season, and that to buy and prepare for the feast during the hallowed time, is like asking a blessing on it. You don't think of this, Jones, as you are cheapening a turkey or investing twopence in horseradish as a garnish for your roast beef, (how is it that you never eat horseradish at any other time of year, Jones?) but reverence for the glad season is in you, and you are governed by it in all your actions. The good influence shines in your face, Jones, as you may convince yourself if you will take a peep at it in the draper's plate-glass, as you wait outside for your good lady who is proudly within the shop investing that unexpected three-and-sixpence of yours in a new cap with cherry bows. Nay, Mr. Cynic, you are quite wrong when you cry, "Bosh! twaddle! cant!" You never will convert me to your opinion that the cheerful serenity of Jones's countenance on this particular evening is due, not to any sort of "mystic influence," but simply to Jones's rare prospect of a feed off turkey and rich pudding, and a merry evening of pipes and grog to follow. I don't deny that Jones is a man with an animal appetite, and with a hankering after the fleshpots, and that the weight of the viands with which his basket is crammed is considerably mitigated by the buoyant properties of much of his soul there too.

But you must know that Jones has bought other goods than will come to the spit or the pot. He has the worth of threepence in holly and the same in mistletoe. You may see that he has, for there it dangles by the side of his basket. And there, I am landed high and dry again on the ground on which I take my stand, Mr. Cynic, when you broke in with your unpleasant observations. How is it that Jones incommodes himself by carrying home that bulky, prickly bush, when he has so much else to carry? You know, I know, everybody knows, that holly and mistletoe have been seen hanging in the shops of the greengrocers for a week past; it has been hawked and bawled about the streets by costermongers ever since last Wednesday. Why then did not Jones, since he must spend his money in such nonsense, — why did n't he make his holly purchase any day as he came home to dinner or returned at night any time during the past week? Why! for the best of all reasons, — he did n't believe in holly or mistletoe till this evening. He has seen lots of it about, but he had no mind for it, — no more than he would for plucking green apples growing within reach. He is glad to see so fair a prospect, but ripe fruit for his money. Holly, with him, is not ripe until this "eve." The ruddy berries have now an interest for him they possessed not in the morning. Had he then, by accident, pricked his hand with the holly thorns, he would probably have exclaimed "blow" or "bother" it, or may be — for he is a hasty man and not over choice of words when put out — he would have used a stronger expletive than either: but should such a calamity befall him now, I'd wager as much spirits as would serve to make Jones's snapdragon to-morrow, that he bears the scratch without the use of any naughty words whatever. You may laugh, Mr. Cynic; perhaps I know Jones better than you.

If any one doubts whether Christmas-eve marketing is an institution amongst the poorer sort of people, let him go to Leadenhall, or Newgate, or Newport, or Spitalfields, especially the two former, at the time in question. Take Newgate Market. One night a week — on a Saturday night — some business is done by gaslight, but by comparison not more than a penny to a pound with the amount of trade done there on Christmas eve. Barter is not at a standstill all through the day, but it is strictly confined to big and little meat merchants. Ordinarily betwixt these two classes, — the consignees and salesmen, and the shopkeeper who comes there for his goods, — there exists a comfortable amount of cor-

diality; money and meat change hands smoothly, and all is harmony and content. But on the day before Christmas day it is slightly different. Once a year the wholesale ones of the market find it profitable to go into the retail trade, and the regular retailer very naturally does not like it. He sulks and grumbles at the wholesale one's prices. The wholesale one, however, takes his unkind remarks in perfect good-humor. "Never mind about five and eight being a cruel price," he says; "if you don't like to give it, you may leave it, — that's the figure; it'll fetch it and a good deal more for the trouble of cutting up between this and twelve o'clock. They'll be swarming here like flies soon as the gas is lit."

By "they" he means the Christmas-eve marketers, and he is quite correct in his prognostication. By the time the gas is lit the market is "laid out"; the covered ways are roofed and arched with meat, the narrow lanes are hedged with it; there are groves of pork, thickets of mutton, and, allowing four of the huge quarters to every bullock, — an ordinary and reasonable allowance, — more animals of that kind than in life could have found browsing on Mitcham Common. All cuts of prime parts too. At ordinary times are freely exposed for sale every part of a beast, from his tail to his snout; you may see the heads of sheep and sheep's "trotters," and heels of the bovine species in heaps hip high, the tails of oxen in bunches, and the intestinal parts of sheep, pigs, oxen, and calves burdening by the hundred-weight mighty hooks screwed into posts and beams. There is none of this on Christmas eve; all is cleanliness and propriety. There is saw-dust on the market stones and white cloths on the butchers' boards, and clean aprons and sleeves on the butchers' selves, and the butchers are rosy and the meat is rosy, and the gas spouts out with a jolly hum. There are three or four hole-and-corner taverns attached to the market. One of them, a low-crowned-looking edifice, the red-curtained doors of which are approached by three downward steps, a greasy, murky-looking hostel enough in general, but this evening all alive and beaming with extra gas-jets, and holly festooning the frowsy ceiling, and a big bunch of mistletoe, impaled to the middle post behind the bar to which the "Old Tom" tap is attached, and against which the bar-maid leans and chats with the customers in the intervals of business. "Egg-hot from five till twelve" is the legend on the wall, and it being now five and past, frequently the red-curtained door swings to and fro, and with watering mouths sly butcher-men slip in, and with satisfied mouths sly butcher-men slip out, brushing their lips with their blue sleeves, and hurrying back to their stalls. They'd nap it if their masters caught them at it, only the best of it is, the masters take care *not* to catch 'em at it, so long as they take no more than is good for them, knowing the sort of evening's work they have before them.

And now the trade begins. Swarming in at the lanes and alleys come the buyers, in some few cases singly, but in pairs, as a rule, man and wife; and the number of their children may be estimated with tolerable accuracy from the size of the market-basket the latter carries, — hundreds of them, thousands of them, until there is scarcely elbow-room, and for safety the butcher-men carry their knives, when not in use, in their mouths.

All very well, but it must be confessed that Newgate Market or Leadenhall are not, undoubtedly, the best places to purchase the primest and cheapest. Jones is in this respect no weaker than his well-to-do brother; we are all alike, all anxious to fill our little tin pots at Niagara. If I want a pen'orth of plums I prefer them out of a bushel; if I have fifty pounds to bank, I lodge it with the Grand Westminster and Middlesex, capital seventeen millions. So it is with Jones and his wife. They have ten shillings to spend in butchers' meat, and they must needs hanker after the "wholesale." Any well-conditioned bullock is capable of supplying four times more sirloin than they are likely to want, but they prefer to pick their sirloin out of the produce of a hundred and fifty bullocks. There is no denying, Mrs. Jones, that you are a tolerable judge of meat, and may save a penny a pound by coming here, perhaps three halfpence, and so you ought, considering that you have trudged a mile and a half, had the crown of your bonnet stove in by collision with a meat-tray, and suffered agonies from the trampling of hob-nailed boots on your corns. How much better now it would have been to have gone quietly to Wiggins, who is not extensive in trade, but invariably civil and obliging, and given him your Christmas custom. It would have been better for various reasons.

In the first place, you are well acquainted with Wiggins, and stand in no awe of him. If he asked you tenpence a pound for sirloin, and you thought that ninepence was a plenty for it, you would have no scruples about telling him so to his head, and declining to purchase unless he bated; but would you dare do as much by Silverside and Co.? The meat-merchants who are in such a tremendous way of business make no more of your purchase of sixteen pounds of beef than Wiggins would of your demand for two pen'orth of suet! That in the first place; and then, pray, how about your knowledge of the arithmetic of wholesale meat dealing? You may readily enough comprehend what a joint will cost, the price per pound of which is ninepence or ninepence halfpenny, but when the talk is of "six and four" and "five and eight," it is questionable if you are not somewhat abroad. You may have some inkling of the fact that the figures mentioned represent the price required for a stone of eight pounds of the joint you have fixed on; still your bating tactics are thrown altogether out of gear, and whether to bid "five and sevenpence" or "five and twopence," you have not the least idea. The probability is that you will yield without a struggle, or allow the bargain to escape you, while you turn away to reckon how many eightpences there are in five and fourpence.

But flatter not thyself, good Jones, because of your scholarship in figures, that it only requires you to undertake the meat buying, and all will go well. You know all about "six and eight" and "five and four," but you don't know everything. Pardon me, Jones, if I tell you that your great weakness lies in your prodigious confidence in your strength of mind, in your sound and cool judgment, and your complete invincibility to trade tricks and dodges of every manner and kind. "I know, every one knows," say you, "how women are gammoned and wheedled by shopkeepers; they should have men to deal with; I'd like to see the butcher who would come the old soldier over *me!*"

Take the market-basket, Jones, mix in the crowd this blessed Christmas eve, and you shall see all that you ask. You silly fellow! do you imagine that you are the first Jones that ever came to Newgate Market? As there is one bait for roach, and

another for chub, and a third for gudgeon, so are there ways of angling for customers. The butcher before whose shop you pause, my good Jones, has already "taken your measure," as the saying is.

He sees the independent manner in which your hands are thrust into your trousers pockets, and the determination not to be imposed on or wheedled visible in every line of your expressive countenance, and, so far from being intimidated thereat, he regards you as one of the easiest of victims. He would rather deal with three of your sort than with one of your good lady's any day in the week, but on a Christmas eve especially. With the air of a man who knows what meat should be, you cast your eye along the rows of ribs and sirloins, and presently he catches your eye. He does n't rush out on you, however; he preserves his calmness and nods towards you as recognizing in you an old and worthy customer. That is your impression, and meanly availing yourself of his apparent mistake, — he is in an extensive way and highly respectable, — you nod affably in return. He comes forward in a friendly way, and says, "Good evening, sir; selecting your Christmas roast?" just as though it was a matter of course that you should come to his highly respectable establishment to select it.

"Well, yes, I was thinking about it, Mr. Butcher," says you, in a patronizing sort of way.

"Let us see, then; you don't like it over fat, if I recollect, sir" (as though you had dealt with him for years). "What do you say to that cut, now?"

"How much?"

"O, well, *we* won't have a dozen words about price, — say six and four. Weigh this, Jim, carefully."

"One of the best butchers in England, Sarah," you remark to Mrs. J——, as, having paid for your eighteen pounds of beef, you walk off with it. "Very gentlemanly fellow, too, as you must have observed."

"There 's a good bit of bone in it, Joe, is n't there?"

"Of course there is, — you can't have good meat without, and this is first-class."

Let us hope so, Jones, for truly Mr. Butcher *has* "come the old soldier" over you, making you pay for "soft soap" at the rate of a penny a pound in that two stone two pounds of sirloin.

THE GREAT MARKETS OF PARIS.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from the French.]

THIRD PAPER.

THE four o'clock A. M. bell is like the sound of the gong in the fairy-piece, which makes a whole world rise out of earth. The Great Markets, relatively quiet until that bell sounds, are the scene of noise, bustle, and methodical confusion. It is said it was amid this morning turmoil that Auber found the *motif* of the market chorus in Massaniello. One sees there so many varied spectacles, one hears so many cries, six pair of eyes and several pair of ears would not suffice to save us from losing something. At first one sees moving about among the market-gardeners none but greengrocers, purveyors, hawkers, and the like. Soon the cooks of hotels and restaurants appear, and their white costume forms a strange contrast to the motley dresses on every hand. Then come soldiers of the different regiments charged with the day's marketing; and *les petites sœurs* (a sort of sisters of charity) l[illegible]r their poor, here a cabbage, there eggs, yo[illegible] toes or salad. In old times *gourmets* made [illegible] of duty to come to the Great Markets to [illegible]emselves the best pieces brought. Grimod de [illegible]nière never once missed coming to the Great Markets at their opening. He came wearing his handsomest dress-coat and his most delicate lace; he was followed by three footmen with immense baskets. It was Grimod de la Reynière who, in describing how thrushes were cooked with gin, was so far carried away by his enthusiasm as to say, "One would eat one's own father if served up with this sauce."

Do you hear that noise? It comes from the middle of the Rue de la Tonnellerie, and is made by three or four lusty fellows, who are hopping, skipping, jumping amid heaps of verdure, constantly gesticulating and bawling at the top of their voices: "All is going! All will disappear! I tell ye, here's the beautiful article, boys! I tell ye, here be the best ye can find! And be spry, for there is n't enough for everybody!" They are the fern-dealers. They come from twenty-five or thirty leagues to sell for three sous a bunch those beautiful denticulated leaves with which greengrocers adorn their shop-windows. By the side of the fern-dealers are the vine-leaves dealers. Vine-leaves are used to set off fruit to advantage. These women sort their merchandise into little packets, which are tied with straw. They get the vine-leaves from the market-gardeners, or from some roguish boy who has been pillaging the vines. They sell their little packets for four sous, and make some three or four francs a day on an average. There are days when they make ten or twelve francs. Do not be astonished! It is really at the Great Markets one may see the justice of he proverb: "There is no stupid trade." I was shown at the Great Markets a dealer in chickweed for birds in cages, who has made money enough to buy three houses at Montreuil!

Another profitable trade in the Great Markets is that of itinerant coffee-sellers. There are six of them. They have a large cylindrical vessel made of sheet-iron. It is provided with two cocks. Under the cylinder is a heater, and under the heater is a cup-warmer, where cups and spoons are kept; under the cup-warmer is a basin of water, where each cup and spoon dives after the customer empties it, and after each dive the water changes color, becoming darker and darker. This o[illegible]ation is called "washing the cup." The dish of coffee, sugared, costs one sou; there are, however, dishes at two sous for the *aristos*, for people who wish to make a show. The whole difference between the coffee at one sou and that at two sous consists in the position of the cock. The one sou cock is on the right, the two sous cock is on the left. The liquid which issues from both cocks is identical, for if the cylinder has two apertures it has no interior division. The two cocks are for appearance' sake. The sale of coffee is prodigious. Hundreds of amateurs may be seen around the coffee-woman waiting their turn to be served, and she can scarcely ever be seen without a large knot of coffee-drinkers around her. Fortunately, this liquid is absolutely without danger, for it contains no exciting principles. Between you and me, good reader, this coffee is a very distant relation of its homonyme of Bourbon and Martinique. The best "grounds" used have been used several times before they come to Great Markets. These coffee-women buy the "gr[illegible]nds" from petty cafés, who themselves bought "grounds" from

large cafés. Those who would enjoy, without spending much more money, a little more substantial aliment, apply to the soup-woman. They bring their cups of soup to the Great Markets in baskets which hold 30 at a time. Each of these soup-women sells on an average 15 or 20 baskets a morning. One of them disposes of 1,000 cups a day. She is the aristocrat of the business. She employs a lad to do nothing but wipe the spoons.

Let us pause for a moment in the fish department. To hear an auctioneer in the Great Markets is a pleasure one ought to enjoy at least once in a lifetime. To understand what he says is a feat beyond the reach of mortal man. The astutest people guess at it. It is an abrupt continuous hum, amid which numerals burst like the explosion of artillery or the rattle of musketry. When there is an auction going on at each of the eight stands at the same time, the spectator at a distance thinks he hears immense watchmen's rattles, agitated by convulsive hands. While this uproar is taking place at each stand, a decanter puts both hands to his mouth to form a speaking-trumpet, and bawls the new fishes he spreads on the bench. Besides the eight stands for sea-fishes, where the sales annually amount to $ 2,000,000, there is one reserved for fresh-water fishes, which sells about $ 200,000 worth of fishes a year. We may regard as a portion of this market the retail sale of small Seine fishes, driven by fishermen's wives on one of the outside sidewalks.

It is not far from the fish-market to the butter-market. We meet, at its entrance, the egg-dealers. It is not often a farmer raises so many chickens as to warrant him sending them directly to market. The greater part of the eggs brought to Paris consequently come through the egg-dealers. They go from farm to farm, and from rural market to market, picking up a dozen here and a dozen there, and sending them up to Paris in large quantities. Eggs are sold at private sale. When buyer and seller come to terms they send for the viewer, who is the only judge who can officially attest the quality of the eggs. There are sixty egg-viewers in the Great Markets. Their business is divided into three successive operations: counting, running through the ring, and viewing. Counting consists in verifying the alleged number of eggs, from which the broken eggs are subtracted; ring-running detects the eggs which are under size, and consequently of less value; viewing proper eliminates spotted, bad, frozen, and limed eggs.* By an odd custom of trade, if the alleged number of eggs prove ten less than the real number, the seller pays the counting; if there be above forty spotted eggs, he pays the viewing. Otherwise both these charges fall on the purchaser. A viewer earns $ 1.40 on what he calls his good days. His business is irregular and fatiguing. He is sometimes obliged to remain forty-eight hours bent over baskets, and this commonly in cellars, for eggs cannot be viewed except in a place removed from daylight. He views eggs with a candle before him; he takes them two by two (one in each hand), and holds them together before the light, giving them a slight rotatory motion with his fingers to enable him to inspect all around the shell. To discover from the slightest indication the condition of the egg concealed in the shell is a much more complicated science than may be believed, and it requires long special studies. A viewer recently said to me: "I have been in this business these fifteen years, and every day I learn something new." Paris annually consumes 240,000,000 eggs. Statisticians have discovered that each inhabitant of Paris consumes on an average 200 eggs, 246 lbs. of fruit, 20 lbs. of butter, and 6 lbs. of cheese annually. Dry cheeses alone are included in this last figure; cheeses like Gruyere, Roquefort, etc. are called dry cheeses. New cheeses (Brie, Neufchatel, and Montlhéry) are sold to a much larger amount. The latter are almost the only cheeses sold wholesale in the Great Markets. Dry cheeses are chiefly sold wholesale in the shops of the Rue des Lombards and Rue de la Verrerie. The sale at the Great Markets takes place only twice a week, and it is not large, as the greater part even of the new cheeses are sent directly to the retail dealers.

Wholesale butter consequently thrones pre-eminently in this portion of the Great Markets. It comes there daily in innumerable lumps and pounds, whose quality varies with its origin. Paris annually makes way with 28,000,000 lbs. of butter, and of this quantity 18,000,000 lbs. are sold at the Great Markets. If we edge our way though enormous baskets of eggs and lumps of butter placed in order on the ground in their white cotton envelopes, we shall reach the centre of the butter-market. Here we come upon an odd-looking thing. Imagine a wooden tower, from which fall four drawbridges in the form of a cross. They are narrow and they are long. When the four persons who gesticulate and scream inarticulate sounds at the entrance of each of these drawbridges are seen from some distance, — while a crowd of people in a violent excitement seethe and surge around them, — one would think that he witnessed a riot, or saw insurgent peasants besieging the fortress in which their lord had taken refuge, and whose entrance was defended by four valorous champions. But when one raises his eyes towards the summit of the tower, one is surprised to see — instead of archers armed from head to foot — very quiet clerks (peacefully writing in immense blank-books) with linen sleeves drawn over their coats. One at last sees the tower is nothing but an accounting-desk, the valorous champions mere auctioneers, the four drawbridges sales' benches, and the mob of insurgents mere buyers and sellers. As for the dagger which most of them hold in their hands, it is a mere probe, which they call "lance," and use to taste the butter offered on sale. As it is necessary to distrust the external layers of butter, each buyer thrusts his probe as deep as he can, gives it a twist, and brings out with it a small portion of the butter. Then he takes with his thumb-nail a bit of butter from the probe, which he puts into his mouth, and throws the rest back into the lump. You are all attention, I hope, good reader? Well, I said the buyer puts a bit of butter into his mouth. As he tastes about 100 lumps one after the other, were he to swallow the sample tasted he would be sure of nausea long before he had tasted the 99th lump. Consequently, after turning it with his tongue two or three times to give his palate full opportunity to make its acquaintance, he spits it out. I beg pardon for entering into this detail, but it is indispensably necessary in order that I may reveal to you one of the strangest trades I know. The space where the buyers stand and the edges of the sales' benches are covered with straw, destined to catch these bits of butter. After the sales are ended, the porters collect this straw saturated with butter, and sell it to people whose name we consent to leave

* Eggs are steeped in lime to preserve them. The lime does not injure them; it shows they are not fresh.

in the shade. These people throw this straw into immense pots full of boiling water. The butter melts from the straw and rises to the surface of the water, where it is collected by skimmers. This disgusting, horrible melted butter is used by pastry-cooks and by bakers, who make "fancy bread"! Before it became the emolument of the porters of the butter-market, who make from it some $1,800 or $2,000 a year, — ay, $1,800 or $2,000 a year! — the sale of this straw belonged to one of the old keepers of the butter. After he died his widow obtained a continuance of the privilege to her to serve her as a pension. So great was the grief of the new keeper of the butter-market upon finding such a revenue escape him that he actually died of a broken heart. I can avouch for the truth of all these statements, because I have obtained them from the son of the broken-hearted man, who is now the keeper of the butter-market. Is not all this incredible?

Let us now visit tradesmen who pompously call themselves dealers in cooked meats, but whom the people call by their true name, which is *arlequins* dealers. The word *arlequin* (harlequin) explains itself. It indicates a dish composed of every sort of bit, like the motley-colored habit of the hero of the Italian pantomime. It is an indescribable medley, an odious mixture. Fragments of fishes hob-nob in plates with vestiges of dried meats, and bones of all species of poultry together with spinach and potatoes, — all saturated with a liquid containing more or less grease, as it pleased the sauces of yesterday or day before yesterday to deposit there. Some people's appetite is sharpened by the sight of this dish. Hunger is a good thing in its way! Twelve or fifteen people assembled in one of the corners of Division No. 12 drive the sale of this terrible merchandise. They draw their supplies from the dish-washers of wealthy houses, or from the more important restaurants, who sell them for an insignificant sum of money the unappetizing *omnium* of all the tablecloths. Some of them sell stale pastry too. On their crowded stall are to be seen all the varieties of stale dessert, from wine-colored tarts to those granite-like set-cakes, which resist all efforts of the teeth. These dealers have fewer customers than the others, for if the robust viscera of the customers wish solid food, 't is not of this sort. Pastry is good for girls. No, no, no; 't is your real *arlequins* dealers who drive the prosperous trade. They sell some $3,000 or $4,000 worth of *arlequins* annually. One of them married his daughter the other day, and gave her $6,000 in dowry. At breakfast time you may every morning see poor famishing devils waiting in front of their shops each for his turn to come. You ought to see that sight, if only to know the worth of a piece of dry bread.

If you are bold, and your gorge does not rise beforehand at very thought on it, elbow your way through the crowd around the stall. It is the hour when the supply is delivered. The dealer is on her legs, fresh, fat, smiling, with a mountain of broken bread on one side of her, and a pyramid of dark grease, the sombre production of mysterious meltings, on the other side of her. Behind her is a shelf groaning beneath many a packet covered with a bit of newspaper. She opens them one after the other, indicating the contents more or less pompously, and then she empties them on a plate. As she does this the customers in the second rank push those of the front rank, while all around are eager eyes staring through the wired fence.

She wheezes: "Here is a bone of a baked leg of mutton, for only 5 sous; here is rice and omelette, 4 sous; baked cauliflowers, 3 sous; — who wants the cauliflowers? This side, eh?" (She folds up the piece of newspaper, and hands it to the applicant.) "A *blanquette* of veal, 3 sous: who wants the *blanquette?*" Five or six hands are extended; one seizes the paper, and throws down his 3 sous; while the lucky fellow retires with a beaming face, murmurs of disappointment are heard all around him. "Mame Henri, if you've any chicory?" asks a regular customer. She replies: "Wait a bit, wait a bit, and we'll see." Then she goes on wheezing: "Three artichokes, with a bit of sole," (she dips her finger in the sauce, and carries it to her mouth,) "a tip-top article! 4 sous." (She opens a paper dropping oil.) "Here is salad. Who wants salad? 2 sous. Here is a charming piece of beef, streaked fat and lean, 12 sous." (Murmurs of admiration). A voice ventures to bid 8 sous for it. She replies: "You are a pretty fellow! Roast beef for 8 sous! Well, well, take it after all, and be off with ye!"

She continues wheezing as she opens packet after packet, and the plates covered with broken victuals crowd the marble counter more and more, and the crowd of her customers becomes larger and larger, until all passage in her neighborhood is intercepted. Now and then, to the annoyance of customers whose mouths water at the glance she gives, she folds up again a paper she opens, and puts it aside. It is a tit-bit which some neighboring cheap eating-house keeper will serve up that same evening to his patrons under some most appetizing name. Somebody comes up, nods, slips in her hand a sou and receives in exchange a large packet strongly tied. This takes place again and again. I ask an old woman busily engaged in filling her basket who stands by my side to unravel this riddle to me. She replies: "T'is minced meat at one sou a packet." I found it hard to repress a wry face. She exclaimed: "O, sir, you can buy here with confidence; all is good meat here." Had I uttered another word the old woman would have insisted upon my tasting it — just to see. So I took to my heels.

CHRISTMAS GRUEL.

BY ANDREW HALLIDAY.

My dinner last Christmas day consisted of gruel. Gruel for roast beef, gruel for boar's head, gruel for turkey, gruel for plum-pudding, gruel for mince-pies; for almonds and raisins, russet apple, filbert, old brown October, tawny port, wassail, — for all the Christmas courses and dessert, — gruel!

I had looked forward to that Christmas day with a keen anticipation of pleasure. I was invited to a country house, an old-fashioned country house, where Christmas has been kept in great state for many generations; a country house with corridors and oak panels, and an old hall with a great yawning fireplace, specially designed for yule-logs: just such a place as imaginative artists love to sketch in the Christmas numbers of the illustrated papers and periodicals. Ivy, holly, snow, and robin-redbreasts outside; blazing fires, merry faces, warmth, comfort, mistletoe-bough, and pretty girls inside.

I was arrived at that time of life when I could enjoy all these things to the full. Observe, I say *all*. There are periods of existence when a man can enjoy only *some* of the things I have mentioned. A boy enjoys the eatables, — the turkey, the plum-pudding, and the almonds and raisins; the young

man takes delight in the society of the pretty girls, and can neither eat nor drink for thinking of them. But the middle-aged fogy, — like your humble servant, — what boundless, all-embracing enjoyment is his! He can relish everything, — turkey, plum-pudding, almonds and raisins, old port, pretty girls, a nap in his easy-chair, a hand at cards, a cigar, what not! Age has its advantages, its privileges: one of the latter I value very much. As a middle-aged fellow, "done for" long ago, I am the recipient of many pretty, playful attentions from the girls, without exciting serious envy or jealousy. It is my good fortune to have a bald head. Do I astonish you by calling that good fortune? Let me explain. The bald head makes me look older than I am. It gives me a settled-down, sedate appearance. The consequence is, that young and pretty girls have no scruple about fondling me, even in the presence of their proper parents and jealous sweethearts. I am "old Uncle Tom." The girls delight to play me off against their lovers when the young fellows are jealous or sulky, — as young folks in love often are, — and they come in a bevy of beauty and kneel round my chair, and pat my bald head, and tease me in a most delightful manner. I like this, just as I like to dandle pretty little sweet-faced babies on my knee. That is to say, I take their attentions placidly, and enjoy them as an abstract admirer of beauty, and gayety, and innocence, without a quickened emotion or an extra beat of the pulse. You can't do this when you are young, and your hair curls. At that time of day you must have "intentions," you must ask papa and mamma, you must submit to be scowled at by jealous rivals, you must be prepared to name the day, the amount of settlement, and so forth. But I am old and bald. I have gone through all that fire, and I have come out a cool bit of tempered steel, safe and true. I have so many calm loves, you see. Those dainty bits of beauty rustling about me don't take away my appetite for supper, nor dash my relish for a glass of port. My eye wanders away with perfect contentment from their flashing eyes and ruby lips to contemplate the beeswing floating in the wine-cup. Nothing in the way of enjoyment comes amiss to me; but I am wedded to no single pleasure. I take infinite delight in the prattle of my pretty Jane, but when, at the sound of the knocker, she rushes away to meet her dear Edward on the stairs, I turn without a pang to woo the amber lips of my meerschaum pipe.

With all this capacity for enjoyment, it was a sad disappointment to me last year to be seized with a catarrh on the eve of Christmas day. It is Horace, I believe, who says that no man can be supremely happy who is subject to a cold in the head. I agree with him there entirely. I will even go further, and say that, of all the ills that flesh is heir to, there is no one greater, or harder to bear, than a cold. It is an aspiring, ambitious, desperate malady. While gout is content to assail the foot, and colic modestly takes a middle range, a catarrh audaciously attacks the citadel of the head, and lays all the senses prostrate at one blow. While the tyrant holds sway you cannot see, you cannot taste, you cannot smell, you cannot think, and sometimes you cannot hear. There is a certain depth of wretchedness in the sufferings of the victim, when he does not care what becomes of him. I was at the bottom of this slough of misery and despond on Christmas morning. I had hoped that the tyrant would relax his grip, but I might have known better; he never does; he makes a rule of putting you through the whole process, the middle part being half murder.

I could not go to Oakhurst to my Christmas dinner that day. Everybody else in the house was going somewhere, except the cook, who was an orphan, fifty years of age, a spinster, a hater of her species, and one who was accustomed to say that Sundays and Saturdays, Christmases and Good Fridays, made no difference to her.

It was a dreary day after everybody had gone. I sat alone by the fireside, moping and miserable. On ordinary days I had more visitors than I cared about. To-day nobody came; not even the doctor, though I had engaged him to attend my case. It was a glorious day for him, knowing what to eat, drink, and avoid, and seeing others joyously preparing themselves for draughts and pills. But as for poor me, I was ready to cry when I thought of my loneliness, sadness, and desolation on that day when everybody else was making merry. Everybody else! Yes, I thought *everybody* else, except me.

The misanthropical cook came in to ask if I would take a little of the boiled mutton which she had prepared for her own dinner. Such was that woman's misanthropy, such her unchristian condition, that though she was offered a piece of beef and materials to make a little plum-pudding, all to herself, she preferred boiled mutton and a suety dumpling. The cook, I say, came in to offer me boiled mutton. I had no appetite, I could not swallow. I asked for gruel, and I had it just about the time that "everybody" was sitting down to turkey. I did not say grace before that gruel, — did anybody ever say grace before gruel, or after? I was heathenish, and summoned Philosophy to my aid. Philosophy, — whom I should have expected to appear in the form of a grave old man, with long flowing white locks, and the Book of Knowledge in one hand and the magic Wand of Experience in the other, — did not answer the summons. How should such a cold, sedate old spirit be within call of mortal on that day of native gladness! He was no doubt asleep over his musty old book. I performed another incantation. Into a little china caldron I put various charms, all of which had been prepared with great care, and brought with pains and peril from distant parts of the earth, — liquid red fire from the western Indies, lumps of sweetness blanched in blood, drops of acid of the citrus limonium, grown over the volcanoes of Sicily, and waters made mad with fire. These I mixed together with many conjurations, and when I had drunk of the charmed potion, — contrary to the express injunctions of my doctor, — High-Priest of Slops, — I summoned to my aid Memory.

She came at my call, — a comely maiden, clothed in shadows, with a grave, soft smile on her cheek, and a great depth of thought in her large, contemplative eyes. As I gazed at her dreamily, I fell into a pleasant, waking trance, and saw the past roll up upon my vision, like clouds from the west, that the sun glorifies in going down.

I was not to be merry in the present that Christmas night; but the long-loving maid, Memory, was to make me merry in the past, amid Christmas scenes upon which the dark curtain of time had fallen long ago. Memory was more prodigal of her gifts than present reality could be. The envied Everybody else was spending one Christmas. I was spending a dozen.

The first Christmas of my experience rose upon my view, and I was a boy again, in Scotland, being

The terms in which he couched his invitation make it clear to me now — though I did not perceive it at the time — that he invited me rather in pity than in a spirit of genial hospitality. The note was written on very thick coarse-grained paper, — (I wonder why thick coarse-grained paper is considered aristocratic!) — adorned with a coat-of-arms, and the handwriting was an illegible scientific scrawl. (I wonder why science, which is so accurate and precise in other things, always writes such a bad hand.) And the great man, Bart., D. C. L., LL. D., F. R. S., F. R. G. S., &c., said, as well as I could make out, that I might come and "eat my Christmas dinner" with him. I did n't like that phrase, — "eat my Christmas dinner." To be sure it was the purpose of the thing; but it was, I thought, a cold-blooded way of putting it. I remember now that I had turned author about that period. I dare say he thought a dinner at any time would be a charity to me. My desire to dine with a baronet, however, blinded me to any offence that might have lurked in the terms of the note; and disdaining humble Islington, where I should have been supremely happy, I accepted the invitation.

I went in full evening costume, and arrived at the grand mansion a quarter of an hour before the time appointed, which was six o'clock. I was received in the hall by a stately footman, who conducted me to the drawing-room. The Baronet was there, seated in his arm-chair, absorbed in a Review with a sombre cover, indicating that it was solemn and solid and scientific. He did not rise to bid me welcome; but carelessly extended three cold fingers for me to shake, and said "How do?" Nothing about a merry Christmas to me, or any seasonable greeting of that sort. Indeed, there were no signs of Christmas in the house. The drawing-room was very elegant, with rich curtains, soft couches, large mirrors, marble busts and statues, and a great deal of gilding; but my eye searched in vain for the pleasant twinkle of a holly-berry or the glint of a mistletoe leaf. The Baronet's guests dropped in one by one. They were all males, and as they mostly appeared with rumpled hair, and wore spectacles, I judged that, like their host, they were scientific, and wrote capital letters after their names. It proved so.

There were no ladies of the family except her ladyship, and she excused herself from coming down to dinner on the ground of indisposition. So we, the male guests, tumbled down to the dining-room in a disorderly mob. On the stairs I heard "superphosphate" mentioned, also "carbonated" something, likewise an allusion to "caloric."

It was a magnificent dinner, with everything proper to the season, and many other things besides. It struck me, however, that the viands proper to the season — the turkey, the roast-beef, and the plum-pudding — were introduced almost apologetically, in deference to prejudice and foolish custom. It was a long time before we came to the turkey, nobody took roast-beef, and the plum-pudding was a little thing made in a shape, with no sprig of holly in it, and without a glory of blazing brandy. Everything was handed round by two silent footmen. And the guests were almost as silent as the attendants. At no time was there a general conversation; but after the champagne had gone round, I heard one gentleman, with tumbled hair and spectacles, say something to a gentleman next him, with a rumpled shirt and spectacles, about albumen in connection with the veal-cutlets; while the sight of the plum-pudding suggested to a third gentleman, with a bald head and a black stock, a grave remark about saccharine matter and prussic acid.

After dinner the scientific gentlemen drank a good deal of wine; but it seemed to have no particular effect upon them, except to make their faces red. They did not become at all jolly, and merry Christmas was not at once alluded to. After tea, which was served in the drawing-room, — handed round on a magnificent, but chilly silver salver, by the solemnest of the two footmen, — the Baronet and his guests — with the exception of four who sat down to play whist for half-crown points in a corner, dimly lighted by two tall yellow-looking wax-candles — went to sleep. I was not sleepy. My dinner had not warmed my blood a bit, nor added a throb to my pulse, and I sat uncomfortably awake in the midst of the sleepers, afraid to move, lest I should make a noise and wake them. I would have given anything to sneak away; but I was bound to wait and bid my host good night. I found an opportunity at last.

"Good night, sir; I — am — very — I have —"

I could not say it, and the Baronet did not care whether I said it or not. He gave me, without rising, the same three fingers, still cold, and said, —

"Good night to you. James, show Mr. ——"

He fell asleep again here.

James showed me the — door, in fact, and I went forth into the keen frosty night with a sense that the free air, at least, was seasonable. Going home through the chilly streets, seeing the brightly-lighted windows, and hearing the sound of merry voices within, I felt, even after my sumptuous dinner, as if I were homeless, friendless, and hungry, on that Christmas night.

The scene changes once more, bringing back to me a Christmas day big with my fate. I was nervous, excited, and had no appetite. Was I ill, or was I going to be married? Neither. Wassail flowed in abundance, but not for me. Pretty girls stood under the mistletoe and tempted me not. In the midst of the mirth and jollity, I was moody, thoughtful, and anxious. Something was going to happen on the morrow. It was not Christmas day that I thought about, but the day after. Was I reckoning what I should get in Christmas boxes? Not exactly that either; but I was reckoning with fear and trembling what I might expect *from* Christmas boxes, pit and gallery. I had written a Christmas piece for a theatre, and to-morrow would bring boxing-night, and success or failure. I remember, while looking out of the window humming, not Christmas carols, but my own comic songs, that a crow flew by. Was that an omen? And was *one* crow a good omen? The wish being father to the thought, I comforted myself with the conclusion that it was a good omen. Presently a second crow flew by. No, I was wrong. Two crows were a good omen. By and by a third crow flew past. Ah! now I remember, it is *three* crows that constitute a good omen. No more crows came, and I was quite sure of it. Three crows had appeared to me, and the piece would be a success. But still I am anxious and doubtful, and my heart is in a flutter. I am realizing once more in memory a sensation which I am afraid I shall never realize again in actuality; for I have come to estimate applause at its true value; I have come to know that that which is applauded the most is generally that which deserves it the least.

I was bowing to the public in answer to the en-

thusiastic call which made me that night the happiest man in London, when the sound of the knocker dispelled the vision, and announced that my people had come home from their Christmas festivities. They apologized for being so late, and expressed great concern that I had been condemned to loneliness and gruel on Christmas day.

Had I thought the time long? "Not at all," I said. Have you, reader? If not, *plaudite et valete.*

FOGS.

In one of the children's books of last season the hero was represented as travelling across an unknown island, in dread of infuriated savages, by the light of the full moon overhead. He journeyed along all night and all day; but when it came to the next night, the writer remarks with some humor that the sky was clear enough, but "it happened" that there was no moon. That celestial events in general "happen" is probably the belief of a large number of educated persons. They clearly understand that the laws of nature are uniform, and that there are good reasons for all the things that they see; they have learnt in the nursery that the earth goes round the sun, and that the moon goes round something, — they are not sure what; and they are not inclined to dispute that the planets wander among the fixed stars, though to all intents and purposes the idea of fixity is what they will predicate of nothing in heaven or earth. Of the general nature of the cosmical arrangements they would not like to be thought wholly ignorant, but what they see they see in a fog. They stand in much the same relation to the simple movements of the solar system that a rising classical student does to the inflexions of ἵημι, or certain writers in the *Times* to the events of the Middle Ages.

They are no doubt grateful to the clever people who have found out all about it, but, as far as they personally are concerned, the Copernican system has left them at a stage very considerably behind the disciples of Ptolemy and Plutarch. Even with people who are better informed about the facts there is too often an impression that Newton discovered astronomy. Perhaps they would be rather surprised if they knew that Hipparchus was acquainted with the precession of the equinoxes; that Ptolemy discovered the principle of the evection of the moon; and that the priests of Babylon were better able to predict eclipses than nineteen out of twenty clergymen of the Anglican Church. Now, to get a rough idea of the motions of the heavens is a task which would occupy a person of average ability perhaps half a dozen hours on as many days, with a little reflection in the intervals. Any one can do it who will read *Airy's Lectures*, or some other popular handbook, not to mention the delightful work of M. Guillemin. At all events a very few hours' work will teach a vast quantity more than most people now know. If it does not make the horizon clear, it will at all events remove the fog.

For the most important observations of all no scientific apparatus is necessary. A telescope is no help to perceiving, for example, that the new moon is always less bright in the morning than in the evening; that the same stars are constantly in the south at the same time every night; that the horns of the moon always point to the apparent right; or that the sun is nearly twice as broad when setting as he is when in the zenith. Such things as these can be tested by any one who chooses to keep his eyes open, and to record his observations in his pocket-book. Indeed, they will supply a fair test, to any reader, of his own knowledge even at the moment that he reaches this stage of our remarks; for our chief reason for enumerating these most familiar phenomena is, that the statements we have made in reference to them are wildly and monstrously absurd, and there is a quiet pleasure in expressing our conviction that three out of four persons who will have read them will have done so with implicit and unquestioning belief. Such is fog. By way of comfort we will remind them, in the first place, that human nature is prone to error, and in the second, that there are probably not many authors to be found in whom some astronomical fogginess does not occur. By way of illustrating this statement, it is hard to know how far it is right to go back. Lord Macaulay observes very justly that Dryden was not much of an astronomer. In the *Annus Mirabilis* he seems to imply that the effect of the discoveries of his day would be to enable people to get to the edge of the world, and so obtain a closer view of the moon. In *Eleonora* the virtues of a certain young lady are said to be

> "One, as a constellation is but one,
> Though 't is a train of stars that rolleth on."

It must have been a very simple-minded philosopher who could conceive of the Great Bear as being a connected system, and comprehending a kind of moral great bear within its limits. But as to Lord Macaulay himself, what are we to say? The following passage occurs in his description of the Spanish territories in America: "They spread from the equator northward and southward, through all the signs of the zodiac, far into the temperate zone." Can this mean anything if it does not mean that the signs of the zodiac run north and south? America is, unfortunately for any other explanation, limited by the Atlantic and Pacific oceans in the directions of east and west; and the temperate zone is a limit of latitude, and not of longitude, in America as much as in Europe. Perhaps it is only fair to say that the passage occurs in the fifth volume, to which the author did not live to give the finishing touch.

Admirers of Sir Walter Scott will be interested to hear that the most vivid picture in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* is produced by the introduction of an astronomical fact which cannot possibly happen. Sir William of Deloraine is told to ride to Melrose Abbey on the eve of St. Michael's day, and station himself by a certain tomb which will be pointed out to him, —

> "For this will be St. Michael's night,
> And though stars be dim, the moon is bright;
> And the cross of bloody red
> Will point to the grave of the mighty dead."

He goes accordingly, and stands by the tomb as the clock strikes one. The red image from the window is thrown on the stone, as expected, and certain remarkable results happen in consequence. For the purposes of the story, then, the full moon throws a shadow in the same place on the same day of every year. Perhaps it is enough to remark that in ordinary life, if it is full moon on any one night in the year, it will certainly not be full moon on that particular night the next year, or indeed for several years after; and it is hardly necessary to point out, further, that it was rather inconsistent with the general habits of full moons that this particular one should go down unexpectedly in such a way that

> "The night returned in double gloom,"

and Sir William had ridden some way from the abbey before the dawn appeared.

Let us turn to novels. Victor Hugo is a delightful author to read, but it adds very much to the delight of the more scientific portions of his books if the reader can make up his mind not to think about their meaning. We may quote the English version: —

"The wind, in fact, becomes saturated with electricity at the intersection of the colures which marks the extremity of the axis, and with water at the equator."

We can detect just enough of the meaning to perceive that the writer intends something that is quite untrue, and though the confusing of the celestial and terrestrial poles is a venial fault, there is a certain haziness in marking out either of them by the imaginary lines which are only defined by the fact that it is from these very poles that they start. But observe what takes place at some particular times: —

"The grand descent of winds upon the world takes place at the equinoxes. At this period the balance of tropic and pole librates, and the vast atmospheric tides pour their flood upon one hemisphere, and their ebb upon another. The signs of Libra and Aquarius have reference to these phenomena."

This is truly Egyptian darkness. If indeed the balance of tropic and pole were to librate, one does not know what would happen; because no one can conceive what such an occurrence can possibly be. But, whatever were to take place at the equinoxes, there is just this difficulty in thinking that the sign of Aquarius can refer to it, that that particular constellation happens to be one through which the sun passes at a period nearly three months distant from either. The fact is that stars are difficult things. We have never been able to find out who supplies Mr. Bright with poetry, but the verses which he quoted about the Pleiades in one of his earlier autumn speeches are curious enough: —

"Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine,
'T is Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile."

Well, but the Pleiades never do shine actually over our heads, and they are not known to be more frozen than any other group of stars. And even if they were, and did, it would not make much difference to liberty either way. Perhaps it means that we lie in the north, and have natural disadvantages which are made up for by plenty of freedom. But then the Pleiades are not particularly northern themselves, and certainly are not nearly of so high a latitude as London. Or can it be that they "rise" during the skating season, which they do not, — or that they are in conjunction with the sun in winter, which again they are not? We give it up. Turn to theology and Dr. Cumming. What shall we select from the exuberance of the astronomical fancy displayed to us? This one gem: —

"At present the sun, even in his meridian, is in some degree horizontal."

At present! his meridian! horizontal! Considering either the terms employed or the notion which seems to lie at the bottom, it may be questioned whether, of all the fogs which ever oppressed the brain of mortal man, any more dense or bewildering can have existed than that which must now be resting upon the imagination of the eloquent divine whom we have quoted.

The best fun in [illegible] the big number. For purposes of or[illegible] ion, indeed, they are mostly so l[illegible] one will do quite as well as another. [illegible] much difference whether it is in an [illegible] day that the sun gives out enough heat to raise five hundred thousand cubic miles of ice to boiling point. The diameter of the nebula in Andromeda may be estimated at seven thousand millions of miles, but it may be equally well estimated, for practical purposes, at seventy. To say that a single vibration of violet light upon the retina takes place in rather less than the billionth of a second is rather amusing, and is more likely to be true than not; but one need not, in such a case, be particular to a million or two. One of the best things of the kind is to be found in a pamphlet just published by the President of the Astronomical Society, the Rev. C. Pritchard. The basis [illegible] the pamphlet is a sermon preached before the b[illegible] Association at Nottingham, which, though it b[illegible] the word "continuity" upon its title, is somewhat beyond our discussion in secular columns; but in one of the appendices there is a little jewel of number. The argument runs somewhat in the following fashion: The Darwinian theory has been challenged to account for the formation of the eye on any principle which postulates anything short of eternity for its development. Both optically and mechanically, the eye is an instrument the arrangements of which are so extraordinarily delicate, and the accurate adjustment of which is so consummate, that it would seem that either the chances must have "come off" in a very remarkable way thousands and thousands of times during the history of the organ in dispute, or allowance must be made for some kind of providential bias, which is contrary to hypothesis.

Give me, says Mr. Darwin, an optical germ and a transparent membrane, and give me long enough time, and my Natural Selection will produce an eye. Yes, but how long after all? At this point Mr. Pritchard comes in, and the manner in which, rightly or wrongly, he uses Mr. Darwin's own weapons against him is at all events amusing. For some time past it has been suspected that the rotatory movement of the earth was becoming slower and slower. It was, we believe, Professor Tyndall who originated the idea, though the grounds on which he founded his conjecture are generally thought unsound. From other considerations, however, chiefly those relating to the effects caused by the friction of the waves of the sea, the best astronomers have made it very probable that the length of the day is increasing. It does not much matter to us for the present, as many generations will pass before the matter can be tested by experiment. But if it be true that such is the case, what, asks the President of the Astronomical Society, would have been the length of a day upon the globe some time back, provided that there was then an ocean and a continent? "One million of million of years ago," supposing these conditions to have existed, "the length of the day would probably have been less than the flash of the hundredth of a second of time."

Under these circumstances, not to mention other reasons, the earth could not at that period have been fitted for the habitation of organized beings such as we ourselves are. In particular, as it may be presumed the argument would continue, the optical arrangements to which a natural selection would lead under these conditions would be quite different from those which would tend to develop

the eye of modern life. We do not know what the followers of Mr. Darwin will have to reply to such reasoning as this, but at any rate the argument is a pretty one; and while the big numbers adduced and the startling statements made are amusing, irrespectively of their veracity, it is also worth while to remark that they may with reasonable certainty be considered as generally true.

THE FOUR-FIFTEEN EXPRESS.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

PART I.

THE events which I am about to relate took place between nine and ten years ago. Sebastopol had fallen in the early spring; the peace of Paris had been concluded since March; our commercial relations with the Russian empire were but recently renewed; and I, returning, home after my first northward journey since the war, was well pleased with the prospect of spending the month of December under the hospitable and thoroughly English roof of my excellent friend Jonathan Jelf, Esquire, of Dumbleton Manor, Clayborough, East Anglia. Travelling in the interests of the well-known firm in which it is my lot to be a junior partner, I had been called upon to visit, not only the capitals of Russia and Poland, but had found it also necessary to pass some weeks among the trading ports of the Baltic; whence it came that the year was already far spent before I again set foot on English soil, and that, instead of shooting pheasants with him, as I had hoped, in October, I came to be my friend's guest during the more genial Christmastide.

My voyage over, and a few days given up to business in Liverpool and London, I hastened down to Clayborough with all the delight of a school-boy whose holidays are at hand. My way lay by the Great East Anglian line as far as Clayborough station, where I was to be met by one of the Dumbleton carriages and conveyed across the remaining nine miles of country. It was a foggy afternoon, singularly warm for the fourth of December, and I had arranged to leave London by the 4.15 express. The early darkness of winter had already closed in; the lamps were lighted in the carriages; a clinging damp dimmed the windows, adhered to the door-handles, and pervaded all the atmosphere; while the gas-jets at the neighboring book-stand diffused a luminous haze that only served to make the gloom of the terminus more visible. Having arrived some seven minutes before the starting of the train, and, by the connivance of the guard, taken sole possession of an empty compartment, I lighted my travelling lamp, made myself particularly snug, and settled down to the undisturbed enjoyment of a book and a cigar. Great, therefore, was my disappointment when, at the last moment, a gentleman came hurrying along the platform, glanced into my carriage, opened the locked door with a private key, and stepped in.

It struck me at the first glance that I had seen him before, — a tall, spare man, thin-lipped, light-eyed, with an ungraceful stoop in the shoulders, and scant gray hair worn somewhat long upon the collar. He carried a light waterproof coat, an umbrella, and a large brown japanned deed-box, which last he placed under the seat. This done, he felt carefully in his breast-pocket, as if to make certain of the safety of his purse or pocket-book; laid his umbrella in the netting overhead; spread the waterproof across his knees; and exchanged his hat for a travelling cap of some Scotch material. By this time the train was moving out of the station, and into the faint gray of the wintry twilight beyond.

I now recognized my companion. I recognized him from the moment when he removed his hat and uncovered the lofty, furrowed, and somewhat narrow brow beneath. I had met him, as I distinctly remembered, some three years before, at the very house for which, in all probability, he was now bound, like myself. His name was Dwerrihouse; he was a lawyer by profession; and, if I was not greatly mistaken, was first cousin to the wife of my host. I knew also that he was a man eminently "well to do," both as regarded his professional and private means. The Jelfs entertained him with that sort of observant courtesy which falls to the lot of the rich relation; the children made much of him; and the old butler, albeit somewhat surly "to the general," treated him with deference. I thought, observing him by the vague mixture of lamplight and twilight, that Mrs. Jelf's cousin looked all the worse for the three years' wear and tear which had gone over his head since our last meeting. He was very pale, and had a restless light in his eye that I did not remember to have observed before. The anxious lines, too, about his mouth were deepened, and there was a cavernous, hollow look about the cheeks and temples which seemed to speak of sickness or sorrow. He had glanced at me as he came in, but without any gleam of recognition in his face. Now he glanced again, as I fancied, somewhat doubtfully. When he did so for the third or fourth time, I ventured to address him.

"Mr. John Dwerrihouse, I think?"

"That is my name," he replied.

"I had the pleasure of meeting you at Dumbleton about three years ago."

Mr. Dwerrihouse bowed.

"I thought I knew your face," he said. "But your name, I regret to say —"

"Langford, — William Langford. I have known Jonathan Jelf since we were boys together at Merchant Taylor's, and I generally spend a few weeks at Dumbleton in the shooting-season. I suppose we are bound for the same destination?"

"Not if you are on your way to the Manor," he replied. "I am travelling upon business, — rather troublesome business, too, — whilst you, doubtless, have only pleasure in view."

"Just so. I am in the habit of looking forward to this visit as to the brightest three weeks in all the year."

"It is a pleasant house," said Mr. Dwerrihouse.

"The pleasantest I know."

"And Jelf is thoroughly hospitable."

"The best and kindest fellow in the world!"

"They have invited me to spend Christmas week with them," pursued Mr. Dwerrihouse, after a moment's pause.

"And you are coming?"

"I cannot tell. It must depend on the issue of this business which I have in hand. You have heard, perhaps, that we are about to construct a branch line from Blackwater to Stockbridge."

I explained that I had been for some months away from England, and had therefore heard nothing of the contemplated improvement.

Mr. Dwerrihouse smiled complacently.

"It *will* be an improvement," he said; "a great improvement. Stockbridge is a flourishing town, and needs but a more direct railway communication

with the metropolis to become an important centre of commerce. This branch was my own idea. I brought the project before the board, and have myself superintended the execution of it up to the present time."

"You are an East Anglian director, I presume?"

"My interest in the company," replied Mr. Dwerrihouse, "is threefold. I am a director; I am a considerable shareholder; and, as head of the firm of Dwerrihouse, Dwerrihouse, and Craik, I am the company's principal solicitor."

Loquacious, self-important, full of his pet project, and apparently unable to talk on any other subject, Mr. Dwerrihouse then went on to tell of the opposition he had encountered and the obstacles he had overcome in the cause of the Stockbridge branch. I was entertained with a multitude of local details and local grievances. The rapacity of one squire; the impracticability of another; the indignation of the rector whose glebe was threatened; the culpable indifference of the Stockbridge townspeople, who could not be brought to see that their most vital interests hinged upon a junction with the Great East Anglian line; the spite of the local newspaper; and the unheard-of difficulties attending the Common question, were each and all laid before me with a circumstantiality that possessed the deepest interest for my excellent fellow-traveller, but none whatever for myself. From these, to my despair, he went on to more intricate matters: to the approximate expenses of construction per mile; to the estimates sent in by different contractors; to the probable traffic returns of the new line; to the provisional clauses of the new Act as enumerated in Schedule D of the company's last half-yearly report; and so on, and on, till my head ached, and my attention flagged, and my eyes kept closing in spite of every effort that I made to keep them open. At length I was roused by these words,—

[illegible]

"You may say, if you please, Mr. Langford, that I wished I could have been your companion all the way, and that I will come over, if possible, before Christmas."

"Nothing more?"

Mr. Dwerrihouse smiled grimly. "Well," he said, "you may tell my cousin that she need not burn the hall down in my honor *this* time, and that I shall be obliged if she will order the blue-room chimney to be swept before I arrive."

"That sounds tragic. Had you a conflagration on the occasion of your last visit to Dumbleton?"

"Something like it. There had been no fire lighted in my bedroom since the spring, the flue was foul, and the rooks had built in it; so when I went up to dress for dinner, I found the room full of smoke, and the chimney on fire. Are we already at Blackwater?"

The train had gradually come to a pause while Mr. Dwerrihouse was speaking, and, on putting my head out of the window, I could see the station some few hundred yards ahead. There was another train before us blocking the way, and the guard was making use of the delay to collect the Blackwater tickets. I had scarcely ascertained our position, when the ruddy-faced official appeared at our carriage door.

"Tickets, sir!" said he.

"I am for Clayborough," I replied, holding out the tiny pink card.

He took it; glanced at it by the light of his little lantern; gave it back; looked, as I fancied, somewhat sharply at my fellow-traveller, and disappeared.

"He did not ask for yours," I said with some surprise.

"They never do," replied Mr. Dwerrihouse. "They all know me; and, of course, I travel free."

"Blackwater! Blackwater!" cried the porter, running along the platform beside us, as we glided into the station.

[illegible]

"Good-evening," I replied, putting out my hand.

[illegible]

somewhat from the crowd, and stood aside in earnest conversation. I made straight for the spot where they were waiting. There was a vivid gas-jet just above their head, and the light fell full upon their faces. I saw both distinctly, — the face of Mr. Dwerrihouse and the face of his companion. Running, breathless, eager as I was, getting in the way of porters and passengers, and fearful every instant lest I should see the train going on without me, I yet observed that the new-comer was considerably younger and shorter than the director, that he was sandy-haired, mustachioed, small-featured, and dressed in a close-cut suit of Scotch tweed. I was now within a few yards of them. I ran against a stout gentleman, — I was nearly knocked down by a luggage-truck, — I stumbled over a carpet-bag, — I gained the spot just as the driver's whistle warned me to return.

To my utter stupefaction they were no longer there. I had seen them but two seconds before, — and they were gone! I stood still. I looked to right and left. I saw no sign of them in any direction. It was as if the platform had gaped and swallowed them.

"There were two gentlemen standing here a moment ago," I said to a porter at my elbow; "which way can they have gone?"

"I saw no gentlemen, sir," replied the man.

The whistle shrilled out again. The guard, far up the platform, held up his arm, and shouted to me to "Come on!"

"If you're going on by this train, sir," said the porter, "you must run for it."

I did run for it, just gained the carriage as the train began to move, was shoved in by the guard, and left breathless and bewildered, with Mr. Dwerrihouse's cigar-case still in my hand.

It was the strangest disappearance in the world. It was like a transformation trick in a pantomime. They were there one moment, — palpably there, talking, with the gas-light full upon their faces; and the next moment they were gone. There was no door near, — no window, — no staircase. It was a mere slip of barren platform, tapestried with big advertisements. Could anything be more mysterious?

It was not worth thinking about; and yet, for my life, I could not help pondering upon it, — pondering, wondering, turning it over and over in my mind, and beating my brains for a solution of the enigma. I thought of it all the way from Blackwater to Clayborough. I thought of it all the way from Clayborough to Dumbleton, as I rattled along the smooth highway in a trim dog-cart drawn by a splendid black mare, and driven by the silentest and dapperest of East Anglian grooms.

We did the nine miles in something less than an hour, and pulled up before the lodge-gates just as the church-clock was striking half past seven. A couple of minutes more, and the warm glow of the lighted hall was flooding out upon the gravel, a hearty grasp was on my hand, and a clear, jovial voice was bidding me "Welcome to Dumbleton."

"And now, my dear fellow," said my host, when the first greeting was over, "you have no time to spare. We dine at eight, and there are people coming to meet you; so you must just get the dressing business over as quickly as may be. By the way, you will meet some acquaintances. The Biddulphs are coming, and Prendergast (Prendergast, of the Skirmishers) is staying in the house. Adieu! Mrs. Jelf will be expecting you in the drawing-room."

I was ushered to my room, — not the blue room, of which Mr. Dwerrihouse had made disagreeable experience, but a pretty little bachelor's chamber, hung with a delicate chintz, and made cheerful by a blazing fire. I unlocked my portmanteau. I tried to be expeditious; but the memory of my railway adventure haunted me. I could not get free of it. I could not shake it off. It impeded me, — it worried me, — it tripped me up, — it caused me to mislay my studs, — to mistie my cravat, — to wrench the buttons off my gloves. Worst of all, it made me so late that the party had all assembled before I reached the drawing-room. I had scarcely paid my respects to Mrs. Jelf when dinner was announced, and we paired off, some eight or ten couples strong, into the dining-room.

I am not going to describe either the guests or the dinner. All provincial parties bear the strictest family resemblance, and I am not aware that an East Anglian banquet offers any exception to the rule. There was the usual country baronet and his wife; there were the usual country parsons and their wives; there was the sempiternal turkey and haunch of venison. *Vanitas vanitatum.* There is nothing new under the sun.

I was placed about midway down the table. I had taken one rector's wife down to dinner, and I had another at my left hand. They talked across me, and their talk was about babies. It was dreadfully dull. At length there came a pause. The entrées had just been removed, and the turkey had come upon the scene. The conversation had all along been of the languidest, but at this moment it happened to have stagnated altogether. Jelf was carving the turkey. Mrs. Jelf looked as if she was trying to think of something to say. Everybody else was silent. Moved by an unlucky impulse, I thought I would relate my adventure.

"By the way, Jelf," I began, "I came down part of the way to-day with a friend of yours."

"Indeed!" said the master of the feast, slicing scientifically into the breast of the turkey. "With whom, pray?"

"With one who bade me tell you that he should, if possible, pay you a visit before Christmas."

"I cannot think who that could be," said my friend, smiling.

"It must be Major Thorp," suggested Mrs. Jelf.

I shook my head.

"It was not Major Thorp," I replied. "It was a near relation of your own, Mrs. Jelf."

"Then I am more puzzled than ever," replied my hostess. "Pray tell me who it was."

"It was no less a person than your cousin, Mr. John Dwerrihouse."

Jonathan Jelf laid down his knife and fork. Mrs. Jelf looked at me in a strange, startled way, and said never a word.

"And he desired me to tell you, my dear madam, that you need not take the trouble to burn the Hall down in his honor this time; but only to have the chimney of the blue room swept before his arrival."

Before I had reached the end of my sentence, I became aware of something ominous in the faces of the guests. I felt I had said something which I had better have left unsaid, and that for some unexplained reason my words had evoked a general consternation. I sat confounded, not daring to utter another syllable, and for at least two whole minutes

there was dead silence round the table. Then Captain Prendergast came to the rescue.

"You have been abroad for some months, have you not, Mr. Langford?" he said, with the desperation of one who flings himself into the breach. "I heard you had been to Russia. Surely you have something to tell us of the state and temper of the country after the war?"

I was heartily grateful to the gallant Skirmisher for this diversion in my favor. I answered him, I fear, somewhat lamely; but he kept the conversation up, and presently one or two others joined in, and so the difficulty, whatever it might have been, was bridged over. Bridged over, but not repaired. A something, an awkwardness, a visible constraint remained. The guests hitherto had been simply dull; but now they were evidently uncomfortable and embarrassed.

The dessert had scarcely been placed upon the table when the ladies left the room. I seized the opportunity to select a vacant chair next Captain Prendergast.

"In heaven's name," I whispered, "what was the matter just now? What had I said?"

"You mentioned the name of John Dwerrihouse."

"What of that? I had seen him not two hours before."

"It is a most astounding circumstance that you should have seen him," said Captain Prendergast. "Are you sure it was he?"

"As sure as of my own identity. We were talking all the way between London and Blackwater. But why does that surprise you?"

"*Because*," replied Captain Prendergast, dropping his voice to the lowest whisper,—"*because John Dwerrihouse absconded three months ago, with seventy-five thousand pounds of the Company's money, and has never been heard of since.*"

PART II.

JOHN DWERRIHOUSE had absconded three months ago,—and I had seen him only a few hours back. John Dwerrihouse had embezzled seventy-five thousand pounds of the Company's money,—yet told me that he carried that sum upon his person. Were ever facts so strangely incongruous, so difficult to reconcile? How should he have ventured again into the light of day? How dared he show himself along the line? Above all, what had he been doing throughout those mysterious three months of disappearance?

Perplexing questions these. Questions which at once suggested themselves to the minds of all concerned, but which admitted of no easy solution. I could find no reply to them. Captain Prendergast had not even a suggestion to offer. Jonathan Jelf, who seized the first opportunity of drawing me aside and learning all that I had to tell, was more amazed and bewildered than either of us. He came to my room that night, when all the guests were gone, and we talked the thing over from every point of view,—without, it must be confessed, arriving at any kind of conclusion.

"I do not ask you," he said, "whether you can have mistaken your man. That is impossible."

"As impossible as that I should mistake some stranger for yourself."

"It is not a question of looks or voice, but of facts. That he should have [illegible] re in the blue room is proof e[illegible] rihouse's identity. How did [illegible]"

"Older, I [illegible] lder, paler, and more anxious."

"He has had enough to make him look anxious, anyhow," said my friend, gloomily; "be he innocent or guilty."

"I am inclined to believe that he is innocent," I replied. "He showed no embarrassment when I addressed him, and no uneasiness when the guard came round. His conversation was open to a fault. I might almost say that he talked too freely of the business which he had in hand."

"That again is strange; for I know no one more reticent on such subjects. He actually told you that he had seventy-five thousand pounds in his pocket?"

"He did."

"Humph! My wife has an idea about it, and she may be right—"

"What idea?"

"Well, she fancies,—women are so clever, you know, at putting themselves inside people's motives,—she fancies that he was tempted; that he did actually take the money; and that he has been concealing himself these three months in some wild part of the country,—struggling possibly with his conscience all the time, and daring neither to abscond with his booty, nor to come back and restore it."

"But now that he has come back?"

"That is the point. She conceives that he has probably thrown himself upon the Company's mercy; made restitution of the money; and, being forgiven, is permitted to carry the business through as if nothing whatever had happened.

"The last," I replied, "is an impossible case. Mrs. Jelf thinks like a generous and delicate-minded woman; but not in the least like a board of railway directors. They would never carry forgiveness so far."

"I fear not; and yet it is the only conjecture that bears a semblance of likelihood. However, we can run over to Clayborough to-morrow, and see if anything is to be learned. By the way, Prendergast tells me you picked up his cigar-case."

"I did so, and here it is."

Jelf took the cigar-case, examined it by the light of the lamp, and said at once that it was beyond doubt Mr. Dwerrihouse's property, and that he remembered to have seen him use it.

"Here, too, is his monogram on the side," he added. "A big J transfixing a capital D. He used to carry the same on his note-paper."

"It offers, at all events, a proof that I was not dreaming."

"Ay; but it is time you were asleep and dreaming now. I am ashamed to have kept you up so long. Good night."

"Good night, and remember that I am more than ready to go with you to Clayborough, or Blackwater, or London, or anywhere, if I can be of the least service."

"Thanks! I know you mean it, old friend, and it may be that I shall put you to the test. Once more, good night."

So we parted for that night, and met again in the breakfast-room at half past eight next morning. It was a hurried, silent, uncomfortable meal. None of us had slept well, and all were thinking of the same subject. Mrs. Jelf had evidently been crying; Jelf was impatient to be off; and both Captain Prender-

gast and myself felt ourselves to be in the painful position of outsiders, who are involuntarily brought into a domestic trouble. Within twenty minutes after we had left the breakfast-table, the dog-cart was brought round, and my friend and I were on the road to Clayborough.

"Tell you what it is, Langford," he said, as we sped along between the wintry hedges, "I do not much fancy to bring up Dwerrihouse's name at Clayborough. All the officials know that he is my wife's relation, and the subject just now is hardly a pleasant one. If you don't much mind, we will take the 11.10 to Blackwater. It 's an important station, and we shall stand a far better chance of picking up information there than at Clayborough."

So we took the 11.10, which happened to be an express, and, arriving at Blackwater about a quarter before twelve, proceeded at once to prosecute our inquiry.

We began by asking for the station-master, — a big, blunt, business-like person, who at once averred that he knew Mr. John Dwerrihouse perfectly well, and that there was no director on the line whom he had seen and spoken to so frequently.

"He used to be down here two or three times a week, about three months ago," said he, "when the new line was first set afoot, but since then, you know, gentlemen —"

He paused significantly.

Jelf flushed scarlet.

"Yes, yes," he said hurriedly, "we know all about that. The point now to be ascertained is whether anything has been seen or heard of him lately."

"Not to my knowledge," replied the station-master.

"He is not known to have been down the line any time yesterday, for instance?"

The station-master shook his head.

"The East Anglian, sir," said he, "is about the last place where he would dare to show himself. Why, there is n't a station-master, there is n't a guard, there is n't a porter, who does n't know Mr. Dwerrihouse by sight as well as he knows his own face in the looking-glass; or who would n't telegraph for the police as soon as he had set eyes on him at any point along the line. Bless you, sir! there 's been a standing order out against him ever since the twenty-fifth of September last."

"And yet," pursued my friend, "a gentleman who travelled down yesterday from London to Clayborough by the afternoon express testifies that he saw Mr. Dwerrihouse in the train, and that Mr. Dwerrihouse alighted at Blackwater station."

"Quite impossible, sir," replied the station-master, promptly.

"Why impossible?"

"Because there is no station along the line where he is so well known, or where he would run so great a risk. It would be just running his head into the lion's mouth. He would have been mad to come nigh Blackwater station; and if he had come, he would have been arrested before he left the platform."

"Can you tell me who took the Blackwater tickets of that train?"

"I can, sir. It was the guard, — Benjamin Somers."

"And where can I find him?"

"You can find him, sir, by staying here, if you please, till one o'clock. He will be coming through with the up express from Crampton, which stays at Blackwater for ten minutes."

We waited for the up express, beguiling the time as best we could by strolling along the Blackwater road till we came almost to the outskirts of the town, from which the station was distant nearly a couple of miles. By one o'clock we were back again upon the platform, and waiting for the train. It came punctually, and I at once recognized the ruddy-faced guard who had gone down with my train the evening before.

"The gentlemen want to ask you something about Mr. Dwerrihouse, Somers," said the station-master, by way of introduction.

The guard flashed a keen glance from my face to Jelf's, and back again to mine.

"Mr. John Dwerrihouse, the late director?" said he, interrogatively.

"The same," replied my friend. "Should you know him if you saw him?"

"Anywhere, sir."

"Do you know if he was in the 4.15 express yesterday afternoon?"

"He was not, sir."

"How can you answer so positively?"

"Because I looked into every carriage, and saw every face in that train, and I could take my oath that Mr. Dwerrihouse was not in it. This gentleman was," he added, turning sharply upon me. "I don't know that I ever saw him before in my life, but I remember *his* face perfectly. You nearly missed taking your seat in time at this station, sir, and you got out at Clayborough."

"Quite true, guard," I replied; "but do you not also remember the face of the gentleman who travelled down in the same carriage with me as far as here?"

"It was my impression, sir, that you travelled down alone," said Somers, with a look of some surprise.

"By no means. I had a fellow-traveller as far as Blackwater, and it was in trying to restore him the cigar-case which he had dropped in the carriage, that I so nearly let you go on without me."

"I remember your saying something about a cigar-case, certainly," replied the guard, "but —"

"You asked for my ticket just before we entered the station."

"I did, sir."

"Then you must have seen him. He sat in the corner next the very door to which you came."

"No, indeed. I saw no one."

I looked at Jelf. I began to think the guard was in the ex-director's confidence, and paid for his silence.

"If I had seen another traveller I should have asked for his ticket," added Somers. "Did you see me ask for his ticket, sir?"

"I observed that you did not ask for it, but he explained that by saying —" I hesitated. I feared I might be telling too much, and so broke off abruptly.

The guard and the station-master exchanged glances. The former looked impatiently at his watch.

"I am obliged to go on in four minutes more, sir," he said.

"One last question, then," interposed Jelf, with a sort of desperation. "If this gentleman's fellow-traveller had been Mr. John Dwerrihouse, and he had been sitting in the corner next the door by which you took the tickets, could you have failed to see and recognize him?"

"No, sir; it would have been quite impossible."

"And you are certain you did *not* see him?"

"As I said before, sir, I could take my oath I did not see him. And if it was n't that I don't like to contradict a gentleman, I would say I could also take my oath that this gentleman was quite alone in the carriage the whole way from London to Clayborough. Why, sir," he added, dropping his voice so as to be inaudible to the station-master, who had been called away to speak to some person close by, "you expressly asked me to give you a compartment to yourself, and I did so. I locked you in, and you were so good as to give me something for myself."

"Yes; but Mr. Dwerrihouse had a key of his own."

"I never saw him, sir; I saw no one in that compartment but yourself. Beg pardon, sir, my time 's up."

And with this the ruddy guard touched his cap and was gone. In another minute the heavy panting of the engine began afresh, and the train glided slowly out of the station.

We looked at each other for some moments in silence. I was the first to speak.

"Mr. Benjamin Somers knows more than he chooses to tell," I said.

"Humph! do you think so?"

"It must be. He could not have come to the door without seeing him. It 's impossible."

"There is one thing not impossible, my dear fellow."

"What is that?"

"That you may have fallen asleep, and dreamt the whole thing."

"Could I dream of a branch line that I had never heard of? Could I dream of a hundred and one business details that had no kind of interest for me? Could I dream of the seventy-five thousand pounds?"

"Perhaps you might have seen or heard some vague account of the affair while you were abroad. It might have made no impression upon you at the time, and might have come back to you in your dreams, — recalled perhaps, by the mere names of the stations on the line."

"What about the fire in the chimney of the blue room, — should I have heard of that during my journey?"

"Well, no; I admit there is a difficulty about that point."

"And what about the cigar-case?"

"Ay, by Jove! there is the cigar-case. That *is* a stubborn fact. Well, it 's a mysterious affair, and it will need a better detective than myself, I fancy, to clear it up. I suppose we may as well go home."

PART III.

A WEEK had not gone by when I received a letter from the Secretary of the East Anglian Railway Company, requesting the favor of my attendance at a special board meeting, not then many days distant. No reasons were alleged, and no apologies offered, for this demand upon my time; but they had heard, it was clear, of my inquiries anent the missing director, and had a mind to put me through some sort of official examination upon the subject. Being still a guest at Dumbleton Hall, I had to go up to London for the purpose, and Jonathan Jelf accompanied me. I found the direction of the G[illegible] A[illegible]line [illegible]ed by a party of [illegible] seated in solemn conclave r[illegible] table, in a gloomy Board-room, adjoi[illegible] terminus.

[illegible] courteo[illegible] he chairman (who at [illegible] gan by saying that certain statements of [illegible] ecting Mr. John Dwerrihouse had come to the knowledge of the direction, and that they in consequence desired to confer with me on those points), we were placed at the table, and the inquiry proceeded in due form.

I [illegible] st asked if I knew Mr. John Dwerrihouse, how [illegible] I had been acquainted with him, and whethe[illegible] could identify him at sight. I was then asked w[illegible]n I had seen him last. To which I replied, "On the fourth of this present month, December, eighteen hundred and fifty-six." Then came the inquiry of where I had seen him on that fourth day of December; to which I replied that I met him in a first-class compartment of the 4.15 down-express; that he got in just as the train was leaving the London terminus, and that he alighted at Blackwater station. The chairman then inquired whether I had held any communication with my fellow-traveller; whereupon I related, as nearly as I could remember it, the whole bulk and substance of Mr. John Dwerrihouse's diffuse information respecting the new branch line.

To all this the board listened with profound attention, while the chairman presided and the secretary took notes. I then produced the cigar-case. It was passed from hand to hand and recognized by all. There was not a man present who did not remember that plain cigar-case with its silver monogram, or to whom it seemed anything less than entirely corroborative of my evidence. When at length I had told all that I had to tell, the chairman whispered something to the secretary; the secretary touched a silver hand-bell; and the guard, Benjamin Somers, was ushered into the room. He was then examined as carefully as myself. He declared that he knew Mr. John Dwerrihouse perfectly well; that he could not be mistaken in him; that he remembered going down with the 4.15 express on the afternoon in question; that he remembered me; and that, there being one or two empty first-class compartments on that especial afternoon, he had, in compliance with my request, placed me in a carriage by myself. He was positive that I remained alone in that compartment all the way from London to Clayborough. He was ready to take his oath that Mr. Dwerrihouse was neither in that carriage with me, nor in any compartment of that train. He remembered distinctly to have examined my ticket at Blackwater; was certain that there was no one else at that time in the carriage; could not have failed to observe any second person, had there been one; had that second person been Mr. John Dwerrihouse, should have quietly double-locked the door of the carriage, and have at once given information to the Blackwater station-master. So clear, so decisive, so ready was Somers with this testimony, that the board looked fairly puzzled.

"You hear this person's statement, Mr. Langford," said the chairman. "It contradicts yours in every particular. What have you to say in reply?"

"I can only repeat what I said before. I am quite as positive of the truth of my o[illegible] assertions as Mr. Somers can be of the truth of [illegible]

"You say that Mr. Dwe[illegible]use alighted at Blackwater, and that he was in p[illegible]ssession of a private key. Are you sure that he h[illegible]d not alighted by

means of that key before the guard came round for the tickets?"

"I am quite positive that he did not leave the carriage till the train had fairly entered the station, and the other Blackwater passengers alighted. I even saw that he was met there by a friend."

"Indeed! Did you see that person distinctly?"

"Quite distinctly."

"Can you describe his appearance?"

"I think so. He was short and very slight, sandy-haired, with a bushy moustache and beard, and he wore a closely-fitting suit of gray tweed. His age I should take to be about thirty-eight or forty."

"Did Mr. Dwerrihouse leave the station in this person's company?"

"I cannot tell. I saw them walking together down the platform, and then I saw them standing aside under a gas-jet, talking earnestly. After that I lost sight of them quite suddenly; and just then my train went on, and I with it."

The chairman and secretary conferred together in an undertone. The directors whispered to each other. One or two looked suspiciously at the guard. I could see that my evidence remained unshaken, and that, like myself, they suspected some complicity between the guard and the defaulter.

"How far did you conduct that 4.15 express on the day in question, Somers?" asked the chairman.

"All through, sir," replied the guard; "from London to Crampton."

"How was it that you were not relieved at Clayborough? I thought there was always a change of guards at Clayborough."

"There used to be, sir, till the new regulations came in force last Midsummer; since when, the guards in charge of express trains go the whole way through."

The chairman turned to the secretary.

"I think it would be as well," he said, "if we had the day-book to refer to upon this point."

Again the secretary touched the silver hand-bell, and desired the porter in attendance to summon Mr. Raikes. From a word or two dropped by another of the directors, I gathered that Mr. Raikes was one of the under-secretaries.

He came, — a small, slight, sandy-haired, keen-eyed man, with an eager, nervous manner, and a forest of light beard and moustache. He just showed himself at the door of the board-room, and, being requested to bring a certain day-book from a certain shelf in a certain room, bowed and vanished.

He was there such a moment, and the surprise of seeing him was so great and sudden, that it was not till the door had closed upon him that I found voice to speak. He was no sooner gone, however, than I sprang to my feet.

"That person," I said, "is the same who met Mr. Dwerrihouse upon the platform at Blackwater!"

There was a general movement of surprise. The chairman looked grave, and somewhat agitated.

"Take care, Mr. Langford," he said, "take care what you say!"

"I am as positive of his identity as of my own."

"Do you consider the consequences of your words? Do you consider that you are bringing a charge of the gravest character against one of the Company's servants?"

"I am willing to be put on my oath, if necessary. The man who came to that door a minute since, is the same whom I saw talking with Mr. Dwerrihouse on the Blackwater platform. Were he twenty times the Company's servant, I could say neither more nor less."

The chairman turned again to the guard.

"Did you see Mr. Raikes in the train, or on the platform?" he asked.

Somers shook his head.

"I am confident Mr. Raikes was not in the train," he said; "and I certainly did not see him on the platform."

The chairman turned next to the secretary.

"Mr. Raikes is in your office, Mr. Hunter," he said. "Can you remember if he was absent on the fourth instant?"

"I do not think he was," replied the secretary; "but I am not prepared to speak positively. I have been away most afternoons myself lately, and Mr. Raikes might easily have absented himself if he had been disposed."

At this moment the under-secretary returned with the day-book under his arm.

"Be pleased to refer, Mr. Raikes," said the chairman, "to the entries of the fourth instant, and see what Benjamin Somers's duties were on that day."

Mr. Raikes threw open the cumbrous volume, and ran a practised eye and finger down some three or four successive columns of entries. Stopping suddenly at the foot of a page, he then read aloud that Benjamin Somers had on that day conducted the 4.15 express from London to Crampton.

The chairman leaned forward in his seat, looked the under-secretary full in the face, and said, quite sharply and suddenly, —

"Where were *you*, Mr. Raikes, on the same afternoon?"

"*I*, sir?"

"You, Mr. Raikes. Where were you on the afternoon and evening of the fourth of the present month?"

"Here, sir, — in Mr. Hunter's office. Where else should I be?"

There was a dash of trepidation in the under-secretary's voice as he said this; but his look of surprise was natural enough.

"We have some reason for believing, Mr. Raikes, that you were absent that afternoon without leave. Was this the case?"

"Certainly not, sir. I have not had a day's holiday since September. Mr. Hunter will bear me out in this."

Mr. Hunter repeated what he had previously said on the subject, but added that the clerks in the adjoining office would be certain to know. Whereupon the senior clerk, a grave, middle-aged person, in green glasses, was summoned and interrogated.

His testimony cleared the under-secretary at once. He declared that Mr. Raikes had in no instance, to his knowledge, been absent during office hours since his return from his annual holiday in September.

I was confounded. The chairman turned to me with a smile, in which a shade of covert annoyance was scarcely apparent.

"You hear, Mr. Langford?" he said.

"I hear, sir; but my conviction remains unshaken."

"I fear, Mr. Langford, that your convictions are very insufficiently based," replied the chairman, with a doubtful cough. "I fear that you 'dream dreams,' and mistake them for actual occurrences. It is a dangerous habit of mind, and might lead to dangerous results. Mr. Raikes here would have

found himself in an unpleasant position, had he not proved so satisfactory an *alibi*."

I was about to reply, but he gave me no time.

"I think, gentlemen, he went on to say, addressing the board, "that we should be wasting time to push this inquiry further. Mr. Langford's evidence would seem to be of an equal value throughout. The testimony of Benjamin Somers disproves his first statement, and the testimony of the last witness disproves his second. I think we may conclude that Mr. Langford fell asleep in the train on the occasion of his journey to Clayborough, and dreamt an unusually vivid and circumstantial dream, — of which, however, we have now heard quite enough."

There are few things more annoying than to find one's positive convictions met with incredulity. I could not help feeling impatience at the turn that affairs had taken. I was not proof against the civil sarcasm of the chairman's manner. Most intolerable of all, however, was the quiet smile lurking about the corners of Benjamin Somers's mouth, and the half-triumphant, half-malicious gleam in the eyes of the under-secretary. The man was evidently puzzled, and somewhat alarmed. His looks seemed furtively to interrogate me. Who was I? What did I want? Why had I come there to do him an ill turn with his employers? What was it to me whether or no he was absent without leave?

Seeing all this, and perhaps more irritated by it than the thing deserved, I begged leave to detain the attention of the board for a moment longer. Jelf plucked me impatiently by the sleeve.

"Better let the thing drop," he whispered. "The chairman 's right enough. You dreamt it; and the less said now, the better."

I was not to be silenced, however, in this fashion. I had yet something to say, and I would say it. It was to this effect: That dreams were not usually productive of tangible results, and that I requested to know in what way the chairman conceived I had evolved from my dream so substantial and well-made a delusion as the cigar-case which I had had the honor to place before him at the commencement of our interview.

"The cigar-case, I admit, Mr. Langford," the chairman replied, "is a very strong point in your evidence. It is your *only* strong point, however, and there is just a possibility that we may all be misled by a mere accidental resemblance. Will you permit me to see the case again?"

"It is unlikely," I said, as I handed it to him, "that any other should bear precisely this monogram, and yet be in all other particulars exactly similar."

The chairman examined it for a moment in silence, and then passed it to Mr. Hunter. Mr. Hunter turned it over and over, and shook his head.

"This is no mere resemblance," he said. "It is John Dwerrihouse's cigar-case to a certainty. I remember it perfectly. I have seen it a hundred times."

"I believe I may say the same," added the chairman. "Yet how account for the way in which Mr. Langford asserts that it came into his possession?"

"I can only repeat," I replied, "that I found it on the floor of the carriage after Mr. Dwerrihouse had alighted. It was in leaning out to look after him that I trod upon it; and it was in running after him for the purpose of restoring it that I saw — or believed I saw — Mr. Raikes standing aside with him in earnest conversation."

Again I felt Jonathan Jelf plucking at my sleeve.

"Look at Raikes," he whispered. "Look at Raikes!"

I turned to where the under-secretary had been standing a moment before, and saw him, white as death, with lips trembling and livid, stealing towards the door.

To conceive a sudden, strange, and indefinite suspicion; to fling myself in his way; to take him by the shoulders as if he were a child, and turn his craven face, perforce, towards the board, were with me the work of an instant.

"Look at him!" I exclaimed. "Look at his face! I ask no better witness to the truth of my words."

The chairman's brow darkened.

"Mr. Raikes," he said, sternly, "if you know anything, you had better speak."

Vainly trying to wrench himself from my grasp, the under-secretary stammered out an incoherent denial.

"Let me go," he said. "I know nothing, — you have no right to detain me, — let me go!"

"Did you, or did you not, meet Mr. John Dwerrihouse at Blackwater station? The charge brought against you is either true or false. If true, you will do well to throw yourself upon the mercy of the board, and make a full confession of all that you know."

The under-secretary wrung his hands in an agony of helpless terror.

"I was away," he cried. "I was two hundred miles away at the time! I know nothing about it, — I have nothing to confess, — I am innocent, — I call God to witness I am innocent!"

"Two hundred miles away!" echoed the chairman. "What do you mean?"

"I was in Devonshire. I had three weeks' leave of absence, — I appeal to Mr. Hunter, — Mr. Hunter knows I had three weeks' leave of absence! I was in Devonshire all the time, — I can prove I was in Devonshire!"

Seeing him so abject, so incoherent, so wild with apprehension, the directors began to whisper gravely among themselves; while one got quietly up, and called the porter to guard the door.

"What has your being in Devonshire to do with the matter?" said the chairman. "When were you in Devonshire?"

"Mr. Raikes took his leave in September," said the secretary; "about the time when Mr. Dwerrihouse disappeared."

"I never even heard that he had disappeared till I came back!"

"That must remain to be proved," said the chairman. "I shall at once put this matter in the hands of the police. In the mean while, Mr. Raikes, being myself a magistrate, and used to deal with these cases, I advise you to offer no resistance; but to confess while confession may yet do you service. As for your accomplice — "

The frightened wretch fell upon his knees.

"I had no accomplice!" he cried. "Only have mercy upon me, — only spare my life, and I will confess all! I didn't mean to harm him! I didn't mean to hurt a hair of his head. Only have mercy upon me, and let me go!"

The chairman rose in his place, pale and agitated. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "what horrible mystery is this? What does it mean?"

"As sure as there is a God in heaven," said Jonathan Jelf, "it means that murder has been done."

"No — no — no!" shrieked Raikes, still upon his

knees, and cowering like a beaten hound. "Not murder! No jury that ever sat could bring it in murder. I thought I had only stunned him,—I never meant to do more than stun him! Manslaughter — manslaughter — not murder!"

Overcome by the horror of this unexpected revelation, the chairman covered his face with his hand, and for a moment or two remained silent.

"Miserable man," he said at length, you have betrayed yourself."

"You bade me confess! You urged me to throw myself upon the mercy of the board!"

"You have confessed to a crime which no one suspected you of having committed," replied the chairman, "and which this board has no power either to punish or forgive. All that I can do for you is to advise you to submit to the law, to plead guilty, and to conceal nothing. When did you do this deed?"

The guilty man rose to his feet, and leaned heavily against the table. His answer came reluctantly, like the speech of one dreaming.

"On the twenty-second of September!"

On the twenty-second of September! I locked in Jonathan Jelf's face, and he in mine. I felt my own paling with a strange sense of wonder and dread. I saw his blench suddenly, even to the lips.

"Merciful heaven!" he whispered, "*what was it, then, that you saw in the train?*"

What was it that I saw in the train? That question remains unanswered to this day. I have never been able to reply to it. I only know that it bore the living likeness of the murdered man, whose body had then been lying some ten weeks under a rough pile of branches, and brambles, and rotting leaves, at the bottom of a deserted chalk-pit about half-way between Blackwater and Mallingford. I know that it spoke, and moved, and looked as that man spoke, and moved, and looked in life; that I heard, or seemed to hear, things related which I could never otherwise have learned; that I was guided, as it were, by that vision on the platform to the identification of the murderer; and that, a passive instrument myself, I was destined, by means of these mysterious teachings, to bring about the ends of justice. For these things I have never been able to account.

As for that matter of the cigar-case, it proved, on inquiry, that the carriage in which I travelled down that afternoon to Clayborough had not been in use for several weeks, and was, in point of fact, the same in which poor John Dwerrihouse had performed his last journey. The case had, doubtless, been dropped by him, and had lain unnoticed till I found it.

Upon the details of the murder I have no need to dwell. Those who desire more ample particulars may find them, and the written confession of Augustus Raikes, in the files of the "Times" for 1856. Enough that the under-secretary, knowing the history of the new line, and following the negotiation step by step through all its stages, determined to waylay Mr. Dwerrihouse, rob him of the seventy-five thousand pounds, and escape to America with his booty.

In order to effect these ends he obtained leave of absence a few days before the time appointed for the payment of the money; secured his passage across the Atlantic in a steamer advertised to start on the twenty-third; provided himself with a heavily-loaded "life-preserver," and went down to Blackwater to await the arrival of his victim. How he met him on the platform with a pretended message from the board; how he offered to conduct him by a short cut across the fields to Mallingford; how, having brought him to a lonely place, he struck him down with the life-preserver, and so killed him; and how, finding what he had done, he dragged the body to the verge of an out-of-the-way chalk-pit, and there flung it in, and piled it over with branches and brambles, are facts still fresh in the memories of those who, like the connoisseurs in De Quincey's famous essay, regard murder as a fine art. Strangely enough, the murderer, having done his work, was afraid to leave the country. He declared that he had not intended to take the director's life, but only to stun and rob him; and that, finding the blow had killed, he dared not fly for fear of drawing down suspicion upon his own head. As a mere robber he would have been safe in the States, but as a murderer he would inevitably have been pursued, and given up to justice. So he forfeited his passage, returned to the office as usual at the end of his leave, and locked up his ill-gotten thousands till a more convenient opportunity. In the mean while he had the satisfaction of finding that Mr. Dwerrihouse was universally believed to have absconded with the money, no one knew how or whither.

Whether he meant murder or not, however, Mr. Augustus Raikes paid the full penalty of his crime, and was hanged at the Old Bailey in the second week in January, 1857. Those who desire to make his further acquaintance may see him any day (admirably done in wax) in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's exhibition, in Baker Street. He is there to be found in the midst of a select society of ladies and gentlemen of atrocious memory, dressed in the close-cut tweed suit which he wore on the evening of the murder, and holding in his hand the identical life-preserver with which he committed it.

BLUE-STOCKINGS.

De Quincey remarked, as a phenomenon of his time, that the order of ladies which had reproachfully been called "Blue-Stockings" was becoming totally extinct amongst us, except only here and there with "superannuated clingers to obsolete remembrances." The reason of this change he held to be interesting, and honorable to our intellectual progress. In preceding generations any tincture of literature, of liberal curiosity about science, or of ennobling interest in books, was found to carry with it "an air of something unsexual, mannish, and (as it was treated by the sycophantish satirists that forever humor the prevailing folly) of something ludicrous." But such a mode of treatment was possible only so long as the literary class of ladies formed a feeble minority. Gradually, however, the universal spread of a genuine taste for letters swept away the very name of "Blue-Stocking." "The very possibility of the ridicule has been undermined by stern realities, and the verbal expression of the reproach is fast becoming not simply obsolete, but even unintelligible to our juniors."

The origin of the term seems to be somewhat a matter of doubt. De Quincey notices a statement in Dr. Bisset's "Life of Burke" (1798), that the *sobriquet* was originally imposed by Mrs. Montagu and the literary ladies of her circle upon a certain Mr. Stillingfleet, who was the only male assistant at

their assemblies in Portman Square, and chose, "upon some inexplicable craze," to appear always in blue-stockings. The same story, as De Quincey did not appear to be aware, had been published some years earlier in Boswell's "Life of Johnson"; the biographer states that such was the excellence of Mr. Stillingfleet's conversation, his absence was felt to be an irreparable loss, and therefore it became a frequent observation, "We can do nothing without the *blue-stockings*," and in such-wise by degrees the title was established. De Quincey did not think the translation of the name from the legs of the gentleman to the ankles of the ladies was sufficiently accounted for, and sought to supply an explanation of his own. He rejected Mr. Stillingfleet altogether, and traced the term to an old Oxford statute: one of the many which meddle with dress, and which charges it as a point of conscience upon loyal scholastic students that they shall wear cerulean socks. Such socks, therefore, indicated scholasticism; worn by women they would indicate a self-dedication to what for them would be regarded as pedantic studies. Female taste might possibly reject such articles of attire. "But," he argued, "as such socks would symbolize such a profession of pedantry, so, inversely, any profession of pedantry, by whatever signs expressed, would be symbolized reproachfully by the imputation of wearing cerulean socks." In conclusion, he stated that now the vast diffusion of literature as a sort of daily bread having made all ridicule of female literary culture not less ridiculous than would be the attempt to ridicule that same daily bread, the whole phenomenon, thing and word, substance and shadow, is melting away from amongst us.

The Blue-Stocking period — when Englishwomen might have been roughly divided into two classes — a majority who loved cards, and a minority who preferred books — more especially pertains to the closing years of the last century, though certain of its characteristics survived to much later times. It was in 1786 that Miss Hannah More published her poem called "The Bas Bleu, or Conversation," inscribed to her friend Mrs. Vesey. The advertisement stated: "The following trifle owes its birth and name to the mistake of a foreigner of distinction who gave the literal appellation of the *Bas Bleu* to a small party of friends who had been sometimes called by way of pleasantry the Blue-Stockings. The slight performance occasioned by this little circumstance was never intended to appear in print; in general it is too local and too personal for publication, and was only written to amuse the amiable lady to whom it is addressed, and a few partial friends," &c. The poem gives no clew to the origin of the *sobriquet*, and is not, indeed, a work of much merit. It probably served Miss More's purpose of affording gratification to her friends, whose names are freely introduced into her verses, — of applauding the pleasures of lettered society, and of decrying card-playing; not, however, upon those religious and moral principles which the lady at a later period of her life so heartily advocated.

Boswell says of the production: "Miss Hannah More has admirably described a *Blue-Stocking Club* in her 'Bas Bleu,' a poem in which many of the persons who were most conspicuous there are mentioned."

The poem begins as follows: —

"Long was Society o'errun
By a hist, that desolating Hun,
Long did quadrille despotic sit,
That Vandal of colloquial wit;
And conversation's setting light
Lay half-obscured in Gothic night;
Till Leo's triple crown to you
Boscawen sage, bright Montagu,
Divided fell; your cares in haste
Rescued the ravaged realms of taste,
And Lyttleton's accomplished name,
And witty Pultency shared the same:
The men not bound by pedant rules,
Nor ladies *précieuses ridicules* —
For polished Walpole showed the way
How wits may be both learned and gay,
And Carter taught the female train
The deeply wise are never vain;
And she who Shakespeare's wrongs redrest'
Proved that the brightest are the best," &c.

The redresser of Shakespeare's wrongs was, no doubt, Mrs. Montagu, who had written an essay on the poet's writings and genius. Further on were described the pleasures of the literary evenings, both mental and material, in a similar strain.

Miss More's poem circulated some two or three years in manuscript before it was intrusted to the printer. It was rapturously received by the small circle to which it was originally addressed. The Blue-Stocking Club was in some sort a society for encouraging mutual admiration; the productions of any one member were certain to receive enthusiastic adulation from every other member. But the fame of the "Bas Bleu" spread wonderfully, far beyond the boundaries to which it was originally prescribed. George III. is said to have requested Miss More to make a copy of the verses for him in her own handwriting. It became a fashion to possess a copy of Miss More's work. Ladies sat up all night to write it out with their own hands, having begged, borrowed, or stolen the poem from some more highly favored friend. Dr. Johnson wrote to Mrs. Thrale: "Miss More has written a poem called the 'Bas Bleu,' which is, in my opinion, a very great performance. It wanders about in manuscript, and surely will soon find its way to Bath."

The great man himself informed Miss More — who revealed the fact to her sister upon her promising faithfully not to reveal it — "that he considered there was no name in poetry that might not be glad to own the work." (The doctor's health was waning very much at this time.) Walpole called it "a charming poetic familiarity." After this, it was not to be wondered at that the "Bas Bleu" should find its way to the press. But type and printer's ink somewhat dispelled the charm. The poem as a book did not please so much as in manuscript. Its attractions were not long-lived: certainly its readers and admirers at the present day are few enough.

For years afterwards the Blue-Stockings remained a favorite subject for the shafts of ridicule. It will be remembered that the poet Moore's only dramatic venture was a play in three acts, with songs, called "M. P.; or, The Blue-Stocking," performed at the Lyceum in 1811 by the Drury Lane company, who had been burnt out of their own theatre. The play was repeated several nights, but its success did not satisfy the poet. "I knew all along that I was writing down to the mob," he says, rather angrily, in a letter to Miss Godfrey: "but that was what they told me I must do. I, however, mingled here and there a few touches of less earthy mould, which I thought would in some sort atone for my abasement. I am afraid, however, I have failed in both: what I have written up to myself is, they say, over refined and unintelligible; what I have written down to them is called vulgar. I have, therefore, made a final resolution never to let another line of

mine be spoken upon the stage, as neither my talents nor my nerves are at all suited to it."

He charged the Times newspaper, which had censured "M. P." rather severely, with having made the most ridiculous and unaccountable mistake of accusing the author of royalism and courtiership, whereas, in truth, the piece was dangerous from the opposite quality, and he had had a long struggle with the licenser for the retention of several ticklish passages about bribery. The songs in "M. P." retain a place in the poet's collected works, — "To Sigh yet feel no Pain" has always been a popular favorite, — but the play itself has not been reprinted. A chief character was *Lady Bab Blue*, a pretender to poetry and chemistry, who has written a poem on Sal Ammoniac, which she calls the "Loves of Ammonia," and an equivoque arising between the title of her poem and the name of her niece whom she is anxious to marry, furnished the most amusing part of the performance. The play, however, was hardly worthy of the poet's reputation. It was not repeated after the season which saw its production.

In 1820, Lord Byron published in the Liberal, Leigh Hunt's newspaper, "The Blues, a Literary Eclogue." *A Lady Bluebottle* figures in it; also a *Mr. Inkel*, an author; but the humor of the poem is not very brilliant. It was said never to have been intended for publication, and in one of his letters to Mr. Murray his lordship himself described it as "mere buffoonery." The candid reader will probably not be disposed to quarrel with that description of the work by its author.

After this, the Blue-Stockings, as a subject for satire, seem to have been left in peace. Literary tastes on the part of women had ceased to be ridiculous, — no longer warranted remark, least of all, of an unfavorable kind.

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

Artemus Ward is, as a true humorist should be, even better than his books. What his personal influence adds to the humor of his stories is not of course always easy to analyze, but mainly, we think, this, — the impression which he contrives to produce that his confusions of thought and speech are all inevitable on his own part, that his mind drifts on helplessly from one of these grotesque ideas or expressions to the next, as the creature or victim of some overruling power, which chooses his thought and language for him, so that he is not even a party to the transaction, though he has an earnest and rather melancholy interest in the result. When he first comes on to the platform, with his long, hollow-cheeked face, and his bright, sad, interrogative eyes, we should expect from him, if we knew nothing about the matter, almost anything rather than cause for laughter. He might be, were he not a little too quiet and polished in manner, an eager philanthropist or religious preacher, who had one sole passion left burning in his brain, — to convince the rest of the world of the duty of joining in some great crusade. Yet he has the face of a humorist nevertheless the light in the eyes, the twitch about the mouth which show, as soon as we know what he really is, that the most opposite currents of association constantly cross each other and pull simultaneously at the most widely separated chords of his mind.

He never smiles, but looks, on the contrary, pleading and entreating, as if he were above all things solicitous to get his thoughts really disentangled this time, when he is approaching one of his odd comparisons. When he first appears, for instance, he says, with the greatest simplicity and a pathetic kind of earnestness, that he does not himself think at all highly of his entertainment, or expect much from it, that he only hopes to obtain from it a small sum of money sufficient to take him to New Zealand, for, he adds, "If I could only go to New Zealand, I should feel that I had not wholly lived in vain"; and then, as the audience laugh at this very new recipe for avoiding a completely vain life, he adds, with eagerness and a child-like sort of effusion to his audience, "I don't *want* to live wholly in vain," at which, of course, the laughter deepens into a hearty roar. That is a type of the whole character of his humor. He gets hold of two inconsistent and absurdly arbitrary ideas, connects them with a sort of simple fervor in his own mind, and presses them on his hearers with an air of plaintive good faith that is quite irresistible.

So a few sentences afterwards, when he mentions that he would not allow a bust of himself to be taken because he could not bear the idea of the people carrying him about everywhere, making him common, and hugging him in plaster of Paris, and his audience (rather prematurely) laugh, he assumes the laugh to be sceptical, and says with a sharp, half-snappish air of innocent, argumentative irritation, "Yes, they *would*," — and then those who saw nothing humorous before are fully carried away now, and join in the universal chorus. All his best points are made by producing this impression, — that his mind is floating inevitably along a natural current of ideas where his audience see the most absurd combinations. In one of his *Punch Papers*, Artemus Ward's best point was remarking quite simply that the Tower is a "sweet boon," but the humor of this criticism would have been immensely enhanced by his manner. He would have said it with such accidental pathos, as if the words were the only possible ones that could have risen to his lips to describe the Tower, that the humor, real enough in the printed letter, would have convulsed his audience.

All he says seems to be thought aloud, as if it were just bubbling up new within him. And when he hits on a deep thought, and says, for instance, with a sort of hesitating, perplexed candor, as though he were getting a little beyond his own depth and his audience's too, — "Time passed on. You may have noticed that it usually does, that that is a sort of way Time has about it, it generally passes on," a joke of no absolute merit takes a very great humor from his hesitating, anxious way of appearing to show the analysis of his own embarrassed thoughts to the people he is addressing. The character he best likes to fill is that of a sort of intellectual Hans, — the model simpleton of the old German stories, — in the act of confiding himself to the public. In the German stories Hans only makes a practical fool of himself in all sorts of impossible ways. But Artemus Ward intellectualizes him, — shows the inner absurdity of his own thoughts with a pathetic earnestness and candor. His mind seems to wander when he speaks of his own past with winning simplicity. With the sunny days of youth, he says, many sweet forms are associated, "especially Maria, — she married another, — you may notice they frequently do," — and he brings out all such happy generalizations with a real *heave* of intellectual travail that convulses his hearers with good reason. Nothing is better than his eager, ardent

way of propounding a truism. You cannot avoid the conviction for a moment that it has just struck him as a real truth. When he points to the summit of one of the range of mountains in Utah, and says, with an evident wish to be useful to his audience, "The highest part of this mountain is the top," or pointing to one of the horses on the prairie, "That beautiful and interesting animal is a horse, it was a long time before I discovered it," in spite of the exceeding simplicity and obviousness of the joke, which any clown in a pantomime might have made as well, he reaches the sense of humor simply by the engaging earnestness and *naïveté* of his speech.

Perhaps the most humorous part of Artemus Ward's lecture, however, is the natural, unresisting way in which he drifts about in search of words and phrases, often conveying a sense of difficulty and of conscious error, and then correcting himself by the use of a phrase still more ludicrous, and on which yet he seems to have been landed by an imperious necessity. Thus, when he says that he used to sing, but not well, he stumbles in the most natural way, and is a prey to melancholy that he can't hit on the proper phrase, "as a songer," he said, "I was not successful"; and then, in a depressed and self-correcting way, conscious he had gone wrong, "As a singster I was a failure. I am always saddest when I sing, — and so are those who hear me." The art with which he gives the impression that he is floundering along in his choice of words, the victim of the first verbal association which strikes his memory, and yet just familiar enough with language to feel uncertain as to his ground and to wish to get hold of some clearer term, is beyond praise. When he lighted upon "singster" he evidently felt that he was near the mark, a partial, but not complete satisfaction lit up his face, and yet he did not pronounce it with confidence, but with a modest sort of diffidence, as if the phrase was as near as he could get.

A general effect of having to grope for his language before he can express himself, always hovers about his manner. When he says, with some pride, that he would not allow them "to sculp" him, and that "the clothes I now *occupy* produced a great sensation in America," there is no glimmer of a smile on his face, and a marked absence of emphasis on the grotesque words, which he slips out exactly as if he were rather anxious to divert attention from points on which he feels his ground somewhat uncertain,—just as an Englishman abroad hastily slurs over his doubtful grammar to get on to idioms of which he is more certain. Then occasionally he will fall in the most natural and helpless way into a language-trap of his own setting, as where he says that in the hurry of embarking on board the steamer which took him from New York, some middle-aged ladies against whom he was hustled mistook his character wholly and said, "Base man, leave us, oh leave us! — and I left them, oh I left them!" where he appears quite unable to help throwing the second half of the sentence into the form of an antistrophe of the first. It impresses one as a sheer inability to get out of the wake of the first half of the sentence, not as any wish to be amusing, that makes him interpolate the second "oh!" He seems like a man who, having taken a good run, cannot stop himself at the right point, but must run beyond it; the rhythm of the elderly ladies' exhortation mastered him; he helplessly succumbs to it in explaining how he obeyed it. It is the fatalism of grammatical construction.

So again, when he [illegible] seventeen young Mormon widows [illegible] s them, "Why a this thus?" he f[illegible] e perplexity and embarrassment [illegible] position of "this" and "thus" has o[illegible] weak brain; and goes on h[illegible]plessly, "What is the cause of thisthusness?" He cannot evidently help developing at length those subtle suggestions of verbal confusion which so often strike everybody's ear with an idiotic jingle of [illegible]scination. This is closely analogous to his curious habit of floating feebly down the chain of intellectual association, however grotesque. When he tells us that the picture of the Nevada mountains is by "[illegible] ancient masters," the mere idea of the ancient [illegible]sters of course suggests at once that they are dea[illegible], so he goes on, "This was the last picture they painted, and then they died." So when he points out the lion on Brigham Young's gate, he says, pointing to a very ridiculous and elongated feature in it, "Yonder lion, you will observe, has a tail. It will be continued *for a few evenings longer.*" The humor of all this is the humor of helplessness, the humor of letting your thoughts drift idly with the most absurd association that crosses them, and never rescuing yourself by any insurrection of common sense. Artemus Ward in all his best jokes, — of course, like other professional jokers, he has some poor ones at which it is wrong to smile, — is, as we said before, an intellectualized form of the German village-simpleton Hans. He yields a literal obedience to every absurd suggestion of thought and language, just as Hans does to the verbal directions of his wife or mother, and gets into intellectual absurdity just as Hans gets into a practical absurdity. This, with the melancholy, earnest manner of a man completely unconscious that there is anything grotesque in what he says, conveys an effect of inimitable humor.

BLACK SHEEP.

BY EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD," ETC.

BOOK II. — CHAPTER VII.

A DILEMMA.

SOUTH MOLTON STREET had apparently a strong attraction for Mr. James Swain. Perhaps he found it a profitable and productive station in point of odd and early jobs, perhaps he had some less professional reason for frequenting it. However that may be, the fact existed that no day passed without his tousled head and imperfectly clad form making their appearance in the street two or three times between dawn and dark. He would hang about the precincts of the house in which Routh and Harriet lodged, and evince an extraordinary preference for the archway in the vicinity as a dining-room. He might have been seen at irregular hours devouring saveloys, polonies, or, when jobs odd or even were not plentiful, hunches of bread and cheese, within the shelter of the archway, in the most unsophisticated attitudes, and with great apparent enjoyment. Mr. James Swain's face was not free from the underlying expression of care and anxiety which is always to be found by the careful observer in the countenance of the London street-boy, but it had more than the usual complement of sauciness, cunning, readiness, and impudence.

The boy had quite an attra[illegible] for Mrs. Routh, who would smile at him when she passed him in the street, nod pleasantly to him oc[illegible]sionally from her

window, when his business or pleasure led him to lounge past the house before she had left her bedroom of a morning, and who frequently sent him of errands, for the doing of which she rewarded him with a liberality which appeared to him astounding munificence. Mr. James Swain was of a temperament to feel kindness, neglected street-boy though he was, and he had been wonderfully impressed by the womanly compassion which had spoken to him in Harriet's gentle tones on the morning of their first meeting, and had looked out of all the trouble and foreboding in her blue eyes. His interest in the Routh household, however, antedated that event, and received not only an additional access, but a fresh coloring from it; and an acute observer, supposing one to exist for whom so mean a matter as the mental condition of a street-boy, very vulgar indeed, and without a particle of sentimental interest about him, could possess any attraction, would have discerned that a struggle of some sort was going on in the mind of the frequenter of South Molton Street, and seeker of odd jobs.

Routh, also, was not without interest for Jim Swain. Perhaps he watched him even more closely than he watched Harriet, but if he did, it was with totally different feelings. Routh had considerable powers of self-command, and could always be civil and apparently good-tempered, no matter what his real humor might be, when it accorded with his interests to be so. But he was not a man to treat inferiors with courtesy, or to refrain from rudeness and brutality where they were safe, and unlikely to do him any discredit. Consequently, servants and other recipients of the outpourings of his temper hated him with a vivid cordiality. Jim, the street-boy, had been employed by him occasionally and had formed, apart from certain other knowledge he had gained concerning Mr. Stewart Routh, the worst opinion of that gentleman's disposition and character.

"He 's a bad 'un, anyhow," the boy muttered, as he watched Mr. Routh letting himself into the house he inhabited with his latch-key, having previously taken a handful of letters from a postman at the door. "An ill-lookin' dog, too. Scowled at the letters as if he was a-goin' to eat 'em. P'raps they 're love-letters. I should n't wonder, now, as the lady is a pinin' for some 'un else, and he 's jealous, and gets hold on all the letters to catch her out."

This bright idea, which Jim Swain derived from his habitual reading of penny romances devoted to the delineation of the tender passion, afforded him considerable gratification, and he had already consumed several minutes and a cold sausage while turning it over in his mind, when Harriet Routh came out of the house, and passed him, as he leaned against the wall under the archway. She was very pale and quite absorbed in thought, so that, though the lad respectfully pulled a tuft of his tousled hair in salutation, she did not perceive his presence.

"She 's not like the same woman," mused Mr. James Swain; "she 's gone as white as anything; looks just as if she 'd had to git her own livin' for ever so long, and found it precious hard to git, too. If he 's jealous of her, and a ill treatin' of her, blowed if I won't peach! No, no, I won't, though, leastways not yet, 'cause I can't without lettin' out on myself, too; but," said the boy, with a long look which softened the cunning of his face strangely, "I would like to know as she was happier than I think she is."

In the wide city of London there was not another human being to feel any such wish in connection with Harriet Routh. She was quite alone. She had so willed it, and circumstances had aided her inclination and her resolve. In the life which her husband had adopted, and she had accepted, intimacies, friendships, were impossible. The only relation between them and their kind was the relation between the swindler and his dupes, always a merely "business" connection, and generally very brief in its duration. Harriet had not a female friend in the world. Perhaps she would not have had one under any circumstances; she was not a woman to cherish sentiment; the one love of her life was an overmastering passion which had absorbed all lesser feelings; and the secretiveness and reserve, which were large elements in her moral nature, would have been inimical to such association, which, above all, needs gushingness for its satisfactory development. Her husband's male friends saw her seldom, and were not observant or interested in the health, spirits, or appearance of any but themselves; so there was no one but the street-boy to note the change that had passed upon her. Routh, indeed, observed it; with the bitter, selfish impatience of his character, and silently resented it. But only silently; he made no comment, and Harriet, for the first time, failed to interpret his feelings.

She *was* changed. Changed in face, in manner, in voice, in the daily habits of her life. The light had faded from her blue eyes, and with it their color had paled. Her cheek had lost its roundness, and there was something set and stony in her face. It had been calm, now it was rigid. Her voice, still low and refined, was no longer musical, and her words were rare. Personal habits are tenacious, and rarely yield, even to strong mental excitement, or under the pressure of anxious care, and Harriet, always neat and careful in her simple dress, was neat and careful still. But a close observer would have marked a change even in this respect. She cared for her looks no longer. An ill-assorted ribbon, or ill-chosen color, would once have been impossible to Harriet Routh; but it was all the same to her now. What were the symptoms of the moral change that had passed upon her as distinctly as the physical? They were rather those of intensification than of alteration. Her determination had assumed a sternness which had not before marked it, her identification of herself with Routh had become more than ever complete. The intensity of the passion with which she loved him was hardly capable of increase, but its quiet was gone. The pliable ease, the good-fellowship, the frank equality of their companionship, had departed; and though her attention to his interests, her participation in his schemes, were as active and unceasing as ever, they were no longer spontaneous, they were the result of courageous and determined effort, sustained as only a woman can sustain effort which costs her acute and unrelenting suffering.

She had been much alone of late. Routh had been much and profitably occupied. The affairs of the new company were progressing favorably, and Routh's visits to Flinders were frequent and well received. He had other things of the sort on hand, and his finances were in a flourishing condition. He was on the road to success, after the fashion of modern successes, and if his luck did not change, all the respectability which attaches to a fortunate speculation was on the cards for Stewart Routh.

No restoration to his former place was possible, indeed; but Routh cared nothing for that, would, perhaps, not have accepted such a restoration had it been within his reach. Struggle, scheming shifts, and the excitement consequent thereon, were essential to him now; he liked them; the only game he could play with any relish was the desperate one. To what extent he had played it was known only to himself and Harriet, and he was beginning to be afraid of his confederate. Not afraid of her trustworthiness, of her fidelity, of her staunch and unshrinking devotion; Stewart Routh was just as confident, as of the fact of his existence, that his wife would cheerfully have given her life for him, as she gave it to him, but the man's nature was essentially base, and the misused strength, the perverted nobility of hers, crushed and frightened him. He had not felt it so much while they were very poor, while all their schemes and shiftings were on a small scale, while his every-day comforts depended on her active management and unfailing forethought. But now, when he had played for a great stake and won it, when a larger career was open before him, — a career from which he felt she would shrink, and into which he could never hope to force her, — he grew desperately afraid of Harriet. Desperately tired of her also. He was a clever man, but she was cleverer than he. He was a man of strong passions, ungovernable, save by the master-passion, interest. She had but one, love; but it was stronger than all his put together. And told to do their worst, and his shallow nature shrank from the unknown depths of hers. She loved him so entirely that there had never been a question of rule between them; but Routh was a wise man in his way, and he knew in his heart he could rule Harriet only by love, and love which was perfectly genuine and true, should the time ever come in which a distinct separation of opinion and will between them should make it necessary for him to try. But he had a clear appreciation of his wife's intellect also, and he knew thoroughly well that he could not deceive her with any counterfeit presentment, — the love which should rule her must be real. This was precisely what he had not to produce when required. He had loved her after his fashion for so long that he was rather surprised by his own constancy; but it would have been difficult for Stewart Routh to go on loving any one but himself always, and Harriet was so much superior to him in strength, firmness, and disinterestedness, that her very superiority was an element of destruction for the love of such a man as he.

In all that concerned the business of Stewart Routh's life, Harriet's conduct was still the same as before, — she was still industrious and invaluable to him. But the occupations which had filled her leisure hours were all neglected now, the lonely time was no more lightened by the pursuits which her early education and her natural tastes had endeared and rendered habitual to her. One of two moods now possessed her, either uncontrollable restlessness or absorbed brooding. She would start off, when Routh had left her, and walk for hours through the crowded thoroughfares, out into the suburbs of London, or up and down the most distant and least-frequented parts of the Parks, returning home weary and footsore, but with the torturing sense of restlessness unsubdued. Or, when she was alone, she would sit for hours, not in a selected position of comfort, but anywhere, on the first seat that came in her way, her head drooping, her eyes fixed and vacant, her hands closely clasped, and lying in her lap, her fair low brow contracted by a stern and painful frown. From either of these two moods she rarely varied: and even in Routh's presence one or the other would master her at times. It chanced that on the day when Jim Swain had seen Routh return to his lodgings, and take some letters from the postman, the restless fit had come very strongly upon Harriet, and she had gone to her room to dress herself for walking, when Routh unexpectedly returned. He went into the sitting-room, and concluding she would be down stairs presently, waited for her, reading the letters in his hand, frowning the while. But Harriet has passed quietly down the stairs and gone out, without re-entering the sitting-room, and Routh waited in vain. At length he sought her in her room, and not finding her, he angrily rang the bell, and asked the servant if she knew anything about her. She did not, and Routh dismissed her, and began to stride about the room, uttering very uncalled-for objurgations on women who were never in the way when they were wanted. As he passed the window, his eye fell upon Jim Swain tranquilly eating bread and cheese, as he leaned against the opposite railings. Routh looked at him again more closely, and again; finally, he took up his hat, went down stairs, out of the door, and across the street, close up to the boy.

"Hollo, you sir!" he addressed him roughly. "What are you doing here?"

Mr. James Swain eyed his questioner with no pleasant or grateful expression of countenance, and replied, curtly, —

"Nothin'!"

"What brings you here, then?" continued Routh.

"I ain't a doin' you any harm, am I?" answered the boy, all his native impudence brought out in a moment by the overbearing manner of Routh. "It ain't your street, I believe, nor yet your archway, as I knows on; and if I chooses to odd job on this here lay, I don't hurt *you*, do I?"

The saucy manner of the lad did not anger Routh: he hardly seemed to notice it, but appeared to be entirely possessed by some struggling remembrance not of a pleasing kind, if his expression afforded any correct clew to it.

"Have you seen a lady come out of No. 60 since you have been about here?" he asked, passing by the boy's saucy remarks as if he had not heard them.

"Yes, I have. I saw the lady as lives there not two minutes after you came in. She went that way." And he pointed down the street.

"Had she anything in her hand? Did she look as if she was going for a walk, or out shopping?"

"She had n't no basket or bag, and she warn't partickler dressed; not as nice as she's dressed sometimes. I *should* say," continued Mr. Jim Swain, with an air of wisdom and decision, "as she was goin' for a constitootional, all by herself, and not to shop nor nothin'."

Routh's attention had wandered from the boy's words and was fixed upon his face.

"Have I ever seen you before?" he asked him, abruptly.

A sudden rush of color dyed Mr. James Swain's face, even through the varnish of dirt which hid its surface, as he replied, with a little less than his customary boldness, —

"Yes, sir, you've seen me, though in course you ain't likely to remember it. You've giv' me many a penny, and a sixpence too, and the lady."

Again Routh looked steadily, but covertly, at him

under his thick brows. He was evidently eager to ask him some question, but he refrained, restrained by some powerful motive. Jim looked uneasily up and down the street, moved his feet about restlessly, turned his ragged pockets inside out, letting loose a multitude of dirty crumbs, and displayed a fidgety inclination to get away from South Molton Street.

"Well," said Routh, rousing himself from his abstraction, "we're going to move next week, and you can come and do the odd jobs for us, if you like."

"Thankee, sir," said Jim, who was very respectful now, and touched his ragged cap as if he had quite altered his opinion of the speaker. "What day shall I come, sir?"

"I don't exactly know," said Routh; "you can call and ask the lady." And then he gave the lad a shilling, to Jim Swain's intense surprise, and, crossing the street, once more let himself in at the door of No. 60. Having reached the sitting-room, Stewart Routh sat down by the window and fell into a fit of musing as deep as those in which Harriet Routh passed hours away.

Mr. James Swain went briskly down the street, pleasantly concious that the unexpected windfall of the shilling had released him from the labors of his calling for the day, and determined to proceed at once to lay it out to the greatest advantage.

"Wotever is he up to *now?*" Thus ran the street-boy's thoughts. "I'm sure he's jealous, or he would n't be coming home unexpected, and a watchin' of her like that. Ain't he a brute just? And a willin too? Well, I'm glad I ain't *sure* — I'm very glad I ain't *sure*."

With this enigmatical phrase, Mr. James Swain abandoned his mental colloquy, and directed his thoughts to more immediately personal matters.

Routh was still sitting by the window when Harriet returned, and with the first glance at his face she saw that something new had occurred.

"I did not expect you home until six o'clock," she said, as she laid aside her bonnet, and stood by his side, laying her hand tenderly upon his shoulder.

"No," he returned; "I came home to get some papers for Flinders about the Tunbridge Canal business; but you have them, Harry, and you were out."

"Well?" she said, calmly, looking at him with questioning eyes. "What has happened, Stewart?"

"This," he returned, slowly, and without meeting her gaze. "As I came in I met the postman with this letter. Read it, and tell me what is to be done."

She sat down close beside him, and took the letter he held towards her. It was addressed to George Dallas, to the care of Routh, and it was, in fact, the letter which Mr. Carruthers had written to his step-son prior to his departure from Poynings. As Harriet read, her right hand sought her husband's, and held it tightly. The old look of quiet resolution, the old expression of confident resource, came into her face. She read the paper twice before she spoke.

"Stewart," she said, "this is only another head of the hydra, and we had counted them, had we not?" What we have to decide is, whether this letter shall be suppressed or whether it must be forwarded to George Dallas. At first sight, I see no possibility of suppressing it without infinite danger, but this is only first sight, and we may see more clearly afterwards."

"Dallas has never said anything to you about letters from his mother, has he?" asked Routh.

"No," replied Harriet, "not since his second letter, when he said he supposed she was testing his repentance and good conduct, and that he would not write until he could give her some proof of both."

Get the old woman's letter, and let us read it again."

Harriet went to her writing-table, opened a drawer, and took a paper from its recesses. It was the letter which Mrs. Brookes had written to George Dallas. The two read it carefully, and Harriet spoke first.

"We can only conjecture the meaning of this, Stewart; but, as I make it out, it means that the proceedings at the — the inquest" — she paused almost imperceptibly, then went on, in a steady tone — "awakened his mother's fears. It was lucky he told us the story of his mother's anxiety about his coat, or we should have failed to catch the clew. Now I read the riddle thus: Mrs. Carruthers has been dangerously ill in consequence of the shock of the discovery, but she has not betrayed her knowledge or suspicions. A good deal of time has been gained, and under any circumstances that is a priceless advantage. The question now is, can any more time be gained? Can George Dallas be kept in ignorance of the appearances against him any longer? The suppression of the old woman's letter was an easy matter. It is ill-written, you see, as servants' letters usually are, indistinctly addressed, and generally unimportant. But a letter written by Mr. Carruthers of Poynings is quite another matter. It must come out some time or other that it was not received, and he is precisely the man to investigate the matter to the utmost. No, no, the letter must be sent to Dallas."

She spoke firmly, but her eyes were dreamy and distant. Routh knew their expression, and that some expedient, some resolve, was shaping itself in her mind. He sat quite silent until she spoke again.

"The first thing we have to do is to ascertain with all possible exactitude the real condition of Mrs. Carruthers, where she is at present, and whether we are right in supposing her fears were excited. This letter is not calculated to bring George home, I think. Of course, if it had reached him before they left Poynings, he would have come home at once; but, see, Mr. Carruthers writes on the 10th, and says they are to start on the 11th. This is the 13th. What is the postmark?"

"Dover," said Routh, handing her the envelope.

"Posted after they left England, no doubt," said Harriet. "Stewart, there is just one thing to be done. Let us move from this at once. It is only doing so a little sooner than we had intended. Then, if we decide on suppressing the letter, its loss may be accounted for, even to the satisfaction of Mr. Carruthers. This while we consider what must be done."

"Yes," said Routh, "I think that will be wise; but I do not see my way out of the danger of his return, if he returns when he has received the letter. He will go down to Amherst at once, and will discover the suspicion, and at once take steps to clear himself of it."

"Perhaps so," said Harriet, and her face darkened; "but he may not find that so easy. I hope he will not put himself into the danger; but if he does —" She paused, and looked thoughtfully into her husband's face, while a quick shudder crept over her. He saw the look in her eyes, he felt the quiver in her hand, and frowned darkly.

"Les Idées de Mme. Aubray," and is said to be a powerful work. Dumas père has lately revived his old paper *Le Mousquetaire*.

A BEAUTIFUL imitation of ivory is now made in France from a mixture of papier-mâché and gelatine. It is called Parisian marble.

A LYONS tourist who recently visited Chamounix, states that the level of the Mer de Glace has sensibly diminished, and vegetation now appears where some years since a thick layer of ice existed.

THE Memoirs of Count Philippe de Segur, the author of the History of the Retreat from Russia, are announced as in press. This venerable member of the French Academy is now 86 years old.

THE great enterprise of tunnelling the Mont Cenis has been completed to one half of its extent. The perforation now extends 6,110 metres; strong hopes are entertained that the entire work will be completed in three years.

THERE are now in Paris a number of engineers sent by the governments of Belgium, Holland, Prussia, Baden, Bavaria, Austria, Switzerland, Russia, Spain, and Italy, to make arrangements with the French railway companies for fixing tariffs of fares for next year's exhibition. There are in France seventeen international lines, nine of which go to Belgium, one to Luxemburg, one to Rhenish Prussia, one to Rhenish Bavaria, one to Baden, three to Switzerland, and one to Italy.

A REMARKABLE communication was made by M. Babinet at a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, on the evolution of gas in the process of making coffee. If cold water be poured on roasted coffee finely ground, such as is generally used with boiling water, a considerable quantity of gas is generally evolved, about equal in volume to the amount of coffee used. If a bottle be half filled with this ground coffee, and cold water be then poured in until the cork is reached, which is to prevent the escape of the gas, a violent explosion sufficient to force the cork out of the bottle, or even to break the latter, will result.

SIGNOR ROSSINI, who possesses the "*esprit de billet*" in higher perfection than almost any other man living, and whose sayings and doings keep him perpetually before the world, has just done another gracious act, thus recorded in the *Gazette Musicale*. "At one of his last *soirées*" (says that journal), "Mdlle. Nicolo (the daughter of Isouard, the composer) played an *Andante* of her composition, which produced a great effect. After the liveliest applause and congratulations on the part of the company and of Rossini, the master added, 'You must publish this work. I have found the publisher — myself, and will take charge of the title.' So a few days later the music shops displayed among their novelties '*Une Plainte*,' *Andante* for the piano, by Mdlle. Nicolo, published by her friend, and her father's admirer, G. Rossini."

A VERY dramatic duel recently occurred in Paris resulting in the death of M. Seguin, the son of a St. Petersburg banker. On the evening of the duel, M. Seguin went to the Café Frontin, where he met Lieutenant Leca, of the Zouaves, who owed him forty francs. M. Seguin claimed this sum, and whilst the lieutenant's hand was in his pocket he struck him. M. Leca said, "Seguin, you have committed a brutal action, and you will regret it tomorrow." M. Seguin repeated the blow, and demanded a duel on the spot. Friends stepped forward, but the matter had gone too far, and principals and seconds got into a cab and drove to the Poissonière barracks for rapiers; the maître d'armes refused them at so late an hour, but gave some foils, which were taken to an armorer's, where the buttons were removed and the points sharpened. Thence the party went to the Porte Maillot and got to work. Almost at the first pass Seguin was touched in the arm, and Leca wished the affair to stop there. Seguin, however, declared that if he did not defend himself he would spit him like a dog. After a few more passes the unfortunate provoker rushed on to his adversary's sword, and expired almost immediately. M. Leca has been placed under arrest for fighting at an undue hour. His second and the maître d'armes share his fate.

WE find the following paragraphs in a late number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*: — "Among the graves swept away by the passage of the Midland Railway through Old St. Pancras churchyard is one which has several points of interest for Englishmen, — we mean the grave of William Godwin, author of 'Caleb Williams,' and of a book which made a still greater noise in its time, and which led to his friendship with Shelley, — 'Political Justice.' In the same resting-place were laid the remains of his first wife, the well-known Mary Woolstonecraft; and it was while standing on the spot that Shelley first declared his love to their daughter Mary, whom he afterwards married. But this is far from being the only literary association about that remarkable burial-ground now in the hands of 'navvies.' It was there that Chatterton, not long before his death, stumbled into an open grave as he was wandering through it; and one of the last recorded observations of Dr. Johnson was suggested by passing it in a carriage. His physician Brocklesby asked him why the Catholics liked to be interred there, and he explained it by saying that some of their religion had suffered on the spot in Elizabeth's reign. Another known name, whose bearer rests or did rest there, is that of Polidori, Byron's physician, whose father, Alfieri's secretary, was laid on the same spot. But the foreigners of interesting names buried in Old St. Pancras were very numerous, and represented some of the best families of more than one emigration. It is curious to see, apropos of this question of the St. Pancras railway cutting, how gradually men's interest in their dead 'tapers off' as the relationship becomes remoter. A father's or mother's grave is a sacred object; that of the grandfather or grandmother interesting, but not so impressive; the great-grandfather's is only respectable; the great-great's is curious and *tant soit peu* antiquarian; while those of the mere *majores* beyond them may be violated with very little shock to the nervous system. No doubt this explains the comparative indifference with which much that is going on in Old St. Pancras is viewed. But it does not explain the fact that nobody tried to protect the remains of a writer so comparatively late in date as Godwin. We seem to be gradually accepting in England the terrible maxim of the American Jeaffreson, that 'the dead have no rights.' 'The earth,' added that very able man, 'belongs to those who are alive.' This is indubitable; but what sort of people a living people who did not care for their dead would be is another question, and one on which we hope it is not yet necessary to speculate in this good old-fashioned country."

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OUR CHRISTMAS AT THE PENSION LATOQUE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

IT was the autumn of 1855. The rich Russians and Americans, the gayer French and the substantial English inmates, had now departed, and the Pension was deserted excepting by a single English party, — blind old Mrs. Gunning and her two young companions, her "Eyes," as she called them, who, returning from Switzerland, came to Paris to the Hôtel Hampton, and, determining to winter in France, were recommended to the Pension Latoque, which stands in amicable relationship to the large Parisian hotel. Besides these were Mark Umberslade, also English, the son of the principal of the Highgarrow Agricultural College, who was also spending the winter in France, and who passed his time either here with M. Achille Brunel, the proprietor of the Pension, who had been a pupil of his father, and who was a man of great practical knowledge and experience, or at the Hôtel Hampton, according as he was disposed for the gayety of Paris or the quietness of the country.

These four, with myself, formed the snug little party with which Monsieur and Madame lived, now rather as hospitable host and hostess entertaining guests, than as heads of an establishment looking after their inmates from a distance, but never associating with them.

We were a comfortable little set, all extremely friendly and intimate; and though Mrs. Gunning came there a perfect stranger to all, we soon knew who and what she was, not from herself, but from Mark Umberslade, whose ubiquitous knowledge extended to everything and everybody. A week after the three ladies had taken up their abode with us, he returned from Paris brimful of information. Mrs. Gunning was immensely rich, the widow of a gin-distiller and brewer, and the proprietor of many gin-palaces and beer-houses in and about London. Her husband, who had been dead only three or four years, had left her more than two hundred thousand pounds. She, however, having scruples of conscience against money so acquired, had invested the greater part of it in the hands of trustees for the erection and endowment of almshouses for women and children who were left widows and fatherless through the sin of drunkenness.

Mrs. Gunning was a sensible woman, although with the education perhaps characteristic rather of the gin-palace proprietor's wife than the possessor of a quarter of a million. Hence it was that Mark Umberslade, and even M. Brunel, laughed at the grammatical errors of the old lady, who was fond of relating how she had for the last three years visited Switzerland, though, now that her sight was quite gone, she was obliged to make use of the eyes of others to inform her of the surrounding objects, which, thanks to what she called "stereoscopic memory," were familiar to her.

Her "Eyes," as she termed them, were two remarkably interesting young girls, not as "eyes" exactly matching, but perfectly paired according to the rule in romances. The one tall and the other short; the one fair, the other dark; the one exceedingly pretty, the other less outwardly attractive, but developing on nearer acquaintance those sterling qualities which are of more worth than mere outward beauty.

Till Mrs. Gunning brought the two young girls together who were on this occasion her companions, they were unknown to each other. Now they were bosom friends. This had been their first journey abroad, and they were young enough and open-hearted enough to make no secret of the delight which every day had afforded them. Cornelia Ross, the prettier of the two, was an excellent French scholar, and therefore could act not only as "eyes," but as "tongue" to the old lady. As, however, French did not always answer in Switzerland, a German-speaking tongue was also requisite; and for this purpose Joanna Saville, the second young lady, had been selected, from which cause Mrs. Gunning frequently addressed them as "France" and "Germany."

Joanna was the daughter of a poor English clergyman, and had been brought up wholly in the country, one of a large family, with no chance of any such indulgence as this summer had afforded her, therefore her gratitude and her happiness were unbounded. Fortunately a poor but highly educated German lady, stranded as it were in the remote village of the Rev. John Saville's labors, had become an inmate of the family, and in return for a home had devoted herself to the education of the daughters in her own language and music. These were Joanna's two accomplishments; and it was now for her sake that good, kind Mrs. Gunning had resolved to remain the winter in France, that she might enrich herself also by a knowledge of French.

Such was our little party at the Pension Latoque at the beginning of November. The two girls went twice each week to Paris for lessons, rising unusually early on those particular mornings to take the *malle poste* as far as Versailles, going forward by the railway. This was, of course, attended with trouble; but who knows not how enthusiastic and regardless

of trouble are young girls when bent on any favorite scheme! Mrs. Gunning never seemed to think a chaperone necessary. "My girls," she said, "are accustomed to rough it in the world, and, as there are two of them, they can come to no harm, though it is solitary for them, poor things!"

When, therefore, Mr. Umberslade was also seized with a desire to perfect himself in French with a Parisian master, she thought it the best thing in the world. "Now," she said, "the poor girls can go so comfortably with somebody they know."

After this she troubled herself no further about them, taking her seat in the large yellow plush-covered chair that was especially devoted to her use in the salon, and knitting endless pairs of braces and cuffs for poor emigrants, as she said, but in reality for anybody who would accept them. Here, after dinner, Madame would join her, making the most good-natured efforts to talk English, and laughing at her own blunders when aware of them, as if blundering in English were the most amusing thing in the world to a pretty lively Frenchwoman.

I, too, was a regular occupant of the salon, and Mrs. Gunning before long became confidential with me. By this means I found that there was a cause beyond the merely revisiting old scenes which took her year after year to Switzerland, and especially to the lakes of Geneva and Zurich. In fact, I was favored in these confidential communications with a knowledge of the old lady's domestic circumstances long before her days of widowhood. Thus I learned that the mother of Cornelia was a relation of her husband, "how near or how remote," she said, "I never inquired. I often found it best, in my married life, not to be too inquisitive. I could shut my eyes to surmises, where it would have been my duty to open them very wide to facts. It was therefore enough for me that a goddaughter of my husband was a claimant on his bounty; and as we had no children, and my life was somewhat solitary, I was not displeased to have a very pretty, well-dressed, and well-educated young woman as an excuse for a little amusement and variety. At one-and-twenty, however, my husband married her to a Mr. Ross, a favorite clerk of his, and before the year was out this young man was killed in a railway accident. Cornelia came to us, and under our roof her child was born. I never supposed this marriage to be one of love; therefore, after the first shock, she seemed to recover her spirits and be herself again, and from this time she and I became much more attached.

"Mr. Gunning, a thorough Englishman, was full of prejudices. He had never set his foot abroad, nor would hear of such a thing. I had always been accustomed to men who hated the French and spoke with rancor of all foreigners. My father and grandfather did so, but that was before the long peace and railroads and submarine telegraphs had brought the two nations together. But the same spirit was not in me. Everybody was now going abroad, and for young Mrs. Ross's sake I thought I should like to see what foreign life was like. My husband had never made any objection to our going to Brighton or Scarborough, but I found that he had an aversion to travelling for pleasure. At length, as my health was failing and the doctors recommended change of air and scene, Mr. Gunning was persuaded to let me and Cornelia go to Switzerland for the summer. In my younger days I had read the Doctor of Abel Zimmerman on Solitude, and Sturm's Reflections, and had therefore long had a passionate desire to visit Switzerland, which country these two delightful works were associated in my mind. So to Geneva we went, and to the lakes of Zurich and Constance; but we settled down for the summer at Zurich. It is a fine lake, a nice town, and the country round is wonderful. But that certainly which made it most interesting to me was the acquaintance we formed with a young Swiss physician just then settled there. Mrs. Ross was very pretty, very like what Cornelia will be at her age, and very interesting she looked in her widow's dress. Well, to make a long story short, I entirely recovered my health, and we returned to London, Cornelia taking with her the betrothal ring which she had received from this young Dr. Wittekind. She never told me of her engagement until we were again at home; and then, as she had promised to marry him early the following year, it was necessary that Mr. Gunning should know, because both she and her child were dependent on him, her late husband not having even insured his life.

"Of course I expected a terrible storm about this wedding, but my husband took it much better than I could have thought; and it was fixed that they were to be married in January. Dr. Wittekind had then moved to Geneva, and wrote that he had many friends there, and hoped to have a good practice.

"It was an awfully stormy and bitter winter. The wedding was to be very quiet, and Wittekind, who wrote that he had many patients who required his attention, led us to expect him only on the morning of the wedding day. We got all ready, and Mr. Gunning gave her a handsome wedding outfit, and promised her a hundred pounds when she set off. The morning came; we were all waiting; I shall never forget it. The child, our little Cornelia, then three years old, was, of course, to go with them. Her little warm travelling things were laid out ready to put on as soon as the breakfast was over, for so soon were they to start. But Wittekind never came! Such things do sometimes occur; and you may imagine what a state Mrs. Ross and I were in, and Gunning all the time storming and swearing against foreigners more violently than I could bear to hear. Nobody had been invited to the wedding, but there were the clergyman and the clerk waiting; and at twelve o'clock it was too late for that day! Nor did he make his appearance on the next. But on the third came a long-delayed letter, saying, that, owing to the life-and-death sickness then raging in Geneva, by which he was tethered night and day to his patients, and the unfavorable season, which rendered travelling almost impossible, he begged the marriage might be postponed till the beginning of March. There was nothing, perhaps, unreasonable in the request; nevertheless, it was a severe blow to Cornelia and me, and to Mr. Gunning an unpardonable affront, which called forth again all the rancor and prejudices of his nature. There was an end of the affair as far as he was concerned, for he was one of those strong-willed men whose violence it was impossible to appease except by submission. My fear of him was so great that I was always a poor coward. Tyrannical husbands make their wives either cowards or cunning hypocrites. I was the former. I had neither power of will nor opinion of my own. I tried, therefore, to take Gunning's view of the affair, and persuaded Cornelia to give up the engagement. All this made me very ill. Nothing more was said about the wedding, and in the spring the physician ordered me to Brighton, and, of course, Mrs. Ross and the child went with me. She was very moody and silent, but how Dr. Wittekind

and she had arranged their affairs I never asked. I hoped that the engagement was given up. Just, however, when I was better, and about to return home, she was gone! She left a letter, saying that the separation from Dr. Wittekind was more than she could endure, and that therefore she had now resolved to unite her fate to his. As for her little Cornelia, — and it was enough to move a heart of stone to read what she said about her, — she left her to my care, promising to send for her when she was united to the man whom she loved to distraction. Those were her own words, and my opinion is that she was out of her mind. Here, however, was another trouble for me, — I who was just recovered, and had to go home and face my husband with the news! I must confess I was now myself very angry; but I tried to make the best of it to her godfather. If it had been done by any connivance of mine, he never would have forgiven me. As it was, he never mentioned her name from that day; and as to the child, he sent her — poor little darling! — to an orphanage to which he was a great benefactor.

"For twelve years from this time my health was wretched. English physicians could do me no good. Not a word came from Mrs. Ross, and my anxiety about her God only knew. There seemed no hope for me in this world.

"I was at Brighton when Mr. Gunning died. He left me a very large property, and very deeply affected I was when I found that it was left all to me without a single restriction. I have my own views about its appropriation. But that is neither here nor there.

"My eyes had been failing some years. The truth was that the nerve was affected by all my tears, shed and unshed. Still I had at that time sufficient sight to distinguish faces. As soon, therefore, as I was my own mistress, I determined to find Cornelia or to know her fate. I was sure that Dr. Wittekind, if living, would be, if not at Geneva, still on some lake. Times without end he said he could not live otherwise; and we all know what the Swiss are, — they cannot live out of their own country. I ordered, therefore, my solicitor to apply to all our British consuls in Switzerland for information regarding such a man, but without success. I could learn nothing either of him or of my poor Mrs. Ross. It was now twelve years since she had set off in that wild way, and whether she were alive or dead God only knew. Spite of my unsuccess, I could not give up the search, and every summer I now spend on the Swiss Lakes. I have had a strong persuasion all along that, some way or other, I shall find them."

"Do you still," I asked, "think well of this Swiss physician?"

"Yes," she said, "I do. He was with us a great deal during that unfortunate summer in Switzerland, and, though I may not have had the education of ladies now-a-days, yet there is an instinctive something in every right-meaning woman's mind that tells her whether a man is honest or not. I never saw a man who called forth my entire reliance more than he did."

"But," suggested I, "poor Mrs. Ross cannot surely be alive, or she would have sent for her child."

"Speaking of that," said the old lady, suddenly altering her tone, "reminds me that what I tell you is in strict confidence. My poor Cornelia knows nothing of all this. For the world I would not that it came to her from a third person!"

I assured her that there was no danger of betrayal from me; and then I very naturally remarked that Mr. Umberslade seemed greatly taken by the society of his two companions, and that I fancied Cornelia was especially the object of his attentions.

"I am sorry for it," she said; "Cornelia has had all the attention on the journey. She is very pretty, and men are so taken with pretty faces. I would much rather you had told me it was Joanna. Mr. Umberslade is a most respectable man, I find, and nothing would please me better than that Joanna got a husband whilst accompanying me. Cornelia will have plenty of money; Joanna, poor girl, has none."

After this I became still more interested in the little love affair which would evidently have its beginning at the Pension Latoque. But the young Englishman held the balance very equally between the two, spite of my first suspicion. The truth was, that, brought up almost wholly in the society of men — for he had neither mother nor sisters, and his father and the young students at the college had been his sole companions — this, his first introduction to female society, was very fascinating, and probably, in the words of the song, "he could have been happy with either."

Joanna, however, thought with me, that Cornelia was the object of his attention. "And no wonder," said she, with her unselfish generosity; "she is so pretty and bewitching! If I were a man I should fall in love with her."

Poor Joanna! And might not the daily intercourse, which now became as familiar as that of brother and sister, be perilous also to her peace of mind?

December was very winterly, and the journeys to Paris were not unfrequently interrupted. But scarcely a day passed without the young people taking long walks and spending many hours together. The billiard-table was now also a great indoors attraction, the two girls, Umberslade, and M. Brunel being the players, and I, for some time, the marker, until Madame took my place to enable me to complete, with Mrs. Gunning, a large piece of work which we had undertaken together as a Christmas present for her.

All was as monotonously quiet as possible, when suddenly an addition was made to our party by the arrival of a Russian gentleman, a Dr. Nagelowski, who had been recommended here from the Hôtel Hampton. At dinner he made his appearance: a somewhat tall, singularly spare, dark-complexioned man, — an Italian, as I should have supposed, — whose black hair and beard were matched by a pair of eyes of the same color. He silently bowed to us all as he entered, and took his seat at the bottom of the table, the only unoccupied place; and then, not a word spoken excepting the merest replies in French, which the progress of the meal demanded, shot round upon us the most searching but rapid glances which I ever encountered from human eyes.

A more complete contrast to our open-hearted, outspoken young Englishman could not be conceived than this Russian; and almost immediately a sort of hostility commenced between them, at least as far as Umberslade was concerned, for whether Nagelowski thought him worth more than the flash of his eyes, it would have been impossible to say.

Our new inmate, however, furnished a perpetual subject of conversation, and Mark insisted upon it that he was a Jesuit, or a spy, or something that was worse than either. He had no luggage, or next to none; he knew not, he said, how long he should

there, in the first paper he took up, he read an advertisement from the Sisters of the Hôtel Dieu, praying "Bruno W.," whom he recognized as himself, "to visit his dying friend." Thus he found Cornelia. The Sisters had faithfully and lovingly nursed her. But he came only to receive her last breath, and this old silver watch as her sole effects. He buried her at Montmartre, in a grave which he reserved in perpetuity, and which he never failed to visit whenever he found himself in Paris.

The sad end of Cornelia embittered him still more against the Gunnings, both husband and wife, and, as he confessed, there had been times when he would have given half his days to have been revenged upon them. In proportion as his love had been fervent for Cornelia, so was his hatred towards those who had been the cause of her death and the shipwreck of his dearest hopes.

"Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it, saith the Lord," sprang to my mind, and I repeated the words.

Nagelowski remained some minutes silent, t[illegible] he said, in his usually calm tone: "Very true. I [illegible] was undisciplined. I was very slow in learni[illegible] that I must be led and guided by a Power beyo[illegible] myself. It was under this influence that I came to the Pension Latoque, to find here Mrs. Gunning and the daughter of my lost Cornelia. I then saw how omnipotent are God's Love and Mercy, and that He will not allow us to work excepting in His own way!"

A few more words, and I have done. Umberslade returned to England the first week in January. He was received by his father and Joanna's family with the utmost delight and satisfaction. In May the wedding was to take place; and early in March, being then desirous of returning to England, I accompanied Joanna, at Mrs. Gunning's request, to Paris, where her mother met her, and where the hundred pounds which she received from the old lady for her trousseau was in part laid out.

There is little more to say of them, especially as Mark Umberslade's model farm in Norfolk, where he and his happy Joanna and their increasing family reside, is so well known to all who are interested in scientific agriculture.

Of our other friends I must say a word or two. When Joanna and I left in March, Mrs. Gunning was beginning dimly to discern objects. By the end of the summer her sight was fully restored; and the Doctor, who had now left the Pension, excepting for occasional visits, induced them to accompany him to Aleppo on a visit to his wife, whom they found a very accomplished and amiable woman, and who received Cornelia with warm affection as the adopted daughter of her husband. Here they remained till the following spring, and then, accompanied by Madame Nagelowski, paid a visit to the Doctor's Russian property, which is situated in a very fine country north of the Crimea. Here they were received by the young Prince with unbounded hospitality. His father was then lately dead, and he appeared to regard Dr. Nagelowski with the affection of a son.

I have heard of them twice since then from Joanna. First, when she received from Cornelia a valuable bracelet, a present from the Russian Prince to whom she was that day united. After this marriage, Mrs. Gunning resided with Madame Nagelowski on her husband's Russian property, the two ladies having become attached as sisters. The next news J[illegible] the Prince and Pr[illegible] iding a year in England, [illegible] children; that the Prince was [illegible] agriculture for the benefit of his people, and that Mark was his great authority.

Mrs. Gunning and Madame Nagelowski are well and happy; and the Doctor — still following the internal guide, though it now seldom leads him far from home — is always doing good.

THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF.

BY MISS THACKERAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF ELIZABETH."

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE TWILIGHT AT LAMBSWOLD.

It seems that there were many things of which Fontaine was unconscious. Catherine never dared [illegible] with the secret of Dick's engagement to [illegible]tien. This was too valuable a piece of [illegible] to be confided to the worthy maire's indiscre[illegible]

The country people talked a little; but they were all used to Mademoiselle Chrétien's odd independent ways, and after Dick had been gone some weeks they appeared for a time to trouble their heads no more about him.

But Richard Butler reached home, more than ever determined to make a clean breast of it, as the saying goes. Reine's good by and last bright look seemed to give him courage. What would he not do for her sake?

Her knight in ancient times would have gone out valiantly, prepared to conquer dragons, fierce giants, monsters of land and sea. The only fierce dragon in Butler's way was the kind old man at Lambswold; and yet, somehow, he thought he would rather encounter many dragons, poisonous darts, fiery tails and all. But then he thought again of Reine standing in the sunset glory, in all her sweet nobility, and a gentle look came into Dick's own face. Women who have the rare gifts of great beauty may well cherish it, and be grateful to Heaven. With the unconscious breath of a moment, they can utter all that is in them. They have said it at once, forever, while others are struggling for words, toiling with effort, trying in vain to break the bonds which fetter them so cruelly. What sermon, what text, is like that of a tender heart, speaking silently in its own beauty and purity, and conscious only of the meaning of its own sincerity? What words can speak so eloquently as the clear sweet eyes looking to all good, all love, all trust, encouraging with their tender smile?

Queen's walk did not look so deserted as the other more fashionable parts of London. The dirty little children had not left town. The barges were sailing by; the garden-door was set wide open. The housekeeper let him in, smiling, in her best cap. Mr. Beamish was away, she told him, in Durham with his father, who was recovering, poor gentleman. There were a great many letters waiting on the 'all-table, she said. Dick pulled a long face at the piles of cheap-looking envelopes directed very low down, with single initial-letters upon the seals. Mrs. Busby had cleaned down and rubbed up the old staircase to shining pitch. The studio, too, looked very clean and cool and comfortable. Everybody was away. Mr. and Mrs. Hervey Butler were at Brighton, and Mr. Charles Butler had not been up in town for some time; Mr. Beamish had desired all his

letters to be forwarded to Durham; he was coming back as soon as he could leave his father.

Everybody knows the grateful, restful feeling of coming home after a holiday; crowded hotels, fierce landladies' extortions, excursions, all disappear up the chimney; everything looks clean and comfortable; the confusion of daily life is put to rights for a time, and one seems to start afresh. Mrs. Busby had had the carpets beat, she said, and dinner would be quite ready at six. Dick, who was not sorry to have an excuse to stay where he was and to put off the announcement he had in his mind, wrote a few words to Lambswold, saying that he would come down in a week or two, as soon as he had finished a picture he had brought back with him from Tracy.

For some weeks Dick worked very hard; harder than he had ever done in his life before. "I suppose the figures upon my canvas have come there somehow out of my brain," he wrote to Reine, "but they seem to have an odd distinct life of their own, so that I am sometimes almost frightened at my own performance." The picture he was painting was a melancholy one; a wash of brown transparent sea, a mist of gray sky, and some black-looking figures coming across the shingle, carrying a drowned man. A woman and a child were plodding dully alongside. It was unlike any of the pictures Butler had ever painted before. There was no attempt at detail, everything was vague and undetermined, but the waves came springing in, and it seemed as if there was a sunlight behind the mist. . . . Sometimes he fell into utter despondency over his work, plodding on at it as he did day after day with no one to speak to, or to encourage him; but he struggled on, and at last said to himself one day, that, with all its faults and incompleteness, there was more true stuff in it than in anything he had yet produced.

One day Dick received a short note in his Uncle Charles's careful handwriting. "When are you coming down here?" the old man wrote. "I have not been well, or I should have been up to town. I suppose you could paint here as well as in your studio or under Matilda's auspices? but this place is dismal, and silent, and empty, and has no such attractions as those which, from all accounts, Tracy seems to hold out, so I shall not be surprised if I do not see you. Mundy takes very good care of me. If I really want you I will send for you. Yours, — C. B."

"What has he heard?" thought Dick, when he read the note. "Who can have told him anything? Is he vexed or only out of spirits?" Butler felt he must go of course. It was tiresome, now that he was just getting into the swing, and doing the first piece which was worth the canvas upon which it was painted. As for taking his picture there, Dick was more afraid of his uncle's sarcastic little compliments than of any amount of criticism; and besides, there was no knowing what might be the result of their meeting. He would go down and pay him a visit, and tell him his story, and then if he were not turned out forever, it would be time enough to see about transporting the canvas.

Dick took his ticket in a somewhat injured frame of mind. All the way down in the railway carriage, he was rehearsing the scene that was to take place; — he took a perverse pleasure in going over it again and again. Sometimes he turned himself out of doors, sometimes he conjured up Charles Butler's harsh little sarcastic laugh, sneering and disowning him. Once he saw himself a traitor abandoning Reine for the sake of the bribe: but no, that was impossible; that was the only thing which could not happen. When he got to the station he had to hire the fly, as he was not expected, and to drive along the lanes. They were damp and rotting with leaves: gray mists came rolling along the furrows; a few belated birds were singing an autumnal song.

"They say the old gentleman 's a-breaking up fast," said the flyman cheerfully, as he dismounted at the foot of one of the muddy hills. "He 's not an old man, by no means yet, but my missis she see him go by last Sunday for'night, and says she to me just so, 'Why,' says she, 'old Mr. Butler ain't half the man he wer' in the spring-time.'"

Dick could not help feeling uncomfortable; he was not in the best of spirits; the still, close afternoon, with the rotting vegetation all about, and the clouds bearing heavily down, predisposed him to a gloomy view of things. They drove in at the well-known gates.

"I hope I shall find my uncle better," he said, trying to speak hopefully, as he got down at the hall-door, and ran up the old-fashioned steps. Mundy opened the door.

"O Mr. Richard," he said, "I have just been writing to you. My master is very poorly, I am sorry to say, — very poorly indeed."

Old Mr. Butler was alone in the morning-room when his nephew came in. He had had a fire lighted, and he was sitting, wrapped in an old-fashioned palm dressing-gown, in a big chair drawn close up to the fender. The tall windows were unshuttered still, and a great cloud of mist was hanging like a veil over the landscape.

"Well, my dear boy," said a strange, yet familiar voice, "I did n't expect you so soon."

It was like some very old man speaking and holding out an eager trembling hand. As old Butler spoke, he shut up and put into his pocket a little old brown prayer-book in which he had been reading. Dick, who had been picturing imaginary pangs to himself all the way coming down, now found how different a real aching pain is to the visionary emotions we all inflict upon ourselves occasionally. It was with a real foreboding that he saw that some terrible change for the worse had come over the old man. His face was altered, his voice faint and sharp, and his hand was burning.

"Why did n't you send for me, my dear Uncle Charles? I never knew . . . I only got your letter this morning. If I had thought for one instant . . ."

"My note was written last week," said Charles. "I kept it back on purpose. You were hard at work, were n't you." Dick said nothing. He had got tight hold of the trembling, burning hand. "I 'm very bad," said old Charles, looking up at the young fellow. "You won't have long to wait for my old slippers."

"Don't, my dear, dear old boy," cried Dick.

"Pah!" said old Butler, "your own turn will come sooner or later. You won't find it difficult to go. I think you won't," said the old broken man, patting Dick's hand gently.

Dick was so shocked by the suddenness of the blow he was scarcely able to believe it.

"Have you seen any one?" the young man asked.

"I 've seen Hickson, and this morning, Dr. de M——— came down to see me," Charles Butler answered, as if it was a matter of every-day occurrence. "He says it 's serious, so I told Mundy to write to you."

Old Charles seemed quite cheerful and in good

his appearance. He said a few kind words to Beatrix, but nothing to excite your jealousy.

"A few cages further I saw a lady whom I at once recognized as Mrs. Newton. Time had done little with that hard material. She saw her husband in conversation with me, but she did not come up, but affected, I thought, to be interested in pointing out something in the conduct of the large bear before whose den she stood, to a tall man beside her, a stranger to me, but who had — if I formed any impression at all — something of a military air. I did not, however, look twice in their direction. I was interested in observing the change in Francis Newton.

"He almost immediately said (I have had the assertion made more than once to me by persons who ought to have called on me), —

"'A curious coincidence that we should meet, for I had intended coming to see you, Thorndon, this very week.'

"I assented to the curiosity of the coincidence, not, of course, believing a word of it. I was wrong, however. He had intended to call, and did call the next day.

"To cut this part of the story as short as I can, I will only say that he informed me that he still lived in Hornidge Street, but that things were very different with him from what they had been when we last met. He had a practice, to which he attended carefully; but he had other sources of income, on which he did not seem inclined to be explicit. I said that I was glad to hear this, which was true, for I made a memorandum on my blotting-paper, in his very presence, to tell Potter to make out Mr. Newton's bill. Perhaps instinct made him understand my scratches, for he intimated that he remembered his being in my debt, and said that he hoped the fact would not prevent my undertaking some little additional business for him, and that we should make a pleasant settlement of all claims. There was no harm in hearing what he had to say.

"He wished to assure his life, and to make his will.

"These are, of course, two large chapters in the Whole Duty of Man, and I told him so, while considering whether I would have any more to do with him.

"My first suggestion to him was that he had rather lived his life, as we say, and that he might find a difficulty in getting an office to accept him. He smiled, and said that I was thinking of old days, and their doings, but that he was quite changed. But I urged that though this was so, and I was delighted at it, he could not have prevented himself from becoming numerically older, and assurance grew expensive in middle life. He had been prepared for these representations, and he mentioned one office by which he had reason to know that he should be accepted. I asked which, and he replied, with apology, that he would prefer not mentioning it needlessly, but that if I would undertake the business for him of course he would instantly tell me. There was nothing very unreasonable in this precaution, though it was odd, and having considered that I had more chance of being paid my old debt if I worked for him than if we quarrelled, I said that I had no objection to send in the proposals. He then wrote the name of the office on a scrap of paper and handed it to me. It was an office in which I should never have recommended a client to assure, for very notorious reasons, and I told him so. He knew all that I could say against it, and offered to give me his written instructions to assure in this, and no other, notwithstanding my admitted recommendations to the contrary. And I decided that he should give me such a document. For I knew a good deal of the Fireside and Circumnavigating Life Assurance Office and its ways, and had, in the way of business, locked up one or two of the *millionnaires* on the direction.

"Having again told him my view of the case, and finding him obstinate, I took his instructions. His life was to be assured for £ 3000, and his will was to bequeath the sum in a way which it is not now necessary to mention.

"He then earnestly requested that, should Mrs. Newton call on me, I would on no account whatever mention that I was making his will.

"I assured him that it was not my way to tell anybody anything which it did not seem to me material or desirable that he or she should know.

"This wish, however, he reiterated most strongly. I could only give him renewed assurance that his wife would learn nothing from me.

"I need not tell you that an assurance office requires references, persons who testify to the truth of the representation about the assurer's health, habits, age, and so forth. To my surprise, Newton furnished me with excellent ones, at all events in point of rank and station. They were men of a class with which I had not supposed him to be intimate. It was no business of mine how he came to know such persons. I had a right to suppose that his professional habits had brought him into a higher circle than that in which he used to move.

"Now, what brought all this to my mind to-night was this, Cecil. It was just before Christmas time that I completed the assurance on Francis Newton's life, and made the first payment to the Fireside and Circumnavigating Life Assurance Society. I need hardly say that I was not going to throw good money after bad. He brought me the sum, not in a check. It was paid. My conveyancing clerk, Jervis, happened to be ill, so that there was a little delay about the will, but it was to be signed as soon as Jervis should get it ready. Meantime, I was going out of town in order that I might pass two days with my old friends the Merediths, and to return to spend Christmas day where I hope always to spend it until that doctor's permit be given, of which I spoke.

"Passing through Hornidge Street in the dull, foggy afternoon of a day about a week before Christmas, I saw that Newton's gas was alight in the parlor, where he received patients in the old time, and I thought I would call, and tell him that the assurance was complete and that the will would speedily be ready. He was at home, and I was shown to the parlor. But at the door I detected the odor of a recently cleared dinner, and the yet more palpable odor of spirits. Entering, I found both the Newtons at the table, on which were liquors of two or three kinds, and the accessories. With the master and mistress of the house was a tall man, who I immediately decided was the companion I had seen with Mrs. Newton in the Zoölogical Gardens. The lady appeared neither pleased nor displeased to see me. She scarcely bowed. She looked at me for a moment, and then resumed her apparently angry talk with the tall man. Newton introduced him as Captain Diss. He made a more polite bow than I had expected from his appearance. He was a long, rough, ill-dressed man, very red about the neck and ears, and with immense and coarse hands. His face was ugly rather than vulgar, and it was redeemed only by splendid white teeth, of which he had a

large mouthful. I noticed that his ears had been pierced for rings, but he wore none. What sort of a captain he was I did not venture to inquire.

"Newton offered me refreshment, and in declining I could not help glancing at the clock on the mantel-piece. He understood, and said that he had been a long round, and that Mrs. Newton liked to dine early."

"And Mrs. Newton does what she likes," added the lady, defiantly.

"'Most ladies do,' I suppose I said, or some such nonsense, in order to avoid fray; but she would fight.

"'I don't care what other ladies do, I please myself.'

"I forget how I answered, but I asked Newton whether I could say a word to him.

"'No, you can't,' said Mrs. Newton, rudely, 'unless you say it before me. I'll have no earwigging and backbiting. What do you say, Captain Diss?'

"'Both bad things,' said the Captain, in the most detestable voice I ever heard. It settled his *status* with me.

"'But as I wish neither to earwig nor to backbite, Newton, I'll see you when you are not engaged; or will you call on me? I am going out of town on Tuesday night.'

"'Where to?' said Newton.

"I told him the name of a town near the place I was going to visit.

"'I know some people there,' he said. 'I have a great mind to run down with you. A holiday would do me good. I should stop at the inn, of course, and be no tie on you. I want some fresh air.'

"'You will do nothing of the kind,' said Mrs. Newton. 'I forbid it. I will not have it. As for you, Mr. Thorndon, I don't thank you for putting it into his head. However, he may put it out again.'

"Newton did not look foolish during this speech, as most men would have done. He remained quiet until its close, and then whispered something to his wife.

"'I don't believe it,' was her answer, out loud. 'It is a lie.' I remember that she also described the alleged departure from truth by an epithet which does not come well from a lady's lips.

"'I don't care what you think,' he said. 'It is true, however. You may ask Mr. Thorndon; you'll believe him.'

"'I don't know that. He may be in league with you, for what I know. But I do ask him. Has this man assured his life?'

"'You have my leave to answer,' said Newton.

"But I am never in a hurry, Cecil, my boy, and I did not choose to make the reply Mr. Newton desired. I merely remarked that as she was not inclined to rely on my word, the less I said the better, beyond 'Good afternoon,' and I rose.

"The woman dashed between me and the door.

"'You'll answer the question before you leave the room,' she screamed. 'What do you say, Captain Diss?'

"'A gentleman usually answers a lady,' said the blackguard.

"'Is this *your* house, Newton?' I asked.

"'For the sake of peace, tell her. Thorndon,' said my client. 'I apologize for her behavior, if it does not explain itself,' and he glanced at the table.

"'Mr. Newton has assured his life, Mrs. Newton,' I said. 'Why,' I added, looking rather contemptuously at her, 'I don't know.' But she did not understand me, and said, —

"'Do you mean to swear that it is all right — done — finished?'

"'I don't mean to swear anything. I have obeyed my client's instructions.'

"'You have obeyed your client's instructions,' she repeated, hazily. 'It is all right then, eh, Captain Diss?'

"'So we are told,' said the Captain, offensively.

"My dear Cecil, never give way to wrath. I am ashamed to say that I lost my temper there and then, and asked Newton, with the strong word I deprecated in his wife, —

"'Who is this cad who mixes in your affairs?'

"The woman clapped her hands with rage. The Captain rose to his full height. I never saw such a long brute. I took up the largest of the cut-glass bottles by the neck. The demonstration changed the Captain's mind. He drew Mrs. Newton towards him, and Mr. Newton opened the door. But I did not go out hastily. I retired honorably, and as I went out Mrs. Newton screamed after me not to steal her bottle, like a prig as I was. Newton said nothing, as he showed me into the street, except that he would see me in the morning.

"Next day Mrs. Newton called, alone. Her manner was entirely changed, and she was as ladylike as possible. She apologized for the scene of the day before, saying that she had long been out of health, had been in strong hysterics that afternoon, and that they had foolishly given her stimulants to which she was unaccustomed, and talked, in fact, all the rest of the humbug which women who drink think deceives you. She worked round to the assurance question, and hoped she had quite understood that the matter was settled. She also hoped that I would take her poor husband out of town for a day or two. He labored much too hard, and air would do him good. And she seemed to take much interest in knowing my intended route. I did not notice this particularly, at the time, for she interspersed her inquiries very cleverly with references to her husband's acquaintances in the part of the country to which we were going. We parted upon rather better terms than I had expected. She only once mentioned 'poor Captain Diss,' and seemed rather to wish me to think that he was a kind of patient of Newton's, and not entirely responsible for his actions.

"Newton did not call, but sent to know when I was going, and I replied in a hasty note. I was going to Devizes. There I should leave him, and go off to my friends' house, and if he were ready to return on the third night afterwards, I should look for him at the station. We went down together, and in the train he told me many falsehoods. They do not signify to my story. But I could not help telling him, as we went into the town of Devizes, to be sure and read a certain memorial which is erected in the market-place. It is to a woman who clamorously and with oath, asserting an untruth, fell down dead. Later, I wished that I had not said this.

"I had a pleasant visit, missed a good many pheasants, drank some excellent port wine, and received instructions for a marriage settlement. So I was in a very good temper when I joined the train. Having secured my place, I got out again and looked for Newton. He arrived hastily, but we were late, and he had to jump into another carriage. But we got out at Twinstead, and there was a long wait. Here we met, and I perceived that he had been

drinking, and was in the state of extreme crossness which comes at an early stage of intoxication. He spoke almost surlily, and was abusive to a porter who accidentally brushed against him. As the officials are exceedingly polite on the line in question, I said a civil word to the man, and this further incensed Newton. How he had been spending his time since we went down he did not say, and, as I found him bearish, I quietly lit my cigar, and strolled on the platform, away from the station, and into the gloom.

"At first I watched Newton, thinking that he might come to me; but he leant sulkily against a wall, and I walked up and down, occasionally, but not always, taking a glance at him. During one turn, and when I was a long way off, I saw, by the dim gas-light near him, that some one was speaking to him. The speaker, I supposed a porter, was pointing across the line. Before I came up, slowly, Francis Newton had walked away, and I could not see him.

"'What has he crossed for?' I said, aloud. 'This is right for town?' I added, to a porter.

"'Quite right, sir.'

"'Are you not very dark here to-night?' I asked.

"'Yes, sir, we are. Something got wrong with the gas, but it will be all right to-morrow.'

"'But then, you see, I sha'n't be here.'

"'The public will, sir,' said the man, smiling. It was not a bad answer.

"Finding that we had still 'ten minutes certain, and a quarter of an hour probable,' to use the porter's words, I went across the line to tell Newton that he had gone wrong. Sulky as he was, I did not care to leave him to miss the train. Now, at Twinstead there is a junction, and the platform to which I found that he must have crossed is a considerable distance from that at which we had stopped. When I reached it, the station-rooms were very dark, from the cause of which the porter had spoken, and the lamps burned vilely. I could see no great distance along this second platform, which is long, and ran away into the darkness. No train being expected, there were neither officials nor passengers, and the whole place was about as dreary, lonely, and dismal as you like. Cheery and good-natured as I felt, and in the consciousness, sir, of doing a good action, I could not help the sensation of depression, and as I peered into the darkness, I resolved to make my good action as prompt as might be.

"I shouted twice to Newton, calling him by name.

"The second call produced a surly 'What do you want?' from a distance beyond my sight.

"'You are wrong. The train goes from the other platform.'

"'All right, Thorndon.'

"Very well; I had done a friend's duty. He chose to sulk by himself, and would come over when he heard the bell. Let him stop. But, as I crossed the bridge to return, a very strange thought came into my head. I will tell you how I met it.

"'Bah, it was the fog,' I said. 'That changes voices strangely.'

"The train soon arrived, and I could not see Newton. However, I cared a good deal more by that time about getting home to your aunt and the children, and the Christmas, than about Francis Newton, and I came to town. I looked round at Paddington, but not perceiving him, I was soon in a hansom, and driving hitherward.

"I do not think that I thought any more about Newton for three or four days, when a Berkshire client who was with me happened to say, —

"'By the way, that was an odd murder at the station at Twinstead. I have wondered that such things don't occur oftener.'

"'I did not see it, I think, in the Times.'

"'Yes, it was noticed. A gentleman who was waiting had strayed away, at night, from the station, and along the platform, and had been watched, I suppose, by some of the navvies. Anyhow, he was knocked on the head.'

"'Killed — when, in Heaven's name?'

"'Friday night, I think. It will be a warning to me to keep within the light and the sight of the officials. He was shoved under the platform, and discovered by a boy who was hunting a rabbit, or he might have lain there forever.'

"Then I *felt* that it was the voice of Captain Diss that had answered me the second time. When you come to set down what I have said, you will see all the wicked scheme. I leave the details to your elaboration in sensation fashion."

"I should much prefer, my dear uncle, to tell the tale as you have told it. But how did all end?"

"I was examined on the inquest, but could say nothing, except that when I last spoke to Newton, I thought that he had answered me. I had privately talked to a detective, as to my suspicion, but, on consideration, he did not think it worth while to take up the matter, and it was no business of mine to mix myself up with a detestable story. If the Fireside and Circumnavigating Office had fought the assurance, something would have come out, perhaps; but on the very day after Mrs. Newton's attorney (I washed my hands of the business) lodged the claim, the office collapsed. I believe to this hour, however, that the navvies have been unjustly credited with this affair. The house in Hornidge Street has long been let as lodgings, and exhibits several strata of artists of various excellence and various taste in tobacco. How the woman and the captain have come to grief and jail, I don't know and you don't care.

"Well knocked, coachman. Now to hear what the *Forty Thieves* are like!"

A FEW TICKETS FROM THE MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.

"Do you not know that I am a woman? What I think I must speak." — *As You Like It.*

"TAKE my advice, my boy," an elderly widower, an old friend of mine, used to say to his son, "and don't marry in a hurry or with your eyes shut. Choose a girl who can stitch with her needle, and make a pudding. None of your frisky fal-lals and nonsense! Your mother made the only pastry which did n't give me the heartburn, and she was n't above her kitchen or her work-basket. Capital advice, no doubt, but "*il est plus aisé d'être sage pour les autres que de l'être pour soi-même*," and it is in no wise inconsistent with weak human nature that so knowing an old gentleman should, when on the verge of seventy, take for his second wife a young, "frisky fal-lal" of two-and-twenty, with a pretty face and a long head, who had no intention in selling herself to her grandfather of making his puddings or of mending his linen. The son, too, on the principle that practice is better than precept, did as foolishly as his elderly progenitor. He also shortly

afterwards took a ticket for himself in the matrimonial lottery, and drew a handsome, fast, and not over-young lady, with no money, whose principal attractions seem to have been a capability of playing coquettes and other lively characters in private theatricals as well as any actress on the stage, and the power and nerve to break in a horse with any groom going. These instances occurred to me while turning over "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," by the venerable Hannah More, which I found in the library of a country house on one of those wet September days we have been lately blessed with. As long as female beauty, fascination and wily cleverness exist, it is useless to preach or give rules to men on the important business of choosing a wife. A lovely face, a perfect figure, the many and nameless snares of a clever woman's tact and flattery, will in a moment cast to the winds the divine eloquence of a Taylor, or the persuasive elegance of an Addison or a Steele. Experience indeed teaches us that no true opinion or judgment can be formed beforehand on the subject. An apparently imprudent, hasty, and unsuitable match has often turned out so well, and the slow, well-considered, carefully-adjusted union has after all brought with it so much unhappiness and disappointment, that one is tempted to leave the matter to fate and send the match-making fraternity to Coventry. The two marriages I have mentioned have not certainly been very great successes, but they have not turned out so badly as their friends charitably prognosticated. Neither the frisky fal-lal nor the talented amateur have yet eloped from their respective lords, nor up to the present time have they afforded more food than the rest of their acquaintance for the amusement and delight of the scandal-loving part of the community.

In some old play or other a fair lady asks a gentleman, much after the fashion of Mr. Lillyvick when he requests of Nicholas Nickleby his opinion of the French language, —

"What think you of marriage?" The gentleman answers, —

"I take 't as those that deny purgatory. It locally contains a heaven or hell: there 's no third place in 't!"

I cannot say I agree with this gentleman. I think there *is* a "third place in 't," — not perfect happiness, not utter misery, but something between the two, which custom and necessity make tolerably endurable. No one could consider a union between infirm old age and joyous youth as a counterpart of heaven, yet experience shows us it is not always the direct contrary. My old friend has certainly to spend more time now in the smoky metropolis than suits either his taste or his liver, — he has to write large checks for Mesdames Elise, Brown, and others, — those scandalous impositions as he used to call them. He shivers in dress garments oftener than he likes, and has to submit to having his prosy thoughts and ancient reminiscences pooh-poohed with much feminine and contemptuous indifference, — but he is an old man, and he dotes. That fresh bloom on his wife's fair cheek, that youthful rounded form and elastic airy step make him pardon all as he gazes, and he feels humbly grateful to her for merely being with him and bearing his name. And she, his young but shrewd partner, seems also to pass her days contentedly enough, hiding with all her sex's skill her secret weariness, her covert hopes and her natural repugnance to her aged spouse. She has a panacea for her woes from which she gains courage and patience to support them. It is that Future, into which she gazes so often and so eagerly, and in which she sees pictured a young and lovely widow with a large jointure and a most welcome liberty. So she struggles not with the matrimonial noose, but waits and waits as only a woman and such a woman can. We will now turn to the son and the daughter-in-law, the talented amateur, and though they present a more wholesome sight to our moral vision, yet I doubt if to our outward eyes there is to be seen as much apparent content and calm in their *ménage* as in the one I have just been speaking of. There are many reasons for this, — one is their poverty. Their pretty step-mamma married her "old man" for his money, and took good care that he should not encourage his idle son in his extravagance by increasing his bachelor allowance. "Young men should work — as you did, dear," she would say, patting her lord's withered cheek, after making him sign a large check for her milliner, "it makes them self-reliant. If you impoverish yourself to increase his allowance, he will never do anything at the Bar, and will never be anything better than a pensioner on his father's bounty." She knew very well he had been foolishly indulged and brought up in idle, wilful ways. She knew that his profession, so called, was little more than playing whist or *écarté* in his chambers with other young barristers as briefless as himself; but she possessed a bovine temperament which could not be disturbed by trials and woes of others. So the young pair have to fight their battle in the best way they can, which way, perhaps, is not a very wise one. They are too poor to enjoy much society; and while he groans gloomily over his pipe about his duns, and his father's "cursed folly in marrying that double-tonged hussey," she sits silent, puckering her handsome brow, and pondering sorrowfully on the downfall of all her little hopes and schemes. For, indeed, in marrying her boy-lover, she was actuated principally by one motive. Her parents had begun to be disagreeable about her passion for acting, the one called it expensive, the other indecorous, and as it was the only thing she really loved, she thought if she were married, particularly to one who she knew shared her theatrical tastes, she should be able to gratify her fancy to any extent, even to appearing in the piquant *rôle* of a page or a Cupid. And now she finds that poverty takes the place of her parents, and tabooes the exercise of her graceful talent. Her only remedy against despair is an insane and secret hope that their affairs may get so bad as to induce her husband to allow her to exercise her histrionic ability for their joint benefit, and, sinking the amateur in the artist, have the bliss of seeing her name posted in large letters all over London. "Either this," she says to herself, "or his father's death, — nothing else can save us from ruin." All this sounds very like purgatory; but I dare say, in the end this will turn out an average happy couple. Already they feel the necessity of hiding their disappointment in their own hearts; neither is of a "knagging" disposition, and are

> "Jointly submitting to endure
> That evil which admits no cure."

Custom, mutual interests, family ties, and, may be, a lucky windfall to pay their debts, will make of them a tolerably contented couple, and, perhaps, even give cause for Mrs. Grundy's saying, in mellifluous accents, "Who would have thought that hasty match would have turned out so well!"

But do those marriages in which the world de-

lights always bring peace and contentment to the proper pair? Everything is, of course, done by line and rule. He is the most correct of bachelors, and she the most proper of spinsters. He is a man who never forgets himself, and has a high sense of his own value grounded on nothing. At school, he was never flogged, and never got a prize, and yet never disgraced himself by his stupidity. At college, he was the pet of the dean for his regular attendance to chapel, and gates, and lectures.

He avoided boating and hunting men, and was not to be found at wines, but used to entertain a select party of similar tastes and disposition with the gentle stimulants of ginger-wine, tea, and jam. You may search in vain for his name in the honor lists, but he was never for a term in danger of being plucked. She is a young woman, also with an excellent opinion of herself, which, however, she displays more to women than to men, being one of those delightful creatures who believe faithfully in the superiority of the other sex. They are, indeed, a perfectly well-matched pair. He has a well-paid government appointment, and she a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. They are both neat and rather old fashioned in their ways; they can each warble faintly and dismally at the piano. To them, Martin Farquhar Tupper is the greatest of living poets, and both being of plebeian origin have the intensest reverence for a real live lord. Mrs. Grundy says, "Can anything be more satisfactory? I shall certainly wear my new velvet and my point d'Alençon at their wedding." This wedding is of course a correct and gloomy affair. No one, not even the parson, ventures on a joke in the serious presence of the bride and bridegroom. All is *en règle*, and everything bought at the proper shops. There are plenty of rich presents, and only one poor relation. The bridegroom presents his bride, previous to her quitting her mother's roof, with a little book, entitled "A Whisper to a Newly Married Pair." "Let us both," he says, with much airy grace and manner, "my dear Lucretia, give heed to the murmurs of this little friend." And so they begin their married life together without any apparent drawback. Everything goes very smoothly, and their little dinners in their little house in Belgravia, at which, however, there never is enough either to eat or drink, are pronounced by the autocratic Mrs. Grundy "to be very select, and quite *comme il faut*." But I am a person of an ill-regulated mind, and cannot help wondering how any woman can live with such a man without ending his career, or her own, with "a bare bodkin." Those admonitions on the most trifling subjects given with so much lofty superiority, those praises drawled out in that self-satisfied tone, would in a short time, if I were the recipient of them, break my spirit, and turn my hair gray. But *she* has been so well brought up, and believes that in every case the first duty of a wife is obedience. To please her lord and master she wears her dress short, though she is of a stout round figure, perches the ugly bonnet he chooses for her over her nose, performs all her domestic duties at the exact hours he has noted down in her day-book; resists the healthy cravings of a rather large appetite, and dines off the wing of a chicken when she could gladly and easily despatch the whole fowl; dresses her little son like a miniature man, and subdues her voice to the low sepulchral tones which he has pronounced to be alone suitable to a truly correct and feminine nature. He is very strict, too, about her friends and acquaintances: one was cut because her bonnet-strings were not tied evenly, and another for being found by them in a morning call alone in the drawing-room with the man to whom she was engaged; but these very old friends of his wife, and rumor connected them with trade. Had they been the daughters of a peer, or even a baronet, they might have violated the laws of etiquette and propriety with impunity. Whether, however, this is a state of peace and contentment is to me a question. There is a dark as well as a bright side to all mundane affairs, and it is whispered abroad that this most correct of gentlemen has a vice which his wife and fortune has given him the power of gratifying. He is at heart a speculator and a gambler, and has already made a large inroad on his capital. Who, in such a case, can tell how soon or how terribly the whole fabric of their domestic happiness, if happiness it can be called, may be blown to pieces.

It must not be thought, from these instances, that I am advocating the merits of marrying in haste over those of the slow and sure process; I only say what many have said before, that the whole affair is a lottery, in which success as often attends the bold and desperate player as him who draws his lot by line and rule guided by all the laws of chance and propriety.

When a hasty match turns out badly, the downfall is generally sudden and speedy. Many of my time must remember the C——s. He was a young man, and apparently rich; he had the neatest of broughams and the best-shaped horses; and he gave little dinners, where the turtle was dearer, the champagne drier, and the wit brighter, than even now await the happy man who is bidden to feast with our modern Lucullus and most honored of wine merchants. Indeed, all his appointments, habits, and tastes were those of a man possessed of wealth and of a luxurious nature. He fell in love with and married a very lovely girl, against the wishes of her parents, who were worldly people, and knew that in her infatuation for this little fat man, as they called him, their daughter had forfeited a very good chance of wearing a coronet. In some respects, perhaps, the marriage was a singular one, for he was plain and unromantic in appearance, and she was as fair as Eve herself (I take my idea of our first mother from Milton's description, and utterly repudiate the notion of her having the skin of the Ethiop). But this little fat man, so perfectly dressed and perfumed, and who always looked as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox, possessed a charm often resistless with women, and frequently denied to the Apollos and Adonises of society.

He had a silver tongue, and the most fascinating manners, and under these powerful influences his defects of face and figure were forgotten. He was supposed to be rich, and was certainly a gentleman; but the sources of his income were somewhat of a mystery; and as his marriage was very like an elopement, his wife's parents had no chance of making inquiries respecting his circumstances, or of insuring a proper settlement for their imprudent child. At first, all was brilliant and pleasant, and they began their career as people of fashion and position. Their house was in the most expensive and select part of town, and the fair bride had her diamonds, opera-box, carriages, and country villa, much in the same way as she would have done had she married the old, but amorous earl. All this, however, lasted but for two short years. At the end of the second season the crash came. The poor wife had to run

from her splendid dwelling to the security of her father's house, the husband, in urgent haste and humiliating secrecy, made the best of his way to the sheltering shores of Boulogne; and the servants, with much angry grumbling, left the invaded house, with the exception of the black porter, who was found lying prone in the hall, weeping and howling with the persistency of a heathen and a nigger. Everything, even to the gold coronet head-dress of the lady, was seized by the clamorous creditors, and the ruin was complete and entire. The wife, with her child, joined her husband abroad, and I have never heard of them since. The whole affair was but a nine days' wonder, and was soon forgotten and buried with the past. With it, for the present, I end my gloomy experiences of matrimonial miseries. I would fain have shown a brighter side of the picture, but, in the words of the French cynic, "Il en est de véritable amour comme de l'apparition des esprits: tout le monde en ont parlé, mais peu de gens en ont vu."

IN A SORE STRAIT.

"We must have a lemon or two, Sam," she says; and so, though I 'd just set down to my pipe and drop of beer, I got up again, and I says, "Now, I tell you what it is, lass, it 's just two miles to the town, and it snows like fury, so if you can think of anything else you want, just say so, and I 'll get it same time."

"O, 't is n't worth while to go if it snows," she says; "never mind, and I 'll make shift without. But O!" she cried, all at once, "father 's coming to-morrow, and you 've no tobacco."

Well, I 'd never thought about that, for when I 'd had my fingers in the little jar there seemed enough for me, even if next day was Christmas day; but with company — why, there would not be half enough. So that settled it, and I got my stick and hat; when Polly declared I could n't go out a night like that without something round my neck, so she tied a comforter round twice, close up to my nose and ears.

"Now, don't be silly, Sam," she says.

"Why, wot 's silly," I says.

"Why, your being such an old goose, and making so much fuss after being married all these months. Now, let go, do," she says. But I did n't, of course, but held her for just a few moments while I looked down in her laughing eyes that seemed to have grown brighter since we 'd married; and then I smoothed, — no, I did n't, for no hair could have been smoother, — I passed my rough, chopped-about old hand down the bright shiny hair that I felt so proud of, and then kissed both her pink cheeks, and felt somehow half glad, half sorrowful, for it seemed to me that I was too happy for it to last.

"There, now," she says, at last, "make haste, there 's a dear, good boy! and get back; perhaps I shall be done by that time, and then we 'll have a snug bit of supper."

But I could n't get away, somehow, but watched her busy fingers getting ready the things for the next day's dinner, — chopping suet, stoning plums, mincing peel, — and all in such a nice, neat, clean way, that it was quite enjoyable.

"Now, do go, Sam," she says, pretending to pout, "for I do want you back so bad."

So I made a start of it; unlatched the door, when the wind came roaring in, laden with flakes of snow; the sparks rushed up the chimney, the candle flickered, while Polly gave me just one bright look and nod, and then I shut the door. But, there — I could n't get away even then, but went and stood by the window for a minute, where the little branches of holly were stuck, glistening green, and with scarlet berries amongst the prickly leaves; and there I stood looking in at the snug, bright, warm kitchen, with Polly making it look ten times more warm and bright. It was n't that it was a handsome place, or well furnished, — for those sort of things don't always make a happy home, — but plain, humble, and poor as it was, it seemed to me like a palace; and after watching my lass for a few minutes as she was busier than ever, — now frowning, now making a little face at her work, — now with a bright light in her eye, as something seemed to please her, — I all at once thought to myself, and, what 's more, I says to myself, "Sam Darrell," I says, "why, what a donkey you are, not to get what you want, and make haste back!" which, when you consider that it was snowing hard, blowing harder, and that where I stood the snow-drift was over my knees, while inside there was everything a reasonable working-man could wish for, you 'll say was just about the truth.

So I gives myself a pull together, hitches up my shoulders, sets my head down to face the wind and the blinding snow, and then, with my hands right at the bottom of my pockets, off I goes.

Now, we 'd been together into the town that night to bring home a good basketful of Christmas cheer; for even if you do live in the black country, amongst the coal-mines and furnaces, and work as pit carpenter at making brattices and the different woodwork wanted, that 's no reason why you should n't spend a merry Christmas and a happy one. But now there was this tobacco and the lemons to get; and from where we lived, right across the heath to the town, being two miles, and me being alone, I made up my mind to cut off a corner, so as to get back sooner. So I turned out of the road as soon as I was out of the colliery village, makes sure of the town lights, and then, taking my stick under my arm, set off at a trot to the left of the old pits.

The wind was behind me now, and though the snow made it hard work walking, I was n't long before I was trudging like a white statty right through the town street, then thronged with people, when I goes into a shop, and, after a good deal of waiting, gets my lemons and tobacco, pays for 'em, and starts off home.

As soon as I was out of the town again, I gets out of the road to take that short cut; and now I began to find out what sort of a night it was; for the wind was right dead in my teeth, while the way in which the snow cut into your eyes was something terrible. But I fought my way on, setting up an opposition whistle to the wind, and thinking about the warm fireside at home, with the snug supper-table; and then I thought of what a blessing it was in a hard winter to live close to the pit's mouth, and get plenty of coal for next to nothing. We could afford a good fire there, such as would cheer the heart of some of the London poor, while wages were not so bad.

Every now and then I had to stop and kick the snow off my boot-soles, for it collected in hard balls, so as to make walking harder; then, not having the town lights to guide me, I found I 'd wandered a bit out of the track, so that the ground grew

rougher and rougher, and more than once I stumbled. The wind beat worse than ever; the snow blinded so, that I could not look out for the lights of the village; and at last I began to think that I 'd done a foolish thing in trying to make a short cut. But then one is always slow about owning to being in the wrong; so I blundered and stumbled on: but at last, after walking for some time, I was obliged to own to myself that I was lost in the snow.

"Stuff and nonsense!" I says the next minute, and then I has a look round to try and make out where I was, for I knew every foot of it almost; but nothing could I see but snow falling almost like in a sheet all round me, so that I could only see a few feet each way, while the snow where I stood was nearly up to my knees. I listened, but there was nothing to be heard but the whistling of the wind; I shouted, but the cry sounded muffled and close just as if I had been in a cupboard; then I walked a little one way, and then turned and went another; and at last, to my horror, I found that I was regularly confused, and could not make out in which direction lay town or village, while the snow covered in every footmark in a very few minutes.

Now, I did not feel alarmed, only bothered and confused; for I felt sure that, if I kept on walking, I must come to some place or another which I knew, unless I walked right out on to the great waste, where I might go for miles and miles without finding a house; but I was hardly likely to get there, and the thing I most cared for was my poor gal at home getting upset about me, and thinking that I 'd stopped in the town drinking with some mates, being Christmas eve, when I 'd promised her over and over again most faithfully that I 'd always have my drop of beer at home.

"There 's no danger, that 's one comfort," I said, "unless I run bang into the canal; and even then I shall know where I am." I says, "so that won't be such a very serious matter"; and then I tried again to make out where I was, but the snow came down more than ever; and at last, feeling worried and cross, I started off afresh as hard as I could go, when all at once I let go of my stick, for I felt one foot slipping, and, as I felt it go, a fearful thought came across my mind. With an agonized cry, I tried to recover myself; but, from leaning forward to face the wind, this was impossible, and then shrieking out. —

"My God, it 's the old pit!" I was falling and rolling down — down into the black darkness.

It was like being in some horrible dream, and for a moment I fancied it might be; but no, there I was falling faster and faster for a length of time that seemed without end, as I waited for the coming crash when I reached the bottom — to be found afterwards a mutilated corpse.

I thought all this, and much more, as I fell down the sloping shaft of the old pit; and then came a tremendous splash as I was plunged down beneath the icy water which roared and thundered in my ears.

I had been down pit after pit in my time, working in the shafts at the wood casing, making new or repairing the old, perhaps half-way down, hanging in a cage; or I had been working at the traps and doors in the most dangerous parts, where you might hear the gas hissing through between the seams of black slaty shale: but I never before knew so hideous a sense of fear as came over me, when, rising to the surface of the water, I struck out, as if by instin for the side, and then, clinging to the roughen wall with one hand, and with the other thrust int sort of hole, I remained for a few seconds panti and half mad, up to my neck in the cold wat while the darkness was terrible.

It is impossible to describe the horrible thoug that came hurrying through my mind as if to unner me, — thoughts of foul choking gases, of fear things swimming about in the black water, or horrid monsters lurking in its terrible depths rea to drag me under and drown me; but, worse st as I began to recover myself a little, were the cal er thoughts of the length of time I could hold there without becoming numbed, and then slippi off and drowning. I shouted, and the sound we echoing up the shaft with a horrible unearthly to that made me tremble. I cried again and ag till I was hoarse, but knew all the while that it w useless, for there was not a cottage for at least mile, and then terror seemed to get the better me, as I felt that there, in the midst of that fear darkness, I must drown, and then sink to the b tom of this old, old, worn-out coal-pit; while one, not even my poor wife, would know of fate.

With the thoughts of my wife, came thoughts the pleasant scene I had so lately gazed upon, wh something almost like a sob seemed to come fr my heart, and then came weak, despairing tea but I roused up and shouted again and again, thro ing my head back to try and see the mouth of t pit, but, though imagination peopled the darkn with horrors, there was nothing around but the tense blackness; while, to add to my despair a terror, I could feel that my hands were slowly sl ping from their hold.

Could any man have heard me down there, t hundred feet below the mouth, it must have be very fearful, for during the next minute I w shrieking for aid, giving vent to the most unearth yells, praying aloud, and crying for mercy; a then, hoarse and worn out, I felt that I must si back, and I did, shrieking and struggling savag for life, till the cold water gurgled over my mo and choked back my cry. Then, for a few minut I was beating the water frantically, as a dog be it when it cannot swim; but my nerve seemed come once more, and even then, in the midst that horror and despair, I could not help think of myself as being like a rat in a well, as I sw round by the side trying to find a place to hold by.

I swam slowly along, striking my right ha against the side at every stroke, but, after a f strokes, it did not touch anything; and then, str ing out more boldly, I swam on, turning to the ri with a ray of hope in my heart, for I knew tha was on the level of one of the old veins, and, thou swimming farther into the bowels of the earth. I had not the horrible depth of the shaft under while I knew that, before long, I should find bott for my feet.

All at once my hand touched the side; the raised one up, and could touch the roof; and th after a few more strokes, I let my feet down slow and found the bottom, but the water was to my l still, by swimming and wading, I soon stood wh it was only to my middle; and now, pausing to for a while, I leaned up against the side, and, in reaction that came on again, cried weakly, and l the despairing wretch I was.

By degrees, the heavy panting of my heart grew less painful, while, heated with the exertion, I did not feel the cold; but soon an icy chill crept over me as I stood there listening to the low echoing "drip, drip, drip" of the water far away to my right. Racking thoughts, too, oppressed me, and, despairing, I felt that there was no chance of my being discovered, since, to keep alive, I must penetrate farther into the mine, though even from where I was then, it was doubtful whether my voice could be heard.

I knew very well where I was, and that very little traffic lay by the old pit's mouth; while the next day being Christmas made the chances less. But would not my wife give the alarm, and would not there be a search? Surely, I thought, there must be hope yet; and then in a disconnected, half-wild way, I tried to offer up a prayer for succor. Not standing, — not with my hand resting upon the wall, — but kneeling, with the water rising to my neck; and I rose again stronger, and better able to think.

And now I began to look within, and to think of the dangers I had to encounter. As to there being things swimming about, or anything terrible to attack me, my common sense told me that there was no cause for fear in that direction; but the next thought was a terrible one, and my breath came thicker and shorter as I seemed to feel the effect of it already, — "Was there any foul gas?" But I found that I could still breathe freely, and by degrees this fear went off; while, summoning up my courage, I waded on "splash-splash" in the echoing darkness, farther and farther into the mine, always with the water growing shallower and shallower as I receded from the shaft; and at last I stood upon the dry bottom, but with the water streaming off me.

The place did not feel cold, while as I sat down I could not but wish that my clothes were dry, for they clung to me till I stripped a part of them off and wrung out the water, when I felt on putting them on again comparatively warm. But what a position! Trembling there in the midst of that thick darkness, with a wild imagination peopling it with every imaginary horror, I lay despairing, till, with the thought strong upon me that I was buried alive, I began to run recklessly about, now dashing myself violently against the sides, now tripping over the fragments that had fallen from the roof, till at last the splashing water beneath my feet warned me to go back, when, with my head feeling almost on fire, I crawled back to lie panting amongst the coal and slate.

All at once I recollected the tobacco, and put a wet piece in my mouth, and after a time it seemed to calm me, so that I could sit and think, though at times I would have given worlds to have run away from my thoughts. How time went I could not tell; but it seemed after a while that I must have slept, for I leapt up all at once with the fancy strong upon me that I heard Polly calling; but though I strained my ears to listen, there was nothing but the "drip, drip" of the water; while I feared to call out, for the sound went echoing along, so that it seemed to be repeated again and again, till I felt to creep with dread.

Many hours must have passed, for a heavy, dull, sleepy feeling oppressed me as I lay there, numbed bodily and in mind: but at length I started up thoroughly awake, feeling certain that I had heard a cry which seemed to have whispered like in my ear. I sat up trembling, when again there came the shout faintly heard as it came along the top of the water, and then I gave a loud despairing shriek for help three times, and then fainted.

When I came to again, it seemed like waking from a dream; and I felt that confused that I could hardly believe that I was not in my own room at home; but as I sat up, the thought of where I was came upon me again, while like a faint, buzzing, whispering noise, I could hear voices. To rouse up and give a tremendous shout was but the work of a moment, when my heart rose, for it was answered, though but faintly, and I knew that I was being sought for, and sat listening.

But soon I grew impatient and began wading into the water, so as to be once more nearer to living creatures; and I waded on and on till the water was up to my chin and I could hardly stand, when I shouted again, and now I could hear the reply quite plainly.

After a while I saw a faint light flash along the wall, and knew that a piece of something burning had been cast down the pit; and then again and again I saw similar flashes, while I stood there trembling lest I should sink from exhaustion and be drowned. But now something far more reviving came, for, like a star shining along the water, I could see the light of a lantern that had been lowered down, as it swung slowly about at the mouth of the passage; while at length close by it I saw something move, when I felt choking, as I knew that a man had been lowered down, and was swinging beside the lantern; while, when his voice came ringing along the passage with a cheery "Where are you, mate?" for a few moments my head swam, and I could n't answer.

"Can't you get to me?" he says, after I had answered.

"No!" I says, "I dare n't try to swim it."

"Then I must," he says; and then he shouted out "Slack out," and an echoing splash came along to my ears. "How far is it?" he says.

"About sixty yards," I gasped; and then he stopped and called out to me to keep up my heart, and he would soon be back; when shouting to those above, he was drawn up once more, and it seemed hours before I heard the sound of his voice again; and, directly after, I could see the lantern coming towards me, and then I 've a recollection of seeing some one with a light splashing about in the water, and of having something tied under my arms which floated me up till I was pushed along to the mouth of the passage, where I can recollect clinging to the rope made fast round me; and then I was swinging about and knocking against the rough sides of the shaft, while a voice at my ear kept saying, "Cheer up, matey!" Then in a sort of sleep I heard people talking, and some one said, "Here, catch hold of these life-belts!" and it seemed like the voice of the man who came down to me. But the next thing I recollect is lying in my own bed, with some one sitting at the side, as she used to all she could for the next three days; and told me, she did at last, of her horror when I did not come home, and of the search next day; but there were no footsteps on the waste on account of the snow, so that no one would have searched there, had not a boy been seen with my walking-stick, which he had found sticking up in the snow by the old pit's mouth, just as I must have left it when I fell into the fearful gulf which held me for two long days!

you 've bin up to it? I shall tell *her* the gent's message, — not *him*."

The night had fallen upon the woods and fields of Poynings, and no light gleamed from the stately old house, save one ray, which shone through the open window of the housekeeper's room. By the casement sat George Dallas, his arm upon the window-sill, his head leaning against his hand, the cool fresh air of the summer night coming gratefully to his flushed and heated face. Opposite and close to him sat Mrs. Brookes, still wearing, though their conference had lasted many hours, the look of agitation beyond the strength to bear it which is so painful to see on the faces of the aged.

All had been explained between the old woman and the prodigal son of her beloved mistress, and the worst of her fears had been dispelled. George had not the guilt of murder on his soul. The chain of circumstances was indeed as strong as ever, but the old woman did not retain the smallest fear. His word had reassured her, — indeed, the first glance at his face, in the midst of the terror and surprise of their meeting, had at once and forever put her apprehensions to flight. Innocence of *that*, at least, was in his face, in his hurried, agitated greeting, in the bewilderment with which he heard her allusion to her letter, in his total unconsciousness of the various emotions which tore her heart among them. She saw, she foresaw, no explanation of the circumstances which had led to the fatal mistake she had made; she saw only that her boy was innocent, and the vastness, the intensity, of the relief sufficed, in the first moments of their meeting, to deprive it of the horror and bitterness with which, had she had any anticipation of such an event, she would have regarded it. But the first relief and the full explanation — all that George had to tell her, all she had to tell him — could not change the facts as regarded Mrs. Carruthers, could not alter the irrevocable, the miserable past.

"When the first confusion, excitement, and incoherent mutual questioning had given way to a more settled and satisfactory conversation, Mrs. Brookes told George all that had occurred, — the visit of the official gentleman from London, the servants' version of his business, the interview between Mr. Carruthers and Evans, and the suspicion and fear, only too reasonable, to which all the unfortunate circumstances had given rise.

It was with the utmost difficulty that George arrived at a clear understanding of the old woman's narrative, and came to realize how overwhelming was the presumption against him. By degrees he began to recall the circumstances which had immediately preceded and followed his clandestine visit to Poynings. He recalled the remarks he had heard at the Mercury office; he remembered that there had been some talk of a murder, and that he had paid no attention to it, but had gone away as soon as possible and never given the matter another thought. To find himself implicated in a crime of so terrible a nature, to find that circumstances had brought him in contact with such a deed, filled him with horror and stupefaction; to know that his mother had been forced to conceive such a suspicion was, even without the horrible addition of the effect produced on her, suffering far greater than he had ever known. He felt giddy, sick, and bewildered, and could but look piteously at his faithful old friend, with a white face and wild, haggard eyes.

"She believed it?" he said again and again.

"No, George, no; she only feared it, and could not bear the fear; no wonder, for I c hardly bear it, and I am stronger than she is, not your mother, after all. But just think, Ge You bought the coat from Evans, and the man wore that coat was seen in the company of the dered man the last time he was seen alive. I k there must be some dreadful mistake. I knew never lifted your hand against any man's life, that some one else must have got possession of coat; but your mother said no, that you had it when she saw you at Amherst, and nothing c remove the impression. George, what did yo with the coat you bought at Evans's?"

"I had it down here, sure enough," answ George, "and I did wear it when she last saw I left it at Mr. Routh's afterwards, by mistake, took one of his abroad with me; but this is a ho mystery altogether. Who is the man who has murdered? What is the motive?"

"I cannot tell you that, George," said Brookes; "but I will give you the papers, and you will know all, and you will understand much she suffered."

The old woman left George alone for a few utes, while she went to her bedroom to get the papers which she locked securely away at the tom of a trunk. During her absence the young strode about the room distractedly, trying in to collect his thoughts and set them down sta to the solution of the terrible mystery which rounded him.

"Here they are, George," said Ellen, as she tered the room and handed him a roll of newspa "Sit down here, by the window, and try to them quietly. I must leave you now, and tel servants who you are, and that you are goin stay here to-night: there must be no conceal now; thank God, it's not wanted any longer. haps out of all this evil good may come, my boy

He had sat down by the window, and was eag opening the roll of papers, and seeking the acc of the murder. Mrs. Brookes paused by his for a moment, laid her withered hand gently o hair, and then left him. A moment after he sta up from his chair, and cried out, —

"Good God! the man was Deane!"

The shock of this discovery was extreme. Wh unable as he had been to account for the co dence which Mrs. Brookes's imperfect story like most persons of her class, she was an unsk narrator of facts) had unfolded to him, he had supposed his connection with it real, and no saw it all, and in a moment perceived the gr of his situation. The nameless man whom he seen so often, and yet known so slightly; com ing whom he had speculated often and carele whom no one had recognized; whose singular the waiter at the tavern had described in his dence; the date; all was conclusive. The murdered was Deane. But who was the derer? How was it that no one had recog the body? With all his mysterious ways, in of the callous selfishness which had rendered indifferent to companionship save in the mere suit of his pleasures, it seemed wonderful th one should have been able to identify him.

"There's Routh, now," said George to hi "*he* must have heard of the finding of the bod must have read the description of the dress may have seen the man's fur coat before, tho never did. To be sure, he did not dine with us

day, but he knew where Deane dined, and with whom. What can Routh have been about?"

These and a thousand questions of a similar nature George Dallas put to himself, without finding any answer to them, without stilling the tumult in his mind. He tried to arrange the circumstances in their order of occurrence, and to think them out, but in vain; he could not do so yet: all was confusion and vague horror. He had not liked this man. Theirs had been the mere casual association of convenience and amusement, — an association, perhaps, the foremost of all those which he was firmly determined never to renew; and yet he could not regard its dreadful ending with indifference. The life which had perverted George had not hardened him, and he could not readily throw off the impression created by the discovery that the man with whom he had joined in the pursuit of reckless and degrading pleasure had died a violent death within so short a time of their last meeting. When Mrs. Brookes came into the room again, the expression of the young man's face terrified her afresh.

"Ellen," he said, "this is a dreadful business, apart from my unhappy complication with it, and what it has cost my dear mother. I knew this unhappy man; he was a Mr. Deane. I dined with him, at that tavern in the Strand. I did wear that coat. All the circumstances are correct, though all the inferences are false. I begin to understand it all now; but who can have murdered him, and for what motive, I cannot conceive. The most natural thing in the world was that they should suspect me, as the man who wore the coat. Mr. Evans will recognize me, no doubt, as he told Mr. Carruthers."

"No, no, George; the poor old man is dead," interrupted Mrs. Brookes.

"Dead?" said George. "Well, he seemed an honest fellow, and I am sorry for it; but it makes no difference in my position. When I communicate with the police I will admit all he could prove."

"Must you do that, George?" asked Mrs. Brookes, wistfully. She had a natural dread of the law in the abstract.

"Of course I must, nurse. I can tell them who the unfortunate man was, and account for him up to a very late hour on the night of the seventeenth of April."

"Take care, George," said the old woman. "If you can't account for yourself afterwards, you can't clear yourself."

The observation was shrewd and sensible. George felt it so, and said, "Never mind that. I am innocent, and when the time comes I shall have no difficulty in proving myself innocent."

"You know best, George," said the old woman, with a resigned sigh; "but tell me, who was this poor man?"

"Sit down and I will tell you all about it."

Then George seated his old friend close beside him, and told her the whole story of his intercourse with Stewart Routh, of his knowledge of Deane, his last meeting with him, their dinner together, the adjournment to the billiard-rooms, the money won by Dallas from Deane, and his leaving town early the next morning for Amherst.

"That was the day they found the body, was it not?" asked Mrs. Brookes.

"Let me see," said George; and he again referred to the newspapers.

"Yes, it was on Friday, the eighteenth, in the evening. I was down at Amherst then, nurse; that was the day I saw my mother last."

He sighed, but a smile stole over his face also. A cherished memory of that day abode in his heart.

Then Mrs. Brookes questioned George concerning Routh and his wife, and told him of Harriet's visit, and all the emotion and fear which it had caused her. George was touched and grateful.

"That was like her," he said; "she is the truest of friends, a treasure among women. I wonder she did not write to me, though, when she sent on Mr. Carruthers's letter."

The observation passed unnoticed by Mrs. Brookes. Had she asked when the letter had reached George, a discovery, dangerous to the interests of Harriet and Routh, might have been made; but she had very dim notions of Continental places and distances, and the time consumed in postal transmission.

"They knew this poor man. Did they not know that he was the murdered person?"

"No," said George, "they had no notion of it. How shocked they will be when I tell them of it! Routh will be the best person in the world to tell me how to go about communicating with the police authorities. But now, Ellen, tell me about my mother."

Time went over, and the night fell, and the old woman and the young man still talked together, and she tried to comfort him, and make him believe that all would be well. But George was slow to take such comfort, — full of remorse and self-condemnation, of gloom and foreboding. The mercurial temperament of the young man made him a bad subject for such suspense and self-reproach, and though he had no shadow of fear of any trouble to come to him from the evidence on the inquest, there was a dull brooding sense of apprehension over him, against which he had no power, no heart, to strive. So he listened to the story of his mother's illness and departure, the physicians' opinions, and Mr. Carruthers's plans for her benefit and comfort, and darker and darker fell the shadow upon his heart.

"We have had no news since they left Paris," said Mrs. Brookes, in conclusion, "but I expect to see Miss Carruthers to morrow. She will have a letter from her uncle."

"Miss Carruthers!" said George, lifting up his head with renewed animation. "Has she not gone abroad with them?"

"No," said Mrs. Brookes; "she is staying at the Sycamores, Sir Thomas Boldero's place. Sir Thomas is her uncle on the mother's side. She rides over very often to see me, and I expect her to-morrow."

"At what hour does she generally come?" asked George.

"In the afternoon; after lunch."

"Well, I shall be in London by that time, nurse; so there is no danger of my incurring my stepfather's wrath this time by an encounter with the heiress."

There was a momentary touch of bitterness in George's voice, but his slow, sad smile contradicted it.

"Ah, George!" said the old woman. "Take heart. All will be well, and the time will come when you will be welcome here."

"Perhaps so, nurse. In the mean time, you will let me know what news Miss Carruthers brings, and especially where my mother is, and their next move."

That night George Dallas slept for the first time

[illegible] Pleasure:

[illegible]

[illegible]

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